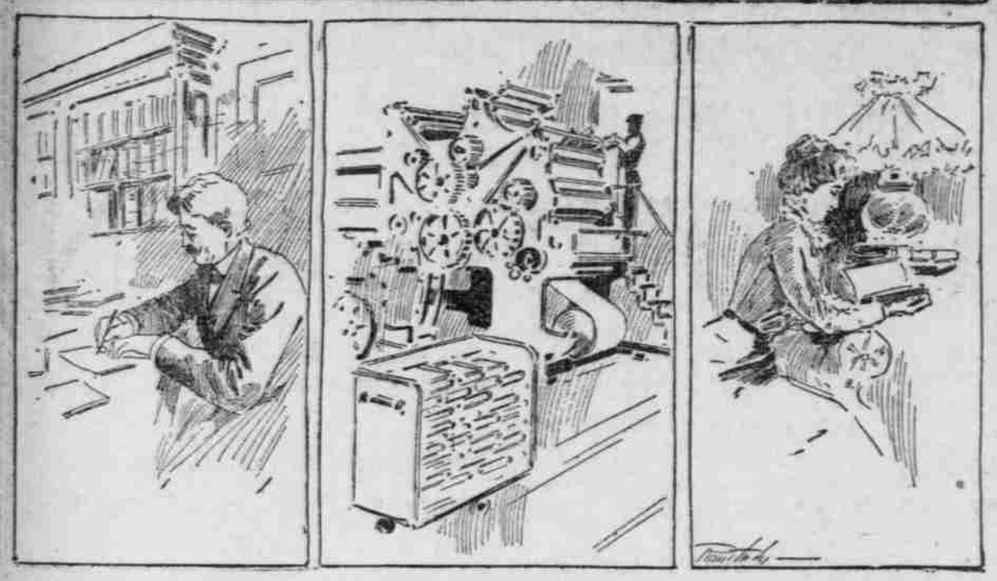
BOOKS



Angels' Wear.

With stars for coins the angels buy
The garments that they have to wear—
Blue ribbons made of summer sky,
And flowing robes of woven air.
—East and West.

ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE

Dr. W. H. Fitchett's History of the Napoleonic Wars—Late Publications of Interest.

Dr. W. H. Fitchett has rendered an important service to English-speaking readers, young and old, the world over, by writing a history of the Napoleonic wars, which he has called "How England Saved Europe." We have had many historians who have written ponderous tomes upon this subject, and many writers who have made special periods in it their own, but to Dr. Fitchett alone, a writer in the Bookbuyer believes, belongs the honor, the glory and the popularity of having written a history of the long duel between France and England which lasted from the execution of Louis XVI until the "crowning mercy" of Waterloo, which everyone can read, which everyone can enjoy, and which will bring home to most a new view of the part that England has played in the struggles of the peoples of the world for freedom.

The present work is divided into four volumes. The first of these begins with the outbreak of the war in 1793, and ends with Napoleon defeated at Acre. The second volume deals with the struggle for the sea, and includes the battle of Trafalgar and the events which led up to the opening of the Peninsular War. The third volume covers the Peninsular War, and the last volume is entitled "Waterloo and St. Helena."

The work is full of brilliant descriptions and happy characterizations. We have marked many passages for quotation, and find it hard to decide between the new accounts which Dr. Fitchett gives us of persons and scenes previously familiar, or of persons and scenes which we seem to see alive for the first time under the inspiration of his pen. Let us take, however, from the first volume the account of the last assault upon Acre, then defended by Sidney Smith, the man whom Napoleon afterwards said spoiled his destiny:

Up the breach moved the steady column. The leading files leaped down on the inner side; then the battle awoke. The Janissaries flung themselves furiously on the French, disordered by their leap; musketry and cannon shot tormented the column throughout its whole length. "Kleber," says a French account, "with the gait of a giant, and his thick head of hair, had taken his post on the bank of the breach, and animated the assailants. The noise of the cannon, the shouts, the rage of the soldiers, the yells of the Turks, mingled themselves with the bursts of his thundering voice." Bonaparte, himself, standing on a gun in the nearest French battery, watched the desperate struggle. His aide-de-camp, Arrighi, was shot at his side; others fell near him, but still Bonaparte watched the fermented column, quivering through its whole length. Now it stops! It begins to ebb backwards. Single figures break from the mass and run forward, gesticulating up to the crest of the breach, from which the red musketry flashes incessantly. But the column is now flowing down the breach. Kleber himself, black with gunpowder and voiceless with fury, is swept away in the tumult. The last attack on Acre had failed!

Nelson's character has been dissected and analyzed until the subject has grown stale even to some of his warmest admirers, but here is a short description of Jervis, whose pupil Nelson was, which seems to us very happy:

The fight off Cape Vincent gave Jervis a title, and he is fully Nelson's peer in that memorable victory. Jervis' figure—gloomy, saturnine, powerful—fills a great space in the story history of that period. It cannot be said that his was a lovable character; he was, in fact, one of the best-hated men of his day. His well-known portrait by Carbonnier is a striking reflex of his character, with its thought-weary eyes, its long inflexible nose, its lines of iron strength, over which plays, somehow, a gleam of sardonic humor.

Of all the hard-fought battles in the Peninsular War none was more illustrative of the best qualities of British infantry than Talavera. Not only were they exposed to the fire of a greatly superior French force of tried veterans, but they had expected to have the help of the Spanish army, which ran away as soon as the first shot was fired. Here is a short passage in which the second attack on the English center is described:

Eighty guns broke into fire from the French lines. On the French left a great column, like some broad, majestic human river, edged with flittering steel, flowed out of the wood, surged swiftly forward and broke in a sort of spray of flame on the British center. This was held by Campbell's division, with Mackenzie's brigade in support. The regiments there had watched the long fight on the British left till their temper had risen to something like fury. They broke into loud shouts as the French came on—the shout that moved Turenne's admiring wonder when he first saw English soldiers move into battle—met their foes with fiery courage, crumpled up their front, scourged their flanks with angry volleys, and drove them back in confusion, with the loss of 10 guns.

Dr. Fitchett's description of the young Bonaparte children at Ajaccio, is a very good example of how he can get close to his subject without unnecessary words:

In the little town of Ajaccio, in Corsica, there still stands a white-walled, ancient-looking house, resembling, with its rows of plain windows, nothing so much as a small country warehouse, left stranded by the ebbing tide of trade. In 1784, under the roof of that prosaic building, played and wrangled the most remarkable group of children the world at that moment held. The eldest was 16 years old, the youngest a baby. They were Corsican children in appearance, exactly like any other group to be found at that moment on the rugged and savage island, olive-skinned, black-browed, shrill-tongued, quarrelsome, vehement alike in love and hate. It was a poverty-smitten household in an island scarcely touched by the currents of the world's life.

Yet in that cluster of shrill-voiced children were forces which changed the current of the world's history. Three of these Corsican lads were destined to become Kings, the fourth an Emperor; one of the girls was to wear a Queen's crown, two were to become Princesses. There was more of potential royalty, in brief, under that roof of Corsican tiles than under any palace roof in Europe. And the center of it all was the second boy in the group, who, under the latest form his name took, Napoleon Bonaparte, will live for all time.

These few excerpts, of course, do not begin to be more than a sample of what these four volumes contain. The description of the great mutiny at the Nore and Portsmouth is so good, so well and so tersely told, that it must be read all together to get its full flavor. We find, too, in the account of the Peninsular campaign the characteristic note of such men as Picton, Craufurd, and Hill given out by apt anecdotes. Best of all we have no mealy mouthedness about calling a spade a spade in moral transactions. Napoleon's lying, ingratitude and incredible falseness are given in specific instances without any attempt at palliation. On the other hand, Wellington's faults are quite as plainly told.

The illustrations, maps and plans in this book are quite in keeping with the text, which they serve to elucidate. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

Kentucky Editor Who Has Written a Southern Novel.

Harrison Robertson, whose short stories have been highly appreciated, has written his first full-grown novel, under the title "Red Blood and Blue." It is a story of the South, whose hero and heroine are of unequal social rank. Mr. Robertson is associate editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, where he has been at work since leaving the University of Virginia, and where his work was specially effective during the last Presidential campaign, when the paper fought the Chicago platform during Mr. Watterson's absence in Europe. Mr. Robertson was born in Middle Tennessee, where he spent his boyhood, and where the scene of his novel is laid.

Poor People.

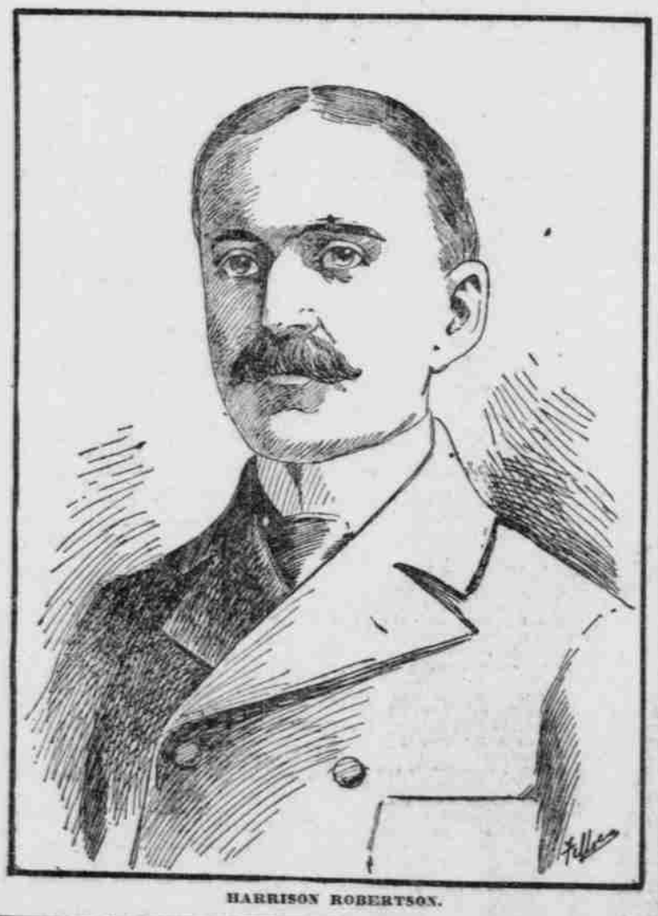
Not even excepting Jacob Riis, whose view of things in the city wilderness is always most cheerful, has any writer struck a more hopeful note in dealing with the slum and the tenement than I. K. Friedman in his "Poor People," a novel of tenement life and love. It strikes the note of fidelity and sincerity, but above all rings true with humor and the hopefulness that, too often, the writer of the romance of real life wholly omits from his work. Mr. Riis himself was first to call attention to this when he said of "Poor People": "It is full of fun—best proof that it is true, for the tenements of the poor are full of fun. If they were not no one could stand living in them." —(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Provident Societies.

The large influence which provident societies have had in the promotion of industrial welfare during the Victorian era in Great Britain is fully treated in "Provident Societies and Industrial Welfare," by E. W. Brabrook. The author holds that strikes are justified even if they involve loss of wages to the worker, suffering to himself and family, and the disadvantage that accrues to a community when capital invested in a large plant lies idle and capital is suspended. (Blackie & Son, London. Imported by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

Indian Song and Story.

A book of unique interest is "Indian Story and Song from North America." The author is Miss Alice C. Fletcher, of Washington, one of the best-known students of Indian character and customs in the country. In the present volume she brings together thirty typical songs, most of them gathered from the Pawnees and Omahas, in each case giving both words and music, and adding an account of the legend or ceremonial on which the song is based. It has often been suggested, as at the Congress of Musicians in Omaha in 1895, when a party of Omahas sang their native melodies to an audience of trained musicians, that these aboriginal songs might well serve as themes for the American composer; and it has been partly with this in mind, although more with the desire of showing the intrinsic spontaneous charm of the songs themselves, that Miss Fletcher has compiled her little book. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)



HARRISON ROBERTSON.

All technical terms have been purposely excluded, so that the directions may be easily understood by everyone, and only the simplest home remedies have been recommended in the absence of, or while awaiting the arrival of the family physician. One chapter has been devoted to a full description of the way to prepare for a surgical operation at home. As food plays such an important part in disease, the last few pages have been devoted to the diet of patients suffering from various ailments; and some simple recipes in preparing dainty dishes to tempt the appetite during convalescence. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

Love of Parson Lord.

Mary E. Wilkins is always a delightful story-teller, and her new volume of collected stories, "The Love of Parson Lord," is even more charming in its variety of characters than many of her earlier volumes. In this present collection we find the stern religious character of Parson Lord, which, on its parental side, is as lovable as a woman's, contrasted with the quaint humor of Jane and Narcissa Stone, who in "One Good Time" determine to spend their inheritance on a visit to New York. Their preparation for the journey and their subsequent indulgence in shopping tours and life at a big hotel, resulting in total bankruptcy, are described by Miss Wilkins in a humorously pathetic vein. The collection also contains "The Tree of Knowledge," "Catherine Carr" and "The Three Elder Sisters and the Old Beau," all New England stories. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

Thomas Paine.

We get a fair idea of the man, his bitter fights and struggles in the short sketch of "Thomas Paine" which Ellery Sedgwick has contributed to the excellent Beacon Biographies. Mr. Sedgwick tells the story of Paine without bias or argument. "It is difficult," he says, "to write of Paine without recognition of his great services to liberty. Politics and religion have bred the best haters among men. Thomas Paine has been abhorred as a revolutionist and execrated as a heretic. He lived during the mightiest events of modern history, at a time when no public man was safe from the bitterest assaults of rancor and of malice; but not one of his contemporaries has been slandered more relentlessly than he. He attacked all who differed from him in the two most sensitive spots in human nature, and richly has he paid the penalty." (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

North American Forests.

Ernest Bruncken's volume on "North American Forests" is not addressed to the professional forester, but to the layman. "Forestry," says the author, "is a subject worthy of the attention of the philosopher, the statesman, the economist, the man of science, the business man, the lover of mankind and of nature. But let no one imagine that it is a subject for the idler, the dreamer, the selfish dilettante, who is a mere looker-on on life's battle. Forestry is a subject for men who stand in the midst of the world's struggle doing their part with brain and brawn, and feeling the joy which is the heritage of the strong in victory or defeat."

In one of the earlier chapters Mr. Bruncken explains the life of the forest and the struggle for existence that is constantly carried on. He next describes the relations between the forest and the man, and shows how important a part timber as a valuable commodity played in bringing about the American Revolution. To the backwoodsman who derived his sustenance from the woods, the fall of a tree was the rise of civilization; the idea that the area of this forest could ever be diminished by human hands to any appreciable extent so that people would become afraid of not having woodland enough to supply them with the needed timber, would have seemed an utter absurdity to him. "Thus the legend arose of the inexhaustible supply of timber in American forests, a legend which only within the last 20 years has given place to juster notions. Times have changed, and the tasks of this generation are different from those of the last. Their duty was to make room for human life, where wild nature reigned supreme. Ours is to bring conquered nature into harmony with the higher, fuller life of humanity, lest the roots of that life be severed and die. Woe unto us and our posterity if we fail to do our duty as well as our fathers did theirs."

Later chapters deal with forest industries and their importance in every branch of manufacturing; the question of destruction and deterioration; forests and forestry; forest fires and lumber thieves; suggested reforms in forestry methods, and forestry as a profession. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Priest's Marriage.

Miss Nora Vynne has written in "The Priest's Marriage," a clever narrative and study of character involving the conflict of conscience and inclination in the mind of a priest of the Roman Catholic Church who has renounced his vow of celibacy and married. Under the influence of a priest, who was formerly an associate, he comes to look upon his marriage as a sin. The author has worked out this situation in a most interesting manner. The story is in no sense melodramatic. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Home Nursing.

"Home Nursing" is the title of a useful little book on modern scientific methods for the sick room by Miss Eveleen Harrison. In this little work the simplest methods for hygienic nursing have been given, including free ventilation, perfect cleanliness, care of the sick room, fever nursing, the best form of nourishment and many other suggestions, which easily come within the reach of every home, no matter how modest or simple it may be.

MUSIC

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes;
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall. —Pope.

IMPROVEMENT OF PIANO

Hambourg Thinks Its Singing Quality Will Be Developed—Manager Jones' Enterprise—News Items.

It is a significant fact that Marc Hambourg at the youthful age of 21 years has practically exhausted the resources of the piano from the standpoint of technique, as his masterly over-riding of all difficulties has shown the past week. Will he now set his ingenuity to work inventing new difficulties for the mere pleasure of conquering them, after the manner of Godowsky, or of Rosenthal, whose feat of playing a Chopin valse in double thirds at terrific tempo is still fresh in our minds? Or will the piano itself—now that its limitations have been exposed—be developed into a nobler instrument in response to the demands of restless, unsatisfied genius? Hambourg recently expressed himself on this subject in an interview published in the Baltimore Sun.

"Technique," he says, "for the sake of mere showiness, has ceased to be beautiful. The pianist has to confess to himself (and it is not altogether agreeable) that, in order to interest the public, he must not only be tuneful, but he must approach as near as possible to the human voice. The piano has been clawed and pawed long enough, and now we must make it sing, and herein is the future of the pianist's art. He must try to make his music beautiful and not astonishing, and in so far as it has the former quality will it interest the public.

"I think I may go so far as to say that the next great improvement the piano-maker will make in his almost perfect instrument will consist in a device that will give it a sort of vox humana quality. With the aid of the modern piano we are able to overcome remarkable technical difficulties, but these have ceased to interest our heares. We must now begin to omit from our pieces the notes put in by ambitious pianists to make them unnecessarily difficult, and play the classical compositions as their composers intended. And we must, above all, try to make them beautiful, and not astounding.

"It is, however, a great mistake to suppose that the pianists of the present day are the greatest technicians who have ever lived. People forget Thalberg, Gottschalk and Kalkbrenner; they were able to play more notes in a minute than any of our modern virtuosi, in spite of our wonderful instruments, and still we talk of this as an age of technique."

Referring to the piano as a means of general musical culture, the young pianist said:

"It is a very difficult instrument, and one upon which it is hard to express one's emotions and thoughts. The piano requires the musician to think, and this is its great virtue and value. This is illustrated by a curious national peculiarity. There are very few pianists born in Italy, Spain or France who have really a great deal of temperament. On the other hand, the most excitable and passionate singers are from these countries. The curious effect of the piano upon Latin nature can only be explained by the fact that it is at first unresponsive, and only after years of study is it made eloquent. The Latins are unable to stand the drudgery, and they either abandon it entirely or lapse into the most banal mechanism. All their temperament is melted before the cold reality of the frightful drudgery. Still, it is none the less a beautiful instrument, and is gaining ground every day."

The announcement is made that Petschnikoff, the Russian violinist, is married, and that his wife is a Chicago girl. Madame Petschnikoff, formerly Miss Shober, is the daughter of Carl Shober, of 5207 Luella avenue, formerly a member of the lithographing firm of Shober & Carqueville, says the Chicago Journal. She went abroad to develop her musical talent when she was 11 years old. She chose the violin, and, after studying in Leipsic for several years, she met her husband in Paris. They were married in 1896, but for business purposes it was deemed wise to keep secret the marriage, and the violinist continued to pose as a bachelor. His wife accompanied him to this country, and was in Chicago with him when he performed with the Chicago orchestra.

Apropos of Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata, played here Monday evening by Hambourg, the following story may not prove uninteresting:

"I've never seen Liszt look angry but once, but then he was terrific. Like a lion! It was one day when a student from the Stuttgardt Conservatory attempted to play the 'Sonata Appassionatin,'" says Amy Fay. "He had a good deal of technique, and a moderately good conception of it, but still he was totally inadequate to the work—and, indeed, only a mighty artist like Tausig or Bulow ought to attempt to play it. It was a hot afternoon, and the clouds had been gathering for a storm. As the Stuttgardter played the opening notes of the sonata, the treetops suddenly waved wildly, and a low growl of thunder was heard muttering in the distance. 'Ah,' said Liszt, who was standing at the window, with his delicate quickness of perception, 'a fitting accompaniment' (you know Beethoven wrote the 'Appassionata' one night when he was caught in a thunder storm). If Liszt had only played it himself, the whole thing would have been like a poem. But he walked up and down the room and forced himself to listen, though he could scarcely bear it, I could see. A few times he pushed the student aside and played a few bars himself, and we saw the passion leap up into his face like a glare of sheet lightning. Anything so magnificent as it was, the little that he did play, and the startling individuality of his conception, I never heard or imagined. I felt as if I did not know whether I were 'in the body or out of the body.' Glorious being! He is a two-edged sword that cuts through everything.

"The Stuttgardter made some such glaring mistakes, not in the notes, but in rhythm, etc., that at last Liszt burst out with, 'You come from Stuttgardt, and play like that!' And then he went on in a tirade against conservatories and teachers in general. He was like a thunder storm himself. He frowned, and bent his head, and his long hair fell over his face, while the poor Stuttgardter sat there like a beaten hound. Oh, it was awful! If it had been I, I think I should have withered entirely away, for Liszt is always so amiable that the contrast was all the stronger. 'Aber das geht Sie nichts an (But this does not concern you),' said he, in a conciliatory tone, suddenly stopping himself and smiling. 'Spielen Sie weiter,' (Play on). He meant that it was not at the student, but at the conservatories, that he was angry."

Sayrola.

"Sayrola: A Tale of the Revolution in Laurania," by Winston Spencer Churchill, deals, as its sub-title indicates, chiefly with the incidents of a rebellion in an imaginary republic against a tyrannical dictator. The patriot leader, Savrola, wins the government and the wife of the dictator, Antonio Molara. Discontent and envy in the ranks of the victorious revolutionists compel Savrola to abandon the government and fly with Lucile, the dictator's wayward spouse. This is the plot, and around it Mr. Churchill has built a trashy story of wholesale political murder and illicit love. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Voices of Freedom.

"Voices of Freedom and Studies in the Philosophy of Individuality," by Horatio W. Dresser, author of "The Power of Silence," is the author's strongest, most philosophical book. It is broader, more fundamental than the previous volumes. It replies to criticisms, and contains advanced views and doctrines which are in some sense a departure from the teachings of the earlier volumes. It considers also, the social problem and aims to harmonize the argument contained in present day theories of individualism and socialism. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Mirry-Ann.

"Mirry-Ann" is the title of a new novel of the Isle of Man, by Norma Lorimer. It is a quaint and delightful story by a writer new to American readers. It is a love story, rather than a drama, although there are dramatic episodes. The local color of the scene is cleverly suggested, but not insisted upon, and the tale is one of universal interest, excellent in its characterization and contrasts of types, entertaining in its humorous by-play, thoroughly sympathetic and full of interest from the first page to the last. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

McCall's magazine for June is an attractive number and profusely illustrated. Its suggestions, in a number of articles on Summer hats, hints on dressmaking, etc., are timely and seasonable. It is replete with health hints, advice to mothers, and much other valuable information. Among the table of contents, the following are especially worthy of mention: "A Fashionable Accomplishment—Women Fencers of New York," "Marriage Superstitions," "Loss of a Handy Myth," etc.

Dollar Atlas.

A handy little book of reference is the "Rand-McNally Dollar Atlas of the World." It contains colored maps of the states and territories of the United States, the provinces of Canada, and of every country and civil division of the world. The historical, political and commercial are brought down to date. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.)

Handreading.

The Jones Book Company, of Portland, has published a new edition of "Practical Handreading for Students, Only," by Larsen, the palmist. This learned individual is several years ahead of the rest of us. He predicts a war involving the United States in the Winter of 1903-1904. He is patriotic enough to pick out the United States for the winner.

A Nightmare in Letters.

Honor L. Wilhelm describes scenes in the Sunny South and unrolls a love story in "Will B. More Letters," comprising 303 pages of letters, written promiscuously to R. U. Well, and other friends and editors. It is tedious and pointless. (The Mail Publishing Company, Seattle, Wash.)

News and gossip of Mr. Grau's engagement of artists for next season's opera in America is commencing to be disseminated. We are told that Madame Melba will be here, and that Madame Sembrich will not; that Jean de Reszke will surely return, but that Saligniac, Saleza and Van Dyck will not; that Nordica will rest for a year and Ternina will sing the dramatic soprano roles. De Lucia, a light tenor, will supplant Saligniac and Imbart de la Tour, tenor robusto, will do heroic roles. It has been known for some time that Mme. Mantelli, the contralto, will not return. Her successor is not yet named, but may be Miss Louise Homer, a young American who has won honors in Brussels. Frl. Fritzi Scheff, a favorite Munich soprano, may be here. Calve and Eames are strong possibilities, and Schumann-Heink, Edouard de Reszke, Campanari, Bertram, Plancon and Scotti are certainties. Van Rooy will not return.

Mr. William Shakespeare, of London, England, namesake of the Bard of Avon, author of "The Art of Singing" and giver of singing lessons, at $20 an hour, has been with us, says a music critic of Washington, D. C., and either his name, his fame or the abnormal rates he charges for tuition, or possibly all three, gave him the largest audience that any musical performance has called forth since Paderewski was here in December. His lecture on "Voice Production, Execution and Interpretation," was delivered in a weak tone, almost inaudible at times, and contained no especially new or interesting matter; but his manner of singing selections from the works of Mozart and Handel was a better illustration of his art. His accompaniments were, after all, the most satisfactory feature of the evening, for he can play the piano much better than he can sing or lecture.

Pietro Mascagni, according to a report from San Francisco, has promised to stop at that city in his contemplated tour of the world, and to conduct performances of his operas at the Tivoli opera-house.

Bispham to give "Enoch Arden."

"Enoch Arden," Tennyson's well-known poem, which has lately been set to music by Richard Strauss in the form of a melodrama, a recitation of the poem to music, will be performed for the first time in public in New York City, on Monday afternoon, April 16, by David Bispham, at his last recital in Mendelssohn Hall. It was written for the actor, Ernst von Bossart, of Berlin, to whom it was dedicated, and by whom during the past year it has been many times performed in the various cities of Germany, the composer presiding at the piano.

Knows Her Good Points.

M. J. Keating, the affable gentleman whose duty it is to promote publicity for Keith's Boston house, sends the Mirror a letter which was received a few days ago by General Manager E. F. Albee, who is so busy making plans for new theaters that he did not have time to interview the writer. The epistle is as follows:

"Dear Sir: I would like very much to go on the stage. I was never on the stage, but I am wild to, and I know I would please you. I am tall and good shape—big hips and limbs and small waist. Will come in any time you wish to see me. They say I am a peach for good looks."—Dramatic Mirror.

Cause and Effect.

He trod on the corn of the belle of the ball,
And then—so the other girls tell—
Slumbering echoes were aroused in the hall
Because of the bawl of the belle.
—New York Evening World

FROM A BRIGHT WOMAN

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS PHILOSOPHIZES ON "MUSICAL CAREER."

Woman Endures Rather Than Achieves—Saving Costs More Than Spending—One Sou Damages.

Few women the world over have had greater opportunity to study the "musical career" in all its phases, or have shown truer or more sympathetic insight into the philosophy of its bitter failures or dazzling successes than Fannie Edgar Thomas, officer of the French Academy, Paris, but an American woman, nevertheless, and without doubt one of the most brilliant writers of the day on musical topics. The rather discursive nature of the following paragraphs on artlife and the attitude of the woman artist toward the world generally will be accounted for when it is known that they are culled from her regular letter to the Musical Courier, written from her sickbed in Paris:

"I cannot imagine a woman planning a career in the Springtime. How can she?

"Half woman's power to achieve is exhausted by endurance of one kind or another. Her superb spirituality was given her for better things.

"Saving in this beautiful world has cost me more than ever has spending. The only remorse I have ever known has been caused by saving. It has interfered with happiness, spoiled pleasure, wrought disaster and curtailed advancement of all kinds.

"It is not only the direct evil of the present money-making system that is to be deplored. By it confidence is made impossible, honor improbable, and the way of the honest person more painful and difficult than that of the thief and egotist.

"In pursuing a process for defamation against a paper, M. Labori demanded only 1 sou damages, saying that it ought to be 500,000 francs—not for the money, he said, as it should go to charity, anyway, but as a just punishment of such infamy.

Sure to Be Misunderstood.

"'Only this,' he continued, 'in the age in which we live, no man's word goes for anything. I know very well beforehand that, no matter what my motives, I should be sure of being misunderstood. People have lost the power to believe in a man.'

"This universal decadence of confidence is the sickness of the world today. It is a weakness which saps the power out of all other good, and which will only continue to grow worse so long as the present money-making system continues.

"This is not the useless thought of an idle dreamer. It is a thought as vital, as practical, as possible of pursuit, as any of those by which men plunder, steal, stab and annihilate in the name of commerce.

"It is not your surroundings, but your qualities, which make life. Riding in a balloon does not make you light. Were the balloon inside of you, you could soar.

"In speaking of the many womanly qualities of the Queen of England, people forget to mention her 49 wars.

"The education of the will power is frightfully neglected in the bringing up of children.

"I do not remember ever to have seen a mother or a father engaged in the task of developing resistance in the human beings they were privileged to bring up.

"'Will' is always referred to in a blameful way as 'spunk,' 'stubbornness,' 'hatefulness.' Breaking that will seems to constitute the special feature of training; this is, when any attention whatever is paid to the subject, which is rare.

"Never by any chance does it seem to occur to the older, the leader mind, to develop that power, to make of it a possibility of resistance against a tendency, to create of it a potent factor in the salvation of body, mind, heart, character, to meet the storm and stress of after years.

"Will, which can be made almost omnipotent, is the most neglected, consequently the weakest and most crooked, of all the human faculties.

Wasted Years.

"Why should such a superb faculty be left undrilled, when years of youth are wasted in the running of wholly useless piano scales, or in the extension of hapless, hopeless and homely vocal tones?

"The only direction in life in which the will must rest impotent is in the pursuit of happness in the love-life. Affairs in this domain are not to be interfered with by humanity, because they are of divine origin, intent and direction.

"Thoughtfulness grows rare in woman as the career life comes into fashion and the love life goes out. All women should be fine and tactful and dainty, and, above all, thoughtful. What else can they be if they are not these?

"The only self-restraint a Frenchman knows is in the line of politeness.

"French politeness does not consist in bowing and scraping and uttering nice phrases. It consists in respect for the neighbor's feelings under all circumstances.

"This is the ethics of all-refined activity.

"The code of courtesy the world over is: 'Consider the feelings of the other one.'

"For their advantages and intelligence, the people of the United States are the most remiss in this consideration, their primitive idea of liberty beng based upon 'equality.'

"Now that our liberty is assured, it is high time that we at least consider the code.

"In hearing French women sing, it is the pleasure of temperament we enjoy, not the pleasure of song.

"If women artists could hear agents, managers, impressarios, etc., speak about them among themselves!

Vulgar Treatment.

"No horse on the course has more vulgar treatment from the lips of jockeys. They call them slang names, pet names, mock names and first names, as come into their heads. They work up jokes, scandalous stories and all sorts of humiliating badinage concerning them—married or single, refined or vulgar, correct or legere. They speak of the 'bargains' made with them, and the manner in which they are made, in a way which would make them feel very small, could they hear it. They weigh their merits, demerits, qualities, looks and character in scales of the rudest sort, and compare their 'bargains' as jobbers at a fair.

"If there were no other reason to make a public career distasteful and disadvantageous to a really refined woman, this putting themselves on the lips of men who buy and sell and rent them would be of itself sufficient.

"Much so-called 'teaching' is not teaching at all—only giving lessons.

"Many people take advantage of unselfishness and suspect honesty. Neither being the fashion, they cannot be understood. The delicacy of a sacrifice does not appeal to one person in fifty.

"Were I Queen, I would make obligatory that all people should stand up straight, turn out the toes and keep clean fingernails.

"Also that all women should make their own clothes, nurse and bring up their own children to school age, and be accomplished homemakers; that all servants should be trained for service, and that all people of all classes should bathe twice a day."

Church Choir Basso.

He opened his mouth,
So wide—so wide!
And his voice rolled down
The toboggan slide.
—Chicago Times-Herald.