

The Other Grace.

"Add but the other grace—be good—
Why want what the angels want."
—Browning.

Fashions in clothes; fashions in manners; fashions in speech, and fashions in heroines; the law finds no exception.

The general idea of how a book comes to be written is, that the author is possessed by certain characters and incidents and has no rest until he has described them; it would be better for literature if it were so. But only to the past masters in the craft belongs this glory of creation; the great mass of writers do not create—have, that is to say, no independent conception of their characters; they merely wait until the masters have clearly created a new type, then they take possession of that type whatever it may be, dress it up anew, place it in fresh surroundings, and try to pass it off as a novel creation of their own.

The masters have indeed, in this way, a good deal to answer for; just as the High Priest of Fashion is answerable for a good deal when he thoughtlessly sends every woman in Europe into crinoline or large sleeves, as the case may be. A Zola, for instance, or a Hardy, astonishes the world with a splendid, if brutal, bit of work. The public fancy is fascinated by the type. "We must paint life as we see it, nothing easier!" they say—and fearful cries every literary dabbler; and forthwith rushes in where even angels might well fear to tread. "We can all do it, nothing easier!" they say—and fearful and wonderful are the monsters they make.

It is astonishing, too, how long they take to tire of them. Long after the reading public has become completely sated with the type they are hammering on at it, seized apparently with a curious blindness which keeps them from seeing that they are doing the thing that has been done perhaps a hundred times already. At last, however, there comes a breathing space. What will they be at next? asks the anxious reader, scanning the literary horizon for a sail, so to speak. Perhaps it is a Stevenson this time who comes like Hopeful to give a hand out of the Slough of Despond. His style is lucid, his types are clearly defined—again "nothing easier," is the cry, and in a trice they are tricked out in doublet and hose to follow their leader. And the historical romance runs merrily on its way. Then, just as something new is wanted, comes—let us say, a Barrie. Ah, what fresh fields, what pastures new! But they are not long uninvaded. "Whence came their feet into my field and why?" he might rather appropriately enquire, for the green fields are getting all trodden and tashed nowadays. It is so easy to write about old mothers, and dominies, and ingleneuks and the shorter Catechism! One might multiply examples indefinitely. I have merely chosen these at random to illustrate what every intelligent reader must have noticed—that there is fashion in books, as in so many other things.

The master-minds are responsible for the type of hero or heroine which is the nonce to reign in public favor; and it is a curious fact that since first novels began to be written, heroines have been divided into far more marked types than men. I do not pretend to account for this fact; but I think that it is one. The earlier novelists bestowed all their powers of characterization upon their male characters; there was plenty of individuality in them; but they seemed to be contented with one fixed type of heroine—the then ideal of woman—and added her as a sort of stage property to every book.

Fielding, in *Sophia Western*, describes the type which reigned triumphantly for many a day—

I never heard anything of pertness, or what is called repartee, out of her mouth; no pretence to wit, much less to that kind of wisdom the affectation of which in a young woman is as absurd as any of the affectations of the age. No dictatorial sentiments, no judicial opinions, no profound criticisms. Whenever I have seen her in the company of men she hath been all attention, with the modesty of a learner, not the forwardness of a teacher. . . . I once, to try her only, desired her opinion on a point which was controverted between Mr. Thawokum and Mr. Square. To which she answered, "You will pardon me. I am sure you cannot in earnest think me capable of deciding any point in which such gentlemen disagree."

Such was Sophia; and she may be recognized in almost every one of Scott's heroines, and survives even in Thackeray's *Amelia Sedley*—the "gentle creature" who "took her opinions from those who surrounded her, such fidelity being much too humble-minded to think for itself."

But the Sophias and Amelias of the past are indeed dead and done with now, and a new type of heroine has arisen and now rules despotically over the whole world of fiction. The new type may be divided into two classes of favorites: the Outcast woman, and those whom, for want of a better name, I shall call the Sirens; and everywhere we read of "pure women," whose special claim to that title seems to be their lack of purity.

The sad fact is that "good women," in the plain Saxon meaning of the words, are gone out of fashion—in books at least—and until the tide of public opinions turns, we must submit to the reign of her successor as best we may.

This statement that good women have gone out of fashion will probably be received by many people with a shriek of protest; for it is quite one of the worst features of the Siren that she masquerades as an angel.

The idea has got abroad that, provided the heart is pure, the intention harmless, nothing is wrong, and the Siren is continually acting in the most unprincipled way with the best intentions in the world. But let us examine

these two types of modern heroines more closely.

Two famous heroines of the Outcast order—"Tess" and "Trilby"—belong to a type now crystallized in the public imagination. And to exhibit the nobility that lies in every one, however degraded, is now the favorite motif of the day. Heaven forbid we should deny the possibility of such good; but the thing may be carried a little too far, and it is coming to this nowadays, that such women are depicted as being capable of more generous action, more heroic impulse than their worthier sisters. The worst of the whole business is that no one can breathe a word against this new morality but the word Pharisee is whispered, and that dubious legend of Christ and the Magdalene adduced for argument. Moreover, so great is the cry for "Charity" just now, that it would be considered woeful harshness in any writer to describe a woman of scandalous antecedents without dowering her with such traits of nobility and generosity as wipe out the stain of sin, and melt the reader to tears of sympathy. We are becoming too lax altogether; the stern old rule "hate the sin and love the sinner" is being forgotten, and we are asked to condone the sin till there remains no more hatred of it, nor any looking for judgment upon it. Charity is a lovely vice; but sentimentalism is a weak vice. Let us take care that the one does not lapse into the other. There may be here and there in the curious annals of the human race a "Tess" or a "Trilby"—but the most charitable must admit that they are exceptions, and only prove the rule that a bad life is a tolerably clear proof of a bad heart. This is a fact there is very little use in denying, though for the purposes of making interesting character-studies the novelists are fond of doing so.

These heroines are avowedly bad character yet redeemed by traits of nobility are, however, less dangerous favorites for the public fancy than the all-conquering Siren; for the good reason that they are such manifest creations of the imagination that very few people set much store by them—they like to read about them and wonder if they are possible characters, but they are doubtful and possibly disapproving all the time. The Siren, on the contrary, seems to have fairly possessed the British imagination—it is scarcely possible to open a novel in which she does not appear. The Siren is a creature of wild unrestrained passions, desperate, unscrupulous, emotional yet heartless, incapable of sound judgment or of self-control, and quite without all womanly feeling. She is, in fact, a most repulsive character, yet we are asked to find her irresistible, a very Queen of Hearts to whom the whole male creation bend the knee in wonder and admiration. Now, no one doubts the reality of this character; who has not met a Siren?—they are all too common. But the curious thing is why we should be asked to admire her? Her morality is of such hopelessly involved order—submitting as it does to none of the recognized moral codes—that we follow her devious relations with the sterner sex in disgusted perplexity. She was always, alas for him! a husband; for the unmarried heroine is as distinct as the Dodo; then she is involved in intricate connections with some other woman's husband, who is also the man who should have been her husband, and there is always the husband of her soul, sometimes even the second husband—a very carnival of husbands—fill we are fain to ask the Sadducee's question, "Whose wife shall she be at the Resurrection?"

This is the creature round whose character a myth as unsubstantial as vapor is being raised just now. Only she, we are told, can "taste the color of love"—less ardent natures are poor, and of necessity lead lives of foolish emptiness; only the passionate Siren is capable of the greater heroisms; passion holds the field; and the woman who does not exhibit this eminently feminine grace is not held to be worth writing about. There is no doubt that the Siren makes an effective figure in fiction; but what of the truth of the presentation? A fire of straw throws out a prodigious glare, yet who would "watch a winter's night" beside it? None of the authors who with such enthralling art have painted these pictures of outcast women—take "Tess" and "Trilby" once again as instances—none of them ever continued the picture. Their heroines were invariably doomed to death, because the art is sight capable of limning a Tess or a Trilby at the white-heat of passion knew too well to try to paint the impossible—Tess or Trilby trudging through life with the object of her ardors.

But, perhaps because her history has not often been recorded by masters of the craft, the Siren is not handled with this consistency. She is the darling of the scribbler, for her type is now so clearly defined that she is very easy to manage. She is shown to us in all her fervor, living at a white heat as great as ever Tess or Trilby went through; but instead of being consistently killed off, we are actually asked to believe that she lives on after the story closes. Imagination does not conjure up a very pleasant picture of the Siren's latter years. She would, unless we are much mistaken, exhibit none of the charms of old age; try to fancy her at three score and ten, her beauty, which is always described as of the "alluring" type, gone; her many lovers grown cold in consequence; left alone with all her exotic passions burnt out, and her heart like a heap of ashes. Impossible that in her long pilgrimage she has gained the respect of any human being; she has no female friends, for the good reason that she thought no woman worth making friends with in the days of her youth; the husband she long ago deserted for another man, not unreasonably, has nothing to do with her now, while the "other man" has also proved faithless; the children she neglected can scarcely be blamed for neglecting her in their turn; and she curiously unexpecting Deity whom she was supposed to worship, has vanished long ago into that limbo where the False Gods dwell.

This would be the inevitable age following upon a youth such as the Siren is supposed to lead. For we are not always young, and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life pass away like a dream, and with them there passes away every quality upon which this modern heroine depends for her charm. It is extraordinary if all the accumulated experience of all the centuries has taught us no more than this; and if we can possibly bring ourselves to accept this exotic erotic creature as a heroic type of all that woman should be—if, indeed, we can bring ourselves to imagine that she has any heroic qualities

whatever. No heroine, in the brave old significance of the word, was ever made of this stuff; which of us in age or weakness would lean on this broken reed?

I am no stickler for subject—let who will write about what he pleases, however unpleasant, so long as he writes truly; and the Siren, a type all too common in life, might well be common in books also, if she were only described as what she is, instead of as what she is not. In art, a "staid" is valuable only as it is truthful; and something of the same holds good in literature. But there is one study often set to beginners in art—to paint white objects against a white background, and the tyro is never indeed who gives them form and substance and yet retains the whiteness; white souls too are hard to paint, but will some clever painters not essay the task for very love of its difficulty?

—Jane H. Findlater.

THE TWO CLEANEST CITIES.

Toronto and New York Are Said to Have That Distinction.

The two cleanest cities on the continent to-day are Toronto and New York, and they are both cleaned by direct labor, says George E. Hooke, in April Review of Reviews.

New York not only employs and thus directs all its street cleaning and garbage despatch forces but it has an organized department, with an adequate and properly adjusted equipment of horses, carts, brooms, stables and stations, and it pays its men two dollars a day and upward for eight hours' work. To be sure, it has had a Colonel Waring, but had Colonel Waring been a contractor or a contractor's superintendent the metropolis would not have been the clean city it is to-day. It is by the method of direct labor, under model conditions of employment, that this first worthy result of the kind in a large American city has been achieved.

Toronto, the other of these two exemplary cities has gone even further than New York in eliminating the contractor. In this enterprising Canadian town, with its 190,000 people, Street Commissioner Jones has, during the last seven years, entirely revolutionized the care of the streets of the city. He has not only organized the execution of this work under

A DISTINCT DEPARTMENT.

but out of the margin thus saved from the annual appropriations for caring for the streets he has actually built and equipped a modest but complete set of workshops, where the entire construction and repair work of the department is executed. Not only are the sprinklers, rotary sweepers, automatic loading carts, and snow scrapers, each after a special pattern devised by the commissioner or under his direction, built in these shops, but even the harnesses are made there, the horses are shod there, and it is the truthful boast of the commissioners that every article of manufacture used by the department is produced from the raw material in these shops. It is exceedingly refreshing to find there inventive genius constantly brought to bear to produce appliances, not for sale in the general market, and hence of that crude adjustment which can be used anywhere, but appliances precisely adapted to the particular needs of Toronto, with its own climate, soil, street mileage and pavements. By maintaining thus its own shops and construction staff, as other large business enterprises do, the Street Cleaning Department has produced an equipment such that the commissioner, in some kinds of work, claims now to be accomplishing with four teams and four men what formerly required nine teams and seven men. A considerable element of the automatic loading machines, invented in these shops, which elevate the windows of litter directly from the street into a dump cart as rapidly as horses can walk.

ROYALTY'S TROUBLES.

Few royal folks when travelling require their bedsteads and bedroom furniture to form a portion of their luggage, as the Queen does, for instance. But many great ladies there are who carry their own beds and bed linen, blankets and quilts, and always a macintosh sheet to spread over the mattress to guard against dampness for lack of sufficient airing in transit from place to place. The Grand Duke Paul of Russia, it is true, is always when travelling accompanied by a bedstead which he has had built in sections, and which is put up by a special mechanic under the superintendence of the royal valet wherever the Grand Duke goes, but then it is simply because he can seldom, owing to his great height, meet with one long enough for his comfort.

It does not appear to be generally known that among the servants of the Queen are two bearers of the title of Her Majesty's Tapissiers. One of them follows the court wherever it may be, and the other remains permanently at Windsor. The duty of these functionaries is to superintend the packing of the Queen's baggage when the Court migrates, and their work is so perfectly organized that every member of the establishment concerned knows almost to a minute when he or she must be ready to receive a visit from the packer.

It is also the duty of the Tapissiers to maintain communication from palace to palace with reference to all matters which cannot be brought within the limits of the royal mail boxes; to know by heart all railway and steamship routes, and to be able to convey any desired article from one place to another by the swiftest and safest method.

LIFE IN THE WEST.

First Cowboy (lost on the prairie)—Great Injuns! Will we never find our way out of this? Where do you s'pose we are, anyhow?

Second Cowboy (despondently)—I'm afraid we're still miles away from any human habitation. I see a stake here, and a sign Lots for Sale.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

STRANGE PREDICTION ABOUT THE SCOTCH EARLDOM OF MAR.

Worked for 300 Years—It Has Existed and Been Fulfilled in This Century—The Last Prediction Came True Only Twelve Years Ago.

Some persons have gone so far as to say that the "prophecies" of the Old Testament were written after the event that were "foretold." That is as may be, but there are some prophecies not in the Bible, that are known to have been fulfilled; and what with the extension of printing and typewriting, it seems probable that hereafter either there will be fewer prophecies, or that their fulfillment will be spotted with neatness and accuracy. One of these fulfilled prophecies of more or less modern time relates to the Scotch earldom of Mar, and is eminently worth reviewing.

In the first place the earldom of Mar is very old. The British House of Lords, having done some hanky-panky business with it in 1866, giving it to a person that all the Scots lawyers said was not entitled to it, in 1885 reconsidered their motion to some extent, and confirmed the title upon the rightful claimant, but cut off about 400 years of its age. The title really dates from about 1014, when Donald, mormaer of Mar, fought at the battle of Clontarf in Ireland, when Brian Boroihme was killed. In 1866 the earl of Mar died, and the Earl of Kellie claimed the title by virtue of a deed given by Mary, Queen of Scotland, in 1565; no Scots lawyer believed in the claim, but the House of Lords gave the title to

THE EARL OF KELLIE.

In 1885 the Lords decided that the original title belonged to Mr. John Francis Erskine Goodewe-Erskine, but they dated it back only to 1404 "or earlier."

The original earldom was very wealthy, so much so that the crown of Scotland seized upon its lands whenever it could. From about 1435 to 1565 the crown held the lands, and four younger sons of the Scotch kings were created earls of Mar; but in each case they died; and in after years the grants were declared to have been "inept." Finally in May, 1565, Queen Mary granted to Lord Erskine a charter of reparation, not the deed under which the earl of Kellie claimed the title.

Now comes in the prophecy, which is attributed either to Thomas the Rhymer, to the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, or to the regular household poet or bard. It was taken down in writing in 1799, as follows:

"Proud Chief of Mar: Thou shalt be raised still higher, until thou shalt sit in the place of the King. Thou shalt rule and destroy, and thy work shall be after thy name; but thy work shall be the emblem of thy house, and shall teach mankind that he who cruelly and haughtily raiseth himself upon the ruins of the holy cannot prosper. Thy work shall be cursed and shall never be finished. But thou shalt have riches and greatness, and shalt be true to thy sovereign, and shalt raise his banner in

THE FIELD OF BLOOD.

Then when thou seemest to be highest, when thy power is mightiest, then shall come thy fall; low shall be thy head amongst the nobles of the people.

"Deep shall be thy moan among the children of fool-sorrow. Thy land shall be given to the stranger, and thy titles shall lie among the dead. The branch that springs from thee shall see his dwelling burnt, in which a king is nursed—his wife a sacrifice in that same flame, his children numerous, but of little honor; and three born and grown, who shall never see the light. Yet shall thine ancient tower stand, for the brave and true cannot be wholly forsaken. Thou must dreary wean't until horses shall be stabled in the hall, and a weaver shall throw his shuttle in thy chamber of state. Thine ancient tower shall be a ruin until an ash sapling shall spring from its topmost stone. Then shall thy sorrows be ended, and the sunshine of royalty beam on thee once more. Thine honors shall be restored, the kiss of peace shall be given to thy countess, though she seek it not, and the days of peace shall return to thee and thine. The line of Mar shall be broken, but not until its honors are doubled and its doom is ended."

Now for the way this has worked out. In 1571 and 1572 the Earl of Mar was regent of Scotland, and "sat in the place of the King." He destroyed Cambuskenneth Abbey and took its stones to build a palace in Stirling, which was never finished, called "Mar's Work."

In 1715 the Earl of Mar raised the banner of James VIII. of Scotland, whom the English called the "pretender," and was defeated at Sheriffmuir in a field of blood. His title was forfeited, his lands confiscated and sold to a stranger, the Earl of Fife. The grandson of the exiled earl lived in Alloa Castle in poverty near the end of the last century. The castle had been the home of James VII. as an infant. One night it was destroyed by fire, Mrs. Erskine being

BURNED TO DEATH.

Three blind children escaped and lived to old age. The family, thus burned out, moved away.

About 1804 a troop of cavalry, raised to repel the threatened French invasion, stabled their horses in the remains of the great hall, and in 1810 a weaver was found with his loom in the principal room of the castle. Having been dispossessed in Alloa for rent, he had gone to the castle. Between 1815 and 1820 an ash sapling actually grew

at the top of the tower, big enough to be shaken by visitors without being torn up.

In 1822 George IV. went to Scotland to search out the families that had suffered from their adherence to the Stuarts' cause, and first among them he found Mr. John Francis Erskine, the grandson of the Earl of Mar of 1715. To him the king restored the earldom in 1824. The countess of the grandson of this restored earl was never presented at court, but once was in a small room of Stirling Castle when Queen Victoria entered. The Queen asked who she was, and when she learned, kissed her. When this earl died in 1866 his cousin, the Earl of Kellie, claimed the title under a second charter of 1565, and won his case, so that the honors were doubled. But even yet the prophecy was not complete. The nephew of the earl who died in 1866 got the older title in 1885, so that now the line of Mar is broken.

It is easy to say that the prophecy was composed after the events. But admitting that part of it may have been, much of it has been fulfilled since 1799. The horses and the weaver since that year, as do the restoration of the earldom, the kiss of peace, the doubling of the honors, and the breaking of the line of Mar; this last came only twelve years ago, in fact. So the word has been dried out, and though the two earls of Mar are, naturally not on the best of terms, it may be hoped that peace rests upon the oldest family of Scotland.

THE DEEDS OF THE TURK.

He Governs in the Spirit of the Tartars, the Spirit of Destruction.

Now, what have the Turks done? They left their deserts on the frontiers of China and invaded Europe for purposes of plunder. They reached the end of their resources, and would probably have been driven back, when, as Dean Church in his wonderful paper on the subject has described their leader hit upon the infernal device of demanding a tribute of children instead of certain imposts. Out of these children none of them Turks by blood, he formed the "New Soldiers," the Janissaries, perhaps the most formidable standing army which ever existed, and with them his successors conquered Constantinople and the whole of the Eastern Empire of Rome, and nearly conquered Hungary, but were beaten back by the Polish cavalry.

From that day to this they have governed that magnificent empire in the spirit of Tartars, which is the spirit of destruction. They have founded nothing, improved nothing, built nothing, have produced no literature, advanced no art, sent out no new idea among mankind. They have shown no conception of government except despotism, supported, whenever resistance was made by massacres which included both sexes and destruction which extended even to the animals and the trees. Of their endless subject-races they have not conciliated one. Greek and Slav alike, by almost unheard of sacrifices, have at last cast off their yoke. There is no people in the world so submissive as the Armenian, who obeyed the Roman cheerfully for centuries, but even he cannot tolerate the Turk.

THE GREEK LOATHES HIM.

and even in a little island like Crete fights him hand to hand. The Arab, who is of his own faith, holds him to be the worst of barbarians and rises against him in armed insurrection at least once in every five years. The detestation of him is, in fact, not European but universal, and is kept down in every province only by sheer terror of the Ottoman, the boldest and most merciless of all Asiatic fighting men.

Noris there the slightest hope of improvement. On the contrary, in Turkey everything including public virtue, is rapidly decaying. There never was a Sultan so bad as the present, or one so secure; the Pashas are universally corrupt and are given up even by the admirers of the Turk; and as for the soldiery, let Batuk and Armenia answer for their character. Nothing survives in the Ottoman except his magnificent courage, his habit of obedience to his officers, and his readiness to die rather than surrender the ascendancy of his caste, an ascendancy which with him means the right to kill all Christians who will not submit. The treasury is bankrupt, the provinces are ruined, the capital rises and retires trembling, while all reformers are hunted down, and even the religious students who appeal to the Koran as condemning the present regime are ordered back to their homes to starve there in quiet. After 400 years of unbroken rule this is the condition of Turkey, and then because the Levantines of the ports are an unworthy people, we are told that we ought to sympathize with the "masculine Ottoman," and not the civilized Greek. Let us admit that the Turk is masculine, and then ask his admirers if they can point to another race in which, if a man rises to the top, he becomes, by those admirers' acknowledgment, instantly and hopelessly bad—is transformed, in fact, from a fine, if brutal soldier or peasant into a Pasha.

PAPER GLOVES AND STOCKINGS.

The uses to which paper in various forms can be put seems almost limitless. Gloves and stockings made of paper are the latest innovation. They are said to be superior in many ways to much of the wool, cotton or silk stuff that is put upon the market, inasmuch as they are quite tough and strong, a quality that is not possessed by the cheap grades of the other goods. The goods are made by knitting, just as yarn is used. Paper twine is first roughed by machinery so as to be fuzzy like wool.

They are on the market on the other side, but we have not seen them in the United States yet. It is expected that paper stockings can be sold here for about two cents a pair.

At this rate it will be more economical to use these, and throw them away or rather, burn them, after once using, than to have the ordinary stockings washed.