

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

In M. Henry Houssaye's forthcoming and concluding volume on the war of 1815 will appear an account of the occupation of France by the Allies after Waterloo...

In the March number of The Pall Mall Magazine James Douglas deals with the popular novels of the day. "Whatever education has done," he writes, "it has not raised the standard of taste in literature..."

The mikado does not indulge in games of any sort, but Baron Suematsu describes him as a "great poet," and his chief pastime is said to be the composition of poems...

Mrs. Arthur Stannard says she assumed her nom-de-guerre of "John Strange Winter" when her publishers refused to publish her first volume unless she chose for her pseudonym a masculine name.

Maxim Gorky has been so much in men's thoughts of late that a large sale may be expected for the popular shilling edition of his novel "Three of Them," which Mr. Unwin is issuing.

The question as to whether the depth of a poet's inspiration can be measured by the corrections made by him in his manuscript is raised by the new volume containing fac-similes of the manuscripts of Keats...

A graceful love tale, an ingenious but dangerous jest, and one or two powerful scenes, are the most prominent features of "The Virgin and the Scales," by Constance Cotterell...

In The Academy, Miss Virginia Stephen has a good article on "The Decay of Essay Writing." We are told, she points out, "more subject to ideas than our ancestors," but we have pen and paper, and pen and paper are for many people not only an invitation but a compulsion to write an essay...

M. Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer, is probably the most widely read of living writers on scientific subjects. His rare gifts of popular exposition, and his fascinating style have made his books known far beyond his own country...

Recently a raid was carried out by the Moscow police on the residence of the well-known Russian author, M. Leonid Andreyev. It seems that a meeting of "intellectuals" was in progress at the time, for the police arrested no fewer than seventeen literary men...

Stuart Cumberlain, writing in "Pearson's Magazine," thus describes the experiment which he had the honor of performing with King Edward. "The first opportunity I had of experimenting with his Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was at Waddesdon, where I had the honor of being included amongst Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's house party..."

An American friend of M. Francois Coppee, bearing the American name of H. Wellington Wood, has discovered in Guernsey a series of love letters from Juliette Drouot to Victor Hugo, and is editing them for publication.

How late in his life can a man take to novel writing? Even at thirty-five, it must be an odd and fateful experience, not to write a novel, but suddenly to become a professional novelist...

A new edition of Mr. Crockett's "Stickit Minister" is now issued by I. Fisher Unwin in his shilling series of standard fiction. As many will remember, the book was, except for a volume of poems, Mr. Crockett's first published work...

Guy Boothby, whose untimely death was recently announced, used to tell a good story of the one and only ghost that he ever encountered. Some years ago he was at work on a sheep farm in Australia. One day he was told off to go and bury a man who had died the morning...

"D— it! another bishop dead." That was invariably Melbourne's exclamation upon opening his paper at breakfast and finding the announcement that a member of the Episcopal bench had passed away...

The massacre of Jews at Theodosia recalls, as has been noted, the horrors of Kishineff, and, as the end is not yet, may even transcend the evils of that shameful day. The hatred of the Jews in Russia is not restricted to any one class...

The King and His Portrait. The King has turned many leisure moments to good account by sitting for his portrait, and on the testimony of the many artists who have had the honor of limning his features his Majesty is an ideal "sitter," full of patience, and sufficiently interested in the development of the work to give the artist the opportunity of catching his features in a pleasant animation...

Thought-Reading. Stuart Cumberlain, writing in "Pearson's Magazine," thus describes the experiment which he had the honor of performing with King Edward. "The first opportunity I had of experimenting with his Majesty, then Prince of Wales, was at Waddesdon, where I had the honor of being included amongst Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's house party..."

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nothing of an artist, but that he would do the thinking if I would do the interpreting of his thoughts.

"A piece of paper was fastened to the musicstand of the piano, and, blindfolded, I took his Majesty by the hand, and with a piece of pencil in my right hand, commenced the drawing. I knew my 'subject,' from other experiments, was an excellent one, and novel to the test was, I felt confident of success.

"The experiment took but a few moments; and when I had finished, every one laughed uncontrollably, no one being more amused than his Majesty. I undid my blindfold, and the weirdest imaginable figure met my gaze. "At first sight it looked uncommonly like a species of pig; one of those crude drawings with which the North American Indians are wont to ornament their wigwams. But a closer scrutiny satisfied the most fastidious critic that the drawing was intended to represent an elephant."

"It was an elephant that his Majesty thought of; and it was my idea of an elephant that I endeavored to portray. Many times since have I, without being incommoded with a blindfold, endeavored to improve upon the original; but, alas for my reputation as an artist, I have not succeeded."

A Baronet Hack Driver.

Benjamin Tyrrell, who was formerly known in London as the cab driver claimant to a baronetcy, but who has long since ceased to hold the reins, is prosecuting his claim energetically, and has lately taken the momentous step of sending a petition to the King. In his statement of claim Mr. Tyrrell asserts that the first and second male lines of the descendants of Sir Thomas Tyrrell, who died in 1765, having become extinct by the year 1755, the title and estate should have passed to the senior descendant in the third line. "Otho, wise," says the claimant, "there is no such thing as rule, order, number, law, justice or truth." The petition continues: "On the contrary, however, a clergyman of the parish church, the Rev. Mr. Cotton, did at that time, and in that same year, 1755, step in at the decease of the second male line; and by dangerous injustice did take possession of the baronet's estate; along with a female descendant of the deceased Tyrrells; and their family descent have since that year continually excluded the rightful heirs, the third male line, from occupying the estates, at which I, your petitioner Benjamin Tyrrell (the direct male heir of that third son, John Tyrrell), doth hereby humbly entreat your Majesty's favor and command, de gratia, for a lawful hearing and inquiry into these things, for if such inquiries be approved or rewarded with undisturbed success, of a truth, other of your Majesty's subjects may quickly follow the same methods of acquiring property in England."

Jew-Baiting.

The massacre of Jews at Theodosia recalls, as has been noted, the horrors of Kishineff, and, as the end is not yet, may even transcend the evils of that shameful day. The hatred of the Jews in Russia is not restricted to any one class. Jew-baiting was once common in England. It was the sport of kings when they wanted money; it was the pastime of the mob when they made holiday upon such days as Shrove Tuesday. And pretty much the same thing, carried to a bloodier end, prevails in Russia. The life of a Jew does not count there, except among his own countrymen. The late lord Augustus Loftus once made representation to Prince Gortschakoff, with a view to securing better protection for these poor wretches. The Russian could not see any necessity. Loftus did not understand the question, he assured him; the Jews whom Russia had were of no value. "I would give you all we've got for half a dozen of yours in London," he said.

The King and His Portrait.

The King has turned many leisure moments to good account by sitting for his portrait, and on the testimony of the many artists who have had the honor of limning his features his Majesty is an ideal "sitter," full of patience, and sufficiently interested in the development of the work to give the artist the opportunity of catching his features in a pleasant animation. Last week his Majesty, says a London correspondent, visited two exhibitions, the international in the New Gallery, and on Saturday before going to the football match at Queen's Club he inspected the Watts exhibition at Burlington House. His Majesty has promised to give a sitting this week to Mr. Harold Speed, who is painting his portrait for the Bell Telephone Corporation. As a patron of art his Majesty has commissioned Mr. Cope to paint for him the German Emperor in field-marshal's uniform, a setting in which the Kaiser's imperial bearing will appear to great advantage. Mr. Cope has just finished a portrait of the late Sir William Harcourt, before Sir William's death. The presence of these portraits will make the forthcoming exhibition at Burlington House one of exceptional interest, although it is to be hoped that the portraits in this year's show will not be quite so disproportionate to the total exhibits as at last year's academy. One of the "show" pictures at the exhibition will undoubtedly be Sir Alma Tadema's "Finding of Moses," and Mr. Herbert Marshall's water colors of London may also be sure of much attention.

Held by a Hair.

Field-Marshal von Manteuffel, a former German military governor of Alsace, hated all that was French.

He once at a public dinner engaged in a dispute with a French diplomatist, who maintained the superiority of the French workman over the artisan of all other nations. "A thing so ugly does not exist that the genius of a Frenchman cannot make of it a thing of beauty," he said. Angered by this contradiction, the old soldier pulled a hair from his bristly grey moustache, and handing it to the Frenchman, said curtly: "Let him make a thing of beauty out of that, and prove your claim." The Frenchman took the hair and sent it to a well-known Parisian jeweler, with a statement of the case, and an appeal to his patriotic pride, giving him no limit to expense in executing the order. A week later the mail from Paris brought a neat little box for the general. In it was a handsome scarf-pin made like a Prussian eagle, that held in its talons a stiff, grey bristle, from each end of which dangled a tiny gold ball. One ball was inscribed "Alsace," the other "Lorraine," and on the eagle's perch were the words: "You hold them but by a hair."

Juvenile Sports.

The absence of a number of boys from school at Ormskirk was accounted for to the local education committee on Monday by their parents declaring that they had gone to the Waterloo Courting meeting. The officer was instructed to inform the parents of these sporting children that, if on the next occasion the children were not at school instead of at the courting, they would be more severely dealt with than by a caution.

Valuable Finds.

A rare sixteenth century crystal ewer and pair of miniatures, the property of the Marquess of Anglesey, were recently sold at Christie's. The ewer is formed as a fluted pear-shaped vase with cylindrical neck. The chasing of the mounts of this is the highest quality, and with the general design of the piece, typical of the English silversmith's work of the middle of the sixteenth century. The pair of miniatures are portraits of Charles I. and Henrietta, by Hoskins, and bearing the artist's initials. After considerable competition, the ewer and cover were sold for 4000 guineas. The two miniatures realised 740 guineas.

A Royal Oculist.

A most interesting jubilee took place on Saturday on the Tegerrise in Bavaria. The Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his becoming an oculist. His royal highness, who is sixty-six years old, after leaving the army devoted himself to scientific studies, and passed all the necessary examinations as an oculist. Not only in Bavaria, but also in Switzerland, his name became famous, and his cousin, the Emperor Francis, Joseph of Austria, as a mark of esteem, conferred upon him the distinction of being allowed to practice everywhere in Austria-Hungary. The duke endowed in 1895 an eye hospital in Munich, which is primarily under his care, and in which daily operations are performed. He lives mostly in the country, far away from court and society, but is always ready to run up to Munich and perform operations or consult with his assistants. He is a specialist for cataract operations, in which he performed the first operation in Munich, which was performed successfully 471 up to date. All the expenses connected with the hospital the duke defrays himself, and he has a widespread reputation as an oculist. As he never charges for his services, he is naturally only consulted by the poorer classes and thus avoids being bothered by those who would like to have sore eyes if it would enable them to get attended to by a royal duke. The Duchess Carl Theodore, who is one of the most beautiful German Princesses, is of great help to her philanthropic consort, and has many times taken the place of the nurse when required.

Japanese Proverbs.

The Japanese are as fond of proverbs as their allies the English. Here are a few specimens: It is more difficult to keep a fortune than to make one.—Good wine brings out the truth.—The wise man shapes himself according to his environment, as water to the shape of the vessel into which it is poured.—Before we can sympathise with others, we ourselves must have suffered.—It is easier to find a thousand recruits than one general.—The life of an old man is like a lighted candle in a draught.—Having tasted bitterness, one becomes a man.—The error of a minute, the sorrow of a lifetime.—Be not slaves to your children, they will have their happiness later.



EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Gilhooly: "An' then, Mrs. Ryan, she had the impertinence to tell me that Oi didn't know how to bring up children. Me, that's buried eight o' me own."