

The Toronto Sunday World.

SUNDAY MORNING JANUARY 22 1905.—SECOND SECTION, PAGES 47 TO 52

EDITORIAL SECTION

THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD

NO. 83 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

"GO, GET A REPUTATION"

Onlookers, by-standers, observers and such like must be inclined to think that the attitude of the Ross party—there appears to be a consensus of opinion that the names Liberal and Reformers should be dropped in their case—is very much like that assumed by champion prize fighters when they do not care to meet a challenger. "Go, get a reputation and I will talk to you!" was the constant reply of one John L. Sullivan to men of lesser might who were willing to take several punches from his huge fist providing several hundreds of dollars accompanied them. So it is with the Rossites, who more than ever since the Ross mayor succeeded with his charge against an opponent that he lacked experience, have rung the changes on the old saying about the devil you do know and the devil you don't. They seemingly forget that they were once in the same identical position as the Whitneyites, at Ottawa, Toronto and in other places where politics have their centre. They also conveniently forget the "speak-now" incident which proved the existence of a conspiracy, as well as contemplated treachery and which was ultimately put into force. There are, indeed, many things that they would deposit under the seven seas, but they are bogies that refuse to subside tho the premier vociferate periodically until the crack of dawn. They are spectres that will not down any more than did those of humped-back Richard, when on Bosworth Field the ghosts of his various victims addressed him. It is not difficult to imagine the several ghosts of sundry violated Reform principles delivering themselves thus to the chief big game of the tribe in Queen's Park:

Let me sit heavy on thy soul on Wedn'sday!
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my vital parts
At the Soo; despair, therefore, and die.—

Or

When I appeared strong, my sacred body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes.
Think on West Elgin and me; despair and die.

And to J. P. Whitney,
Be cheerful, Whitney; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd principles fight in thy behalf.

Or

Awake and think, our wrongs in Ross' bosom
Will conquer him! Awake, and win the day!

Reputation and experience are both desirable qualities, but right and truth are greater. Allegations of lack of experience and that the temptations to do as has been done will prove too strong cannot in this case be accepted as exculpatory pleas. The damning list of offences is too great and the confirmatory proof too strong to be brushed aside even by the Mayor of Toronto or the Chancellor of Victoria College, both of whom have duties to perform in the interests of all parties and who hardly set a praiseworthy example by strenuously advocating the claims of one and denouncing another. However, neither Thomas Urquhart nor the Reverend Chancellor Burwash by stepping into the breach can repair the dark staring gaps in the ramparts of the Ross Government. Nor will the pugilistic slogan of "Go, get a reputation" avail them aught.

MODERATION OF THE JAPS.

The modest character of Japanese hopes and aims is remarkable. They took up arms, first, to secure the position in Korea, which geographical proximity, their long historical connection with the country, and their extensive commercial interests there fully entitle them to claim; and, secondly, to prevent Russia acquiring a hold on Manchuria, which would endanger not only their interests in Korea, but also the integrity of the whole of Northern

A DISCOURAGED CHANTICLEER



THE GRAND OLD ROOSTER: There's not much heat in crowing about daybreak, when a feller's got his comb froze and is locked out of his coop.

China. And the settlement they desire is merely one which will secure these objects, not only for the time being, but also, as far as possible, for the future. The last will be from a simple task. It may not be difficult to loosen the Russian hold on Manchuria; it will be very difficult to provide against an attempt to reverse at a more convenient time the results of a Japanese victory in the present war, to re-establish Russian prestige, and to regain the long coveted land which will give Russia a sweep of territory extending from the Urals to the ice-free waters of the Pacific.

Considering the enormous risks incurred, and the extent of effort and sacrifice required to expel the Russians from Manchuria, the terms of the settlement generally desired appear exceedingly moderate. The Japanese mean, of course, to establish a firm control over Korea, and they desire a complete evacuation of Manchuria by the Russians, after which the province will be handed back to China. But without certain conditions such a surrender would be an invitation to Russia to return to the attack. The surrender of the province to China will probably be made conditional on a thorough reform of the Chinese administrative system, and on the establishment of a firm and orderly government; while for military security there would be established a garrison of a strong force of the best Chinese troops, possibly officered by Japanese; the well-disciplined army of General Ma; now on the Manchurian frontier, would probably be the force employed. It is also thought that a body of Japanese troops should be maintained in Manchuria at China's expense, to serve as a backbone of military strength. But, except for these measures of precaution, Manchuria will be absolutely under Chinese control, and as open to the commerce of the world as any part of China to which traders are now admitted. Further, it is considered that the permanent occupation of Port Ar-

thur by Japan is a necessity that will admit of no argument. As Port Arthur had become a Russian possession, its occupation will be no loss to China, while it will provide a secure base in the event of any necessary action by Japan in China, which future disturbances may demand. But it will be also necessary to provide against danger from the northeast. As long as the Russians possess Vladivostok and the territory around, there will inevitably be a strong temptation to use this possession for an attack on Korea, or on the northern island of Japan, to which the fortress of Vladivostok is a continual menace. Very justly, therefore, the Japanese consider that Vladivostok must be dismantled and cease to be the strong military port and arsenal that it is at present. If possible the Japanese would like to force the Russians back to the line of the Amur, compelling them to evacuate all the territory extorted from China in 1860; but such a concession, no matter how long the war threatens to continue, will hardly ever be made by Russia.

As Russia will hardly be willing to pay an indemnity in the event of a final defeat, two other demands will probably be made as a fair recompense for the risks and expenses of the war. These are: the cession of Saghalien Is and to Japan; and the control by Japan of the section of the Siberian Railway running thru Manchuria, with its two branches to Port Arthur and Vladivostok. Originally a possession of Japan, Saghalien was seized by Russia without show of right about 30 years ago. Its mineral wealth is considerable, and as a fishing ground for cod, seal and whale it is of the highest importance. The Russians at present draw a large revenue from the dues paid by fishermen of foreign countries, and especially Japanese fishermen. If Japan acquired the island it would be invaluable, not only for its fisheries, but as a training ground for seamen. With regard to the Siberian railway,

the only possible arrangement, if the Russians are expelled from Manchuria, is for the Japanese to control the railway; and whatever benefit they derive will assuredly be a most moderate return for the expense and dangers of the war.

THE FUTURE OF THE STAGE.

The calamity howlers and fault-finders who are continually and persistently deprecating the drama from the pulpit and thru the columns of the newspapers, claiming the degeneration of the stage, are much like our ancient friends who tell us of the old-fashioned winters they used to have and of the snowstorms of their boyhood days. True, thru the present vogue of musical comedy and the humorless, humorous productions, if we may express them as such, the drama or stage in general has suffered a severe relapse, but from which it shows signs of recovery, thanks to Viola Allen and Ada Rehan's Shakespeare's undertakings and the more pretentious dramas essayed by Sir Henry Irving, Richard Mansfield and a few others. The fault-finders ask time and again, "Whom have we to succeed Irving and Mansfield should anything rob us of their personality?" The same cry was raised when Garrick, McCready, Edmund Kean, Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth and other foremost actors of their time were taken from us. But the stage survived and survives.

Perhaps the public have gone to musical comedy and its contemporary amusement as a relief, after the memory of the great artists of the past had been forgotten. The same as we remember the pies that mother used to make, we recollect our first "Hamlet" or our first "Richelieu," and how when we were young our parents took us to see one of the great masters of the stage, and we felt that it was a great treat; not that we thought so, or not that it was, nor in any way to minimize the artists' ability, but many

have seen the day when they saw a performance and personally did not think much of it, but yet, rather than be the exception, they moved with the opinion of the multitude. In other words, they pronounced the thing grand, when down in their hearts they thought it only mediocre or fair.

It is not, however, with the stage at large that we in Canada are so much concerned. The lay of our land makes exceedingly small that etao tannunuu us dependent upon the United States for things theatrical; and, therefore, when we ask who is to succeed the leading actors of the day, we naturally turn thence, and we point to Thomas E. Shea, Creston Clarke, Otis Skinner, J. K. Hackett and perhaps Corse Payton. Of this quintet, neither Payton nor Clarke has assumed the height of perfection of Hackett, Shea or Skinner. In fact one adheres to the melodrama and the other is quite content to remain leading man with a prominent familiar star. Not so, however, with Mr. Shea, who, altho retaining his friends of the melo-drama, with such plays as "Man o'Warman," "Pledge of Honor," "The Voice of Nature," "Banished by the King," etc., has won a host of others by presenting plays of his dramatic art and has risen many rounds on the ladder of fame by capably presenting and credibly acting such standards works as "Richelleu," "A Lady of Lyons," "A Fool's Revenge" and "Othello," not to mention "The Bells" and a version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in which, with all respect to others who have attempted these most difficult roles, he stands in the foremost place, and is noted throught the east and the west as among the first of the exponents of Stevenson's works. To the delectors of the stage it is possible to point with pride to the men of this calibre and to remark that the present run of musical nothingness is on the wane. Good books, good plays and good actors will again be in demand and the management of the great theatrical enterprises the public look for the restoration.

THE MUSIC OF TO-DAY.

A deplorable absence of melody is a prominent characteristic of most modern music, remarked a leading musician the other day. It is not fashionable to state this fact in an age in which the man who confesses that he is not what is described colloquially as "up-to-date" earns for himself the contempt of the crowd. This fact renders all the more commendable the courage of the speakers at the conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, recently held in Manchester, who, regardless of consequences, boldly criticized the tendency of the times as exhibited in the sphere of musical composition, and denounced that perpetual straining after new effects which has resulted in producing a vast amount of noise and in robbing music of its charms under the false pretext of advancing musical art. Innumerable are the grumblings against art, which have been committed in the name of art, and, with regard to music, the sacrifice of melody has been the chief offence. Professor Prout is entitled to the credit of having put his views on this subject more plainly, more unequivocally and more forcibly than any of the other speakers who discussed the matter. The decay of melody he accounts for by the fact that everybody wants to do something which has never been done by anyone else. Young musicians speak disparagingly of old music; the three chords, the tonic, dominant and sub-dominant, do not suffice for them; he wishes that young composers would only be content to write more naturally, instead of writing stuff which is enough to make the dead masters turn round in their graves, it is so horrible. People are, however, afraid to be natural for fear of being commonplace. The situation is so plain that none will question it. Duncan Hume of Fournemouth, in covering a portion of the ground which the professor of music in Trinity College had traversed, found fault with many modern musicians for over-scoring their compositions. Beauty, he pointed out, is lots sight of in seeking for intricacy, and young composers are too apt to think that if they can score on forty or fifty lines their composition is a great work.

Efforts such as these described by Mr. Hume enable us to enter into the spirit of Dr. Johnson, who, when asked

Continued on Page 24.

FALLACY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

How an Innocent Man Suffered on the Scaffold.

However infallible circumstantial evidence may be nineteen times out of twenty in pointing out and leading to the conviction of the perpetrator of a crime, it must be remembered that there is an exception to every rule and many cases are on record in which circumstantial evidence has led to the conviction and execution of persons totally innocent of the crime that has been laid at their door—a strong argument in the hands of that section of the people that is continually crying out for the abolition of capital punishment on the ground that it is far better for a score of guilty persons to go unpunished than that one innocent man or woman should suffer undeservedly the extreme penalty of the law.

As the laws of a land are lenient, so is crime proportionately less rampant; such is the invariable and conclusive testimony from all parts of the world, the real danger is in having laws on the statute book at variance with universal instincts of the human heart, and thus tempting men to continual evasion, which is attended with many mischievous results, even in the case of a bad law, the abolition of which is always safe. As far as capital punishment is concerned, no one of an observant turn of mind can deny that in many cases there must be a deal of uncertainty about it, and the danger of convicting the innocent and condemning them to an irrevocable doom must be used strongly upon the thinking mind.

In the case of murder the evidence must of necessity be mainly of a circumstantial character, as it is a crime which must of course be committed in secret, and this kind of evidence is in its nature so precarious that it should only be trusted with great reluctance and after much careful weighing up of the pros and cons of the case. So many terrible mistakes have occurred through trusting to circumstantial evidence that in Scotland they long ago refused to convict any man of a capital offence on that alone.

As an instance of the ghastly and irremediable blunders which circumstantial evidence is liable to lead to, we cite the following harrowing case, which occurred in America some sixty odd years ago. About this period there arrived in New York an immigrant from the Fatherland, who was in anything but affluent circumstances. After a protracted search round the poorer quarters of the great city, he eventually managed to find lodgings, in which he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room as the family, as the state of his exchequer did not permit of his either boarding with them or having his meals in restaurants outside. He soon found that the home he was in was far from being a happy one, for the husband and wife led a out and dog existence, their days and nights passed in one continuous quarrel.

One day the German lodger had been out doing the meagre shopping for his frugal dinner, and when he returned he entered the kitchen with a pan of potatoes and set about the task of preparing his meal by proceeding to peel them, which he commenced to do with his clasp-knife. The usual domestic trouble had been simmering all day long and just at the time the lodger came in to prepare his dinner the thermometer was rapidly running up to the boiling point. The German placidly sat down with his back towards the snarling, bickering couple and calmly went on with his culinary operations. Imbued with the national phlegm indigenous of the soil of the Fatherland, he did not interest himself in the least in the rights or wrongs of the quarrel going on between his host and hostess; besides, as the poor man scarcely knew more of English than was necessary to enable him to find his way about, so he felt himself personally quite safe and in no danger of being dragged into their dispute.

Alas, poor man, peacefully peeling his potatoes and dreamily conjuring up visions of a certain fair-haired Gretchen who would one day be his housewife when he had accumulated sufficient money to send for her and bring her over to this strange new country, how little did he dream that he was even then standing on the brink of the eternal abyss! How could he conceive that in one short moment of time his doom would be sealed for ever in this world?

Yet it was even so. The voices of the quarrelling man and wife rose higher and higher as the dispute waxed hotter and the blood coursed more furiously thru their already over-heated veins, till at last the woman, in a moment of frenzy, caught sight of the clasp-knife in the unhappy German's hand, and with a sudden and unexpected movement flung herself upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand and plunged it haft deep in her luckless husband's heart.

This fiend of a woman must have been possessed of a diabolical presence of mind, for no sooner had she struck the fatal blow than she rushed out into the street and began to scream "Murder!" with the utmost power of her lungs. Stupified for a moment by the rapidity with which the murderess had snatched the fatal knife out of his hand, the poor German lodger sat on his stool like a man in a dream; but when he saw the death-blow struck, the

knife haft quivering in his landlord's hand and the stricken man reeling to the ground, he sprang forward, caught him in his arms and drew out the fatal weapon. In swarmed the horrified neighbors, agape with excitement and the sight that met their terrified eyes was that of the murdered man lying in the arms of the foreigner, who held a gory, dripping knife in his hand, while his clothes were saturated with the dead man's life-blood.

Here was circumstantial evidence with a vengeance! The ferocious fiend in woman's guise who had committed the awful deed swore in the most positive terms that the lodger had been quarrelling with her husband, that eventually she came to blows and that finally the foreigner drew his clasp-knife, which he invariably carried, and with it stabbed her husband to the heart. A likely enough story, truly, and one seemingly proved up to the hilt by the circumstance under which the landlord and lodger were discovered.

The unfortunate German was, of course, arrested, and his knowledge of English was so exceedingly restricted that he was totally unable either to understand the bloodthirsty woman's accusation or to say a word in his own defence. After he had been duly charged in the customary way, he was lodged in jail and the services of an interpreter were requisitioned for him, to whom he gave a full, true and pertinent account of the real state of the case. The interpreter gave the prisoner's version of the tragedy, and naturally enough is met with noncredence, in view of the facts already stated. The weight of circumstantial evidence was altogether too heavy in the balance against the accused man, and the sheriff who actually perpetrated the foul crime deliberately perjured her immortal soul by swearing positively and unhesitatingly that she was a witness to the commission of the dreadful deed by the unfortunate German.

And as it came about that this poor innocent harmless alien was tried, condemned and made to suffer the last and penalty of the law for a crime he never entered, defended by his counsel, Mr. John Authon, who was the most strenuous and persevering efforts on his behalf, in fact, the lawyer's convictions as to the innocence of his client were so strong that from that day forward he utterly declined to have any connection with a capital case.

In course of time the strain upon the memory of this poor unfortunate German was removed—small consolation to the victim of a soulless woman's treachery! Not very many years after the tragic event, the actual perpetrator of the crime lay on her death-bed, and ere her soul left its earthly tenement she went to meet her Maker she confessed the part she had played in the dastardly transaction. The wretched man who had suffered in her stead had, however, by this time been years mouldering in his unconsecrated grave, so the murderer's tardy repentance could avail him naught, and society had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grievous wrong. So much for the value of circumstantial evidence.

Charles Furniss.

How Ancients Kept Time.

Before an audience of London children a scientist delivered a lecture the other day on the methods of measuring time as employed by the ancients.

The lecturer began with the Chaldeans, who like the Chinese, observed the movements of the moon and stars, and believed that an eclipse was due to the devouring of the moon by a dragon.

Then the lecturer came to the Egyptians, who erected obelisks to serve as the gnomons or pointers of sun-dials. To the delight of the juvenile audience the lecturer room was darkened and the sun (an electric glow lamp) was manipulated at the end of a fishing rod to make a model obelisk cast the shadow.

The Greeks, always artistic, placed a buoyant figure of a magician in a long glass jar, and water dripped in, and as the figure rose it pointed to the hour on a marked dial.

The system which the Greeks followed of dividing the day into 12 equal "hours" from the rising to the setting of the sun was irregular. It behoved the Greek schoolboy to be good in summer and work off his superfluous boyishness in winter, because an hour's "imposition" in summer was 20 minutes longer than in winter.

A description of the hour-glass led to the exhibition of a new adaptation of it. A breakfast egg was suspended from the beam of a pair of scales, and dipped into a saucen of boiling water. The sand from an hour-glass trickled into the scale which hung from the other end of the beam until the egg was cooked.

Then the weight of the sand lifted the egg out of the saucen and, rang an electric bell.

A Cemetery for Unknowns.

The island of Heligoland is surrounded by a great number of treacherous rocks and cliffs, and every year witnesses the stranding of many a fishing boat or sailing vessel. A cemetery has now been created in the neighborhood of the great dunes, where the bodies of fishermen and sailors washed ashore find their last resting place. A simple iron cross stands on every grave, and whenever the body has been identified the cross bears the name of the dead. In most cases, however, such an identification is impossible.

MEETING WITH GEN. NOGI.

A Correspondent Describes the Personality of the Great Commander.

The arrival of a dozen foreigners at headquarters caused a little excitement among the officers and soldiers quartered there, many of whom had evidently never seen a European at short range before. We were conducted to the general's quarters, and introduced to Major Yamaoka, the chief officer of his executive staff. Our reception was cordial enough, but it was plainly evident that, to say the least of it, we were an unknown quantity. We were distinctly regarded with suspicion, and were consequently closely watched and hedged about with all sorts of prohibitions and restrictions, which were not only intensely annoying, but also prevented our doing the work we were sent to do. Before we left we were informed that General Nogi desired to see and speak with us. There was no waiting. Quite unattended, the general sauntered out of his quarters and advanced towards us. He is a quiet-looking, unobtrusive little man, this commander of the Third Imperial Japanese army. Uniformed plainly in a dark blue tunic, riding breeches, high Prussian boots and the regulation Japanese peaked forage cap, with a single Imperial decoration upon his breast, General Nogi looked more like a line colonel than the commander of the large army. There was, however, an unmistakable atmosphere of quiet dignity about the man, and when his keen grey eyes flashed from one to another of the little party of newspaper men who were to be the guests of his army, instinctively every man stood at attention, in deference more to the evident mental power of the man than to his high position.

As we were individually introduced by an interpreter (Professor M. Yamaguchi A.M.)—for General Nogi, like most of the Japanese generals, does not speak the English—he not only asked one or two polite questions about our nationalities and the newspapers we represented, after which he addressed the party collectively. He was pleased that we had come to the army and he had the honor to command. For a few days he would be too busy to show us any personal attention. But we were assured that, in so far as it was possible with a fighting army, every convenience would be placed at our disposal, and we would be allowed to witness the operations against Port Arthur. The changing climatic conditions of the country, he said, were trying, and he trusted we would take every possible care of our bodily health. If, however, any of our number did become ill, the army medical corps would be glad to extend their services. Our arrival at the front, he remarked, was most opportune, as we were just in time to see the victorious conclusion of the campaign and the capture of Port Arthur.

There was something indicative of a reserve strength of character about the quiet little man who so frankly welcomed us to his camp, and in such a friendly manner expressed such evident and sincere concern for our well-being. The keen, nervously-alert grey eyes and the strong lines about the grey-bearded mouth bespoke an unusual intellectuality and a strength of character and resoluteness of purpose which in general appearance did not indicate. It was only when one studied him that the qualities which make him the great leader of men he undoubtedly is became evident, for General Nogi has won his spurs in the service of the emperor. At the previous taking of Port Arthur from the Chinese, ten years ago, General Nogi was a brigade-general, at the age of 48, and he it was who led his troops in the successful assault against the powerful Chairhill Forts, and captured them at the point of the bayonet. The full of these feats, and the almost simultaneous defeat of the Chinese force which in the immediate surrender of the rest of the fortresses. For these reasons, very much doubt, General Nogi is to-day in command of the army of the emperor investing the same city. General Nogi's son was also a soldier, and gave up his life for the emperor at the battle of Nanshan.

The First Morse Telegraph.

In an interview accorded not very long ago, the author of "Ben Hur" told of his father's interest in the first telegraph.

"After Morse had invented the telegraph," said General Wallace, "he wanted congress to appropriate \$20,000 to build an experimental line from Washington to Baltimore. The matter created a great deal of discussion. Morse was sneered at and jeered at, and many thought him insane. My father was a member of congress at that time, and he was one of the committee to which the question of the appropriation was referred. When the committee met my father was watching the experiment of telegraphing from the house to the senate. Wires had been stretched, and the wires were operating the instruments. My father saw them work; he saw the messages and received replies. Then he went to his committee room and found the committee in session. They had just voted on the appropriation, and their vote was a tie. He cast his vote in its favor, and it caused the appropriation to go thru. The result was the first telegraph line of the world."

"Strange to say, that vote lost my father his seat in congress," continued General Wallace. "Thirty thousand dollars was the big sum and this vote he was one of the issues of the next congressional campaign. Father was charged with wasting the people's money, and his opponent ridiculed him on the stump by referring to his 'magnificent electric telegraph appropriation which no one could explain. He even asked father to explain it, but as he could not do so, also he said it would be of great benefit to the country. The people thought differently, and the result was his defeat."

GEMS OF LITERATURE

THE MOB AT VERSAILLES.

From Carlyle's French Revolution.

The dull dawn of a new morning, drizzly and chill, had but broken over Versailles, when it pleased Destiny that a bodyguard should look out of window on the right wing of the chateau, to see what prospect there was in Heaven and in earth. Rascally male and female is prowling in view of him. His fasting stomach is, with good cause, sour; he perhaps cannot forbear a passing malison on them; least of all can he forbear answering such:

All words breed worse; till the worst word come; and then the ill deed. Did the maddened bodyguard, getting (as was too inevitable) better maddened than he gave, load his musketoon, and threaten to fire; nay, actually fire? were wise who wist: It stands asserted; to us not credibly. But be this as it may, menaced Rascality, in whynnying scorn, is snaking at all Grates: the fastening of one (some write, it was a chain mercy) gives way; Rascality is in the grand court, whynnying louder still.

The maddened bodyguard, more bodyguards than he do now give fire; a man's arm is shattered. Lecointre will depose that "the sieur cardine, a national guard without arms, was stabbed." But see, sure enough, poor Jerome l'Heritier, an unarmed national guard he too "cabinet-maker, a saddler's son of Paris," with the down of youthhood still on his chin—he reels death-stricken; rushes to the pavement, scattering it with his blood and brains!—Altogether whither man arises wakes rises the howl; of pity, of infinite revenge. In few moments, the grate of the inner and inmost court, which they name court of marble, this too, is forced, or surprised, and bursts open; the court of marble too is overflowing; up the grand staircase, up all stairs and entrances rushes the living deluge; Deshutes and Varigny, the two sentry bodyguards, are trodden down, are massacred with a hundred pikes. Women snatch their cutlasses, or any weapon and storm in Menade; other women lift the corpse of shot Jerome; lay it down on the marble steps; there shall the livid face and smashed head, dumb for ever, speak.

We now to all bodyguards, mercy is none for them! Mionandre de Saute-Marie pleads with soft words, on the grand staircase, "descending four steps"—to the roaring tornado. His comrades snatch him up, by the skirts and belts; literally, from the jaws of destruction; and slam to their door. This also will stand few instants; the panels shivering in, like potsherds. Barricading serves not; fly fast, ye bodyguards; rabid insurrection, like the hellhouse chase, uproaring at your heels!

The terror-struck bodyguards fly, bolting and barricading; it follows: Whitherward? Thru hall on hall; wo, now! towards the queen's suite of rooms, in the furthest room of which the queen is now asleep. Five sentries rush thru that long suite; they are the queen! Trembling women fall at their feet; with tears, are answered: "Yes, we will die; save ye the queen!" Tremble not, woman, but haste; for lo, another voice shouts far thru the outer-most door, "Save the queen!" and the door is shut. It is brave Mionandre's voice that shouts this second warning. He has stormed across imminent death to do it; fronts imminent death, having done it. Brave Tardivet dis, having done it. Brave Tardivet desperate service, was borne down with pikes; his comrades hardly snatched him in again alive. Mionandre and Tardivet; let the names of these two bodyguards as the names of brave men should, live long.

Trembling maids of honor, one of whom from afar caught glimpse of Mionandre's as well as heard him, hastily wrap the queen; not in robes of state. She flies for her life, across the Oeil-de-boeuf; against the door of which too insurrection batters, in the king's apartment, in the king's arms; she clasps her children amid a faithful few. The Imperial-hearted bursts into mother's tears: "O my friends, save me and my children, O my friends, save moi et mes enfants!" The battering of insurrection axes clangs audible across the Oeil-de-boeuf. What an hour!

Yes, friends; a hideous fearful hour; shameful alike to governed and gov-

ernor; where in governed and governor ignominiously testify that their relation is at an end. Rags, which had brewed itself in twenty thousand hearts for the last four-and-twenty hours, has taken fire; Jerome's trained corpse lies there as live-coal. It is, as we said, the infinite elemental bursting in; wild surging thru all corridors and conduits.

Meanwhile, the poor bodyguards have hunted mostly into the Oeil-de-boeuf. They may die there, at the king's threshold; they can do little to defend it. They are heaping tabourets (stools of honor), benches and all moveables, against the door; at which the ax of insurrection thunders. But did brave Mionandre perish, then, at the queen's outer door? No, he was fractured, slashed, lacerated, left for dead; he has nevertheless crawled hither; and shall live, honored of loyal France. Remark also, in flat contradiction to much which has been said and sung, that insurrection did not burst that door he had defended; but hurried elsewhere, seeking new bodyguards.

Poor bodyguards, with their Thysistes' Opera Repast! I will for them, that insurrection has only pikes and axes; no right sieging-tools; it shakes and thunders. Must they all perish miserably and royalty with them? Deshutes and Varigny, massacred at the first in break, have been beheaded in the marble court; a sacrifice to Jerome's manes; Jourdan with the tie-head did that duty willingly; and asked, if there were no more? Another captive they are leading round the corpse, with howl-chantings; may not Jourdan again tuck up his sleeves?

But glance now, for a moment, from the royal windows! A roaring sea of human heads, inundating both courts; billowing against all passages: Manic women, infuriated men, mad with revenge, with love of mischief, love of plunder!—Rascality has slipped its muzzle! and now bays, three-throated, like the dog of Erebus, fourteen bodyguards are wounded; two massacred, and as we saw beheaded; Jourdan asking "Was it worth while to come so far for two?" Hapless Deshutes and Varigny! Their fate surely was sad. Whirled down so suddenly to the abyss, as men are, suddenly, by the wide thunder of the mountain, Avalanche, awakened not by them, awakened far off by others! When the chateau clock last struck they two were pacing languidly, with pointed musketoon; anxious mainly that the next hour would strike. Their trunks lie mangled; their heads parade, "on pikes twelve feet long," thru the streets of Versailles, and shall, about noon, reach the barriers of Paris—a too ghastly contradiction to the large comfortable placards that have been posted there!

The other captive bodyguard is still circling the corpse of Jerome amid Indian war-whooping; bloody filebeard, with tucked sleeves, brandishing his woody ax; when Gondran and the grenadiers come in sight. "Comrades, will you see a man massacred in cold blood?"—"O! butchers!" answered they; and the poor bodyguard is free. Busy runs Gondran, busy run guards and captains; scouring all corridors; dispersing Rascality and Robbery; sweeping the palace clear. The mangled carnage is removed; Jerome's body to the town hall, for inquest; the fire of insurrection gets damped, more and more, into manageable heat.

Model Tropical Garden.

The German government has appropriated the amount of 400,000 marks for a model tropical and experimental garden at Dar-es-Salaam, German East Africa. Almost every species of tropical fruit trees, cotton, tea, cocoa, bananas, pineapples, etc., will be planted there in order to ascertain just what kinds of agricultural products can best be raised in that colony. A number of experts have already sailed from Hamburg, while several agriculturists from India are expected on the spot to assist in the experimental cultivation of the tea plant.

Mountain Railways.

No less than 14 electric mountain railways are now under way of construction in Switzerland. Within the course of a few years all the leading Alpine heights can be reached by mountain railways. Switzerland is spending many millions on these enterprises, and it is hoped that, with these increasing facilities, the number of tourists will become greater every year. The Jungfrau and Chamounix railways will be completed and open for passenger traffic in about 15 months, that is to say, by the summer of 1906.

HER FIRST

BY MA

With fumes of tobacco smok from velvet stalls to crowded with the continual change of o to another, to the accompan noisy laughter and applause, the performance at the Rotunda rattle. The Rotunda was a second-rate hall. Philip D'Arcy, a young, the modern actor type, said in with an expression of supreme on his dark, handsome face. I wandered from the stage to th or upturned, vacant faces, an again to his friend, Ned Aubrey was singing, with coarse exagg a favorite Rotunda ditty.

Aubrey tripped over his feet a appeared into the wings with a hic crash, a witticism which co his audience. The leader of chestra wiped the perspiration red face with a large handker couple of attendants in magent changed the numbers. On th was the simple announcement, "Turn."

A few sounds of disapproval from different parts of the hou orchestra jingled thru a comm symphony. Then, with a flur rose pink skirts and a step as an autumn leaf skimming bef wind, a young girl ran on to the D'Arcy; suddenly leaped forw his box. This was a surprise. But the house gave the Extra greening of whiskers, coughs and cal applause. She was dainty, delightful, but utterly unsuited Rotunda.

The first lines of her song—the trash—were a disappointment D'Arcy, but all the weariness h his face. Bending forward, h on every movement of the r figure. His heart throbbd as h ised that the girl was a dead a brutal hunting instinct swee the house. One voice after another joined in the mockery of the Turn.

D'Arcy could no longer he girl's voice over the noise. She ed from head to foot. The you tor was effectually shaken out usual indifferent indolence—he a forgot himself for a long thre utes.

Directly the last words were but, not before, the girl ran stage with a quick, fluttering a few minutes afterwards D'Arcy standing with Ned Aubrey in the passages leading from the da stage to the dressing-room; he had introduced him to the Turn. Her name was Constan

ley; she was quivering against th and tears trickled down her face from under half-closed eyelids. breath came in little sobbing there was no tinge of color in h except the bright saive on the D'Arcy looked at her in pas sympathy.

"Come, buck up, old girl!" said Aubrey. "Why on earth did let you go? Buck up! I should dicky myself in your place; Phil, I'm on!"

"You D'Arcy was ruffed at the tion. "I really can't imagine mys ing to go on at the Rotunda, N "Are you upon the stage?" said stance quickly.

He smiled. She could not have his name.

"Oh, yes, Miss Stanley. Bu you forgive me?—I can't be st from failure here."

"I have to live, Mr. D'Arcy. Constance: "if the people in fr cruel it is very different behind looked gratefully at Ned A "Well, I've failed! There's an that! Did you see Foster jum the air because I wouldn't co till the end of the song?" He twinkled her more in the tearful "Bravo!" exclaimed Ned A "Pack up your traps, my des march. It was only a trial tur all."

Then he shook hands warm hurried away. The young actor a little nearer to the girl as she said night.

"You understand me, Miss S when I say that I am glad you it was a terrible ordeal, but st

"Would you be glad to fail self. Mr. D'Arcy, in any singl you had set your heart on?" she flushing.

"No! But then—forgive me a should never set my heart on tunda triumph! There's the ence!"

"You're in the new play Prince's, are you not?" answer stance, with a smile. Does that too egotistic?"

"N-no! It sounds like a lon gagement at the Prince's." D'Arcy was pained, but he st tained her. "Will you come a me play? May I send you seat? "I shall be delighted."

With these few words, spoken ly in a dingy passage behind scenes of a music hall, D'Arcy at stance Stanley first met and the failure of her trial turn w beginning of a mutual attractio sprang into full growth in weeks.

The charm and energy of Co were a continual surprise to h He often spoke of his "fatal lett but Constance changed the wor "fatal laziness." With all his



Scene from the Four Cohans' big musical comedy, "Running for Office," at the Grand this week

TEMPERATURE

VERSAILLES.

nor; where in governed and governo... nominously testify that their... is at an end. Rags, which had... ewed itself in twenty thousand... aris for the last four-and-twenty... urs, has taken fire; Jerome's braine... ppe lies there as live-coal. It is, as... said, the infinite element bursting... wild surging thru all corridors and... adults.

meanwhile, the poor bodyguards have... hunted mostly into the Cell-deur... They may die there at the... threshold; they can do little to... end it. They are heaping tabourets... ools of honor, benches and all moyes... against the door; at which the... of insurrection thunders. But did... ve Mlomanre perish, then, at... queen's outer door? No, he was... etured, slashed, lacerated, left for... id; he has nevertheless loyal hi... r; and shall live, honored of royal... nce. Remark also, in flat contra... tion to much which has been said... sung, that insurrection did not... st that door he had defended; but... ried elsewhere, seeking new body... ds.

door bodyguards, with their Thys... Opera Repast! well for them, that... rrection has only pikes and axes;... right stings; tools; it shakes and... nders. Must they all perish miser... y and royalty with them? Deshutte... Varigny, massacred at the first in... k; have been beheaded in the mar... court; a sacrifice to Jerome's... nes; Jourdan with the tile-beard did... duty willingly; and asked, if there... e no more? Another captive they... leading round the corpse, with... l-chanting; may not Jourdan in... tuck up his sleeves?

it glance now, for a moment, from... royal windows! A roaring sea of... n heads, inundating both courts... wing against all passages: Mana... women, infuriated men, mad with... with love, with love of mischief, love... der! Rascality has slipped its... el and now bays, three-throated... the dog of Erebus. Fourteen body... ds are wounded; three massacred... as we saw beheaded; Jourdan ask... "Was it worth while to come so... for two?" Hapless Deshutte, and... gny! Their fate surely was sad... ried down so suddenly to the abyss... ren are, suddenly, by the wide thun... of the mountain. Avalanche, awak... not by them, awakened, far off... others! When the chateau clock... struck they two were pacing lan... with pointed musketoon; anxious... ly that the next hour would strike... trunks lie mangled; their heads... "on pikes twelve feet long,"... the streets of Versailles, and... about noon, reach the barriers... aris—a too ghastly contradiction... e large comfortable placards that... e posted there!

other captive bodyguard is still... ng the corpse of Jerome amid in... war-whooping; bloody Tilbeard... from under half-closed eyelids. Her... breath came in little sobbing gasps;... there was no tinge of color in her... except the bright salve on the lips... D'Arcy looked at her in passionate... sympathy.

"Come, buck up, old girl!" said New... Aubrey. "Why on earth did Foster... let you go? Buck up! I should feel... dicky myself in your place; Phil, would... n't you?"

But D'Arcy was ruffled at the ques... "I really can't imagine myself try... ing to go on at the Rotunda, Ned!"

HER FIRST APPEARANCE

BY MABEL RICHARDSON.

With fumes of tobacco smoke rising... from velvet stalls to crowded gallery... with the continual change of one tune... to another, to the accompaniment of... noisy laughter and applause, the pe... rformance at the Rotunda rattled along... The Rotunda was a second-rate music... hall. Philip D'Arcy, a young man of... the modern actor type, sat in a box... with an expression of supreme disgust... on his dark, handsome face. His look... wandered from the stage to the rows... of upturned, vacant faces, and back... again to his friend, Ned Aubrey, who... was singing, with coarse exaggeration... a favorite Rotunda ditty.

Aubrey tripped over his feet and di... sappeared into the wings with a terri... ble crash, a witticism which convulsed... his audience. The leader of the or... chestra wiped the perspiration off his... red face with a large handkerchief. A... couple of attendants in magenta plush... changed the numbers. On the cards... was the simple announcement, "Extra... Turn."

A few sounds of disapproval spurted... from different parts of the house. The... orchestra jingled thru a commonplace... symphony. Then, with a flutter of... rose pink skirts and a step as light as... an autumn leaf skimming before the... wind, a young girl ran on to the stage... D'Arcy suddenly leaped forward in... his box. This was a surprise indeed!

But the house gave the Extra Turn a... greeting of whistles, coughs and ironi... cal applause. She was dainty, delicate... delightful, but utterly unsuited to the... Rotunda.

The first lines of her song—the usual... trash—were a disappointment to D'Arcy... but all the weariness had left his... face. Bending forward, he hung... on every movement of the rose-pink... figure. His heart throbbed as he real... ized that the girl was a dead failure.

A brutal hunting instinct swept thru... the house. One voice after another... joined in the mockery of the Extra... Turn.

D'Arcy could no longer hear the... girl's voice over the noise. She trembled... from head to foot. The young actor... was effectively shaken out of his... usual indifferent indolence—he actually... forgot himself for a long three min... utes.

Directly the last words were sung... but not before, the girl ran off the... stage with a quick, fluttering step. A... few minutes afterwards D'Arcy was... standing with Ned Aubrey in one of... the passages leading from the Rotun... da stage to the dressing-rooms. Au... brey had introduced him to the Extra... Turn. Her name was Constance Stan... ley; she was quivering against the wall... and tears trickled down her cheeks... from under half-closed eyelids. Her... breath came in little sobbing gasps;

there was no tinge of color in her... face, except the bright salve on the lips... D'Arcy looked at her in passionate... sympathy.

tion there was something of King Co... pheta in D'Arcy. As the weeks went... by, one thing troubled Constance. He... never offered to take her to his home... She wondered whether they disapprov... ed of his engagement to a penniless... girl.

"Dearest!" Constance said to him at... last, "I'm ignorant and ordinary, I... know, but—your friends might give me... a trial turn?"

Philip, who had often talked vaguely... of the wealth and artistic atmosphere... of the D'Arcy household, could not re... sist the half-defiant, half-pleading... words.

On the following day she was taken... to the D'Arcy's surprisingly small... house. A grimy little girl of fourteen... was waiting on the door-step, holding... a large loaf.

"What are you doing here?" said... D'Arcy, as he opened the door with a... latch-key. "These servants are incor... rigible!" Constance had often heard... her lover complain of "servants"—the... little girl with the loaf was a modern... instance.

The small room they entered was like... a photographer's show case. There... were portraits of Philip in every cos... tume and posture. The furniture was... neither new or old, and faded red cu... rtains hung by the window.

"Horrid little hole, isn't it, darling?"... said Philip.

"But surely one's home—" Constance... began.

"There's no place like home—thank... Heaven!" he interrupted.

Mrs. D'Arcy entered the room. She... was a thin, shrunken little woman. Her... features were at once severe and... weak; she stooped and her hands shook... nervously.

"I'm very pleased to make your ac... quaintance, Miss Stanley," said Mrs... D'Arcy in a frightened voice.

Constance, with easy self-possession... took off her hat and gloves and sat... down by Mrs. D'Arcy on the sofa. The... look of the broken-down, hopeless little... woman impressed her painfully.

"I'm sorry Eva isn't at home," Mrs... D'Arcy went on, "but she doesn't get... away from the office till past seven... It's very hard work."

Philip had always spoken as if his... sister's typewriting were only a pleas... ant pastime. Constance laid her left... hand, with its flashing ring, over Mrs... D'Arcy's hard nervous fingers.

"Do call me Constance!" she said.

"Yes, Miss Stanley, certainly I will... Eva and I are very plain, homely peo... ple. Philip, my dear, have you told... this young lady about your poor father... and your education?"

"I don't think it matters, mother,"... he answered, impatiently. "My little... woman makes the best of a bad bar... gain!"

There was so much of the proprietor... in his manner that the girl drew her... self away.

"My husband was wrapped up in... Philip," continued Mrs. D'Arcy. "He... couldn't rest in his last illness for... wondering how he would get on. But... he did well—my boy! He's been a good... son to me, and he'll be a good hus... band to you!"

She stopped abruptly, as if she had... said too much. Many thoughts were... chasing each other thru Constance's... mind. Above all, the indifference of... the son to that exquisite tenderness in... the work-worn, nervous face.

The afternoon dragged. When the... hour for departure came, Mrs. D'Arcy... looked wistfully into the girl's face.

He pressed his way thru the laughing... hurrying throng of people on the ship... to the upper deck. Then, with a sud... den thrill of loneliness, turned his back... on the crowded quay.

"Well, I deserved it," said D'Arcy to... himself, and at the same minute a... hand was gently laid upon his arm.

"Constance!"

D'Arcy's hand closed over hers. If... I was at all ungenerous—I want you... to forgive me, and let us part friends."

"Only friends? Connie, why did you... come?"

Unable to bear the painful pleasure... of her voice he leaned his arm on the... rail and hid his face. There was the... loud ringing of the warning bell.

D'Arcy pulled himself together with... something of the old smile. "There! It's... all right, darling! You must go!"

Their hands were closely locked; but... the look of hard resolve that he had... seen in her eyes when they parted was... there still.

"No! I can't trust you, Philip!... Good-by!"

And then—oh, the inconsistency of... woman!—she impulsively threw her... arms round his neck and whispered... through her lips pressed to his cheek:

"Come back to me soon, dear love!"

PREPOSTEROUS RICHARD.

His Excuse for Being Debarred in... Stupid.

Marquis de Montigny: The attempt... made by Richard Croker to describe the... action of the stewards of the Jockey Club... of England in barring his horses from being... trained on Newmarket Heath to his har... ing successfully bid against King Edward... at a sale of yearlings held at Newmarket... last September is preposterous to those... who have any knowledge of the conditions... which prevail on the British turf, and... especially in the Jockey Club, while Lord... Durham is the chief of its triumvirate of... stewards. The Jockey Club is the most... independent organization of the kind in the... world, and so absolutely secure from the... influence, either one way or another, of... the party of the reigning monarch that it... has time and again blackballed candidates... who have proposed for membership whom... he was most anxious to get elected, and who... might possibly have got in had it not been... for the fact that they were proposed and... backed by royalty. In racing matters the... King ceases to be a sovereign, and has no... more standing or pull than any other mem... ber of the Jockey Club, and Lord Dur... ham pointed out in his speech at the fam... ous Gimcrack Club dinner the other day... at York, Edward VII. shows the example... which his subjects in England interest... ed in honorable and straightforward racing... should follow of voluntarily submitting to... the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club.

It is ridiculous to suppose that when... King George IV. was all powerful as re... gent of the British empire and his horses... were run in a questionable manner the... Jockey Club did not hesitate after due in... vestigation to bar them from Newmarket... Heath and from all race courses which it... controlled, at the same time depriving... both his trainer and his jockey of their... livelihood, and even saw King Edward... Leopold Rothschild, etc., etc. repeatedly... disqualify themselves against King Ed... ward, and J.-fatted them, subjecting there... by the monarch to heavy financial loss and... to severe disappointment.

It is ridiculous, therefore, to believe that... the stewards of the Jockey Club of Great... Britain would have permitted for one mo... ment the action of Richard Croker in bid... ding for yearlings against King Edward... and his horses against King Edward, at... an open sale, to influence their course with... regard to the former boss of Tammany... Hall. The measure to which the latter has... been subjected by the Earl of Durham and... his two fellow stewards of the Jockey Club... —a measure from which there is no appeal... and which will injuriously affect the... Jockey stable, not only in England, but also... in Ireland, and in all the countries of... continental Europe—must be ascribed to... entirely different reasons. What these re... asons are it is difficult to say, since the... Jockey Club declines to furnish them, and... respects themselves to the statement that... the training grounds at Newmarket are... the club's private property, and that... the club "does not wish" to have Mr. Croker's horses trained there. But... that it gives both to him and to his stable... a terrible black eye cannot for a moment be... denied.

Somewhat Different.

"O. Henry," author of "Cabbages and... Kings," tells a whimsical tale of what... he considers unfair competition in the... short story field. A short time ago he... says he was in the office of a big mag... azine and witnessed the return to a... dejected looking young fellow of a... couple of manuscripts. "I am sorry for... that fellow," said the editor. "He came... to New York from New Orleans a year... ago, and regularly brings some sto... ries to our office. We can never use... them. He doesn't make a dollar by his... pen, and he is getting shabby and... pale." A month or so later O. Henry... saw the same writer in the same office... and the editor was talking to him... earnestly. "You had better go back to... New Orleans," said that gentleman.

"Why?" said the young man. "Some... day I may write a story you may want."

"But you can do that just as well... in New Orleans," said the editor, "and... you can save board bills." "Board... bills," ejaculated the young man, "I... had an income of twenty thousand a... year from my father's estate."

In the February Century.

Who organized the Boston Symphony... Orchestra? What is its policy and... what the object of its being? How are... its leader, concert-master and players... secured, and how are they paid? What... does the Boston Symphony Orchestra... mean to America? These are some of... the questions the answers to which in... terest every music-lover in the coun... try. And these points, and many others... will be covered in the Febru... ary Century in an article on "The Bos... ton Symphony Orchestra," by Richard... Aldrich, musical critic of The New... York Times. Among the illustrations... of the sketch will be a portrait of... Henry Lee Higginson from the paint... ing by John S. Sargeant.



May Ethel Courtney in "Hearts Adrift" at the Majestic this week

ADVENTURES OF ST. J. STRUJK MISS

Miss Irene O'Bryne Returns Home From a Brief Trip to Gotham.

When a World man called at the home... of Miss Irene O'Bryne, the stage-struck... miss, who, in company with Carrie Out... waite, ran away to New York on New Year's... day, and who returned to her home over... a week ago, he was ushered in by Miss... O'Bryne herself. The first few moments... were spent in a swift survey of the would... be Bernhardt. She is a remarkably pret... ty girl with a face and figure that make... her ambition to appear behind the foot... lights to some extent pardonable.

The reporter introduced himself, and... announced his mission, whereat the young... lady assumed a rosy color, and her eyes... even the floor. For some seconds, it was... sought to get whether she was going to... laugh or weep. Then she laughed—rather... nervously it is true, but genuine laughter.

"Yes, I've been back for some time," she... answered, still studying the pattern of the... carpet. The interviewer helped her in her... studies till she was ready to proceed.

"We were only in New York for a short... time, and then Mr. Outhwaite found us... I saw all about the search for us in the... New York papers, and I went to the police... An awfully nice detective took us to where... Mr. Outhwaite was staying, and we came... home with him."

"Did I have a good time in New York?... Not very. I spent most of my time wish... ing I was at home. And we did not have... much money at the time. We only had... \$2.50, and you know that does not go far... in New York. It does not go far any... where."

The reporter sympathetically assented... "When we saw her the next day she... said she could get positions in an opera... company. We were to be birds."

"It was a crow, wasn't it?" remarked a... diminutive member of the family, who had... penetrated into the room.

The juvenile was strally repressed and... ejected.

"No, we were to be doves, and we were... to wear hats." The embryo Duse blushed... "But we had to do something to make... money."

She prattled merrily on, telling about her... adventures and her eventual return home... where she was welcomed like the prodigal... of old.

But the runaway's happy home-coming... has had its drawbacks. Insidious rumors... have been on foot that it was she who led... Carrie Outhwaite away, altho this was Miss... Outhwaite's fourth break for liberty.

"I do not think it's much fun being an... actress, after all," remarked the young... lady, as the reporter left. "I know it's... not a bit nice being an actress out of a... job."

Sonnets of an Engaged Girl.

O joy! O ecstasy! He's coming back;... To-night he will be here—to-night—... and I... Will feel his arms around me, hear... him sigh... With sweet contentment after every... smack!

When he has entered I'll peek thru a... crack... And then, emitting a glad little cry... And giving pent-up love sweet free... dom, fly... To meet him in the heavenly attack.

loose and soar.

"Twas there he kissed me twenty... times before... Supplies began to equal the demand.

"Twas well worth waiting for—that first... glad swoop—... When, having suffered all restraint to... flee, I met his eager rush and felt him... stoop... And almost lift me from the floor!

Ah, me... What rain is to the flowers that sadly... droop... Love is to her whose heart beats... longingly. —S. E. Kiser.

The Advertising Column.

I've been reading Lawson's letters in... the New York daily press;... I've been watching how antagonists... have jumped into the mess;... Have I learned from this how I may... reach old John D? Well, I guess!

Put a letter in the advertising col... umns.

If you want to tell King Edward that... his beard is out of date;... If you want to tell Miss Roosevelt her... hat is not on straight;... If you want to tell Czar Nicholas for... victories—he must wait—... Put a letter in the advertising col... umns.

If you want to ask Carnegie for a mil... lion dollar note;... If you want to ask H. Rogers some new... company to float;... If you want to ask Uncle Russell Sage... to buy himself a coat—... Put a letter in the advertising col... umns.

If you want to order: "Emp'or Bill, don't... write another play!"... If you want to make Rud Kipling give... his genius gratis away!... If you'd have J. Pierpont Morgan come... to lunch with you some day—... Put a letter in the advertising col... umns.

If you want to say to Paderewski: "Get... your ringlets cut!"... If you want to say to Sargent, "Sir, your... portraits are a snuff!"... If you want to say to Irving, "As an... actor—you're a mull!"... Put a letter in the advertising col... umns.

And if you'd run a newspaper, or popu... lar magazine—... It may be only a country sheet, or... some proud "Home-side Queen"—... If you want to get your news or pic... tures or your stories seen—... Put the whole bunch in the advertis... ing columns! —Life.

NEW PHRASE COINED.

New York American: Everybody knows... the sheep, with his eternal "bah" and th... sheep-man with his eternal "lah." As... you go along the country the mildly in... quisitive sheep lift their heads, and each... one—whether he be a young lamb or an old... fighting ram—has always the same remark... to make. You may be walking, riding on... horseback, in an automobile or a flying... machine—the sheep has only one thing to... say. The simple word "bah" expresses all... his emotions and all his interests. That is... the extent of the intellectual excitement of... which he is capable. The sheep-man is... quite as plentiful as his sheep brother in... the fields. And his mind works very much... in the same way. He is the sort of man... who thinks that he knows everything, who... with his contemptuous "bah" rejects a new... idea, because it is new. The sheep, at least... is open-minded. He is not ashamed to... confess mild surprise. If he goes on eat... ing his grass indifferently, it is not from... self-sufficient indifference, but from utter... lack of mind. The sheep-man is a sheep... thru arrogance and self-conceit. So far as... possibilities of intellectual growth are con... cerned, he is really a sheep. The first time... he utters his contemptuous "bah" when a... new idea is put before him, his limitations... are set. There is no more development for... him.

dy, "Running for Office."

Greatest of French Actresses Is Madame Gabrielle Rejane

Who Will Appear at the Princess Theatre the Last Three Nights of the Week and Saturday Afternoon in "Ma Cousine," "Zaza," "L'Hirondelle" and "Sapho."

French art, presented by a world-famous French player, who has been applauded with equal enthusiasm in London, Paris, New York, Buenos Ayres, Copenhagen, Havana and Rome, will be offered at the Princess Theatre, Jan. 28, 27 and 28, when Madame Gabrielle Rejane and her Parisian company of player, including Mr. Dumény and Mlle. Avril, will fulfil an engagement of three nights and a Saturday matinee in a repertoire of many and varied plays.

Much interest is felt among the more thoughtful of our theatregoers in the tour of this great French actress, Rejane, for we are coming to appreciate the fact that the appearance in our midst of the great dramatic interpreters from the intellectual capitals of the old world broadens and deepens our culture, stimulating the mental faculties and quickening the imagination in such ways as to make for breadth of thought, intellectual hospitality, refinement in taste and increased appreciation for the masterpiece of classic and contemporary literature—in a word, for education in its broader significance. Much has been said and written about the folly of Americans, as exhibited in the liberal patronage of foreign stars, who find the United States a veritable Golconda; but however just this criticism may be when it applies to the foreigners who, wanting in ability, have through accident gained ephemeral popularity, we feel that it is far from true when applied to those who are really great in their chosen field, like Duse, Rejane and Novelli.

In Madame Rejane we have another of the really great dramatic artists who are typical characters. Her life also possesses the added interest for the republican mind which attaches to those children of genius who, from lowly birth and humble circumstances have arisen to the front ranks in their chosen profession, thru patient, faithful, conscientious and persistent toil. For Gabrielle Rejane's parents were poor. She was born in the Rue de la Donana, one of the storm centres for almost every great riot known to Paris of the last century and a quarter. Her father in early life had been an actor, but before the birth of Gabrielle he had retired from the boards and during her early years he was ticket receiver and keeper of the buffet at L'Ambigu. In this work the mother assisted and the little child was pressed into service to run errands and a quarter. Her father as a very small child could render. Thus environed, the child passed her early years, even sleeping on an improvised bed made up in a corner behind the buffet. But this life was not without its fascination, for here she saw and heard many of the greatest actors and actresses of the day, including Frederick Le Maitre, Paul Clèves, Bondois, Melingue, Yena Essler, Adèle Page, Diea Petit, Marie Laurent and others. Here, too, she listened to the initial presentation of many of the great plays of the day amid the intoxicated excitement and enthusiasm that attend the opening performances of master plays before French audiences. Thus she lived in a fairylike mimic world. The atmosphere of the theatre environed her early days as does the morning mist envelope mountain, hill and glen, and this wonder world of romance and beauty gave to life the intoxication of pure joy as does the mist at dawn lend splendor to the new-born day. When she was quite young her father died, leaving the mother and child to fight the battle for bread. But both were thrifty, industrious and accustomed to hard work. Sympathizing friends also aided them. Especially were loving hands stretched out to little Gabrielle to aid her in reaching the goal of her ambition by friends who read in the wistful eyes as clearly as if words had framed it the dearest hope that filled the child's day dream world. If she could attend the Conservatoire she could fit herself to reach the heights to which even now she aspired. They saw that she was a natural actress, that inheritance and early environment had cast the die for her; and they also knew that besides being ambitious she did not fear hard work. So they helped her to reach the land of her heart's desire. She became the favorite pupil of the master, M. Regnier, and at her graduation won the second prize of the competition. Her talent, personal charm, vivacity and versatility were instantly recognized by the managers of Paris, and offers were promptly made by the Odeon, the Gymnase and the Vaudeville. At the last-named house she made her debut in March of 1875, in "La Revue des Deux Mondes," but it was not until six months later that she electrified Paris in a part assigned her in a one-act play, written by Marc Monier, and entitled "Madame Lili," in the cast of which were a number of famous artists. At that time Sarcey, the most eminent of all Parisian critics, wrote of her: "The requisites, ingenuity and tenderness of Madame Rejane are charming. That pretty and lively girl has spirit even in her finger tips. How fortunate that she doesn't sing. If she had a voice, light opera would surely have devoured her."

From that time Rejane advanced rapidly to the forefront of her profession. Her remarkable versatility enabled her to interpret the most diverse roles in so convincing a manner as to win gold and carry her audience with her. Few actresses in the annals of the stage have scored so many successes or have equal-

ly succeeded in the impersonation of a range of characters that represented almost every dominant emotion known to the human heart.

The repertoire in Toronto of Madame Rejane will be as follows: Thursday evening, "Ma Cousine"; Friday evening, "Zaza"; Saturday matinee, "L'Hirondelle" (The Swallow); Saturday evening, "Sapho."

MADAME REJANE'S WONDERFUL WARDROBE

The above picture shows the dressing-room of the celebrated actress Madame Rejane. That is, it shows one of the three dressing-rooms which she occupies, and which is required for the use of her unusually large wardrobe, embracing two hundred different gowns for stage wear in all the French plays in her repertoire. Being a woman of unusual artistic instincts, Rejane is very exacting in her demands for dressing-room accommodation, desiring that her logs, as dressing-rooms are called in French, be furnished as nearly as possible in conformity with the requirements of good taste. Since an actress upon whose time so many demands are made spends a large part of her time in the theatre, she naturally feels that her dressing-room, being her salon for the greater part of the day, should contain all the comforts possible.

The immense wardrobe trunks used by Mme. Rejane are shown in the accompanying illustration and give an adequate idea of how these perishable creations are transported from place to place. As shown in the illustration, they are ready to be carried to Madame Rejane's dressing-room, but in transportation each garment, the left upon the hanger, is carefully swathed in fold after fold of soft tissue paper.

The gowns remaining in the costume trunk, just as they were found by the photographer, are many which could find no other place of disposal, as Madame's two dressing-rooms are completely filled by the dozens of costumes already laid out for her immediate use. The chapeaux accompanying the various toilettes and the dainty shoes and gloves are in such profusion and so closely packed in various receptacles that it is impossible to give an adequate idea by photograph of their beauty and variety.

Madame Rejane inclines to the Gainsboro effects in chapeaux, with beautiful ostrich feathers for ornamentation. She has these in every hue, from her favorite tint—rose pink—to black. She also affects dainty creations in lace and straws with flower trimmings. In all the most every instance there is a great deal of pink about her chapeaux, while she seems to avoid blue except for trimming, both in gowns and hats. Mme. Rejane's costume trunks measure seven feet high by four wide and are about three feet deep. They are, in-

fact, complete traveling wardrobes, leaving the gowns exactly in position on the hangers just as they would be in Madame's own dressing-room. These trunks are all zinc-lined and sealed in order to prevent the sea air from tarnishing the embroidery and jewels during their transit from France to America.

CAPTAIN KLADO INTERVIEWED.

He Appears a Sensible Kind of Chap After All.

Paris, Jan. 21.—Surprise is still expressed here at the recall of Admiral Kaznakoff, the Russian representative on the Hull Commission. The reasons advanced in the newspapers are the age of the admiral and his slight affliction with deafness. Captain Klado, quite the most interesting as well as the most authoritative of the witnesses at present in Paris, has just declared to me that there is no special significance in the recall. He knew that the czar wished to have a report from the admiral's lips; it might be that the veteran officer dreaded the length of the inquiry—at any rate, his successor, Admiral Doubassoff, had been expected in Paris for some time, where he should preside over a technical commission concerned with the purchase of war material. I have heard it stated from a likely source that in appointing Kaznakoff in the first instance, Russia wished to make sure that her representative would preside at the initial gathering, that being apparent from the seniority of the officer. However that may be, Russia appears to feel it imperative upon her to strengthen her hands in an inquiry which is being conducted with a seriousness possibly undreamed of in St. Petersburg.

Captain Klado, who is a man of an engaging personality, talked freely this morning of the war and of the situation created thereby. The captain, naturally, was not to be drawn into an expression of opinion as to the aims of Rojstvensky—a very common view, at least privately expressed in Paris, being that the Baltic squadron was never intended to reach Port Arthur—but he said that, personally, he thought a mistake had been made in dismantling the ships of the Pacific fleet to furnish guns for the ramparts and allowing the vessels themselves to be sunk at their moorings instead of rallying out to meet the enemy. "No doubt there would have been great loss of life," said the Russian officer, "but we should have crippled the Japanese, so that they could not have come to close quarters with the Baltic squadron."

From the war the conversation flowed easily to the Hull Inquiry. "It is quite wrong to suppose that we were out of our course on the night in question; we were following the direct route from Skagen to the Straits of Dover," he observed. "It is also incorrect to say that the incident occurred on the Dogger Bank; we were miles from that point—eighty miles, in fact, from the Scandinavian coast." Taking pencil and paper, the Russian drew a rough chart of the North Sea indicating a spot opposite the Dogger. "Impossible," he said, "to confuse torpedo boat with fishing craft. Look here!" and with a few strokes he drew the two in juxtaposition. "Moreover," he said, "the top part of a trawler is a light color, whereas the torpedo

boat is uniformly painted some dark hue."

Whilst disclaiming any competency in the regions of diplomacy, Captain Klado had some interesting things to say on matters of general policy affecting Russia. For instance, he insisted that the Dardanelles should be open to the ships of the world, irrespective of nationality. "It is not to be supposed," he said, "that France would oppose us in that idea. Germany has shown by her attitude on the Bosphorus to be not unfriendly—Turkey would come in after the rest," and the captain smiled again.

This sympathetic man, who has fanned the popular flame in Russia to a remarkable degree, is a confirmed Anglophile. Mutual interests should bring Russia and England together, he said, "England has large interests in China, just as we have." "And in India?" I hazarded. The captain's features again broke into a roguish smile. "India is not quite so essential to the English nation as it once was, say in the days of Napoleon; the British empire has grown since then." But when I was about to expostulate at the assumption, Captain Klado hastened to rectify his earlier impression by remarking, "What we principally seek is sea-board. Now India does not necessarily—" We both laughed, and the sentence was unfinished.

When, reverting to the Hull incident, I suggested that a verdict for Russia by the commission would mean the condemnation of England for breach of neutrality, my interlocutor has seemed to reply: "No. The torpedo-boats might have come from Danish or other Scandinavian ports. It is not the province of the commission to find that out. Moreover, it is well known that both sides receive armament from neutral nations. Our ships are now steaming to the far east with British coal."

COUNT TOLSTOI AND CZAR.

Extraordinary Letter Written by Russian Author at a Critical Time.

London, Jan. 21.—The Times publishes a translation of a long letter written by Count Leo Tolstoy to the czar about three years ago, when the writer himself and all around him thought he was dying. The count, who addressed his majesty as "Dear Brother," refers to the universal dissatisfaction which all classes in Russia were at that time manifesting towards the Government as a result of the latter's "strenuous and cruel activity," and he informed the czar that the reason for this was: "Your helpers assure you that by the arrest of all progress of life in the nation they will thereby ensure the welfare of this people and your own peace and safety; but one can sooner arrest the flow of a river than that incessant progressive movement of mankind which is established by God. One understands how those to whom such a state of things is advantageous, and who in the depths of their souls say 'Apres nous le déluge,' can and must assure you of this; but it is astonishing how you, a free man, needing nothing, and a rational and good man, can believe them, and, following their horrible advice, commit or allow to be committed, so much evil for the sake of such an unattainable desire as the arrest of the eternal progress of mankind." The writer proceeds to allude to the double error of the czar's advisers in believing that for the wel-

fare of the people it is necessary, at all costs, to maintain the two combined forms of religious belief and political organization. It is, he says, impossible to assert that orthodoxy is now natural to the Russian people; and, regarding the prestige of the czar's power, Tolstoy alleges: "During the last thirty years it has been incessantly falling, and has lately fallen so low that amongst all classes no one now restrains himself from condemning not only the measures of the government, but also the czar himself, abusing and laughing at him. Autocracy is an outgrown form of government which may answer to the demands of a people somewhere in Central Africa apart from the whole world, but not the demands of the Russian people, which are growing ever more enlightened by the enlightenment common to the whole world." Count Tolstoy, after stating that by measures of coercion one can oppress a people but not rule them, remarks that the desire which the Russian people would express were it possible for them to do so would, in his opinion, be: "First of all the working people would say that they wished to be delivered from those special laws which place them in the position of a pariah deprived of the rights of all the citizens. Then they would say that they desire freedom of removal from place to place, freedom of education and freedom to profess the religion which corresponds to their spiritual needs, and, above all, the hundred million people would say with one voice that they desire freedom in the use of land and the abolition of the right of landed property." The first thing, he adds, which lies before the government is the abolition of that oppression which prevents the people from expressing their desires and needs. Tolstoy, in his concluding sentences, urges the czar to think of his responsibility before God, whose will is that good and not evil should be done unto men.

Austin Chamberlain as an Undergraduate.

To the first sixpenny issue of The Pall Mall Magazine—the January number—Mr. Herbert Vivian contributes some reminiscences of the chancellor of the exchequer when he was at Cambridge.

"Apart from the debates at the union, he did not indulge in many distractions. Like the average studious undergraduate, he generally restricted his exercise to an afternoon constitutional on the Trumpington Ground. But I have sometimes persuaded him to play a game at lawn tennis. I remember one in particular when he and Leo Maxse defeated Wilfred Blunt and myself. He indulged in a very fierce overhand service, which came off fairly often, but he was too short-sighted to make very sure of his returns. In appearance he was by no means athletic, and I remember my surprise when he told me that some one had invited him to go out riding.

"The surest way to his heart was to ask his advice as a man of the world. He would give it with great solemnity and solve a case of conscience with the utmost impartiality. He certainly had a high code of honor, and was very strict with himself as well as with others on such questions as literal veracity, the respect of confidences and the duties of friendship.

"I saw young Chamberlain nearly every day during term for about two years, but I never felt that I knew him well. Round about his character there was an outer shell which very few were able to penetrate. He took offence too easily to make a good friend, and he was perhaps too much self-centred to make a good enemy."

SEEING SPIRITS OF AN

Andrew Lang, in The Courtesan.

It was a deadly still night. I was wide open, no breeze stirring. I awakened at 4 a.m. not asleep, lit a candle, and O'Meara's book on "Napoleon Helena." I conceived a poe of the hero's character, but neither here nor there. Suddenly heard outside the traditional faint but distinct, of "shadow" along the corridor, they reach door, and then the door hanged feebly shaken by an ineffectual imperfectly materialized, no do place of bolting out, I like worthy researcher asked, "V there?" Dead silence followed frou-frou ceased.

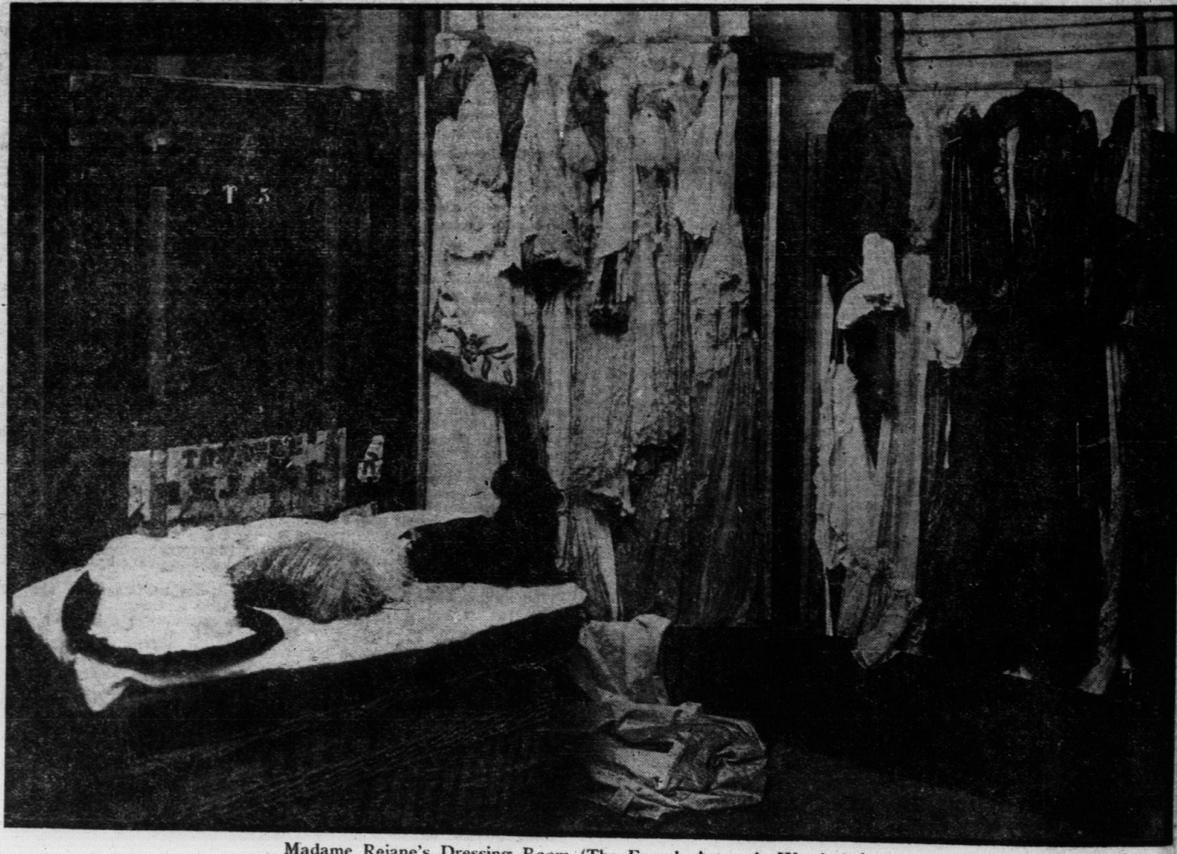
I was not very comfortable. In the house would have played kind of joke. We were not "simple. But a day or two before, a writing in the study after dinner female shape had entered the. The shape was deadly pale, and asleep! The shape handed the sheet of paper inscribed, "I am tized. Give me a book." I got the book, and went on writing. somebody explained to me that had been hypnotized, which was and ordered to come in and get the message. Now, I conceive the idea that the hypnotic suggestion recurred, in a dream, and the shape was either again walking sleep or acting as "agent," and a phantasm. So I was doubtful that the door of my bedroom not lock, as all doors in haunted ought to do.

In giving this disputable instance have wandered from the point, is that living agents can produce same phenomena as are attributed to ghosts. As for noises in the furniture, I knew some people who kept rooms of their houses certain boxes of goods entrusted to their friends in India. The boxes were make noises in the room, as were being moved about, like furniture in haunted houses. I came a letter from the owners, that they wanted the boxes. I not argue that some mystic effluvia the brains of the living agents caused the "agent," and boxes in England? If so, then noises of old furniture mysteriously displaced occur (as in Abbots) the night when Mr. Bullock, who plied the furniture, died in London. may we not guess that previous ers of the tables and chairs are ing of these goods? We need to a theory of spirits of the dead when, in the house where the furniture is noisy, a strange old woman and vanishes; when the hair of the of the house is plucked by her hands, when the doors open on own accord as she approaches, (all of which things are in the end of a friend of mine. I that I doubt if the "agent" is a

Phantasms of the Living.

"The phantasms of the living 'walk' just as ghosts do. I take certain, and give examples. weeks ago a lady of my kin, as FitzAllan, dressed very early in the (she was tastefully frock pink), and went into the room, where she sat writing. As she wrote she thought moment of going to visit a sick friend an establishment about a half yards distant. For an ordinary reason she did not go. To her a lady, resident in the aforementioned establishment, who had been invited her. The lady gaped on her in ment. As she left the door place where she lived, she expressed her surprise that she had seen in front of her Miss Allan, dressed in gray, walking direction whither she was going was about to say, "Mary you late for dinner," but, having back view of the appearance, she till they should come to the end. If the appearance in gray to the right at the corner she Miss FitzAllan, for that route led to her front door. By the time reached the corner the guest was in touch of the appearance, who go round the corner. Being told that the appearance was Miss FitzAllan, the other lady put her hand to touch her on the shoulder. Personel there was no body, appearance, any more. The phantasm Miss FitzAllan had been "walk like a ghost where she herself thought of going.

To take another instance, the M. MacHendry of Glenbuck names are altered in every case me that once the bell of his kirlock repairs. The only persons in age who could execute their work men, engaged that Saturday on across the loch and beyond it, but they would return uncertainly by a certain or rather uncertain er. They lived beyond the mill manse in the village street, and went on he watched for them on window. They came, one of the rying a large brown paper parcel mister ran out and after them were not in sight in the street runs straight on from the house body had seen them. Some time ward they turned on again, a man who had carried the brown parcel was carrying it still. I



Madame Rejane's Dressing Room (The French Actress's Wardrobe).

of the people it is necessary, at all costs, to maintain the two combined forms of religious belief and political organization. It is, he says, impossible to assert that orthodoxy is now natural to the Russian people; and, regarding the prestige of the czar's power, Tolstoy alleges: "During the last thirty years it has been incessantly falling, and has fallen so low that amongst all classes no one now restrains himself from condemning not only the measures of the government, but also the czar himself, abusing and laughing at him. Autocracy is an outgrown form of government which may answer to the demands of a people somewhere in Central Africa apart from the whole world, but not the demands of the Russian people, which are growing ever more enlightened by the enlightenment common to the whole world." Count Tolstoy, after stating that by measures of coercion one can oppress a people but not rule them, remarks that the desires which the Russian people would express were it possible for them to do so would, in his opinion, be: "First of all the working people would say that they wished to be delivered from those special laws which place them in the position of a serf, deprived of the rights of all the citizens. Then they would say that they desire freedom of removal from place to place, freedom of education and freedom to profess the religion which corresponds to their spiritual needs, and, above all, the hundred million people would say with one voice that they desire freedom in the use of land and the abolition of the right of landed property." The first thing, he adds, which lies before the government is the abolition of that oppression which prevents the people from expressing their desires and needs. Tolstoy, in his concluding sentences, urges the czar to think of his responsibility before God, whose will is that good and not evil should be done into men.

Augustin Chamberlain as an Undergraduate.

To the first sixpenny issue of The Pall Mall Magazine—the January number—Mr. Herbert Vivian contributes some reminiscences of the chancellor of the exchequer when he was at Cambridge:

"Apart from the debates at the union, he did not indulge in many distractions, like the average studious undergraduate, he generally restricted his exercise to an afternoon constitutional on the Crumpton Grind. But I have sometimes persuaded him to play a game at lawn tennis. I remember one in particular when he and Leo Maxse defeated Wilfred Blunt and myself. He indulged in a very fierce overhand service, which came off fairly often, but he was too short-sighted to make very use of his returns. In appearance he was by no means athletic, and I remember my surprise when he told me that some one had invited him to go out riding.

"The surest way to his heart was to ask his advice as a man of the world. He would give it with great solemnity and solve a case of conscience with the utmost impartiality. He certainly had a high code of honor, and was very strict with himself as well as with others on such questions as literal veracity, the respect of confidences and the duties of friendship.

"The surest way to his heart was to ask his advice as a man of the world. He would give it with great solemnity and solve a case of conscience with the utmost impartiality. He certainly had a high code of honor, and was very strict with himself as well as with others on such questions as literal veracity, the respect of confidences and the duties of friendship.

"The surest way to his heart was to ask his advice as a man of the world. He would give it with great solemnity and solve a case of conscience with the utmost impartiality. He certainly had a high code of honor, and was very strict with himself as well as with others on such questions as literal veracity, the respect of confidences and the duties of friendship.

SEEING SPIRITS OF THE LIVING AND SPIRITS OF THE DECEASED

Andrew Lang, in The Country Gentleman.

It was a deadly still night, my window was wide open, no breeze was stirring. I awakened about 4 a.m., could not sleep, lit a candle, and read O'Meara's book on "Napoleon at St. Helena." I conceived a poor opinion of the hero's character, but that is neither here nor there. Suddenly I heard outside the traditional frou-frou, faint but distinct, of "shadowy robes that sweep." The sounds approached along the corridor, they reached my door, and then the door handle was feebly shaken by an ineffectual hand, imperfectly materialized, no doubt. In place of bolting out, I, like an unworthy researcher, asked, "Who is there?" Dead silence followed; the frou-frou ceased.

I was not very comfortable. No lady in the house would have played that kind of joke. We were not "smart people. But a day or two before, as I was writing in the study after dinner, a female shape had entered the room! The shape was deadly pale, and sound asleep! The shape handed to me a sheet of paper inscribed, "I am hypnotized. Give me a book." I gave her the book, and went on writing. Later somebody explained to me that the lady had been hypnotized (which was true), and ordered to come in and give me the message. Now, I conceived the idea that the hypnotic suggestion had recurred, in a dream, and that the shape was either again walking in her sleep or acting as "agent," and sending a phantasm. So I was doubly sorry that the door of my bedroom would not lock, as all doors in haunted houses ought to do.

In giving this disputable instance I have wandered from the point, which is that living agents can produce the same phenomena as are attributed to ghosts. As for noises in the furniture, I knew some people who kept in a room of their house certain boxes, or cases, of goods entrusted to them by friends in India. The boxes began to make noises in the room, as if they were being moved about, like the furniture in haunted houses. Presently came a letter from the owners, saying that they wanted the boxes. Must we not argue that some mystic efflux from the brains of the living agents in India caused the disturbance among the boxes in England? If so, then when noises of old furniture mysteriously displaced occur (as in Abbotsford on the night when Mr. Bullock, who supplied the furniture, died in London), may we not guess that previous owners of the tables and chairs are thinking of these goods? We need not fly to a theory of spirits of the dead. Still, when, in the house where the furniture is noisy, a strange old woman appears and vanishes, when the hair of the lady of the house is plucked by viewless hands, when the doors open of their own accord as she approaches them (all of which things are in the experience of a friend of mine, I confess that I doubt if the "agent" is alive.

Phantasms of the Living.

That the phantasms of the living may "walk" just as ghosts do I take to be certain, and give examples. A few weeks ago a lady of my kin, Miss FitzAllan, dressed very early for dinner (she was tastefully frocked in pink), and went into the drawing room, where she sat writing letters. As she wrote she thought more than once of going to visit a sick friend in an establishment about a hundred yards distant. For an ordinary domestic reason she did not go. To her estate, a lady, resident in the aforesaid establishment, who had been invited to dinner. The lady gaped on her in amazement. As she left the door of this place where she lived, she explained, she had seen in front of her Miss FitzAllan, dressed in gray, walking in the direction whither she was going. She was about to say, "Mary you will be late for dinner," but, having only a back view of the appearance, she waited till they should come to the first corner. If the appearance in gray turned to the right at the corner she must be Miss FitzAllan, for that route led only to her front door. By the time they reached the corner the guest was within touch of the appearance, which did go round the corner. Being thus certain that the appearance was indeed Miss FitzAllan, the other lady put forth her hand to touch her on the shoulder. Personnel there was no body, no appearance, any more. The phantasm of Miss FitzAllan had been "walking" like a ghost where she herself merely thought of going.

To take another instance, the Rev. M. MacHendryg of Glenbucket (the names are altered in every case), tells me that once the bell of his kirk needed repairs. The only persons in the village who could execute them were two men, engaged that Saturday on a job across the loch and beyond the hill, but they would return that afternoon by a certain or rather uncertain steamer. They lived beyond the minister's manse in the village street, and as time went on he watched for them out of his window. They came, one of them carrying a large brown paper parcel. The minister ran out and after them. They were not in sight in the street, which runs straight on from the house. Nobody had seen them. Some time afterwards they turned up again, and the man who had carried the brown paper parcel was carrying it still. The un-

certain steamer had been very late. In these cases only one person saw the appearances. But Mr. MacHendryg tells me another case in which he and a companion, going to visit a farmer up the glen, saw his daughter walking in front of them. They quickened their pace, but never drew nearer her. She entered the house, they followed at once, and not finding her, asked her father what trick she was playing. He said that his daughter had gone to a place at some distance, but must be on her way home, and some half-hour later, she returned. Of course, given a back door and tricky girl the explanation is obvious, but a girl in the glen who would play tricks of this kind is a very unusual young woman. My friend, Mr. MacHendryg, does not preach, as some do, against the second sight. He knows too much about it. A clansman, now dead, used to be perturbed by appearances of soldiers manoeuvring and drilling on a certain level piece of ground at the foot of the glen. Soldiers have not been there since the "Forty-five smouldered out; and the seer was perturbed. "We are to be invaded and conquered," he used to say, "by whom?" people asked. "I don't know; but they have not foreign faces; they are just like ourselves," said the seer. "I think they must be Americans."

A few years later the volunteer movement came to Glenbucket, which has a fine set of civilian warriors, and sent a contingent to South Africa. The volunteers drilled from the first of the spot where the voyant saw our supposed American conquerors. But in this case the theory of living "agents" sending phantasms will not work.

One of the best cases of the "spirits of the living," as the Highlanders say, becoming visible, in my collection, is this:

The Rev. Mr. Oliver, son of Sir James Oliver, was residing in his father's house in Edinburgh. He fell asleep in his club in Prince's Street, about 10 minutes' walk from his home. He dreamed that he was late for dinner and that he went home rapidly. He let himself in with his latch key, ran upstairs, and looking down from the first landing, saw his father looking up at him from below.

Then he awakened. He was in an armchair in his club, and the hour was nearly midnight. He walked home and applied his latch key. The door was locked and bolted. It was opened by his father, Sir James, who said, "John, what does this mean? What have you been about? You let yourself in a quarter of an hour ago with your latch key. You ran upstairs, you looked down at me—and where the devil, saving your clerical presence, have you been since?" Mr. Oliver explained (if you can call it an explanation) that he had been asleep in his club, and had dreamed of the series of events described by his father. Mr. Oliver and his mother, Lady Oliver, signed an account, which he wrote out of this adventure. Sir James is dead.

What Puzzles Him.

I could add largely to these anecdotes of the living who "walk"; indeed, I have seen three of them, of whom only one was dying when I viewed him, a hundred miles away from his death bed. The two others (one of them was merely normal) were not aware that they had been thinking of me, or of the places in which I saw them, my garden, in one case; in the other, the hall of an ancient house. What does puzzle me is the question—How do these appearances open doors, as they certainly seem to do? Is the door really shut, and is its opening part of the hallucination? A lady of my friends, who is much too familiar with appearances to trouble herself about them, tells me that, when staying at an English country house, she saw "the funniest ghost I ever saw." I was standing at my dressing table, and looked round. The ghost was an ugly little flabby ghost, crumpled loose in a chair beside the fire. Now, the funniest thing is that the chair was a ghost, too. There was not any chair in that part of the room." Perhaps the opening door is "a ghost, too," or the opening of it is for the door is there, all right.

If we admit, then, that "the spirits of the living" can thus impress themselves on us, as if they were the actual people whom we know, may we not attribute similar impressions of the presence of the dead to the agency of the spirits of the dead? In speaking of "spirits" I was flying in the face of science, of course, but I use the word because it is part of our language, and "without prejudice." One cannot say that the "consciousness" of the living is the agency, which produces on us these false impressions of the actual presence of the living, because the living are not usually conscious that they are producing any such effects at all. They may think, or dream, of going to or having been at a place, where they did not go, and you or I may suppose ourselves to see them there, but they are not conscious of it. Consequently, if you or I see, at a given place, a phantasm of a person unknown to us, and if it turns out from our description that the person did exist, but is dead, it does not follow that the "dead man's" consciousness is aware, any more than the living persons who appear are aware, usually, that their appearance has been "walking," and have been observed. This is rather a comfort, I think. The dead man may be at ease in his consciousness, the his phantasm is seen haunting some scene which, in life, he was familiar. A most he may give the place a thought, as Miss FitzAllan thought of going to the place where her appearance was seen.

Wampole's Formolid Cream
An Antiseptic Tooth Paste

Price 25 cents. For Sale at Drug Stores Only.

IT ALWAYS USE IT

BY I NEVER DID

Chinese Almanacks.

A writer in The Chinese Recorder says that the most important book to the Chinese is the almanack. Its space is far too important to be occupied with the matter which fills western almanacks. It contains astronomical information which is useful; but its great mission is to give full and accurate information for selecting lucky days for performing all the acts, great and small of everyday life. "And as every act of life, however trivial, depends for its success on the time in which, and the direction (that is, the point of the compass) towards which it is done, it is of the utmost importance that everyone should have correct information available at all times to enable him to so order his life as to avoid bad luck and calamity, and secure good luck and prosperity. Consequently, the almanack is, perhaps, the most universally circulated book in the whole realm of China. The writer speaks of it as a terrible yoke of bondage. It is issued by the government, and the sale of all almanacks but the authorized one is prohibited. Some years since, the Chinese minister to Germany refused to sail for his post on a day which the almanack declared to be unlucky, and the departure of the German mail steamer was consequently deferred at the request of the German minister to Peking.

New Dish for Epicures.

London, Jan. 17.—The latest delicacy to tempt the appetite of British epicures is a compromise between buffalo meat and beef.

A couple of two-year-old bullocks, the result of cross-breeding between a North American bison and Highland cattle, were sold at Newcastle cattle market yesterday. They had been bred by Mr. Leyland of Haggerston Castle, Northumberland, who has been engaged for several years in experimenting in this direction.

The animals were exactly like their North American cousins in appearance, except that they were stronger and thicker in the hindquarters. They had been reared and fed as wild cattle, so great difficulty was experienced in conveying them to market.

Also they were accommodated in special boxes, their fury was so great that one broke its neck on the journey and the other had to be shot in the market.

The beef, it is said, will be found of a richer quality than that obtained from a buffalo, and if kept for a month or so more palatable than that of an ordinary bullock.

all the sovereigns or heads of states in Europe. M. Loubet himself uses several tens of thousands of cards in a year, but the cards that King Edward distributes in the same time must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. After the British Sovereign, who is said to hold the record in this connection, comes the Emperor of Russia. The German Emperor and the Emperor of Austria are more economical. The visiting card of the Emperor Francis Joseph contains a list of no fewer than twenty titles.

Where All Are Equal.

It is related of the Duke of Wellington, says The Sunday Strand, that once when he remained to take the Sacrament, a very poor old man went up the opposite aisle, and, reaching the Communion table, knelt down close to the side of the duke. Someone came and touched the poor man on the shoulder and whispered to him to move farther away, or to rise and wait until the duke had received the bread and wine. But the eagle eye and the quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that touch and that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand to prevent his rising, and in a reverential undertone said, "Do not move, we are all equal here."

The Visiting Cards of Sovereigns.

Paris has the monopoly of the manufacture of the visiting cards of nearly

REVOLUTION AND ROSEWATER.



The Little Father: "If this doesn't quieten it down—I've got another prescription"—Pall Mall Gazette.

MUSIC'S REALM

The central point of interest at the New Year concert, held at the Queen's Hall, London, Jan. 2, was the production for the first time in London of three overtures by Wagner. People used to say of Schubert that altho he had been long dead, every year saw a new batch of compositions appear from his pen. This is the kind of thing with which we are confronted in first London performances of works by Wagner. Moreover, it is the same Schubert story that accounts for the situation, namely, manuscripts turning up in outlandish places, in England, even, for example, or in some continental town, and always with many a romantic other touch attached to their discovery. The overtures are, respectively, "Polonia," "Christopher Columbus" and "Rule Britannia." Now, judging by the whole career, and by the character of the output of Wagner's lifetime, it will be readily supposed that these early works do not attain to any high quality of sublime greatness; but they do show, at all events, how young and ardent were the enthusiasms which led the young Wagner into his ultimate place of glory, and how all those enthusiasms in some way or another found an outlet in music, wide tho the catalog is of his prose works. At any time in those early days a fruitless cause, a brave stand against any form of tyranny, any public shaking to the depths of civilized society, brought him forward, even implying him, when he was least equipped for the purpose, to write literature as if music of fire and fury. It will be gathered, of course, that "Polonia" represents the influence over Wagner of the great Polish uprising in 1831. Certainly the score is full of crudeness and repetitions, this work is by no means a mere exercise; it is the passionate expression of a strong and articulate man uttering himself in the language which he is subsequently to mould so much to his personal and individual way of utterance that his manner of speech at its highest in the art of music brought him probably more enemies than even his revolutionary ardor. Every adventurous, never halting for a moment in his Gargantuan career, even (as we have said) when his means of expression were by no means equal to the power and the heat of his thought, a second overture, "Christopher Columbus," seems to have passed through the usual fate, and was regarded as hopelessly lost until, as the analysts tell us, "it was subsequently discovered in Paris." The subject naturally attracted him who was at the time girding on the armor, with which he was destined to storm the future. A great deal of the "Columbus" is very strong, very noisy and very theatrical; but there is one passage of extremely great beauty, in which a peculiar sense of a very softly-moving sea is realized, the kind of thing, for example, which Mr. Kipling attempted to sing in words like this: "Where the sea-seg flames on the coral, and the long-backed breakers croon. Their ancient ocean legends to the lazy locked lagoon."

with a true sense of the endless seas in the south. The third of the overtures, "Rule Britannia," went thru the customary adventures. It was first performed at a concert conducted by Wagner in 1857. After 1840 it disappeared, until it was unearthed at Leicester last year. It is a work of no particular merit, a happy-go-lucky setting of the sea-song of England, with a tendency to evince rather a tiresome ingenuity, and always teasing one into thinking that it is over, when it is only just setting out into a new thought. Anyway, here were the new works of the great German master, as he wrote with the blood rioting in his veins, between sixty and seventy years ago.

On Jan. 2, at the Albert Hall, London, says The Pall Mall Gazette, the Royal Choral Society gave its New Year performance of Handel's "Messiah" of course with the dispensation of the additional accompaniments by Mozart, a practice followed by this society ever since Sir Frederick Bridge's death, but most righteous decree went forth in 1889. There is certainly one thing to be said about the English public and that is that they never will desert Handel's "Messiah." Under all conditions they will troop to hear those familiar airs and choruses, especially when presented under grandiose circumstances, such as obtain at the Crystal Palace or at the Albert Hall. The hall, indeed, was literally packed; wherever you looked you were confronted by a mass of heads. After all, this is as it should be: the musical world marches steadily on, and the privilege of yesterday is almost a law of to-day, with the result that the great bulk of the people scarcely notices the rapid changes that, under our very eyes, music is undergoing at the present day. It is well, then, that such a tribute of reverence and enthusiasm should, on this occasion, have been given to the past as represented by Handel's genius. The solo parts were Miss Evangeline Florence, Mme. Clara Butt, William Green and Watkin Mills. Miss Florence sang with that true ring in her father's footsteps, in manner (sharpened, let us say, without being sharp), and was altogether efficient. Mme. Clara Butt is always triumphant in the Albert Hall; those great spaces give her the opportunity of using her voice to its greatest limit, and

any trace of exaggeration here disappears. She was particularly good in "O Thou that tellest." William Green sang the tenor part very beautifully indeed, and quite powerfully. Through the whole oratorio he was in excellent voice, but he was perhaps at his very best in that grand dramatic scene, "Thou Shalt Break Them"; we call it "dramatic scene" simply because there is no other word, to our mind which really expresses the meaning of the composition. Watkin Mills sang more than creditably and bass part the critical chorus sang with immense spirit and energy. The orchestra was in every way excellent under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge, whose experience has now made him indeed a real master of his forces.

Young Vescey, the violinist who has made a sensation in European cities, appeared in New York last week. The New York Sun said in part of his performance:

"The musical prodigy disease is one hard to cure. It breaks out in Europe periodically and affects to the critical brain of the continent sadly; consequently all sorts of heated accounts of the performances of young Von Vescey have been freighted across the already overburdened Atlantic for the use of the passionate press agent on this side.

"The accounts contained the customary rhapsodies of nonsense about a little boy with the insight of a man and having a technic that was at once the despair and the admiration of Joachim and others of his amiable sort. Now the truth is that little boys cannot play the violin like men, for the simple reason that they cannot either think or feel like men, and it takes both intellect and sentiment to make a person musical.

"The best that can be expected of little boys is that they shall acquire a technical skill remarkable for their years, and that they shall have musical instincts, coupled with a good ear, so that some of the superficial beauties of music may appeal to them and find a production in their playing. Once in a long time the instinctive feeling for the musical phrase and nuance and the delicacy of the aural appreciation of shading are so great that the playing of a child seems to be guided by an inner power greater than any possible in childhood, and then we say the prodigy is a genius. Geniuses of this sort come about once in a century or a century and a half.

"All that any listener can expect from the ordinary prodigy is that the infant shall astonish him by the amount of his technical cleverness. No sane person expects a child to interpret the music of Bach, Beethoven or Brahms. The appeal to astonishment is the lowest appeal that can be made by musical performance. Yet it was certainly all that little Franz von Vescey made, and even that he made feebly.

"He played a concerto by Vieuxtemps the Bachian supplement to it, and recalled by movement from one of the same master's unaccompanied sonatas and the Wieniawski fantasy on "Just" airs. The first and last of these are virtuosos pieces, pure and simple. After hearing him play the first it was unnecessary to hear him play the last. His measure had been taken.

"The boy is a well-schooled little parrot. So far as could be seen from his playing last night, he has no more real musical talent than an organ-grinder. He has an ingenious boy's cleverness at finding out how a fiddle works. He has learned that if you draw a bow back and forth in certain ways and work the fingers of your left hand correctly on the finger board, the things come out right and the string is done. He is a mere finger-board abbat.

"His tone is big, but impure and raw. His intonation is uncertain, and in many rapid passages he smeared along the strings like a child out for a slide on the ice. His bowing is generally good, but wholly without spirit. It is purely mechanical. He played everything straight along in a dead-flat manner, without a shadow of nuance.

"It is said that he is 11 years old. He did not show as much musical instinct as a talented child of 6 might show.

"It is absolutely impossible to say why a little boy of this kind who looks like an amiable, hearty, sturdy young chap, capable of sailing a boat or riding a pony, should be set up on a platform to fiddle to people. However, here he is, and no doubt many persons who would not go to listen to grown-up violinists able to interpret the masters will sit at his feet lost in wonder."

Maud Gwendolen Allan has been doing Miss Durcan's act—with bare feet and legs—at Brussels. She gave "plastic impressions" of Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Chopin's "Funeral March," Schubert's "Ave Maria," Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," etc. We should prefer to see her illustrate the "Valse Caprice."

A figure of the highest popularity in the concert world disappeared by the death of Madame Belle Cole, who died of diabetes at her home, "The Chimes," in Cathcart-road, Redcliffe Gardens, London, on Jan. 5. She was born sixty years ago at Chautauqua, in New York State. She received her earliest musical education from her father, and seems to have been independent of the usual academic course in Italy and the conservatories. This, perhaps, left her lacking in the perfection of technique demanded of a great concert artist nowadays, but this defect served, if anything, to bind her the more closely to more popular audiences, and few singers of her time have been so heartily received on either side of the Atlantic. She first tried her powers in New York, and sang the solos at one of the fashionable churches in Fifth Avenue, and to the end she retained her affection for our more familiar sacred melodies. She joined Theodore Thomas in one of his festival tours, and after five years' traveling she arrived in London in May of 1888. Sir Joseph Barnby gave her her first opportunity, in "Elijah," and from Eton College, where the per-

THE GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO and NATIONAL INSTRUMENT

CANADA'S PREMIER

NATIONAL INSTRUMENT

The acknowledged PRE-eminent POSITION held by the GERHARD HEINTZMAN piano was not gained thro accident or the benefit of others' hard labor, but by the INDOMITABLE PLUCK, VAST EXPERIENCE, YEARS OF STUDY IN TONE PRODUCTION and the ever dominant principle of the manufacturer to produce the BEST AND MOST ARTISTIC INSTRUMENT POSSIBLE that has gained for the GERHARD HEINTZMAN the first position with our BEST MUSICIANS, our BEST INSTITUTIONS and BEST FAMILIES, and the choice of our government to represent Canadian piano art at THREE WORLDS' EXPOSITIONS. CAN YOU afford to overlook these facts when considering the purchase of a high grade Pianoforte.

Sold in Toronto exclusively by the Manufacturers. Our new salesroom at 97 Yonge Street will soon be completed, announcement of which will be duly made. In the meantime we are supplying our friends and patrons from the Factory Ware-rooms, Sherbourne Street.

RENTZ-SANTLEY BURLESQUERS

At the Star this Week—A Musical Burlesque Entitled Looping the World.

The attraction at the Star Theatre this week will be the premier burlesque organization of America, the famous Rents-Santley Company. This season Manager Leavitt will present the new musical burlesque entitled "Looping the World in Eighty Minutes," a travesty on Jules Verne's famous story of "Around the World in Eighty Days." It is an extravaganza of the highest spectacular form, with gorgeous scenic effects, representing the principal points of interest in all parts of the globe. The costumes, which were made by Worth and Felix of Paris, will form a revelation in the amusement line. In "Looping the World" the opportunities for rapid changes of scenes, costumes, characters and newness of novelty can at once be imagined.

The author has taken full advantage of the fact and the result is a brilliant blending of extravaganza, high-class vaudeville and burlesque, which abounds in humorous dialog, entrancing scenes, splendidly adequate costuming, unusually clever songs and dances and brilliant equipment generally. Apart from the intrinsic value of "Looping the World" for fun, laughter and applause creating, it has an extraordinary value in the way of talented comedians, dashing, beautiful show girls and the very newest of humor. The opening scene takes place at Sherry's banquet hall in New York, where a party of merry-makers have assembled. Gebby Fredhardt, a man of much wealth, makes a wager that he can beat Jules Verne's record around the world in eighty days by means of the new invention, the airship, and accomplish his task in eighty minutes. The wager is won, and in the winning of it an endless amount of fun is involved, the company in turn visiting Ireland during the Donnybrook Fair, the Jardin D'Ete in Paris, then India, to the Rocky Mountains, and all the interesting points of the globe.

There is a galaxy of high-class artists engaged for this, the newest, brightest, breeziest and most sensational and original production of the twentieth century. The show girls, twenty in number, are said to be a treat to the eye and tender in a most capable manner several of the prevailing musical hits. The vaudeville portion will consist of such well known artists as Ernest and Clara Rackett, comedy sketch team; Hawthorne and Burt, eccentric comedians and dancers; Cliff Farrell, the musical mope; Bijou Comedy Four, the versatile quartet, in a potpourri of stong and comedy; Charles Douglas, the Irish comedian, who is somewhat different from the rest, and Ella Claus and Myrtle Montez, two effervescent western girls, in a refined singing and dancing sketch; and the Yammanto Brothers, the world's greatest Japanese acrobats.

Defiance. From The Atlantic. "Take what you can, sir (thus the story runs). Said a poor scholar, who for dearest book Had loved his Virgil; and the wretches took The book away from him, and thought his sun's Light was put out. But he had bawled their rage. Learning by heart the Mantuan's lofty rhyme. So, 'gainst all spite of theirs or envious time, Holding it safe—a flawless heritage. So, dearest, since I have you in my heart, Like that poor scholar I those powers defy. Which threat to rob me: You may live or die. But nevermore from me shall you depart. I have you safe; 'Take what you can.' I say: 'Here she bides, and will abide away.'"

Uncle Eph's Musings. From The Dallas News. I notice dat de doctors nebber tells er po' man dat he's sufferin' fum overwork. I wants ter warn all de young men ter beware of de gal whut sleeps till her ma gits breakfast ready. I see heerd ob howlin' successes, but I think er suck-aig daug is er' howlin' fail-yer. Some men is so bility dat dey won't take de advice ob dere wifes, but of dey did dey'd hab er heap less trouble, caze dey wouldn't do so much meanness.

THE HOUSE OF ABERCORN.

Most Wonderful Family in Great Britain. Th retirement from the Natal Legislative Assembly of Sir Albert Henry Hime, which is announced, will be a great loss to the colony for which he has done so much. Sir Albert is sixty-

three. Entering the Royal Engineers some four-and-forty years ago, he distinguished himself in the colonial service by building the great causeway at Bermuda, which connects that island with St. George. Then he went to Natal as colonial surveyor, and since 1875 has occupied half a dozen high posts in that colony, and only resigned the portfolio of minister of defence last year.

The little homily, says The St. James Gazette, which the Duke of Abercorn has been preaching to the Unionist candidate for Paisley is calculated to lessen considerably that gentleman's opportunity of adopting the duke's somewhat curious motto, "Thru." But the duke is very loyal to his old friends, and the attack which Mr. Moffatt is credited—it may be hoped erroneously—with having made upon the late Lord Salisbury and upon Mr. Balfour was just the kind of thing best calculated to draw from him the uncompromising declaration which has created so much sensation in political circles.

The Duke of Abercorn is also a peer of the two other partners of the Union, and holds, indeed, four Irish titles as well as a French dukedom; while altogether something like a score of titles have run thru this historic family. It was in 1617 that the first of the Irish titles came, the recipient being James Hamilton, afterwards second Earl of Abercorn, who was made Lord Hamilton, Baron of Strabane, a title which, on his own position, was transferred to his younger brother Claud, whose grandsons subsequently became fourth and fifth earls. In 1780 the earldom was improved into a marquessate, and the present peer's father became in 1888 the first Duke of Abercorn.

The "Thru" of his great commemorates an exciting adventure. In Edward the Second's time, William de Hamilton championed Robert Bruce, and was challenged by John de Spencer. In the duel which followed de Spencer was killed, and William fled, with royal retainers in hot pursuit.

In the heart of a forest he and his attendant changed clothes with two woodmen, and when the king's men passed by were cutting an oak asunder with a frame-saw. True to the woodmen's ways, as the saw finished its work John de Hamilton sang out, "Thru," as the pursuers passed. The oak, the woodmen's four-handed saw and the "Thru" still surmount the Abercorn armorial bearings.

The Hamiltons are a wonderful family in more ways than one, for the duke's mother, the venerable Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who is in her ninety-third year, is still comparatively hale and hearty. She has living five daughters and five sons, whose united ages amount to a little less than six hundred years; and out of more than two hundred of her direct descendants one hundred and sixty-two are still living. They include sixty grandchildren, eighty-eight great-grandchildren and four great-great-grandchildren.

It Sounded Big. From The Philadelphia Press. "Bragley's a publisher, isn't he?" "Not at all. What made you think that?" "He told me he was a disseminator of light literature."

"Ah, he's a big clerk in the employ of the gas company."

Pointed Paragraphs. From The Chicago News. You can't always tell a milk train by its cowcatcher.

If a man is awkward, he always claims to be conservative.

Walking delegates usually ride at the expense of others.

Instead of doing things to-day, the wise man did them yesterday.

Fame great wealth can buy. Acknowledged is the must; You're sure to fill the public eye If you've but got the dust.



If Mr. Whitney is to suffer a glass of old Scotch whisky only right that the habits of those opposed to him should be especially if they assume a "ath thou"—again, O Jew, for that word—style of arguing the liquor question members of the Ross cabinet passed how many of them to be total abstainers and of them could truthfully say never drank in licensed places or in unlicensed places. By the way, it half is a whole lie what is the first in Wednesday's Globe pur give the history of the Nap. It tells the story as if it preceded the verdict and whereas the former was the claims that the news interest the report. It knows, and know, that the whole affair scheme to get some kind of for the bogus ballot-box and to make political capital the news end never entered consideration at all. The pr is only an after thought amount of wringing, twi specious argument can jus whole affair is, as The G suggested it was regarded, special meanness," and the ventilated the more despic comes in the light of the kno of some of the gentlemen in t Park. What saith Zion? "Honor with some is a sort credit, with which men ar trade, who are deficient in the cash of morality and religio

I wonder how many citizens onto are aware that if a wantonly clubs the life out of them there would be no course except as relating to himself. The city could not responsible, for the police of being a servant of a serv city is both a servant and a of the province. He in fact similar position as regards t does the governor-general to country. The latter is app Great Britain, as represent government, and paid by Car police of Toronto are appoint body created by the legisla Province of Ontario and pa city. Judge Winchester county judge, and Lieut.-Col as police magistrate, are no dependent of Toronto as far a ment goes, but it is a provinc that provides that, conjointly mayor for the time being, form the police commission of Thus the "bobby," altho he citizens and shares the city which the government should to pay rent, is not a serva way of Toronto—is in fact tant and purposes independ people who pay him. I need out that this is an anomalous things unworthy of this e age and worthy only of t times when it was possible magnates might use a tra like the police to the detrim country's peace and to the h dignity of the sovereign.

Controller J. J. Ward is in of getting himself recognized in reformer. Alderman Chau contrary notwithstanding, I suaded that Mr. Ward's moti tion for legislation providing elections every two years annually, as now, and that shall serve the same app in council as the members of of control are required to, grace in the eyes of a major people. Apart from the fac have altogether too many eleve legislators hardly hav get into harness before they be paying their way for l with the result that, as Pun business done, nil or very t The system of alternate might work beneficially, but total turmoil trouble and would, with that idea in for some as it is now, and on th am inclined to think the b rangement is to be preferred.

Influenza-stricken dwellers cities, says The Country G will read with sympathetic a social ukase lately issue ladies of Haparanda, in Swee ladies, having studied medic ties, which assert that d weather in winter three time men as women suffer from raigia and similar ailments, lously caused to be known th as the cold weather lasts not expect any gentleman t his hat to them in the street the claims of politeness w fled by a military salute. V country who can afford to c caps realize the difficulty o ladies on the streets in th mand. For that reason apar influenza idea it might be

ZIMMERMAN

NATIONAL INSTRUMENT

ION held by not gained or, but by the PERIENCE, CTION and to produce TRUMENT D HEINTZ-USICIANS, MILIES, and nadian piano NS. CAN nsidering the

lesroom at 97 Yonge Street y made. In the meantime we ooms, Sherbourne Street.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

If Mr. Whitney is to suffer for taking a glass of old Scotch whiskey it is only right that the habits and ways of those opposed to him should be known, especially if they assume the "holier-than-thou"—again, O Jew, I thank thee for that word—style of argument regarding the liquor question. If the members of the Ross cabinet were canvassed how many of them could claim to be total abstainers and how many of them could truthfully say they had never drunk in licensed places after hours or in unlicensed places at any time? By the way, if half the truth is a whole lie what is the first editorial in Wednesday's Globe purporting to give the history of the Naparee case? It tells the story as if the evidence preceded the verdict and judgment, whereas the former was the case. It claims that the news interest justifies the report. It knows, and all of us know, that the whole affair was just a scheme to get some kind of revenge for the bogus ballot-box revivations and to make political capital, and that the news end never entered into the consideration at all. The present plea is only an after thought that no amount of wriggling, twisting and specious argument can justify. The whole affair is, as The Globe itself suggested it was regarded, "an act of special meanness," and the more it is ventilated the more despicable it becomes in the light of the known doings of some of the gentlemen in the Queen's Park. What saith Zimmerman? "Honor with some is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of morality and religion."

I wonder how many citizens of Toronto are aware that if a policeman wantonly clubs the life out of any one of them there would be no legal recourse except as relating to the hold himself. The city could not be held responsible, for the policeman instead of being a servant of an employe of the city is both a servant and an employe of the province. He in fact holds a similar position as regards the city as does the governor-general towards the country. The latter is appointed by Great Britain, as represented by its government, and paid by Canada. The police of Toronto are appointed by a body created by the legislature of the Province of Ontario and paid by the city. Judge Winchester, an senior county judge, and Lieut.-Col. Denison, a police magistrate, are not only independent of Toronto as far as appointment goes, but it is a provincial statute that provides that, conjointly with the mayor for the time being, they shall form the police commission of the city. Thus the "bobby," altho he serves the citizens and shares the city hall, for which the government should be obliged to pay rent, is not a servant in any way of Toronto—is in fact to all intents and purposes independent of the people who pay him. I need not point out that this is an anomalous state of things unworthy of this enlightened age and worthy only of the feudal times when it was possible that local magnates might use a trained body like the police to the detriment of the country's peace and to the hurt of the dignity of the sovereign.

Controller J. J. Ward is in a fair way of getting himself recognized as a genuine reformer. Alderman Church to the contrary notwithstanding, I feel persuaded that Mr. Ward's motion to petition for legislation providing for civic elections every two years instead of annually, as now, and that the mayor shall serve the same apprenticeship in council as the members of the board of control are required to, will find grace in the eyes of a majority of the people. Apart from the fact that we have altogether too many elections, our civic legislators hardly have time to get into harness before they have to be paving their way for re-election, with the result that, as Punch puts it, business done, nil, or very nearly nil. The system of alternate retirement might work beneficially, but the electoral turmoil, trouble and expense would, with that idea in force, be the same as it is now, and on the whole I am inclined to think the biennial arrangement is to be preferred.

Influenza-stricken dwellers in British cities, says The Country Gentleman, will read with sympathetic interest of a social ukase lately issued by the ladies of Haparanda, in Sweden. These ladies, having studied medical statistics, which assert that during cold weather in winter three times as many men as women suffer from colds, neuralgia and similar ailments, have graciously caused to be known that so long as the cold weather lasts they will not expect any gentleman to take off his hat to them in the street, but that the claims of politeness will be satisfied by a military salute. We in this country who can afford to wear fur caps realize the difficulty of saluting ladies on the streets in the precise way that the usages of polite society demand. For that reason apart from the influenza idea it might be as well if

the kindly example of the leaders of Haparanda society were borne in mind by their Canadian sisters and the military salute acknowledged as filling the requirements.

French-Canadians probably hold the record for large families, and thereby present a curious contrast to old France. Recently published official statistics show that in the Province of Quebec there are 3400 families, each of which rejoices in twelve or more children. There are two families of truly patriarchal proportions, each boasting twenty-three living children; there is another family of twenty children; seventeen families run to eighteen youngsters; and fourteen families are content with seventeen.

How many poor clergymen throuout the province struggling along on an income that would be scorned by the multitude of mechanics, or even day laborers, have evinces the lot of the Bishop of London with his allowance of £10,000 a year—roughly speaking \$50,000, almost equal to the salary of the governor-general of Canada. Still the Bishop of London, as published in last Sunday's World, is unable to make his income meet his expenditures, and reports a deficit in his accounts for the last twelve months of nearly \$4000. Yet of this \$50,000 only about \$1700 was for personal expenses outside of food, lights, etc. That amount covered books, newspapers and petty cash items. The bishop has recently published an elaborate balance sheet to show where the money went. "Turning pounds into dollars on the rough \$5 rate, his figures show that he had to borrow \$25,000 to furnish two houses—one with thirty-two bedrooms—which he was obliged to keep open. The interest charges, including the insurance premium and depreciation, etc., used up \$10,600. He keeps eleven house servants and food and wages called for \$9000. This was in part accounted for by the fact that the candidates for ordination boarded with him, and on Saturdays he gave entertainments to working people. Repairs on the houses and his light and fuel bill required \$8000. For the use of four horses, repairs on carriages, etc., almost \$8000 more was consumed. An English paper commenting on his lordship's balance sheet says: "There is a good deal of waste dripping in this fat living, and the whole statement is amazing." If a bachelor bishop was thus unable to make both ends meet, what would a married man with a family do in the same circumstances? Presumably, in such a case there would be less waste in the household expenses, tho there would be more persons to feed and clothe. The Glasgow Herald in noting the statement said: "It is not for us to suggest a cure, but it is conceivable, in view of the stories about the hard labor done by this industrious prelate, that episcopal functions in the Church of England might be better performed if the work and pay were distributed over more, if less dignified, heads."

The Big East Hunting Club enjoyed their annual dinner on Wednesday evening at the house of their president, R. J. Montgomery, Grange-road. Among the members present were Robert Tyers, the veteran founder and father of the club, Frank Eastwood, R. W. Davies, J. Silverthorne (Weston), Win. Montgomery (Winnipeg), Major Harbottle (secretary of the Toronto Club), Dr. Silverthorne, John Taylor (York), George Davies, Augustus Bolte and Robert Davies. In the recent fall the club had their usual shooting expedition up north and brought home their full complement of game, the bag including 18 deer, 3 bears, 3 moose and 1 silver fox. It is not necessary to suggest that the annual dinner was a royal entertainment and that both president and members were in fine form.

I wonder if everybody has the same trouble with the telephone when calling up guests at the principal hotels that I have. My experience is that the systems are as bad as they can be. Recently a friend from England was to arrive. His train was late and I telephoned the hotel requesting that he might be informed I had been asking for him. Did he ever receive the word? Don't you believe it, and he told me he had the same experience all thru his stay. I called up another guest twice and gave my number, but until I asked for a leading official nothing came of it but a saucy reply. A friend who was with me at the time said his experiences were identical and he added: "They may be a bit lingering in some cases in England, but they are a great deal more thoro, and when you don't get attention and complain some sort of satisfaction is forthcoming. But here you might as well whistle to the winds." And that suggests to me that if the new street railway manager wishes to effectively improve the service he should establish a complaint office and a register. Some motorists are decidedly indifferent as to whether they pick up passengers or not and complaints hitherto have had little effect.

While I have my captious clothes on I might as well refer to the postal delivery of papers. I subscribe for a certain New York weekly that is published on Wednesday and should reach here at the latest on Friday morning. Here is a record of its receipt for

eight weeks: once on Friday, twice Saturday, twice the following Tuesday, once none at all, once Monday, when two numbers of different weeks actually came together, and the number issued Jan. 18 has yet to arrive. As regards this particular paper I have only this to add that it is impossible the irregularity is at the publication office and that consequently it must be in the postal service and that right in Toronto. This, my experience proves, is only a sample instance of the postmaster-general's "perfect and admirable" system. He may have juggled successfully with the finances of the department, but it is impossible to avoid the idea that it has been and is at the cost of efficiency in the details. It is all very well to say "Keep the envelopes," but how many people think there has been delay in delivery unless the sender chances to say when the package was mailed or reference is made in the letter itself to some particular time or date. And besides newspapers have only their dates to show when they were despatched and the are unreliable guides, as in the case of the weeklies, they are usually a few days ahead.

You pay your money and you take your choice. Recently certain alleged insurance statistics, as given in The Sunday World of January 8, made out that total abstainers live on an average ten years longer than even moderate drinkers. Now comes along The Wine and Spirit Trade Record, published in London, England, with this paragraph:

The conclusions arrived at by the medical committee formed to enquire into the value of alcohol as a food for the consumer, Liebig held that ethyl alcohol was a valuable food, only a small proportion of it being unabsorbed and his view was supported by Binz. Now we have the report of the committee of fifty leading medical men of the civilized world, and Dr. W. H. Goddard, in discussing it in The Lancet, shows that it confirms the opinions of Liebig and Binz. Dr. Goddard's personal investigations have produced the same result, but he points out that as the doses increase the percentage retained to nourish the system decreases. Dr. Beebe, an American medico, has made a series of experiments, from which he draws the same conclusions. The net result is that the moderate drinker now has the support of the best medical authorities in the world for a course of action about which he never had any doubt himself. All of which is very interesting, out as I said before, you pay your money and do as you blooming please. I am bound to say, however, that I doubt the accuracy of the suggestion that "total abstainers live on an average ten years longer than even moderate drinkers." But ask Mr. Ross.

I am thinking that Controller Ward will not receive the general support for his motion to extend the cumulative voting idea that he will receive for his resolution to apply to the legislature for an amendment to the municipal act providing for biennial instead of annual civic elections. There is no great sense in cumulative voting, that I can see except that it enables a man to be elected by a minority of the electors and in time will lead to tickets being formed that will further warp the choice, which with the single vote idea has been as free and untrammelled as can possibly be.

It is to be hoped that apart from the recognized necessary padding our lady hockeyists are all genuine. At a match in Leicester, England, recently the spectators were delighted with the play of a sturdy-looking forward, but there was a sudden trip, the skirt went wrong, a dainty wig dropped from the head of the player—the "lady" was a man.

Toronto is a bit slow in executing any work she has in hand or contemplating, but she would find it hard to beat Edinburgh. Ten years ago, Andrew Usher, the distiller, handed £100,000 to the city to build a hall. For eight years the councillors looked for a site, for two more years they disputed over the plans, and now they have discussed the estimates.

Dealing with the subject of alien immigration The Pall Mall Gazette, speaking of the hordes that seek refuge in England prior to shipment to Canada, says: "The influx of a foreign population has driven out the Englishman to such an extent that the very electoral roll shrinks to smaller and smaller dimensions. Can it be pretended replacement of the native stock by denizens whom no other country will receive makes for the progress and prosperity of the community? It is not

A New Comic Opera. A notable event in theatrical and musical circles will take place in Massey Hall on Feb. 9 next, when a large production of a new comic opera, entitled "The Ottoman," written and composed by Messrs. Tibbs and White, will be given. There will be special scenery, costumes, etc., and arrangements have been made with Messrs. Courten, Babayan & Co., oriental merchants, to supply the decorations in the oriental scenes with the most costly and elaborate oriental merchandise. Those who have heard the rehearsals of "The Ottoman" predict that it will be an entire success. There are many clever amateurs taking part and the whole cast will number 40 people. There is a novelty about the production, inasmuch as several Canadian characters will be introduced in the first act, and they are all transplanted, as it were, in the second act to the royal palace at Yildiz, the home of Abdul Hamsandwich, the sultan. J. Lawlor Woods is taking the part of his serene highness, and his seven cut-throat wives form no small part of his production. Some of those taking part in the piece are Miss May Urquhart, Miss Madge Bonham, Miss Ethel Nash, Miss Carroll, Miss Ruby Stirling, Miss Rose Clancy, Jack Kennedy, Arthur Smith, Mr. Tibbs and Claude C. Kelly.

Nordheimer

The Nordheimer Piano AND MUSIC COMPANY, LIMITED
15 King Street East, Toronto.

Kay's "Finest in Furniture" Kay's

ON THE LAST DAYS OF JANUARY FURNITURE SALE---

Only another eight days to secure the finest in furniture at our remarkable January prices.

The whole of our immense stock of high grade furniture and combined with it the balance of the Rogers stock now in these warerooms at specially marked-down prices. Every article of furniture reduced in price.

But let the point be made clear that these prices will not hold good beyond the thirty-first day of January.

The old adage is right here: "Do it now," if you would save money.

John Kay, Son & Co., Limited

36-38 King Street West, Toronto, Can.

even the case that "wealth accumulates" while "men decay," for the income brings as a contribution to the resources of the chosen country a load of crime, dirt, disease, and a capacity for "sweating," which simply go to increase the agony of the social problem. His labor is cheap and its competition goes to cheapen still further the energies of those who have to hang on to employment like grim death if they are to escape pauperism or starvation. We have thirteen millions on the verge of want already on the best Cobdenite authority, and it is surely a simple question whether we shall permit the rest of Europe to relieve itself by sending us steady additions to the number."

The good old game of Association football in all probability will supersede the American rough-and-tumble Rugby at Harvard University in the near future. The adoption of the "Soccer" game is favored by the official university organ. Recently the paper printed an article written by an old Harvard graduate. The article took a sharp rap at Yale football when it said: "Yale beats us in the game of corraling giants." In its advocacy of the English game of Association football the communication calls the American game "grueling and prize fighting," and says that it is especially adapted for blacksmiths, stevedores and life guardsmen. Speaking of the English game in comparison with the American game, the article says: "Nor is it particularly famous for shouldering, shoving, kneeling and mass plays. Nor is it played by men in buckram so padded and protected that the players' grandmothers cannot look at them without a shudder. But it is football, and the kind where the player punishes the ball and not the man."

Out-lucked but not outplayed, the St. Georges went down before the Marlboroughs in the first of the big local hockey matches. The Saints have been singularly unfortunate all along, but probably the hardest blow of all was the inability of Jack Carmichael to play when Chadwick had been on part of the line in the match with the champions. It is very probable that there would have been a different story to tell. Weakness in centre ice lost the Saints two or three goals. The Marlboroughs have a fine team, a well-balanced aggregation and they may beat the St. Georges when they meet again next Wednesday night. There are a good many close followers of hockey who are of a contrary opinion. Of course, the loss of "Pobby" Gray may make a difference. McArthur, his successor, lacks the former's experience, but he is a good steady player and, all things considered, a first-class substitute. If the ice is keen the fastest game in years should be the outcome of the meeting between the two c-a-k teams.

THE CAPTIOUS ONE.

"THE NAVAJO GIRLS" AT SHEA'S THIS WEEK

With Other Clever Novelties that Promise the Best Week of a Great Season.

The latest and best musical novelty in vaudeville is that offered by the Navajo Girls, who will head the bill at Shea's Theatre this week. This will be their first appearance outside of New York and they are sure to be one of the distinctive hits of the season. They are seen in various costumes representing Indians, hunters, sailors, military girls and various other ways including the appearance of the cat, the 12 as a full brass band. This act has met with much favorable comment in New York and is sure to please the critical patrons of Shea's Theatre. As an extra special feature Mr. Shea has secured Clayton White and Marie Stewart in their latest version of "Dicksie." These clever people always have something new and there is no question but that it is equal to anything in vaudeville. Mr. White, who graduated a few years ago as leading man of the celebrated Lyceum Stock Company in New York, is considered one of the cleverest actors and Marie Stewart is peculiarly suited to the roles which call to her share. A good hearty laugh is guaranteed to all who see Susan and Paris, the droll Greeks in the time of antiquity. This is a pantomime which arrived recently from a most successful tour of European theatres and is said to be extremely funny. Press Eldridge, the comedian-in-chief of the army of fun, will be on hand and will sing a little footloose and fall a little nonsense. Then there will be Kathryn Osterman, assisted by G. Holland Sergeant in a delightful little comedy entitled, "Emma's Dilemma"; the Misses Delmore, in vocal and instrumental selections; Hal Merritt, with his pictures and interesting conversation; Mooney and Holman in a singing and dancing skit. As usual there will be a new selection of pictures.

Miss Crossman Coming. During Henrietta Crossman's tour of the west this spring she will revive her greatest success, "Miss Nell," in which she was the tail of the country three years ago. She will play "Miss Nell" in the places where this play has not been seen, which will include this city, appearing at the Princess Theatre. During this tour "Emma's Dilemma"; the Misses Delmore, in vocal and instrumental selections; Hal Merritt, with his pictures and interesting conversation; Mooney and Holman in a singing and dancing skit. As usual there will be a new selection of pictures.

A LINGERING COUGH

The cough that holds on in spite of all remedies needs energetic and above all thorough treatment. A mere cough mixture won't do. Root out the cold that causes the cough.

How? Scott's Emulsion. Why Scott's Emulsion? Because it stops the irritation, soothes the tissues and heals the affected membranes.

When? Right away. Scott's Emulsion begins to help with the first dose.

We'll send you a sample free upon request. SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ont.

It Sounded Big.
From The Philadelphia Press.
"Bragley's a publisher, isn't he?"
"Not at all. What made you think that?"
"He told me he was a disseminator of literature."
"Ah, he's a bit clerical in the employ of gas company."

Pointed Paragraph.
From The Chicago News.
"You can't always tell a milk train by its catcher."
"A man is a coward, he always claims to be conservative."
"Talking delegates usually ride at the expense of others."
"The wisest thing to-day, the wisest thing I did them yesterday."

ame great wealth can buy. Acknowledge we must, you're sure to fill the public eye if you've but got the dust.



Milla REJANE

HENRIK IBSEN'S "GHOSTS" AND HIS MASTERPIECE

To Be Presented at the Princess Theatre First Half of the Present Week.

Since its first production, in 1881, "Ghosts," the masterpiece of Henrik Ibsen's genius, has been translated into nearly every known language and staged in all the intellectual centres of the globe. After an interval of several years it was revived in New York on Jan. 30, 1903, for a series of matinee performances at the Manhattan Theatre. Its success there was so pronounced that it was decided to transfer it to Mrs. Osborne's playhouse for an extended engagement. This season Claus Bogel and Adelaide Fitz Allen, who have long held assured position on the American stage will be seen in Ibsen's masterpiece, playing an engagement at the Princess Theatre the first half of this week.

"Ghosts" has well been called a drama of heredity. It is in three acts, in which the plot moves onward with the certainty, the relentlessness of a glacier. There is no escape from the doom that is foreshadowed in the opening act for the son laden with the sins of his father. The lightest word that is spoken reveals the steady movement forward of the tragic motif.

It is impossible to find an English word that exactly represents the Norwegian "Gengangere," the title of the play. It means literally "again-goers," spirits that walk. The French word "Revenants" comes nearer the sense than the English "Ghosts," which, however, seems to be the best available equivalent.

The publication of "Ghosts" brought down upon Ibsen's head a perfect storm of obloquy. Critics who had heretofore been friendly, turned round and attacked him furiously; while "the general public and its representative in the press," says Henrik Jaeger, raised a howl of reprobation such as had not been heard since the appearance of "Love's Comedy." Oddly enough (for one would have imagined him prepared for an outburst of exasperation) Ibsen seemed to have been astonished to find his play thus received. If not astonished, he was at any rate indignant, and in a shorter time than usual he produced a new play, "An Enemy of the People." It is impossible not to recognize the analogy between Dr. Stockmann's position and that of the poet himself. Ibsen, like Stockmann, thought to win the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen by speaking out the truth as he conceived it. Ibsen, like Stockmann, found himself deserted by his friends, denied the right of free utterance (on the stage) and denounced as an enemy to society.

The action of the play takes place

at Mrs. Alving's country house near one of the large fjords in Western Norway. Mrs. Alving is the central figure of the play. She is the widow of Captain Alving, late chamberlain to the King Chamberlain (Kammerherre) is the only title of honor now existing in Norway. It is a distinction conferred by the king on men of wealth and position and is not hereditary.

Captain was a libertine, openly in the day of his youth, and secretly so in latter years, after he had attained the reputation of a man of great worth and piety, chiefly thru the instrumentality of his wife, who lived a lie for the sake of their only son. This is best described in these lines of the play, spoken by Mrs. Alving:

"That has been my ceaseless struggle, day after day. After Oswald's birth, I thought Alving seemed to be a little better. But it didn't last long. And then had to struggle twice as hard, fighting for life or death, so that nobody should know what sort of a man my child's father was. And you know what power Alving had of winning people's hearts. Nobody seemed able to believe any thing but good of him. He was one of those people whose life does not bite upon their reputation."

Mrs. Alving sent her son abroad to have him away from the bad influence of his father. He becomes a painter and resides in Paris. The play opens

on the day of his return to be present at the dedication of an orphanage, raised as a memorial to the philanthropist and piety of his father. The story moves swiftly on to a tragic denouement. The son confesses to his mother that he has come home with his mind broken down—ruined—and that he shall never be able to work again.

Oswald, played by Mr. Fogl, in a masterful way, tells of an attack of insanity that came upon him in Paris but from which he temporarily recovered. The next attack, the doctor tells him, will cause him to relapse into a state of hopeless idiocy. He makes his mother promise him to take back the life she gave him when this hour comes. Nothing could be more powerful than the climax which comes in the last act—that awful tragedy where reason sways and falls, where the mother stands before the son pledged to take back the life she gave him and the last glimmer of intelligence fades from his eye. This is the boy for whom she has sacrificed herself, lived a lie in protecting the good name of his father.

AWAKENING OF MR. PIPP.

Charley Grapewine and His Big Company Coming to the Grand.

Charley Grapewine, who returns to the Grand Opera House next week in "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp," is the most unctuous comedian on the stage to-day. His humor bubbles forth at all times. Never does he convey the impression that he is trying to be funny. And he isn't. He just can't help it. His new play, "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp," which has won great favor wherever it has been presented, gives Mr. Grapewine excellent opportunities to be seen at his best, and everybody knows that Grapewine at his best is unapproachable. The story of the play in brief is that Mr. Pipp, having married a very exacting wife, foregoes the use of intoxicants entirely for one year, and the play opens on the night of the expiration of the pledge he has taken, and in celebration of which he has tried to drink up all the champagne in sight, and returns home in an awful condition, and does not realize anything until the awakening the next day, when the situations, comical actions, and, in fact, all true to real life, keep the audience in constant roars of laughter at his explanation and excuses for his conduct the night before.

The company is a large and clever one, and the chorus is composed of beautiful girls with lovely forms and gorgeous costumes.

The Value of One's Faith.

One of the deplorable features in connection with the frauds perpetrated on such a gigantic scale by Mrs. Chadwick and the Humberts in France is the abuse of the good old-fashioned belief in the integrity of mankind, says Henry F. Harris in Madame. Without faith the wheels of progress would come turning and the world would progress backwards. There is something pathetic in the expressions of the bankers who were duped by these noted women sharks, indicating a sublime belief in the truthfulness of the glittering promises that had been given, even the cupid may have inspired the trust.

Such abuse of faith breeds distrust of humanity, and the expression is frequently heard, "You cannot trust any one." This thought is far-reaching in its unfortunate effect. One who does not trust or believe in others may also quite naturally become unworthy of like faith. Such is the reflex action of the mind upon the individual character. It is well to have faith where one feels that the object is worthy, even tho' it brings sadness and shattered hope—for the sake of yourself, that you may deserve and retain the respect and affection of those who trust and believe in you.

Pilfer From Freight Cars.
Chicago, Jan. 21.—Seven employees of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway have been held to the grand jury charged with larceny. The accused men were yard clerks in charge of sealing freight cars in the Englewood yards.

Monroe's Sweet, Sad Face.
The famous comedian, George W. Monroe, and "That Sweet Sad Face" will be the attraction at the Grand in an early date, in his latest and best play, "Mrs. Mac the Mayor." You have all seen Monroe or heard of his wonderful characterization of "Aunt Bridget," the big, good-natured, bungling Irishwoman who has handed us so many hearty laughs. From the reports of the New York critics in a review of "Mrs. Mac, the Mayor," "Aunt Bridget" has been eclipsed by Monroe's new creation of "Mrs. Mac." His new departure is a comedy drama musically entwined, making a unique offering with the comely element so exultantly funny that it keeps you in roars of laughter while your heart sympathy is touched by its intense human woe. Known as "The honest woman of Silverado," she agitates that widows should re-marry, having had three husbands herself; the first an Englishman, the second a German, and her present matrimonial trouble is an "organizing" Irishman with the standard: "Base is the slave who works." Peggy is nominated for mayor as a joke on the good government club by the political highlanders of the town. She wades into the political field with the standard that "The broom is mightier than the sword," and unanimously carries the election. In her awkward, bungling, good-natured way she attempts to wipe out the curse of drink and gambling from the lawless mining camp, thereby creating hilarious comedy complications. The heart interest of the play deals with the romance of her eldest daughter, Rose, who is engaged to an honest miner, but whose affections are lured by a handsome, darsed-dill gambler. Intense dramatic interest is centered in the action of the piece, which terminates in a sensational duel in the dark with phosphorized shirt and electric broadsword, developing a novel stage rehash for dramatic achievement. Interspersed throughout the play are bright musical selections and some political speech on woman's rights will recall a laugh for many a moon.

TEST IT FREE!

5,000 Packages to be distributed free to all who apply.
New Cure for Rheumatism and Gout



Fig. 3.—Thigh bone in a perfectly healthy condition. See Fig. 4. Taken from adult patient.



Fig. 4.—Thigh bone from advanced stage of Rheumatoid arthritis, showing Rheumatic Deposits accumulations.

For Rheumatism, that horrible plague, I discovered a harmless remedy, and in order that every suffering reader may learn about it, I will gladly mail a box free. This wonderful remedy, which I discovered by a fortunate chance, has cured many cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, among them persons of upwards 80 years of age. No matter what your form of rheumatism is, this remedy cures. Do not mind if other remedies

have failed to cure you, nor mind if doctors say you are incurable. Mind no one, but write me at once, and by return mail you will receive the box, also the most elaborately illustrated book ever gotten up on the subject. It will tell you all about your case. You get this remedy and wonderful book at the same time, both free, so let me hear from you at once. Address JOHN A. SMITH, 94 Gloria Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

Makers of Pianos for 50 Years



Ever admired—Never disappointing is the HEINTZMAN & CO. BABY GRAND PIANO

To-day this particular masterpiece greets the homes of Canadians of culture in all parts of the Dominion.

It is a noble instrument endowed with a beautiful, penetrating volume of varied tone and a touch mechanism that meets every dynamic shade of accents.

"Possesses unique musical characteristics that give it a distinctive place among the great pianos of the world."—Burmester.

PIANO SALON: 115 117 King St. West TORONTO, CAN.

THE MUSIC OF TO-DAY.

Continued From Page 17.

by an admiring critic of a musical performance, "Is not that very difficult" replied, with honest warmth, "I wish it were impossible." They are, but examples of a general tendency to secure a novel effect at any price. Unfortunately this tendency is not confined to music. It has invaded the other arts. It has given us great saring pictures, the like of which were never beheld by our fathers, but which, nevertheless, far from pleasing, merely offend the eyes of spectators; it has provided us with ugly problem plays with nothing to relieve their dullness; and it has given us an abundance of wild fiction in which everything that makes a story worth reading is sacrificed solely with the object of creating a sensation. The one great element on which all art must depend, the element of charm, is absolutely neglected. The vitality of art depends on its power of pleasing. Where this power is wanting, art is decadent, its absence has depreciated seriously the level of literary, dramatic and pictorial art during the last quarter of a century. But musical art has suffered still more severely. The revolution has been more complete. A lofty contempt for melody and a capacity for producing emotional earthquakes are the two chief equipments for the ambitious, young composer of to-day. Without any of Wagner's genius, he intensifies all Wagner's eccentricities. The result is chaos. The reaction in favor of melody is, happily, inevitable. It need not interfere with the retention of any developments in harmony that are worth retaining. It has been well said that in the realms of music melody is queen and harmony is king. Each is the complement of the other. Each is entitled to its due pace, and neither should be slighted in favor of the other.



HOTEL EMPIRE

Broadway and Sixty-Third St. Empire Park

New York City over \$250,000 in Improvements

JUST COMPLETED
ELECTRIC CLOCKS, TELEPHONES AND AUTOMATIC LIGHTING DEVICES IN EVERY ROOM
Completely Remodeled, Redecorated and Returned throughout
One minute to Elevated and Subway Stations
Take nearest car at any Railroad or Steamboat Terminal, they all pass or Transfer to the Empire
Within easy walking distance of all Theatres and Department Stores
Restaurant noted for Excellent Cooking, Efficient Service and Moderate Charges
Rooms (with use of bath) \$2.50 per day up
Suits private \$2.00
Suits \$1.50
W. JOHNSON QUINN

PASSENGER TRAFFIC.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

SINGLE FARE

FOR ROUND TRIP BETWEEN ALL STATIONS IN ONTARIO.
Good going Jan. 24th and 25th
VALID RETURNING UNTIL JAN. 26th.
Account Ontario Provincial Elections.

ANOTHER EXCURSION TO BUFFALO

\$2.15 Round Trip.
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25.
Via Niagara Falls. (Magnificent Scenery).
Good going on 9:00 a.m. Express. Valid returning until January 26th.
Through equipment and fast time.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

SINGLE FARE

Between all points in Ontario; good going
JANUARY 24th and 25th
Returning until January 26th, for

Provincial Elections.

Tickets and full particulars from your nearest Canadian Pacific Agent, or C. B. Foster, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Unrivaled By Rivals

COSGRAVE'S

None Superior ALE Peerless Beverage

COSGRAVE'S

Room Pure Irish Malt XXX PORTER For Health and Strength

COSGRAVE'S

Delicious Blend of Both HALF and HALF Once Tried Always Taken

ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS
COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.
CL. LARK 124 TORONTO, ONT.

What Snow Costs New York.

Removing snow in New York City is a large item in the city's annual expense bill. It costs about \$35,000 for every inch of recorded snowfall. Last year it cost the city \$75,000 to remove the snow from the streets. The average fall in New York is 30 inches, but the snow season hardly has begun. The snow season has fallen this winter, and the cost this season promises to reach considerably over \$1,000,000.

AUTHORS

The leading place in The Nineteenth century for this month is accorded without saying, to the essayist Robert on "The Army, As It Is and As It Is." It is followed by a note from Prince Kropotkin upon Constitutional Agitation in Russia which is timely in view of the efforts of the Zemstvos and the new set-up which seems to have been a political action amongst the masses. What the Zemstvos are and what personal elements they are composed, and by what influences they are inspired and controlled—these things which spontaneously rise to the top of the issue—out of no other would answered in a broad sense with much point in Prince Kropotkin's account of the situation. The autocracy will yield in time to the demands of the national awakening, but none can forecast, but the present movement is one of progress and growing strength, as he is not in stigmatising the czar himself as the great obstacle to progress. These last ten years there has been a lack of forces which endeavored to force the ruler of Russia to adopt a better policy; and all thru these years he himself, so weak for a monarch, found the force to resist them. At a decisive moment he scales in favor of progress by throwing in the weight of his own personal will. As regards the important question of individualism, it would appear that the writer of the famous "Quarterly" indictment does not stand altogether alone. A discussion of Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., upon the unemployed is a pathetic illustration of how the faithful Cobdenite is pelted to beat the air upon this subject. Mr. Hardie wants to find a new source of permanent and remunerative employment for at least one million workers who are at present crowding the labor market. In the course of his pursuit of this laudable object, he remarks that we imported last year firewood to the value of \$100,000, and that "but for the accidental neglect of our opportunity to grow within our own shores," surely the writer forgets his economic textbooks. Do not "imports and exports balance each other," and do every log of foreign labor lead to the employment of British labor in exchange for it? That is certainly the orthodox consolation, and we gather from a dox. But beyond the radius of the chair these maxims seem to lose hold, and Mr. Hardie must have been terribly, it temporarily, from the time he was thinking of those trustful fires.

That everything and everybody a sad way is no new story from Frederic Harrison, altho' in the recent "Fortnightly Review" he dismisses even his own record of extremity. "Thoughts on the Discontents" is hardly an appropriate title, for the article contains conspicuously little thought, but only a deal of commonplace political argument. As an exhibition of a disappointed Radical "in a tear," however, quite good enough to be another excellent account of "Eton and Hornby," which is replete with anecdote, and in Mr. Edward D. "Recollections of Sir Arthur Sullivan" while literary interest is well served by Mr. Gribble's appreciation of Sainte-Beuve and Mr. Ernest I. review of the collected "Swimbu" On the political side, the most considerable feature of the current issue is a comparison of "The British German Fleets," along with a review of the respective national policies behind them; while the contribution "Recollections of Sir Arthur Sullivan" while literary interest is well served by Mr. Gribble's appreciation of Sainte-Beuve and Mr. Ernest I. review of the collected "Swimbu" On the political side, the most considerable feature of the current issue is a comparison of "The British German Fleets," along with a review of the respective national policies behind them; while the contribution "Recollections of Sir Arthur Sullivan" while literary interest is well served by Mr. Gribble's appreciation of Sainte-Beuve and Mr. Ernest I. review of the collected "Swimbu"

Sir Robert Giffen, in The Contingent, makes a telling protest at the dimensions of our public expenditure, imperial and local. He denounces in the excessive strain of rates upon real property, which is relieved by a readjustment of and indirect taxation; and he points to the subventions given from the chequer to local authorities as an encouragement to wasteful outlays. Mr. Dillon's commentary on the operations of England, Russia and Japan employed in Russia to the despatch of the Black Sea Fleet, and the consequent violation of the law as described with admirable success.

England's lukewarmness toward her ally is already the subject of complaint in Japan and the United States. The "torpedo yacht" were bound, therefore, to take their chances, and they did adopt some set to work so slowly and heartedly that the scheme was tried thru without difficulty. A Rojstvensky's squadron was openly sold for Russian despatch.

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS

The leading place in the Nineteenth century for this month is accorded, it goes without saying, to the essay by Lord Roberts on "The Army, As It Was and As It Is."

tions in English ports, and our government wraps itself in the parchment mantle of the foreign enlistment act. Our whole attitude towards Russia is looked upon as an illustration of diplomatic "helmeting."

What the Zemstvos are of that personal elements they are composed, and by what influences they are inspired and controlled—these questions which spontaneously rise to the lips of the inquiring onlooker will be found answered in a broad sense and with much point in Prince Kropotkin's "The Constitutional Agitation in Russia," which is timely in view of the abortive efforts of the Zemstvos and the new impetus which seems to have been given to political action amongst the middle classes.

At any moment Russia can give the signal for a rising against Turkish rule in the Balkan Peninsula. The Turks would at once crush the insurrection, and proceed after their own fashion to do so with relentless severity.

That everything and everybody is in a sad way is no new story from Mr. Frederic Harrison, also in the current "Fortnightly Review" his pessimism extends even to his own records of extremity. "Thoughts on the Present Discontents" is hardly an appropriate title, for the article contains conspicuously little thought, but only a great deal of commonplace political animus.

Samuel M. Hussey, an octogenarian land agent in Kerry during the days of the Land League, has published his recollections and it is sufficient to say that, notwithstanding the passing of events, his record is interesting and sometimes amusing.

Sir Robert Giffen, in "The Contemporary," makes a telling protest against the dimensions of our public expenditure in the excessive strain of rates and taxes upon real property, which should be relieved by a readjustment of direct and indirect taxation; and he objects to the subventions given from the exchequer to local authorities as an encouragement to wasteful outlays.

John Morley was very well-meaning chief secretary but a very misguided man. In a conversation with me, Mr. Morley observed that, owing to the agitation, he saw no alternative but to make Parnell chief secretary.

his thirst, tho as that was unquenchable, it no doubt conducted to his retirement—came into the parlor of the manager of the bank with two farmers to have a bill discounted.

The manager, having ascertained the farmers were good security, cashed the bill and gave the proceeds to the priest. He was very much surprised on the following day at the two farmers walking into his room with the money.

One night a landlord in Kerry, who shall be nameless, tho he has passed over to the great majority, went to bed without having much knowledge how he got there.

During the days of the Land League Mr. Hussey carried a revolver. This did not altogether protect him from moonlighters, but for some reason or other the disorderly element usually left him alone.

J. Herbert Slater in an interesting article in "The London Athenaeum" on the book sales of the past year, tells us that the seller of books has not had a good time of late.

Sir George Trevelyan has largely rewritten and extended his history of "The American Revolution," the work in which he fulfilled a promise to carry forward his "Life of Charles James Fox," Messrs. Longmans are to publish the new edition in three five-shilling volumes, and the first appears on Monday, with a new preface and a photogravure copy of the late Frank Hall's portrait of the author.

Readers the wide-world over will rejoice at the reissue of Canon Alinger's "Letters of Charles Lamb." The two volumes in which they are comprised form part of the Eversley series, which means that they are beautifully printed and neatly and artistically bound.

Charles Lamb on his list of friends, but a delightful correspondence which breathes the very spirit of the gentle "Elia." He finds in many a careless and artlessly constructed sentence in the letters the germ of an idea which has been developed in the essays, and again, he finds occasionally in the essays a mere hint which is developed finely in the letters.

For sheer humor of a quiet sort nothing beats the observation of the late Sir John Godfrey, who never got up before one in the day and invariably breakfasted when his family were having lunch.

My Dearest Friend: White, or some of my friends or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outline.

This is the writing of a man with a big heart, a rare sense of duty and a deep religious feeling. There are many instances in these two volumes of his generosity and tenderness; many of his splendid critical insight and capacity; many of his sadness and depression and solicitude for Mary and indeed for any friend in need or sickness.

In his plea for the indefinite extension of an author's copyright on his own work, Samuel Clemens, otherwise "Mark Twain," makes the interesting calculation that the present limitation of copyright to forty-two years is a gross wrong to the writers whose books outlive that period of time.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED

In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854. HEAD OFFICE: 78 Church St., Toronto. BRANCH "A": 522 Queen St. W. Cor. Hackney. Assets \$3,000,000. Interest allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents upwards. Withdrawable by Cheques. Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. OPEN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT 7 to 9 O'Clock. JAMES MASON, Managing Director

Adding New Accounts

We are constantly adding new accounts, and our business is increasing at a satisfactory rate. Possibly you also might be glad to open an account with us. We allow check withdrawal and pay 4% INTEREST

The Dominion Permanent Loan Company

12 King St. West

"A Race for Life."

It is claimed by those familiar with Theodore Kremer's work as a popular playwright, that his new melodrama, "A Race for Life," to be produced at the Majestic next week, is in plot, construction, individuality of characterization and sustained interest, much the cleverest thing he has yet turned out.

Wholesale Murders in Spain.

The recent discovery of a wholesale murder-bed in the vicinity of Seville, has caused a wild sensation throughout all Spain. It appears that during six years two men of Frances and Munoz have invited wealthy men to a country seat of theirs, where the victims were then killed, their pockets rifled and their bodies buried in a corner of the small estate.

TEL EMPIRE New York City \$250,000

DRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM SINGLE FARE

RETURNING UNTIL JAN. 26th

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

SINGLE FARE

January 24th and 25th

Financial Elections.

GRAVE'S ALE

GRAVE'S XXX PORTER

GRAVE'S HALF and HALF

GRAVE BREWERY CO.

Now Costs New York.

Laugh and the World Laughs With You

The sleeping partner: "What do you do with a stock of novels when they can't go off?"
 The manager: "Oh, we just label them 'Suppressed,' and in a few days they're all gone."
 Old lady (in the drug store): "What am I to take this medicine in?"
 Pert young assistant: "In your mouth, ma'am, it isn't to be rubbed in."
 Ethel: "How do you manage to distinguish between the men who want to marry you for your money and those who really love you?"
 Maudie: "Those who really love me make such awful sillies of themselves."
 Depositor: "Is the cashier in?"
 Manager: "No, sir, he's gone away."
 Depositor: "Ah, gone for a rest, I presume."
 Manager (sadly): "No; he's gone to avoid arrest."
 "It looks like a good dog."
 "It is."
 "Long pedigree?"
 "Two inches longer than any other dog of his kind in the city."
 Lord Stoniton: "You don't invite so many friends as you used to your country place?"
 The lord of the manor: "I don't play bridge well enough to afford a house party."



MORE EXTENDED EXPERIENCE.
 Wife: Do you recollect that once, when we had a tiff, I said you were just as mean as you could be?
 Hubby: Yes, darling.
 Wife: Oh, James—how little did I know you then!
 The conceited man needs no one to praise him, he speaks for himself.
 "Excuse my sarcasm," said the irate victim of some energetic diatribes of a western editor, "but you are a liar and an infamous scoundrel."
 Pardon my irony," rejoined the editor, as he promptly laid out the visitor with the office poker.
 "Madam," said the faith-healer to the matron, "do you believe in cures effected by laying on of hands?"
 "I do," was the emphatic answer.
 "I have effectually tried it on all my children."
 You never really understand how mean other people can be until you compare them with yourself.
 He: "You remember you told me last night you would be a sister to me all my life?"
 She: "Yes, I did."
 He: "Well, I asked your sister Kate this afternoon, and from what she told me I rather think you will."
 The veteran went to see his lawyer the other day, and found him sitting with disheveled hair and a sheet of

paper covered with an array of weird words.
 "What's the matter?" asked his best client.
 "Matter!" he shouted. "I want to register a telegraphic address, and look what they have sent me," pointing to the list.
 "Have you tried 'necessity'?"
 "No, but why 'necessity'?"
 "Necessity knows no law," suggested the old man.
 Philosopher: "What induces men to marry?"
 The cynic: "Why, the girls, of course."
 The fevered sufferer slept far into the morning, and the anxious wife at last called in the doctor.
 "Does your husband drink?" said the doctor, after examining the sleeping patient.
 "Oh, no, doctor!" said the innocent one.
 "Strange," he rejoined. "Give me a slice of lemon."
 He laid it gently on the pillow under the patient's nose, who, after two or three sniffs, softly murmured:
 "I don't care if I do, old chap—hot water and no sugar, please."
 "How's that for a low-necked dress?" said Jack, as Miss Emyrtrude Fewclose glided into the drawing-room.
 "Did you ever see anything like it?"
 "I should not say if I had," said blushing Tom.
 The Devil sends the wicked winds
 To blow the skirts knee-high;
 But God is just, and sends the dust
 To close the bad man's eye.
 He fancied he had a turn for epigrams, and after sitting looking at our busy sub-editor, who had been silently scribbling for about fifteen minutes, he remarked: "There are some things in the world that go without saying."
 "I know it," snapped the weary sub, "and there are too many things about that say without going."
 "Ah, I hear Miss Tinkler, who used to practice so much when I lived in your mansions, has got a gold medal."
 "Yes."
 "And yet when I was at her place the other day she positively refused to play for me, and said she had given it up."
 "That's what she got the gold medal for; the rest of the neighbors living in the flats gave it to her."
 "Were you ever disappointed in love before you were married?"
 "No, only afterwards."
 You never hear the bee complain,
 Nor ever weep or wail;
 But if it likes it can unfold
 A very painful tail.
 Motorist: "Are all the tools in the toolchest?"
 Chauffeur: "Yes, sir."
 Motorist: "Are all the cushions and rugs in the tonneau?"
 Chauffeur: "Yes, sir."
 Motorist: "Is the tank full of petrol?"
 Chauffeur: "Yes, sir."
 Motorist: "Have you brought down all our goggles?"
 Chauffeur: "Yes, sir."
 Motorist: "Well, run up to my room and bring the roll of banknotes out of the top escrivator's drawer so that we will have enough money to pay our fines. Then we shall be ready to start."
An Odd Railway Rule.
 From The Louisville Courier-Journal.
 "When we reached Switzerland," said the tourist, "we found in the railway stations, alongside of the ticket offices, machines for measuring the height of children. I said to the agent at Geneva:
 "A half ticket for my little girl."
 "Isn't she too tall?" the man asked.
 "Let her step on the measurer, please."
 "My daughter's height was 'duh' taken. It was four feet five."
 "All right," said the agent. "She passes after all."
 "Then the man explained to me that on account of 'numerable disputes over the age of children, half fares were now sold in Switzerland according to height, instead of according to

age. Children under three feet traveled free. Those between three feet and four feet six paid half fare. Those over four feet six paid full fare.
 "The new rule is a good one," said the agent. "We have no more disputes. The children are measured at the ticket office, and that is the end of the matter."
Love is a Chameleon.
 "Love," I shall say to Love o' mine,
 To cradle the red lies told—
 "Love is the first and last of life,
 A breathing thing of gold."
 How shall a man's life grow, my Sweet,
 Clean for the pride of his soul?
 What shall the work of a man be worth
 If he miss the pure love goal?
 "Love," I shall say to my inward heart,
 To cradle the truth I know—
 "Love is a dead thing hideous,
 The skull and the bones of woe."
 And Love o' mine!—poor love o' mine!
 How shall you ever know
 That you are only the ghost of things
 That lived in the long ago?
The Man With the Muck Rake.
 Dedicated to both sides.
 He with the muckrake, legend says,
 Was one who groped din slime,
 And, pawing slush in alley-ways,
 Saw not the stars sublime.
 The byways and the gutters were
 To him what roses are
 To one whose mind's no sepulchre
 Of dead deeds, black as tar.
 He found a frantic jay in smells—
 Rank odors from the Pit;
 He hated song and marriage bells—
 Preferring slime to wit.
 He used to take his sieve and rake
 And sort the debris o'er;
 And, O! his glee rang horridly
 When he found one smell more!
 Great offices their greatness lose
 When great ones yield the way
 To jester-men with minds of ooze,
 Who fight for Place and Pay.
 Great offices become unfit
 For able men to hold
 When clowns presume to mount and sit
 Where greatness sat of old.
 The clown may disappear again
 With his poor fiddle gains,
 But one high place he did profane,
 And one high smell remains,
 And even after he has died
 Out of the public mind,
 The fillet needeth to be tried
 That he did leave behind.
 —Grant Hervey.
The Bishop's Humor.
 During a recent visit to a western city, says The New York Herald, Bishop Potter was entertained several days in the home of a prominent churchman. His room was prepared and garlanded for the occasion and among other details his hostess arranged upon the dressing table an elaborate silver toilet set. The bishop on seeing it carefully transferred it to a drawer, replacing it with his own set. The divine's visit over, the hostess went to the room and was dismayed to find her silver missing. She searched everywhere in vain and questioned the servants, to no purpose. Finally she summoned up courage to write a very apologetic letter to the bishop asking if by any chance he had found any of the articles among his luggage. There was an immediate and characteristic reply. The telegram read as follows: "Poor but honest. Look in the washstand drawer."
A Tale for Meat Fanciers.
 A local school had just opened for the day when one of the scholars went up to the master and said: "Please, sir, my father's going to kill a pig and could you do with a side of bacon?"
 "Oh, yes, John, tell your father to do more about the bacon," the master approached the lad, and said, good-humoredly, "John, did you forget to tell your father about the bacon?"
 "No, sir, I didn't forget. But father hasn't killed the pig."
 "How's that?" exclaimed the master. "Please sir," replied the boy, "the pig got better."
The Monkey's Provender.
 There are two sides to every question—our side and the wrong side—J. E. Whitney.
 They say a dog who barks doesn't bite. Still at any time he might leave off barking and take a piece out of your leg.
 A disconsolate widower placed the following inscription on his wife's tombstone:
 "Tears cannot restore her—therefore I weep."
 "It's never too late to learn," we're told;
 However, we beg to state,
 There's little we learn as we grow old,
 Except that it is too late.
 "We can trace many of our sins to Adam," said the breakfast philosopher, "but there is one that we cannot."
 "What may that be?" asked his fair vis-a-vis.
 "Walking into a ball-room with our hands in our pockets."
 "So," said Mrs. Walkerton, "these are homing pigeons."
 "Yes," her husband replied. "Do you know why they remind me of you?"
 "Because—because," she ventured, a glad light showing in her eyes, "they are also doves."
 "No," the brute answered, "because they regard home as the proper place for them."
 Magistrate: "I must really insist on silence being kept in the court. I have already convicted five persons without being able to hear the evidence."

His Full Friend.
 "Drunk? Oh, no, my dear. Haven't had a drop drink all night."
 "Don't lie to me. You smell horribly of liquor."
 "Shmell, do I? Oh, yeah. That beast Traverser—awful beast Traverser. He got drunk and shaid something insulting to the ladies, and I hit him, my dear. Man insults womminsh my preshence I hit him. And Traverser, you know, he was so full that when I hit him it splashed all over me. That accountsh for the odor, my dear. It splashed all over me."
 "Oh, please sir," gasped a little boy, running up to a policeman, "there's an awful fight going on down in the alley."
 "Who's fighting?"
 "My father and another man."
 "How long have they been at it?"
 "More than half an hour."
 "Why didn't you tell me before?"
 "Father was getting the best of it till a few minutes ago."
 Plaintiff's counsel: "My lord, unfortunately in this case I am opposed by the most unmitigated scoundrel."
 Defendant's counsel: "My learned friend is such a notorious pro-verte-..."
 Judge: "Will counsel kindly confine their remarks to such matters as are in dispute?"
 "Speaking of fasting men," said the old traveler at Romano's bar. "I've known sailors to live on salt water for months at a time."
 Mrs. Caudle: "What excuse have you for coming home so late?"
 Mr. C.: "My dear, I had an exshellent one when I left the club, but I fancy I must have lost it getting out of the cab."
 Policeman: "Look here, old sport, if you don't get up and go home I'll have to run you in."
 Reveler: "D'ye think m' wife's waiting up for me?"
 Policeman: "Well, I expect she is."
 Reveler: "All right, of fello', run me in."
Of Course.
 From The New Orleans Times-Democrat.
 "I want some man to figure out how much electricity it is going to take to run my mill. Whom would you recommend?"
 "One of those lightning calculators," of course!
The Grateful Wife-Beater.
 From The Baltimore American.
 The man who had beaten his wife had just been antied from the whipping post, where he had got 40 lashes.
 The public hippper expected to see the victim glover at him and perhaps put a curse upon him.
 Instead the man came and thanked his profusely, saying:
 "You cannot comprehend how grateful I am to you for rescuing me. The beating you gave me was as severe as you are permitted to inflict, but it is nothing—it is a mercè care compared to what wife, dear, was preparing to hand me when I was dragged from her clutches by a kind-hearted officer. I must make haste to write to our dear president and tell him what a boon he has brought to us charter members of the Amalgamated Association of Spouse Slammers."



THE SPOILS OF WAR.
 "Your last mistress gives you an excellent character."
 "My word she had to, or give me another week's money."



BETTER, PERHAPS.
 Stalls: Of course, you hope to make a name on the stage.
 Ballet: Oh, I'm not particular. If any rich old Johnny gives me his it will do just as well.

Elegance in Mourning Costume.
 Smart mourning costumes should be designed as such. At present a deal of heavy crepe figures on the elaborate styles, even to making the gown of it. In the accompanying sketch there is really more of the displayed than of the silk foundation model. Lustreless black peacock sole made the sweeping skirt, with silk shirred in a little at the belt. The front of this and reaching the length was a triple box-pleat of graduated from belt to hem.
 A deep knee flounce of crepe was on the skirt with two wide wings of crepe for a heading. Two more laid on the bottom of the circumference. The bodice is as secure lines as the skirt. The arrangement of broad folds coming in at the waist to meet the top of the pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge to a point. The ends are concealed under a narrow pleated skirt panel gives the same effect as a princess gown. On a side of a long, narrow V-shaped made of finely-pleated crepe are three wide folds of crepe, reaching the neck, over the shoulders, where the belt they converge

You



FRIEND.
 "I've had'n't drop drink all night."
 "Ibly of liquor."

at beast Traversh—awful beasht
 something insulting to the ladies,
 was so full of my presence I hit
 it was so full that when I bit him it
 a for the odor, my dear. It splash-

"Dad," said little Willie, who was
 struggling over his lessons, "what is an
 obtuse angle?"

"An obtuse angle," replied his father,
 "is a Scotchman to whom you are try-
 ing to explain a joke."

"There is quite an interesting collection
 of the last words of great men.
 How is it we never see anything of the
 last words of women?"

"Well, you see, they couldn't get a
 book big enough to get them in."

Of Course.
 From The New Orleans Times-Democrat.
 "I want some man to figure out how
 much electricity it is going to take to run
 my mill. Whom would you recommend?"

"One of those lightning calculators, of
 course!"

The Grateful Wife-Beater.
 From The Baltimore American.
 The man who had beaten his wife had
 just been sent from the whipping post,
 where he had got 40 lashes.

The public hippster expected to see the
 victim glower at him and perhaps put a
 curse upon him.

Instead the man came and thanked him
 profusely, saying:

"You cannot comprehend how grateful
 I am to you for rescuing me. The beating
 you gave me was as severe as you are per-
 mitted to inflict, but it is nothing—it is a
 mere caress compared to what wife, dear,
 was preparing to hand me when I was drag-
 ged from her clutches by a kind-hearted of-
 ficer. I must make haste to write to our
 dear president and tell him what a boon
 he has brought to us charter members of
 the Amalgamated Association of Spouse
 Slammers."

OF WAR.
 "an excellent character."
 "the another week's money."



MOURNING COSTUME.

Women and Their Ways

Elegance in Mourning Costumes.

Smart mourning costumes should be designed as such. At present a great deal of heavy crepe figures on the more elaborate styles, even to making half of the gown of it. In the accompanying sketch there is really more of the crepe displayed than of the silk foundation of the model. Lustreless black peau de soie made the sweeping skirt, with the silk shirred in a little at the belt. Over the front of this and reaching the entire length was a triple box-pleat of crepe graduated from belt to hem.

A deep knee flounce of crepe was set on the skirt with two wide bias folds of crepe for a heading. Two more were laid on the bottom of the circular flounce. The bodice is as secure in line as the skirt. The arrangement of broad folds coming in narrow at the waist to meet the top of the pleated skirt panel gives the same long effect as a princess gown. On either side of a long, narrow V-shaped vest made of finely-pleated crepe are laid three wide folds of crepe, reaching from the neck, over the shoulders, while at the belt they converge to a point where the ends are concealed under a narrow girde of crepe folds.

The rest of the bodice, which does not amount to much, for the reason that there is a repetition of the folds extending down the back, is of peau de soie. Two full puffs of crepe, the upper one rising somewhat high at the shoulders and the second ending above the elbow, are also of the handsome crepe. A long cuff of narrow crepe folds completes the sleeves. At the wrist are seen flat white mousseline bands, and a turnover of the same is fastened on the collar.

A toque made entirely of bias folds of crepe laid on a smart and rather close shape, but with a slight broadening at the sides, has the crown draped with a long crepe scarf whose ends fall far down over the skirt in the back. American widows and American women in mourning have introduced this long, narrow veil that comes almost to the hem of the skirt. In other countries the mourning drapery is broader and shorter, less like a scarf trailing over the back.

From the hygienic point of view, as well as from the one of smartness, the American idea is to be recommended. Face veils may or may not be worn, according to personal taste.

A Novelty in Green Chiffon Velvet.
 There is more than one way to solve the problem of how to dispense with the separate blouse. Acting upon the hint that the color scheme of the costume must be retained at all costs, the popular solution is the one that provides a chiffon cloth or taffeta blouse of exactly the same shade as the coat and skirt suit. This affords something easy and non-cushable over which a coat slips readily, and at the same time, when the coat is not worn, there is a general appearance of having an entire gown of one color and fabric.

Soft crepe and washable silk blouses, summy in aspect and dainty, continue to have their devotees who will not be convinced that the smart thing now is certainly not a separate blouse.

For variety's sake, the following scheme has been devised whereby the separate blouse has been done away with in conjunction with a coat and skirt costume. It is rather a good idea and distinctly elegant, as a glance at the drawing shows. The entire costume which is intended for street wear, but is provided with a skirt that touches all around and sweeps out at the back instead of being cut off the usual round length, is of hunter's green chiffon velvet, and there is very little trimming to break the plainness of style and of the material.

The skirt fits well over the hips and has a series of inverted box-pleats below the knees which are released to give



MOURNING COSTUME.

extra fullness to the skirt. Down the front are stitched two narrow tucks. The whole skirt is built over a special drop of changeable taffeta showing green and gold. The deep flounce on the bottom is closely corded to give just that amount of foundation that an unlined velvet skirt requires.

The bodice suggests the surplice style—that is, bias pieces of velvet are snured in the armholes and brought toward the bust over a pointed yoke of cream-colored gypure. The velvet is laid in effective folds over the figure, but instead of lapping one side over the other, the whole front is cut in single pieces and below the bust it is so cleverly disposed that it suggests having been moulded on the wearer. There is also a resemblance to the very deep girdles now in vogue, for the bodice comes to a point, and from the belt to the bust there is not a suspicion of fullness.

The sleeves form a puff at the top, and then are gathered full in both seams like mousquetaires. A double frill of velvet stands up around the armhole, and the pointed wrists are finished with a frill of cream-colored lace. At the throat a bit of it is gathered to form a jabot. The bodice hooks at the back, and the same pointed yoke of lace is carried around to meet the full velvety body part.

With this bodice is worn a long Louis Seize coat of the same chiffon velvet, showing scarcely any decoration. The material is handsome in itself, and besides the style of coat does not demand more than a waistcoat and fancy buttons. It is made very tight-fitting by having two darts in each front, the centre ones extending up to the shoulder seam.

A Black Chiffon Cloth House Gown.
 Chiffon cloth has few rivals, certainly no successful ones, in the interpretation of styles verging on the elaborate. To the slender woman chiffon cloth is a boon and a pleasure, and the envy of those who are not privileged to make use of shirings and puffings and the bouffant effects a la mode. It is pretty, it is soft, it is clinging, and, greatest charm of all, it is youthful, even in dull black.

It is one of the quaint little fads of the moment to have one's house gowns of black, provided that this sort of hue is becoming. Upon a foundation of black silk, a silk that is much softer than taffeta, is arranged a very full skirt of black chiffon cloth, with its fullness cut a number of times by trimming in the form of shirings and frills. Four narrow ruffles of chiffon cloth, each one edged with a piping of black silk, are set on a little distance apart around the bottom of the skirt. Above this cluster of frills is a row of silk Cluny medallions the diameter of one's palm.

A roset-like appearance is imparted to these incrustations by having them outlined with a tiny corded puff of black silk, and then as a heading to the lace stripe, for the medallions are set close enough to each other to give the idea of an unbroken line of insertion, there is an upstanding ruffle of chiffon cloth.

The bodice is a mass of trimming. It begins with a tucked yoke of the black cloth, which continues on down the front like a vest. Then puffings of the chiffon are so disposed that they simulate a bolero reaching up to meet the vest and curving up again at the back. In the centre of this bolero the cloth makes a full puff, over which Cluny medallions are fastened with some idea of regularity. Two, close together, make epaulets on the shoulders, and there are more down the front. The former are half loose and edged with a tiny puffing, while the latter are caught securely and have the material cut out underneath to show a white lining.

Square-stitched pieces of silk turn back just above the belt like small jackets, and this coat idea is further carried out by having a double row of simulated buttonholes made of silk trim both sides of the front. From the soft crushed silk girde come two ribbons of silk which lace thru the Cluny medallion nearest the belt and then reach the belt at the sides. The fastening of the girde is hidden beneath two small bows.

The transparent black chiffon stock thru which white shows is trimmed with medallions having the material cut out underneath. Sleeves of black to the elbow are made of four overlapping ruffles of chiffon cloth piped with silk. The lower one falls over a puff of tucked chiffon which is finished with a frill of white chiffon having an edging of lace.

Regal Mode in Pearl Garnitures.

As tho the handsome pearl collars and necklaces, the ropes and chains of jewels that now adorn feminine beauty were not wholly satisfying to their love for gems, the real stones are augmented by an elaborate corsage decoration made of perfectly imitated pearls or other precious jewels.

These trimmings come to us sewn and woven into various patterns ready to be placed on the low décolletage, and at the most careful scrutiny appear to be the genuine article. There is nothing of the tawdry theatrical glamor and tinsel about these regal ornaments, and the very smartest women, both here and abroad, are using them profusely on their evening gowns.

A plastron effect had quantities of baroque pearls, with ropes of smaller round gems. There were four of the large ornaments altogether, one for each shoulder and the fourth for the back. In size and design they were all alike, but the hoops of pearl beads connecting them were of different lengths. With one plastron placed low on the bust, the tips would fall quite to the belt, or even below, and the loops of pearls would be brought with an upward sweep to the shoulders, to droop again

toward the back. In this ornament there were four or five strings of pearls fastened close together, connecting the large ornaments, and then each pair of which would more than cover a woman's hand, seemed to have large pearls outlined with smaller pearls and rhinestones, centres of iridescently-shaped fresh-water pearls and a deep fringe of beads made of alternating pearls and rhinestones with a baroque tipping the end.

This is one of the most elaborate of made-up bodice trimmings which have been shown, and could not possibly be placed on any but the most elegant gown, preferably one of satin or lace veiling silver tissue. For simpler dress, say for a young woman—for youth is always privileged to wear pearls—there might be a cluster of cabochons centred with brilliants, and a row of tiny ropes of pearls to be looped across the bust and shoulders.

It is a matter of note that all décolleté bodices are now made quite as low as it is possible to cut them. In fact, the smart thing is to have very little bodice at all, just wide girde with some sort of trimming around the top and straps over the shoulders.

The line adopted now for the evening waist is one that makes a very decided dip in the centre of the front, so that it comes within, say, four inches of the belt, and then rounds up over the bust with a drop in line as it curves toward the arm. Here it reaches a point that is below the real under part of the arm, and instead of a sleeve a strap or band of jewels is carried over the shoulder. The back follows something of the same series of curves, but here it is cut away almost to the very waist. If it were for the folds of tulle which are always laid around the top of these low-cut evening bodices they would be rather shocking. As it is, they are lower than American women have ever appeared in before, and it must be admitted that the fair ones look lovely in them.

In carrying out the pearl trimming scheme sometimes tiny beads are used on the skirt, perhaps in an incrustated pattern or outlining petticoat frills. A very little of this, however, is required to tone up the gown. It is too elaborate and too striking to use to excess.

Marvels in Leather.

A real delight awaits the woman who does not yet comprehend what marvels are now being wrought in leather for her personal adornment. Such perfectly beautiful leather jackets are being made, as supple as velvet and of colorings as gaily as can be—coffee-brown, rose-red and cream figure among them. The leather fits like a glove, and vastly becomes a lissome figure.

Brown, I am afraid, has had its vogue. I love it, however. We are now adopting grey in every possible shade, and for every possible use, and for evening wear just as much as for day. It is a delightful color that enables a dressmaker to bring into union with it a berthe and skirt ornaments of glorious purple and silver and blue. We are now adopting grey in every possible shade, and for every possible use, and for evening wear just as much as for day. It is a delightful color that enables a dressmaker to bring into union with it a berthe and skirt ornaments of glorious purple and silver and blue. We are now adopting grey in every possible shade, and for every possible use, and for evening wear just as much as for day. It is a delightful color that enables a dressmaker to bring into union with it a berthe and skirt ornaments of glorious purple and silver and blue.

The Bebe Bodice.

The sequined gown proffers the vogue of the bebe bodice, which must not be so much pouched in front as it was last winter, but may still be fairly full. Drawn into a neat centre, called the Revolution, from its resemblance to the girdles that were in vogue about the year 1790, it looks sufficiently trim to pass muster as quite a new creation. For we must be neat nowadays in our appearance, tho there is nothing of the mode of today.

The bebe corsage, with the full and fairly simple skirt beneath, is, however, an old story; hence let us turn our attention to other modes, which are also old stories, but return to us after the oblivion of years like new editions with all the interest of freshness attached to them. In this picture frock, with the corsage a la picture frock, and the still more uncommon one that introduces the Incroyable coat of the French Revolution period. This is a lovely mode to follow, always supposing the gross exaggerations in which the Incroyables delighted are avoided. For the taste of the true Incroyable was so strangely distorted that every detail of his attire (the fashion was a masculine one) was given enormous proportion. Absurdly large, sharply-pointed revers obtained a vogue. Cravats so enormous that they were not wholly satisfying to their chin of the wearer was buried in them, were worn; canes so long that they had to be held in the middle instead of by the handle, formed some of the characteristics of this extraordinary type of attire.

The Newest Skirt.

The newest skirt model is of circular shape with folds at the belt, or stitched in tucks to form a yoke outline, and falls in graceful lines to the bottom, where it is decorated with deep tucks, bands or folds, often put on to form a vandyke pattern. A Directorate coat of lace is a fitting accompaniment to a skirt of this sort made of rich material. The plain front broad which is an interesting feature of the newest skirts, obtained in many ways, being some-times a plain gored breadth trimmed down its sides, or a flat stitched box pleat, or perhaps a gentleman's coat, Marie Antoinette fashion. The Directorate coat, with huge revers, flaring turn-back cuffs and coat skirts which



The Regal Mode in Pearl Garnitures.

either slope sharply back or are turned back to reveal a handsome lining, leaving the petticoat effect in full view, will complete the harmony of this picture frock.

Magyar Girls, Greatest of Flirts.
 Miss Della Austrian of Chicago, who has spent much time abroad studying the manners, customs and social life of women in foreign lands declares the Magyar girls of Hungary are the greatest flirt in the world. The results of her observations are embodied in an article in a local paper in which she says:

"The American girl is a flirt, tho the French woman a flirt, but their ways and charms are uninteresting when contrasted with those of the Magyar girl, who is the greatest flirt of the world. This is natural, for in Hungary song and laughter, dance and music are so exuberant, women are so lovable and lovmaking is so spontaneous that wooing and wedding offer themselves as alluring themes. Naturally bright and vivacious, these clever girls find philosophy and the exact sciences a bore, but poetry, music and song, with their wild emotions and fancies, appeal to their hearts.

"Their own peculiar beauty is in keeping with the form and rhythm they love. What strikes one is the freshness and purity of their coloring. Their wavy hair, as among all women of this race, is superb, and their large deep eyes are shaded with long lashes, suggesting feeling that craves for love.

"Satisfied with the strong physique, manly bearing and frank way of their men, they are content to find their suitors at home. The Magyar men are as anxious to woo them as they are to be wooed. There is something very winning in their coquettish glances and fascinating smiles, while the men are manly and it is hard for either sex to resist.

"With them love and courtship mean so much it must be given all its color and a wooing is often, therefore, long. They have endless opportunities of meeting each other—visiting the markets, working in the field and passing each other while out for a stroll. The youths feel that the inn is the best place to see the girls they would admire. Music of the gayest sort is heard and the picturesque costumes of men and girls give life to the scene.

Favorite Dance a Story of Love.
 "The Scardas," their favorite dance, gives plenty of opportunity to reveal their gayety and grace. It is really a pantomime and describes the course of love. The music and dancing are at first slow; the couples walking up and down in a stately manner. Then, feeling to have made each other's acquaintance and fallen victims to their feelings, the music grows lively and the courtship begins in earnest.

"The lover approaches his maiden and she coyly responds; they stand around together for a few minutes, when, as if she were allowing him too many privileges, the maiden retires pouting, whereupon he again approaches. This time she turns her back on him in a most flirtatious way and they dance off in contrary directions.

"This dance varies according to the spirit of the dancers, but the theme of love, courtship, disappointment and reunion is always there. Sometimes at the end the lover throws himself on his knees before his mistress while she dances about him in triumph. The waving of hats, the stamping of feet, the wild strains of the violin make the scardas a fascinating dance.

"The fairs are another rendezvous for young men and women. The girls visit these rows of shops to look at the young men, and incidentally to see the young men. The men go to admire the embroidered cloaks, high boots and incidentally to buy sweetmeats for their girls. In the summer evenings when the business of the day is at an end the young folk come out to see the sun play on the blue Danube and the citadel of Budapest. They stand chatting while they revel in the beauty of the hour and listen to the managers of the theatres shout, and see the marionets twirl and dance.

"When winter comes and it gets too cold for them to promenade out of doors the young people spend the evenings at the home of some friend. Here they hold weekly assemblies to spin; their hostess acts as chaperon and they give her their work in turn. They work industriously, but not too hard; with their toll they mingle stories, witticisms and plenty of laughter. Nothing

is said against sly glances, pouting and contagious laughter. They are not anxious to bring their love affairs to a climax; they feel that love improves with age, and the longer they prolong the courtship the better the love.

"Strong as is the heart of the Magyar, he sometimes grows impatient and starts courting in earnest. He knocks at the door, and getting no answer, he exclaims: 'Your wooer has rapped long enough in the door; open and let him in!'

"After some hesitation the young woman usually decides to admit him, and the young Romeo finds himself in the family kitchen. Here the courting usually takes place; they are not disturbed, the parents and brothers and sisters be present. When the girl's blushes grow too red and his laughter too merry the young man puts his arm about her waist, not to embrace her, but to cover them both with his long cloak.

"Not every youth is sturdy enough to stand torment. When he is too shy to go a-wooing he has it done by proxy. He sends some older woman to find out if his attentions are agreeable; if she returns with words of encouragement he hastens to her home, but if he cannot make up his mind to go alone he takes some man along to speak the thought he feels. The suitor is careful in selecting his aide-camp, for he knows well that a Magyar girl has decided views on love and one mistake in this courtship may destroy his fondest hopes.

"Divorce is more unpopular with the Magyars than it is among many people, so three days of grace are allotted for the engaged couple or their parents to change their minds. They test each other with coquetting, pleasant accusations and innocent charges, designating them lovers' quarrels. At the close of this trial the youth and his spokesman go to hear if the girl is of the same opinion. Sometimes the messenger goes alone, and after getting a favorable answer he hastens back with the news.

Kissing Feast Accompanied by Music.

"More interesting than the betrothal and the wedding is the kissing feast. The young couple seal their vows with one-two-three and sometimes many times three kisses. This is the first time she has been guilty of this offence, tho she has mocked him with her lips and kissed him with her eyes many times before. The kissing is done in public, often accompanied by music, laughter and dancing."



GREEN CHIFFON VELVET.

SOME MORE ABOUT OURSELVES CONCEITED CHURLEISH CANUCKS

An Englishman Essays to Depict and Review the Character of the Dwellers in Our Cities and Says Some Nice and Some Nasty Things.

An Occasional Correspondent in The Birmingham Daily Post.

The excellent series of Canadian articles lately completed in The Post will have carried your readers across the great Dominion—from the St. Lawrence to the Pacific slope—as in a moving panorama. We have had put before us, in a succession of vivid pictures, the strenuous life of the city and of the settlement. We have had a deftly drawn portrait of "Jake Canuck" of the plains, rough and ready, full of pluck, energy, self-reliance, optimism and grit, the finest colonist in the world. But one feels that the Canadian town dweller has been somewhat crowded out of the canvas. His brother of the prairie is a more picturesque personality, and him your able correspondent has delineated with a full measure of appreciation. Yet, the study of the Canadian as a citizen is at least of equal interest, and for this one must go to the older and larger cities of the eastern provinces rather than to the territories of the great Northwest, where the immigrant element so largely leaves the population in the lumps. A sketch, therefore, of the older colonist from the social side—by one who knows him pretty well—may not inappropriately be offered as a supplement to those that have appeared before.

Parable of the Neglectful Father.
In a former article of mine, descriptive of the City of Toronto, I commented upon the American air and aspect of the place. With the exception of Quebec—which is French—this applies to pretty well all the cities of the Dominion. And as it is with the city, so it is with the man. The thing is scarcely to be wondered at. The relation of the colony to the mother country is very like unto that of a man who, in his youth, should have left the paternal roof to seek his fortune over the sea. For years nothing in particular has been heard of him, nor has his fond parent troubled much about him. But, in the fulness of time, the news reaches home that the young man has prospered greatly. Hereupon the old man begins to take an interest in this son he had almost forgotten, but who has done such credit to the family, and becomes filled with the desire to go and visit him, and see the place he has made for himself. But nearby where the young man—whose Christian name is "Jake"—had settled, there lived a shrewd old uncle of his named "Sam," who has had his eye on the lad all the time; he has helped him a bit, bullied him a bit, patronized him a bit, chaffed him a bit, but carefully kept on good terms with him thruout. And Uncle Sam being a fine, big, self-assertive fellow and a successful man of business (with "Jake" was young and impressionable, has fallen very much into his ways and manners; so that when the father—whose name is John Bull—comes over to see him, he scarcely recognizes his son for his own.

To all outward seeming the Canadian is an American. In his dress, his manners—and in his ill-manners—in his sports, his slang and his twang, the Canuck affects the Yankee and in everything, except his political allegiance, inclines to the States rather than to Britain. All this, of course, is gall and wormwood to the Englishman visiting Canada. I am aware that the Canadian himself would deny the impeachment, and in all sincerity, too; the fact being that he is not fully conscious of the extent of his own Americanization. In the matter of accent, for example, he cannot understand being mistaken for an American. Canadian ladies, in particular, wax wroth at being asked their nationality; they cannot imagine how there can be any question about a thing so obvious. And obvious it may be to themselves. Americans and Canadians can doubtless tell each other apart. But to the average Britisher the accents of the two peoples are as undistinguishable as the dialects of Yorkshire and Lancashire are to the Londoner. Your special correspondent, in one of his articles, said that Americans and Canadians were sufficiently near neighbors to have learned to cordially dislike each other. That may be so. But constant contact has had its inevitable effect, and the younger colonist is a copy of his big cousin from over the border. That would not prevent his fighting him, however, if the need arose, for Canada is as loyal as the sea is salt.

Seylla and Charybdis.
In spite of his Yankeeisms—because of them, in some aspects—the Canadian is a "good fellow." He would be a still better one did he expectorate less. Beside the qualities of sterling worth mentioned above, he has many very likeable and unaffected. He is almost invariably cordial in his welcome of an Englishman—that is, if he is taken from the right side. This means that the English visitor must take the Canadian at his own valuation—which is not a low one. He is cocksure that the Dominion is the keystone of the empire, and that the Canadian contingent turned the scale of fortune in the Boer war. The wise Englishman will not cavil at either thesis. The story goes of the Queen Victoria who heard of the death of King Edward; "The Prince o' Wales come to the throne, d'ye say? Gosh! he must be well in with Laurier!" was his comment. Overweening self-esteem and hypersentimentality to criticism are

the Canadian's most marked weaknesses. You are treading on thin ice the moment you begin to discuss his country with him. He is especially sensitive on the subject of his climate. He presents the popular—and certainly erroneous—belief held in Europe that Canada is a land of almost eternal snow. And, failing to understand that these picturesque winter-scenes appeal to the imagination of the people of England—where there is no winter to speak of—he waxes wroth with tourists who take home photos of ice-palaces, snow-bound streets and frozen waterfalls. Even in your praise of the land you must be careful not to sound too loud the note of amazement at the big things he shows you. It is fatal to let it be seen that the reality far exceeds your previous conception. "Of course," says he—if he detects this suggestion—"you English imagine Canada to be all backwoods and log-cabins, and expect to see Red Indians tracking the palefaces down the streets of Toronto and Montreal." Consequently he resents the Britisher going home laden with Indian curiosities as souvenirs of the Dominion.

The Business Man.
In business the Canadian is the most accessible of men. There is no preliminary sending in of your card or cross-examination as to the nature of your business if you ask to see the head of a firm; you are at once directed to his private office. As a manufacturer yourself you may call upon a man making the same class of goods, and you will find him glad to compare notes or show you over his place. It is easy to imagine the impression such men, when they come over to England, must take away with them from a visit to the factories of Birmingham, where they are only admitted to the august presence after much suspicious scrutiny thru a trap-window. As a buyer, the Canadian is by way of being a bit of a humbug. In his eagerness to get all the points he can he does not scruple to fool the traveler with expectations he has no intention of ever realizing. This he calls being "spry." I am bound to say that, being the accessibility afforded in Canadian business methods, anything greatly in advance of our own, nor any more speedy despatch of business than is to be found in any well-organized British commercial concern. The Canadian business man starts work in good time, the principals of even the largest houses may almost invariably be interviewed by 3 a.m. But he does not work excessively long hours, and—like his British prototype—he manages to get away for golf whenever the fit takes him.

The Canadian at Play.
We in England are beginning to have grave misgivings as to the amount of time we spend upon the pursuit of sport. The three-day cricket match is especially cast up against us by our censors, both homebred and foreign. But let it not be imagined that the Canadian is of greatly different mould. He has no idea of becoming a "dull boy" by reason of "all work and no play." The spring racing meeting at Toronto lasts from one Saturday till that day fortnight; during which time the town is given over to the sporting set as entirely as if it were Doncaster or Newmarket. For thirteen consecutive week days, professional men, business men, working-men—all classes, in short, who can take their own leave without asking for it—flock to their thousands down to the lovely race-course at Woodbine Park. Mrs. and Miss Canada go, too, and it must be conceded that for beauty and costume the enclosure of the Ontario Jockey Club on "King's Cup" Day offers a tableau that is not rivaled by any outdoor function in Birmingham. The national games, in the popular sense, are lacrosse and baseball—the latter an American importation—which occupy a similar status socially to Association Football in this country. The Toronto Baseball Club will be "at home" for a week on end, playing matches against visiting clubs before crowds as large as, and infinitely more rowdy than, those which attend an ordinary league match at Aston. Yachting, rowing, tennis bowls, and, as have their votaries, as ardent as with; while golf is catching on amazingly, it will be seen, therefore, that we have not many points to give the Canadian in devotion to outdoor sport.

Clubman.
In this connection the Toronto Hunt Club deserves mention as the most kind probably in the world. Its habitat is a pavilion or bungalow, some five miles out of town, on some five lake. This shore is sandy cliff, intersected with gorse-covered chines—"wash-outs" they are called in Canada, and as one sits on the club terrace, with the broad blue expanse of Ontario in front and the pine woods in the background, one is irresistibly reminded of Bournemouth. The clubhouse is a comprehensive and charming structure, and is a veritable museum of hunting trophies and English sporting prints. Adjoining are kennels with stabling. The club territories comprise a polo ground, golf links, tennis courts and bowling green. This Elysian open-air recreation is the rendezvous of the elite of Toronto, and especially on a fine summer Sunday, is thronged with a crowd of both sexes, remarkable for the smartness of its dress, as well as for its healthy colonial unconventionality. Altogether, the Canadian, taking him altogether, is a clubbable man. The cities of the eastern provinces are all well bestowed with clubs, political and social. The "Toronto"

of Toronto; the "St. James" of Montreal, and the "Garrison" of Quebec, would all of them do credit to Pall Mall, and the traveling Englishman must gratefully acknowledge the generosity with which he is made free of their privileges.

No Snobbery.
One of the Canadian's best points is his freedom from snobishness. When a man has got on in the world he does not celebrate the fact by cutting his less prosperous friends. Society is not as cliquey as with us; it is no uncommon thing to meet the man of modest means at the table of the millionaire—and neither party sees any incompatibility in the arrangement. When the Canadian builds unto himself a villa residence he does not turn its back to the public road; neither does he gird it round with high brick walls to shield him from the gaze of the vulgar herd after the manner of English middle-class aristocracy. His pride of citizenship prompts him to let the locality have some benefit of his architectural or horticultural efforts. In the best residential districts of Toronto or Montreal, the front gardens are fenced off from the road frequently only by a low wire border, but at most by a dwarf wall of a foot or two in height. On summer evenings or Sunday afternoons all the suburban world and his wife and family will be out on the front lawns or verandahs, sublimely indifferent to the fact of being plainly visible to the naked eye of every passer-by. Only, the passer-by—being likewise Canadian—is equally indifferent, and is in no wise scandalized at the spectacle of his neighbor taking tea "en plein air." Ponder over this, good Mr. and Mrs. Burgess of Edgmonton or Moseley, and think what dreadful people these colonials be!

Colonial Charitableness.
Perhaps the least endearing side of Canadian human nature is the lack of civility amongst the lower employed classes. "I'm as good as any day," is the keynote of their socialism, and they miss no chance of letting you know it. The hotel servant, the railroad or tramway official, the smaller shopkeeper's assistant—all are tarred with the same brush. They are paid to do their work, and they do it; to look pleasant is no part of the contract; civility would imply servility. So the lift attendant brings you down in the morning in surly silence; no cheery "Morning!" in the morning; this morning, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe-shine boy pockets his five-penny (1) fee without a word; your waiter, unless he be a French-Canadian, serves your breakfast in dumb-show; the "clerk" at the bookstall chucks you the paper you ask for without taking his eyes off the one he himself is reading. If you go shopping the "store clerk" gives you no information, you ask for—if he has got it; if he hasn't, he does not trouble himself to find you something that will do instead; probably that is why he is not called an "assistant." The policeman on the beat directs you to a street "Er, er, er," in a micrometric, "from him, the shoe

THE DESTINY OF THE HORSE NOBLE ANIMALS' USES IN WAR

How the Ancient Masters of the Art of FIGHT Accomplished Great Things With His Aid—Impossibility of Mechanism Superseding Him.

A foreign scientist, evidently more given to the riding of hobbies than horses, recently stated that the ultimate destiny of the horse would be to furnish serum for anti-toxin purposes. Similar predictions have been more or less frequently made in late years, and not long since an eminent military authority, now retired from active service, said in a newspaper interview that staff officers and others in future wars would probably use automobiles instead of horses.

Some eight or ten years ago, when the bicycle craze was at its height, many people were inclined to believe that the days of the horse as an animal for pleasure driving and riding were about over. Well, he is still with us and sells for a higher price than ever before, while an intelligent-looking and respectably-dressed middle-aged man riding a bicycle thru the streets of a busy city would be regarded with some degree of surprise, to say the least. The deadly automobile, which yearly claims more victims than the Car of Juggernaut, is the present day successor of the bicycle as a substitute for the noble beast in the animal kingdom. Like other mechanical amusement devices it will have its fleeting day, and then those who have cared for it will return with added appreciation to the horse, which has ever been a medium of pleasure and exhilaration to all who delight in open-air recreations and diversions requiring grace, skill and a knowledge of animal life.

That a mere machine can supply the place of the horse in war is a thing not possible to believe, and the present ordinary struggle between Russia and Japan clearly shows that he is used wherever the broken and difficult country will admit of his employment. Cavalry clashes between outposts are of almost daily occurrence and in the artillery service he is as much in evidence as in former wars. If the horse is ever eliminated as a factor in international war, war would lose much of the pomp and circumstance and spectacular features that have appealed with irresistible force to the brave and adventurous of all virile nations.

Possibly the first great conqueror of whom we have authentic accounts was Cyrus of Persia, whose many battles were mainly won by his mounted soldiers, of whom he had immense numbers. Cyrus was fond of horses and did much to improve the Persian breeds by judicious crossings of the native stock with the best animals obtained from conquered countries. For some reason many oriel nations have always entertained a superstitious regard for white horses, and in Persia they were deemed sacred and could be ridden only by princes of the blood royal and members of the highest nobility. The horse for the personal use of Cyrus were invariably of this color and of unusual size and beauty. His son, Cambyses, was ugly, cruel and eccentric and, like him in every way, Cambyses entered Egypt at the head of a great army, which he completely overran because of the great superiority of his cavalry, which practically overran the country. With only foot soldiers, the conquest of this highly-civilized people would have been almost impossible.

Alexander the Great believed himself descended from Achilles, and was a worthy descendant of that man of blood and violence. He had been a pupil of the celebrated Aristotle, and from him imbibed a love for animals, and especially horses. Aristotle was one of the greatest men of antiquity and a prolific writer on a variety of subjects. His essays on horse-breeding and kindred matters could be read with profit by prominent breeders and horsemen of our day. With but slight cause for war, Alexander invaded the ancient Kingdom of Persia with a relatively small but very efficient army of 30,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry. At the passage of Granicus he fatally defeated the Persians with the small loss to himself of thirty foot and sixty horse soldiers. This action the cavalry was conspicuous and contributed greatly to the successful issue of the engagement.

In the subsequent great battles of Issus and Arbela his cavalry, which had been greatly strengthened, and in conjunction with the matchless Macedonia infantry utterly routed the vast armies of Darius Codomannus and broke completely the power of the Persian monarchy. In the revel of conquest which followed the overthrow of Darius, Alexander made the greatest possible use of the horse and several important battles were won almost solely by his mounted troops. When Hephæstion, one of his favorite officers, died, Alexander, like Achilles at the funeral of Patroclus, was overcome with grief, had his heart cut short and at the same time ordered that the manes of all the horses and mules in the army should be docked. This curious order was obeyed, but at this distance of time it is difficult to see how Hephæstion was benefited or Alexander consoled thereby.

One of the most remarkable and brilliant soldiers of all time was Hannibal the Carthaginian, and we have our knowledge of him, too, thru his enemies, the Romans, as no Carthaginian ever wrote a line about him. It is more than probable that a fair and unprejudiced account of Hannibal was never written, but even his enemies could not

obscure his shining qualities and Bonaparte in Italy was hardly more wonderful than Hannibal in Italy. Hannibal was born about 250 B. C., and was the son of Hamilcar Barca. He and his brothers Mago and Hasdrubal were called by their father "the lion's brood," and they became lions whose roar startled every part of the Roman dominions. After his terribly difficult passage of the Alps, Hannibal had only 20,000 infantry, 6000 horse and a few elephants. The cavalry was Numidian, very efficient and infinitely better than any body of horse in the Roman service. The first battle between the opposing forces was at Lake Ticinus and was almost entirely a cavalry action. The Romans were badly beaten and nearly annihilated. Other defeats for Rome followed in rapid succession, but determined to destroy the mighty Carthaginian, she gathered at Cannæ an army of 85,000 men commanded by her best generals. Hannibal's force was greatly inferior in numbers. The ensuing battle was long and doubtful, but was finally decided in Hannibal's favor by a flank charge of his superb cavalry. Hannibal, more than all other generals of antiquity, appreciated the value of mounted soldiers and the cavalry always received his most careful and unwearied attention.

Another bitter and unrelenting enemy of the Eternal City was Mithridates, King of Pontus, who in a busy life managed his Roman foes an infinity of trouble and cost them immensely in blood and treasure. This king, an uncommon man in many ways, was one of the most unique and picturesque characters in history. Over six feet in stature, he was of powerful and athletic build and proficient in many exercises in addition to being swift of foot and a most accomplished horseman. He was a friend and patron of literary men and welcomed them in his capital, where he gave prizes to the greatest poets and the biggest eaters, holding both in equal estimation. Mithridates was a connoisseur in art, wrote poetry and was the most remarkable linguist of his time, being able to speak fluently twenty languages. Like most oriental despots, he was in fear of being poisoned, but to prevent such an end he gradually accustomed himself to the use of all known poisons, until his system had become so saturated that none had any effect on him. Altho a man of great energy, his military powers were not of the highest order and he was largely lacking in the power of a efficient organization. Being a skillful equestrian, he gave close attention to his cavalry, which was always remarkably efficient and was largely instrumental in winning several battles from the Romans, who could more easily defeat his infantry. One Roman scout explained a disastrous repulse by saying that the cavalry of Pontus was invincible when led by Mithridates in person over ground on which it could manoeuvre. The horses of this country were carefully bred from Persian stock and were considered among the best in Asia.

A romantic figure in ancient history was Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. He also was an enemy of the Romans, and he led his army as much as they did Hannibal, but with less cause, for Pyrrhus was in no way the equal of the great military genius of Carthage. The King of Epirus, like Alexander, claimed descent from Achilles, but resembled him only in the matter of personal courage. This monarch had the singular distinction of being the first to lead the Greeks in battle against the Romans, and he was also the only man who ever formed an offensive and defensive alliance. This league was one of the most remarkable things in history and has no parallel in later times. How Pyrrhus injected his striking personality into Roman affairs is explained by the fact that Italy had City of Tarentum in Southern Italy had begged his assistance in the war it was waging against Rome. Nothing loth to try his fortune in new fields of warfare, he readily promised his aid and marched to join his new ally at the head of a fine army of Macedonia infantry and Thessalian cavalry. He also had a number of elephants, but it is questionable if these huge beasts were of any material value after the enemy had become accustomed to them and their way of fighting. Owing to the superiority of his cavalry, Pyrrhus was successful in three battles with the Romans, but not being adequately supported by his allies, he was finally defeated and driven out of Italy. Like a true knight errant, he then went to Sicily to help the Greeks drive out the Carthaginians. As both Rome and Carthage had important colonies on the island, they, to put an end to his operations there, were compelled to enter into the alliance above referred to. Bold and daring, handsome and chivalrous, Pyrrhus would have made an admirable general of cavalry, but as a supreme commander he was remarkable rather than able, and his successes were the effect of chance rather than calculation. As a horseman he was superb, and his cavalry, beyond question, was the best in Europe and usually in the pink of condition.

The use of the horse by Caesar was relatively small as many of his campaigns were conducted in hilly and heavily-wooded countries where cavalry could not have been used to advantage. In Asia and Italy, however, he relied on this arm of his forces, and in several engagements it turned the scale of victory in his favor. Owing to a truly erudite soldier and a military critic rank him above Alexander and Hannibal, but it is difficult to institute a comparison between men whose lives were separated by centuries.

ARISTOCRATIC AND UNIQUE

Paris Possesses the Most Magnificent Club in the World.

Paris now possesses a club which is unique in the world. It is called the Travelers', says The Standard, and is unique by its situation, at the very best point of that unrivalled Avenue des Champs Elysees; unique by the marvelous building, the world renowned Hotel Faiva, which is its home; unique by its exclusiveness, since only persons of the best society in all countries—that is to say, persons of imperial and royal blood, and aristocrats by birth, or princes of science, arts, literature and industry—are admitted as members; and again unique by its truly international character.

It opened its doors on June 4 last, and is a practical example of the sincerity of the entente cordiale signed between France and England a couple of months before. Its president is the Earl of Chester, and its vice-president Le Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld. The general committee is of the same character, being composed of Ernest W. Beckett, M. P., Baron C. de Berckheim, his royal highness Dom Miguel, Duke of Braganza, the Earl of Buxton, Countess Carroll, Arthur C. S. Cleland, the Prince Ferdinand Faucigny-Lucinge, Noel Fenwick, Lord Howard de Walden and Seafort, Percy A. Jenson, his serene highness le Prince Kinsky, le Duc de Luyne, Major Herbert Magnus, D.S.O., le Duc de Noailles, le Duc de la Rochefoucauld, the Duke of Roxburgh, Captain Geoffrey Skelington-Smyth, Colonel the Hon. E. Stuart-Wortley, his serene highness Prince Alexander Thurn and Taxis, Commander F. G. V. Van de Byl, le Marquis de Villavieja, John Baird (British Embassy), de Comte Gascon, Chandon de Briailles.

The fact that the founding members of the Travelers' Club were men of such high standing, makes the rapidly with which the institution has grown in the six months of its existence perhaps not astonishing, especially as it fills a want which has always existed and which has not been supplied. It is a meeting place in Paris for the elite members of international society, and especially a rendezvous for the British and French aristocracy and nobilities. Already of the light English dukes, five are members of the Travelers' Club. Appreciating the select character of the Travelers' Club and the comely lack of the establishment, nine of the British members of the board of directors of the Suez Canal, who have to attend the monthly meetings of that company, make the Travelers' Club their Paris home. They and all the foreign members who live at the Travelers' Club during their stay in the French capital, are well inspired, as the ten beds and drawing-rooms are fitted up with every modern convenience. While possessing all the advantages of the best of hotels, the club is naturally free from that constant bustle and promiscuity which is inevitable in the immense palace hotels, which boast of being able to house and provide for many hundreds of visitors. Nevertheless, the service and the cooking are all that can be desired. An order is no sooner given than it is executed with that noiseless promptitude which characterizes a well-organized household.

In a word, the Travelers' Club of Paris is a home, and what a home! Columns and columns in the French and foreign newspapers have been filled with the description of the wonderful works of art of which it is composed. It is right to say "composed" because those art treasures form an integral part of the building, as they comprise the staircase, made of purest onyx, the inlaid wooden flooring, the ceilings painted by the best artists of the second empire, the chimney pieces designed and executed by the most renowned sculptors; to say nothing of the wonderful silver bath which, the provided with a sliding lid and thus converted into a settee, still occupies its place in what was the salle de bain, and which is now a card room.

The marchioness' charming bedroom and dressing-room, with all their delicate and priceless beauties, have also been converted into card rooms. The French billiard tables have been placed in a spacious room on the third floor, but the full-sized English match is held in the dining-room, and the former grand reception hall is now the most magnificent and sumptuous smoking-parlor to be found in any city in the world. It looks on the Champs Elysees and to adequately describe its artistic beauties would require a thick pamphlet. To give some idea of them, we will state that the Hotel Leva was well constructed under the second empire in the Renaissance style, and is said by the intimate friends of the marchioness to have cost as much as ten million francs. The amount seems fabulously large, but it is probable that neither the Marchioness de Faiva, nor her admirer, Count Henckel von Donnersmarck, who supplied the money without counting, and subsequently married the marchioness, ever knew what was spent on the hotel, which was only inhabited by them a very few years. In any case, inaugurated in 1865 by one of the most brilliant entertainments given under the reign of Napoleon III, it was finally abandoned by the marchioness on the outbreak of the war in 1870.

After her marriage with Count Henckel von Donnersmarck, that very wealthy gentleman for a moment entertained the idea of having the mansion on the Champs Elysees transported to the piece by piece into Germany. The eminent architect, M. Ch. Rossignoux, was consulted as to the feasibility of the project, but it was abandoned, and the palace, concerning the unknown beauties

When you require a LIGHT BE SURE you are supplied with an GARDY MATCH

Established 1856 Celebrated Lehigh Valley Coal. P. BURNS & COY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL COAL AND WOOD MERCHANTS TORONTO, CAN.

ties of which mysterious legends were formed, remained closed for no less than a quarter of a century, after which, in 1886, it was thrown open as the Cubat Restaurant. The life of that establishment was short, and the palace was again left in solitude till, in June last, it became the home of the Travelers' Club.

When Fa was Little Like Me. One time, when ma was sick upstairs and pa stayed home all day And cut out paper animals and showed me how to play About a hundred games or so, he held me on his knee. And told me stories of the fun He used to have and things he done Long, long ago, when he was 'st a little boy like me.

I wish 'at I'd lived out there when pa went leavin' round 'at time. He mustn't make a sound When they was doctors come and brought a baby from somewhere; I wish 'at him and me'd 'a had All day to just keep bein' glad, And never have to be afraid the cross old nurse 'ud care.

Out where pa lived, when he was 'st a little boy, you know, They had some great big woods, and pa wunst, why, he got lost, and so They was a moose come by, at last—a great, big moose—and then Pa clumbed up on him, and the moose Went scootin' like the very deuce, And pruddy soon, first thing pa knew, I have a little bruvver now, and I like him a lot. And I love ma about the best of anything I've got, And lots of times she tells me of the great man that I'll be,

And things is pleasant here to-day— But wight I'd had a chance, some way, To be with pa when he was 'st a little boy like me. S. E. Kiser.

Bahian. At a recent meeting of the Imperial Geographical Society at Westbury, Russia, the explorer, Arakelyan, made some interesting statements about the religious sect of the Bahists. This Mohammedan organization was founded in 1844 by the Persian, Mirza Al Mohamud, and now numbers about 5,000,000 members. According to the "Bahian"—the Koran of this sect—all men are brethren and should speak and write the same language. The year is divided into 19 months and 19 days, of which the latter five are devoted to repentance. Of these 3,000,000 members, over 3,000,000 live in Persia, where they have been allowed to build their own churches, while the remainder is spread over Egypt, Arabia, Turkestan and China. The present head of the sect is Abbas-Effendi, who resides in Persia. The founder of the organization, Mirza Al-Mohamud, was killed in Persia some three years ago.

Lord Durham a Wealthy Man. Lord Durham, an enormously wealthy man, of cranky temper, but of the jettiest sense of humor, especially in everything relating to sport, is a great character in his way, and may be described as one of the waterdogs of the English racing world. He is fierce and relentless in his denunciation of anything that appears to be in the least bit crooked, or even suspicious, on the turf, and it may be remembered, that by a memorable speech which he delivered some years ago at the Gimcrack Club dinner at York, calling into question the methods of the stable and of the running of the horses of Sir George Goswold, he virtually forced the baronet to sue him for libel, with the result that Sir George was defeated and withdrew from the Jockey Club. Lord Durham was the mainly responsible for the action of the baronet, and he is credited with the grant of a license to Tod Sloan and to certain other American jockeys who had incurred the displeasure of the stewards, and is identified with a measure which has for its aim the abolition of the rule which permits assumed names to be registered. Lord Durham declares that there are over fifty race horse owners racing under assumed names, many of them with the object of deceiving either their creditors or their employers or their relatives. According to Lord Durham, he plan "encourage dishonesty," and he declares that "an assumed name on the turf is useful in the main to people whose character is so bad that they cannot race under their own names."

Female Physicians in Russia. The number of female physicians is steadily increasing in Russia. According to a ladies studying medicine at Russian universities, there are now nearly 300 besides the largest number being at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Automobile Trains. The French army administration is organizing an extensive automobile train service, to be used as convoys. The trains are built after the designs of Col. Renard, a well-known writer on military topics.

Human Sacrifices in India. Lucknow, Jan. 17.—A startling instance of human sacrifice performed by Hindus is reported from Dacca. The victims, who consisted of one man and thirteen women, were killed with great ceremony at one of the shrines to appease their deity, who had stricken the place with great misfortune. The custodians of a wealthy shrine in Western India have been murdered by Dacoits and the treasure looted.

to welcome any morning to see the dressing of my leg, which was sound before the operation; and they will then be able to judge of the performance and to whom I owe my present unhappy confinement to my bed and chair."

Owing to her fame at this time a comedy was announced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, called "The Husband's Relief; or, The Female Bone-setter and the Worm-doctor," in which a song was introduced in praise of Mrs. Mapp. Here are two verses of it.

You surgeons of London who puzzle your wits, To ride in your coaches and purchase estates; Give over for shame, for your pride has a fall, And the doctress of Epsom has outdone you all. Dame Nature has given her a doctor's degree, She'll tell in a chariot whilst you walk the street.

Mrs. Mapp was present on the first night of this play accompanied by two noted quacks—Ward, the worm-doctor, and Taylor, the oculist. This strange occurrence was alluded to in The Grub Street Journal in the following rhyme:

White Mapp to the actors shewed a kind regard, On one side sat Taylor, on th' other side Ward. When their mock persons of the drama came, Both Ward and Taylor thought it hurt their game. Wondering how Mapp could in good humor be, "Zounds!" cried the manly dame, "it hurts not me, Quacks, without art, may either blind or kill; But demonstration shows that mine is skill."

Mrs. Mapp soon afterwards removed in Epsom to London, and resided in Pall Mall. However, she did not for her friends at Epsom, but gave a guinea plate to be run for on the 17th in 1786, and as we have already seen, she died in miserable penury at the end of 1787; so it seems that setting in the actual affairs of life appreciated nor so lucrative a profession as it would appear to be in the twentieth century, 167 years since Mapp performed her marvelous

