

BEAUTY AT THE COMING CORONATION

QUEEN ALEXANDRA HAS SURROUNDED HERSELF WITH THE PRETTIEST WOMEN IN ENGLAND

QUEEN ALEXANDRA is very like Queen Anne, in that she takes the sincerest pleasure in flowers and pretty women. Since her husband has assumed supremely royal state and influence she has slowly, gently, but firmly been retiring, from all the posts of honor about her person and household, the good but frumpy elderly ladies who ministered to the pleasure of the late gracious Queen.

By the time the coronation takes place the English court will be justly famous for a galaxy of lovely girls and youthful matrons, all worthy the brush of St. Peter Lely and the admiration of that notable judge of feminine beauty, gay King Charles II. About the court this preference of the Queen for good looks, and good temper, and good hearts, is well known, and nobody was in the least surprised when two of the most picturesque twin beauties in Great Britain were chosen as her first maids of honor. These sweet girls are the Honorable Doris and the Honorable Vivian. Though they are twin sisters, they are not counterparts one of the other, and the Honorable Vivian is esteemed rather the fairer of the two. If the Honorable Doris is just a trifle less perfect than her tall, slender, chestnut-haired, violet-eyed, Rossett-mouthed sister, she is keenly witty and quite as popular with the Queen, who is not so severe a stickler for royal etiquette as was her predecessor, and likes to hear of the jokes and pranks of her shrewd maid of honor. The Honorable Doris is one of the few persons who can read aloud to the satisfaction of her mistress, who is hard o' hearin', but does not wish to be reminded of her weakness.

Next after the Countess of Cromartie, who is familiarly spoken of in London drawing-rooms, the Queen is fond of the Ladies Butler, the daughters of the Marquis of Ormonde, who are counted the two handsomest women in Irish society. Last year Lady Beatrice Butler, the oldest sister, married for love the gallant General Pole-Carew, and her sister, Lady Constance, is invited to serve at court. Lady Constance is an accomplished modern girl; almost faultless in feature and coloring; a finished housewife, an expert in and on the water, a clever water colorist, a maker of the most delicate varieties of fine Irish lace, a linguist and a charming companion. She yachts with her father, physics and advises and jests with the Irish peasantry on her father's estate, and is delightfully unspoiled by admiration and wealth. She is to take her turn as a court lady during the coronation, in association with one of the prettiest women and boldest fox-hunters in the United Kingdom, the Honorable Ethel Gerard.

The horse has yet to be found that this courageous young lady would fear to ride; and yet, despite that fact and that she comes of a long line of hard-riding maternal, as well as paternal, ancestors, she is in no sense a horsey girl. Off her horse she is as frolicsome as a Parisian Marquise, and she has long been a prime favorite with the Queen, who admires her high spirits, and her gentle voice, and big appealing gray eyes.

If women below the rank of Duchess were permitted to bear a canopy over the Queen in Westminster Abbey, it is safe to predict that the Countess of Cromartie would have been one of four chosen to this high office. As it was, the Queen deliberately passed over the claims of many superior elderly ladies, who believed in their divine right to assist at coronations, and picked out her four canopy-bearers because they were young, pretty and eminently likeable. Their graces of Sutherland, Marlborough, Montrose and Portland are to support the Queen, greatly to the disgust of the Duchess of Devonshire, etc. Among the assisting ladies only will be seen the pretty, plump Countess of Cromartie, who is a Countess and heiress quite in



THOMAS MORAN, PAINTER.

her own right. She is first cousin of the Duke of Sutherland, and through her father inherits the Earldom of Cromartie, which she inherited from her mother, who was also Countess of Cromartie in her own right. Lady Constance, with all her wealth and good looks and high lineage, chose to marry Major Bunt, and he and she live at Castle Leod, or at Tarrad House, on Cromartie Park. In all things, even to her hair accent, she is Scotch, and speaks Gaelic as fluently as her Highland tenantry. Her sister is the sturdy Lady Constance Mackenzie, who rides astride and swims like a South Sea Islander, and travels as industriously as a Slinbad the Sailor, and cares not the snap of her fingers to be at court. Lady

Cromartie is gentle and domestic, and a truly warm friend of the Queen, who is not in the least overshadowed by the fresh young beauties she chooses to gather about her.

reach the pinnacle of his art till he proves his perfect fidelity. There is as much difference in nature as in men. Technical skill is only a means to an end, and in itself is valueless, the real value in a picture being the application of skill to a worthy subject."

"Perhaps there is no phase of art more misunderstood than what we call the impressionist school. On this point Mr. Moran would change the position of many who heretofore have placed their faith in the fidelity of this style of painting. "Yes," said he, "I am an impressionist, but I do not belong to the accepted school of impressionism. The school of impressionism is not true impressionism, because it is too false to nature, and I boldly say that it is not the way the artist sees it. This is common sense. Common sense is an applicable to the study of painting. The artist. There is no material difference. The highest poetry is the simplest kind that is backed by common sense, and where there is an abnormal circumstance, then in order to portray a meaning. I cite Shakespeare and Homer to prove my ideals. There you have the ideals of simplicity. They have great thoughts simply expressed, and in a style that could not suggest a misunderstanding of the author's meaning. I do not consider that my views are at all radical, since they are based around a common-sense person looking at a picture does not want to stop to think out the suggestion placed on the canvas. True art should instantly convey its meaning to the true music poet. There never was a truer picture, or a more simple one, than the cloud-painting in 'Hamlet, where Hamlet and Polonius imagine they see swallows in the clouds. That is a perfect picture, and no one can fail to comprehend. It appeals to us instantly. So I say the school of impressionism is false to the very thing it pretends to imitate, and is, therefore, a mere pretension and not real art."

On the subject of the inspired artist, Mr. Moran has a decided view, and they are like all he says, highly interesting. "I believe in the inspiration of the artist to this extent: The genius or inspired artist may be born, but he has to be made. The work is the only thing that makes the original genius. There is no such thing as neglected genius. There are no such people. Where real genius exists it is an impelling force that compels development. And all of our real men of genius have been tremendous workers. There are many men of great talent who are lazy. These lack the application of the genius."

Mr. Moran is an admirer of the moral tone of art, and also of the sentimental side of it, but he admits that this may be very vicious. He believes that art is elevating just insofar as it is treated from a viewpoint of lofty ideals. He likes Bouguereau because his nudes are not sensual any more than were the works of Ingres or the other great Frenchman. Of the art critics, the great American landscape painter has rigid views. He claims that our art critics have their chief business in finding fault, which, if it should not exist, is made to exist by their peculiar brewing of criticism. He believes these critics should study to find something to admire and not to criticize. "The critics have led the public to believe we have no artists in this country. That is why we who have studied hard all our lives to prove the contrary object to the statements," he added in conclusion.

Mr. Moran is now 65 years of age, and is as vigorous as a man of 40. He spends the entire summer of every year in the Rocky Mountains, where he has drawn his inspiration for his wonderful paintings of the Colorado canyons. There is much more to be said of this artist, but more is expressed in one of his works than could be conveyed in volume.

CHARLES THOMAS LOGAN.

THE LAY OF THE STREET.

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

I come from mud and broken stone,
I'm mistaken for an alleyway,
For all that's vile on me thrown,
And in my gutters daily.

The laboring horses hurry down,
And stumble on my ridges,
And one of the worst sights in the town
Is where I approach the bridges.

The crowds that o'er my sidewalk surge
Slip on banana pebbles,
Then bark commands o'er and o'er,
Relieving of their feelings.

Politician's eloquence o'er me flows,
As campaigner's spur endeavor;
But elections may come and elections may go,
But I go on forever.

Men chatter much about my ways,
In meetings and committees,
And tell of cleaner, smoother highways
In bigger, better cities.

With many a break my blocks I fret,
And many an easy
I'm mistaken for an alleyway,
And is picked up in a gutter.

As he grumbles, grumbles of my rut,
As he picks himself together,
But that so figure with me cuts,
He should walk in rainy weather.

I patch my ways with broken rocks,
With here and there a plank,
And here and there a garbage box,
My broken curbsides flanking.

And here and there everywhere,
Upon me as I travel,
The winds that o'er my surface tear,
Stir up the dirt and gravel.

And draw them all along the way,
To join the bits of paper,
That sometimes on the gutters play,
And sometimes on the sidewalks caper.

The Council says, with grave "resolves,"
That my ways shall be mended,
But all this is talk and show,
When election time has ended.

The city taxpayer stands no show,
With his pocket as shallow,
For Councils may come and Councils may go,
But I go on forever.

—EDITH L. NILES.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

How short a span
Was long enough of old,
To measure out the life of man,
In these well-tempered days! His time was then
Surveyed, o'er and found but three-score
years and ten.

Alas!
Behold!
And what is that?
They come, and glide, and pass,
Before my eye can tell their what.
The years of time are ebbing away,
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived
task is done.

Our days
Begin to lend
To sleep, to idle plays
And to the stage ends
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told,
We give
To unremember'd loss, we rather breathe than
live.

We spend
A ten years' breath
Before we approach
What 'tis to live, or fear a death;
Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted
joys,
Which please our sense a while, and, waking,
prove but toys.

How soon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-grown noon!
And this how soon to gray-haired night,
We spring, we bud, we blossom and we blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee
so fast.

They end
When scarce begun;
And ere we approach
To sleep, to idle plays
Man, count thy days; and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every
day the last.

—Francis Quarles.

SPECTACLES AND FALLING VISION.

American Medicine.

M. Le Roux, a French lecturer, speaking of his American audience, says: "I had but one regret as I looked down into their faces. I saw too many spectacles. They have worked their eyes so hard that their sight is falling. They should not let their love for knowledge impair their vision."

The newspapers without medical advisers have begun to echo this inane remark, and in the next month will probably be reprinting a thousand times American oculists will find the definition of a crab. It has been given as "a small, red fish which travels backward," and was pronounced by the scientist correct, with the exception that "the crab is not a fish, not red, and does not travel backward." So in the case of M. Le Roux's Americans, our eyes are far less diseased than those of Europeans who have yet to learn that proper spectacles prevent more serious ocular, and also much systemic disease. Our people have good, rather than poor, eyes, but the fact is not proof that our feet are weaker or more diseased than those of the French peasant. They do have secured scientific care of their teeth, but that does not prove that curious teeth are superior to "filled" ones, or that no teeth are preferable to artificial ones. M. Le Roux's ophthalmology shows that French ophthalmologists should cross the ocean and take a post-graduate course in American ophthalmology.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

June.

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten,
Every clod feels a stir of might,
Every leaf feels a touch of spring;
An instinct within it that reaches the towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip starts in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
We are happy now because God wills it,
Attila like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of Summer: precious!
His mate feels the earth beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes back, and the young things come o'er,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
"Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help
That the roses are budding, and the
That the sky is clear and the grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near.
The stars are sprouting, that streams are
flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is chattering hard by;
For other courses we should not look;
We could guess it all by your helter's-skelter—
And let her heart be bold and true,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

For comes, grief goes, we know no how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
To us every now for the heart to be true
As for gram to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living;
Who can wonder the blossoms here shed?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no waka;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the sunshine of the day,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth
Like burnt-out crater craters with snow.

—James Russell Lowell.

Something New.

A showman to the jungle went
To see an eagle for the heart to be true
As for gram to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living;
Who can wonder the blossoms here shed?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no waka;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the sunshine of the day,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth
Like burnt-out crater craters with snow.

—James Russell Lowell.

Whom the Gods Love.

"Whom the gods love die young." Nay, rather
say,
With bated breath, "Whom the gods love die
old!"
Shall I mourn pale if it hath cooled its gold?
The sun go down while it is yet full day?
The statue sleep unscathed in the clay?
The parchment crumble ere it is unrolled?
The story and with the tale the world?
The song drop mute and breathless by the
way?
Oh, weep for Adonais when he dies
With all youth's lofty promises unfulfilled,
Its splendor lost in sudden drear eclipse!
With love unwin and dreams half dreamed
and flown.

All the red wine from life's gold chalice spilled
Ere its bright brim hath touched his eager
lips.

II.

Whom the gods love die old! O life, dear life,
Let the old sing thy praises, for they know
How year by year the Summers come and go,
Each with its own abundant sweetness rife!
They know, though frosts be cruel as the
knife,
That with each June the perfect rose shall blow
And daisies blossom and the green grass
Triumphant still, unweary by storm or strife;
They know that night more splendid is than
day.

That sunset skies flame in the gathering dark
And the deep waters change to molten gold;
They know that Autumn robes like than May;
They know the night birds sing like the
lark—
Ah, life, sweet life, whom the gods love die
old.

—Julia C. R. Durr.

Three Kisses of Farewell.

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to have.

When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And laughing, for kisses as the Summer
Lavishes best—
When his kiss whose hearts are young,
But when hope and fear are spent,
And nothing left to give, except
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.

I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take,
Buried, forgotten, before it comes
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,
Is kind of joy's sweet thrill,
Which we have each other always;
We always will.

We shall reach until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place.

The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, dear, for all joy
Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh! my darling,
My love—cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.

We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
When that hour whose hearts are faithful
To die, as live.

Taken of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!

—Ezra Holmes.

The Land of Nod.

At night, when off I go to bed,
I scurry quickly up the stairs
For fear that bogies from their lairs
To make a spring on me are led
(To hurry is much best one finds,
And pass ere they've made up their minds).

The friendly moon that sails so free,
Throws shadows great and shadows small,
That dance on the wall,
And to nazariks beckon me,
And while I heavy-lidded peep,
The sandman comes—and I'm asleep.

And in the dim-lit Land of Dreams,
Strange birds, and beasts, and elves, and fays,
I meet in dolls and booky ways,
And on the banks of rippling streams,
Or join in singing soft sweet strains,
With mermaids fair, in Dreamland caves.

And then I wake and give a yawn,
And see the sun come slanting in,
And hear again the tinkle din
Of blackbirds piping o'er the lawn,
And, while I listen to their song—
Why, gracious! There's the breakfast gong!

One Face Alone.

One face alone, one face alone,
These eyes require;
But when that most desired is shown,
What fatal fire
Shoots through my veins a keen and liquid
flame!

That melts each fiber of my wasting frame!
One voice alone, one voice alone,
I pine to hear,
But, when its meek, melodious tone
Flows through my ears,
Which lavish chains about my soul are wound,
Which ne'er till death itself can be unbound,
One gentle hand, one gentle hand,
Or join in singing soft sweet strains,
But when it seems at my command,
My own grows cold;
Then low to earth I bend in sticky swoon,
Like lilies drooping 'mid the blue of noon.

—Sara Coleridge.

AN AMERICAN PAINTER'S OPINION OF PAINTING

TALK WITH THOMAS MORAN, THE FOREMOST LANDSCAPE ARTIST

IN THE most unpretentious studio, plain and unadorned save by his art productions, Thomas Moran spends his time in New York, in a small parlor of West Twenty-second street. This room, however, is well fitted for a studio, there being a skylight admitting the northern light at all hours. In this day of fads and decorations, one expects to find in the average studio hangings of mahogany, draperies, relics, antiques and the like, for these things play their part in giving emphasis to the taste of the artist, however doubtful the character of the recommendation suggested by these accessories. There is a convenient elevator to the den of Mr. Moran, and the visitor finds the best most amiable, cordial, in fact, though the open day is well known to be Saturday. But this does not bar the stranger from perfect cordiality and grace of manner. It does not show impatience at an unintentional intrusion, it never shows itself, and the guest is invited to a seat in one of the many quaint old chairs scattered around the room. One of these is possessed of a fine history, having been brought over in the Mayflower, and is the favorite chair of the artist when at his canvas. On the walls, modestly unframed, are half a dozen of the best pictures of the artist, some of which are several years of age, others just finished, and many still in process of development. Regarded by the best critics as the leading American landscape artist, Thomas Moran is withal the most modest of men. He never obtrudes his views on art, and has never sought publicity in any form at any time in his career. His modesty on this point is to be commended, and it can be said in this connection that all of his success, which has been far beyond the ordinary, has been obtained solely on the merit of his art, and his fame has been made purely along the lines established by the exhibitions of his works in the societies where he has entered. Incidentally, it might be mentioned, and not as coming from the artist, that he has received far less encouragement from the recognized art organizations than from any other source, though on this point he is never outspoken. His record has been to rise or fall solely on the merit of his paintings.

Sitting on one finds him at his easel, he turns in his side-back Mayflower chair and eyes, with eye looking keenly into yours, his soul in every word, for the perfect candor and earnestness of the man are irresistible.

"In art, as in any profession, knowledge is power. Twist this into any form you may, but it remains a truth, and the foundation-stone of all true art. It will always be the best and the only way to show the artist, no matter how humble, or how pretentious. Just how far the artist

shall go with his knowledge is left to him, and is typified by his own personality. This covers all tastes, opinions, everything. The man must exhibit himself in his pictures. This is the theory of art, and also of judgment. It is the same with the art critic, or, as I said before, any of the professions, the law, finance or anything. Knowledge in art cannot be excluded, as in law, or the sciences. Knowledge in art is the power behind the handwork. Eyesight is nothing unless backed by brains. In condensed form, this is my theory of art. In painting the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and its wonderful color scheme, I have to be full of my subject. I have to have knowledge. I must know the geology, I must know the rocks and the trees and the atmosphere and the mountain torrents and the birds that fly in the blue ether above me. Whatever of arbitrary forms that grow out of this intimacy

with nature, becomes a part of the work, and is legitimate in after-work, because my knowledge of the people leads me to take liberties. This is the strength of all artists, as it is, also, of mine."

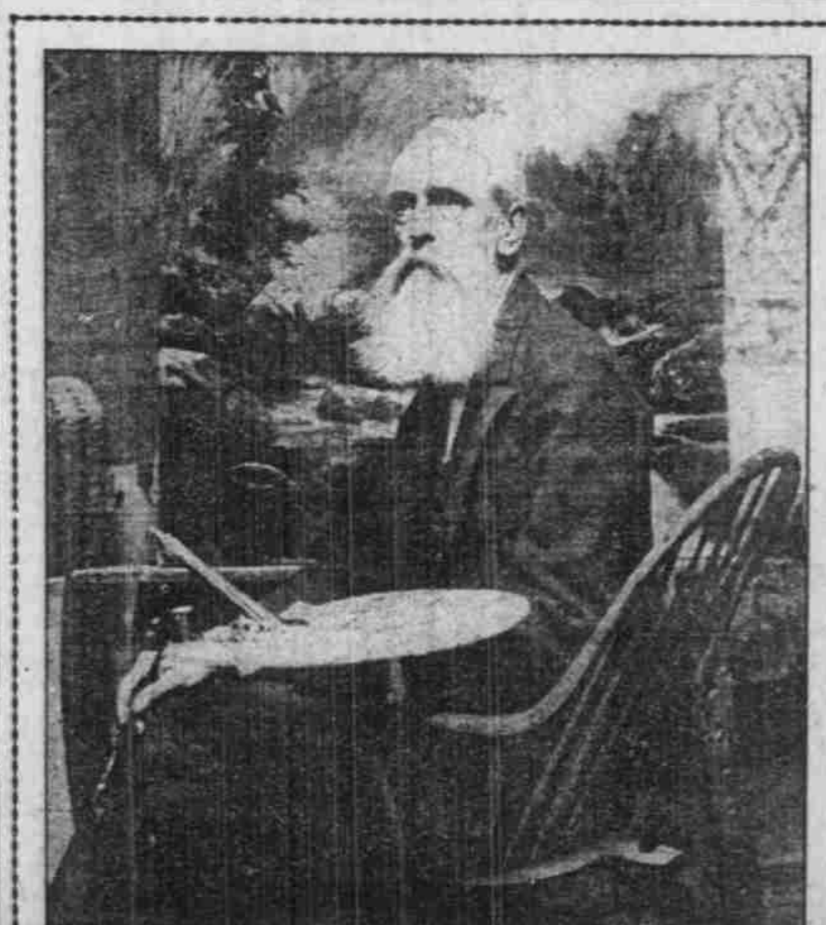
A pause in the conversation brought up the matter of the American artist. Here is where most artists fear to fall. They seldom like to talk of each other, and Mr. Moran is not unlike the type. Speaking of the faults of those at home, he said:

"If there be faults, and no one can deny that, it lies in the lack of individuality of the men. This is noticeable in all of our exhibitions. While this may not be rebuffed by some who are rated high in the profession, it must stand as unanswerable among those who stop to give the subject serious consideration. Another fault rests in the too facile art many of our Americans have of imitating the work of other men. They do not think

for themselves. They do not delve into the depths of mysteries of nature, and from her hear the callings from the fields, the clouds, the mountains and dales. The old Hudson River school, so-called, P. E. Church, Kensett and the Hartas—these were purely American, and they were an honor to our land. Perhaps Church was the greatest landscape painter we have ever produced. These men I have named were purely American painters, uninfused by schools of other nationalities. Today it is not so. Our men go abroad and return with foreign ideas, and apply the teachings of foreign masters to American material—where they use American material. I want to be quoted as being opposed to the foreign subject in painting, when we have every phase of landscape and subject here at home. America is richer in material for the true artist working along the lines of individual development than any country in the world. Leaving out Venice, we are the most wonderfully prolific country in the variety of subject known to civilization."

Of a distinct school of American art Mr. Moran, perhaps, thinks more than he would announce in conversation. But he says: "We have no distinct school of art in America. I have already named the three leading artists in my humble opinion this country has produced, and perhaps the greatest of these was P. E. Church. Where do we find today such masterpieces as his 'Niagara' and his 'Heart of the Andes'? That he is con- demned by some of our artists is due solely to the fact that his picture is not the royal road to art. His pictures mean work, constant, unending toil. Nothing else would have produced such tremen- dously successful canvases. The trouble with the average young artist is that he likes to slip over his canvas in order to exhibit it. These examples lack the true art principle and the true standard of measurement as gauged by the public. They do not stop to consider that it is a false standard to judge by the living. No man can be judged by the living. Only those that are dead are worthy in art for standards of taste."

"What I ask," continued Mr. Moran, "is to see a man's brains as evidenced in his work. I want to know his opinions. He is the arbiter of his own pictures and of nature. Zola's definition of art exactly fills my demands when he says that art is nature seen through a temperament." The old idea that art is best defined as "painting nature as it looks, and not as it is," will not satisfy me. An artist's business is to produce for the spectator of his pictures the impression produced by nature on himself. Supposing a man to be an ordinary individual. He sees only a landscape of art in a picture; or, in plain English, he sees as he has the ability to see. It is the same thing when he looks at nature. So the impressions in art. The artist affects art in men, but not alike—not in the same degree. The measure of the artist, as in the layman, is shown by his choice. Both have feelings, but it may be differently expressed. The artist cannot hope to



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