ONCE FAMOUS EPISODE

BOULANGER INCIDENT TREATED IN ROCHEFORT'S MEMOIRS.

Causes of the General's Popularity with the Masses, Who Would Have Made Him Dictator of France.

New York Herald.

In the fifth and last volume of "The Adventures of My Life," just issued from the press in Paris, Henri Rochefort recounts the last eight years of his life, most of which time was spent in exile in London. The volume is taken up chiefly with the history of the now historical Boulanger episode, which, as we know, resulted in that unhappy officer's suicide and in the journalist's banishment. As Rochefort was Boulanger's chief lieutenant and privy counsellor throughout that serio-comic affair, he probably knows better than any other living man what the real ambition of General Boulanger was and what was the true inside history of the Boulanger intrigues. Whether M. Rochefort has told all he knows in these memoirs is best known to himself. It is certain that he would have little interest in divulging concerning the dead soldier facts that might only incriminate himself.

Rochefort professes to have still the highest regard for Boulanger's memory, both as a soldier and a Republican. He writes:

"I, who have been the recipient of Boulanger's secrets and before whom he unbosomed himself all the more freely because he knew me to be incapable of betraying him—I feel it my duty to declare that all the judgments formed concerning him, even the most favorable, are almost completely erroneous. Politics were an indisputable means to him, but entirely secondary. His aim, the only one he pursued obstinately, was revenge for our disasters and the repossession of our two lost provinces. He waited only for the moment when, having entirely reorganized the army, he could find an opportunity to put himself at its head and march against the enemy."

He says that the General's immense popularity with the masses—a popularity that nearly placed him in the palace of the Elysee as President, or military dictator, was due to two causes—first, the unpopularity and incapacity of the existing Ferry Ministry, which was responsible for all France's colonial trouble; second, Boulanger's unequivocal attitude and language concerning the hereditary enemy, Germany, and his vigorous and humanitarian reforms while Minister of War. He permitted the soldiers to wear beards and to go to bed after 8 o'clock. He moved to other cities regiments that by favoritism had been permitted to be garrisoned in one place for fourteen consecutive years. "These measures," says Rochefort, "aroused the fury of the reactionaries and made a popular idol of the General."

THEIR FIRST MEETING.

It was some time after Boulanger had paraded on his black charger and won this popularity before he and Rochefort met.

"At that time," writes the journalist, "I had seen Boulanger only once before he was made Minister. The support I gave him in L'Intransigeant was therefore purely a matter of policy. It was only on the day following the inauguration of the Cercle Militaire, at which he had presided, that a Deputy of the extreme Left took me to his office. After I had referred in complimentary terms to the magnificent ovation given him by the crowds in the street the evening before, I gave him this bitter pill to swallow:

"'Make up your mind that you are eating the best dishes now. I know what popularity is. You'll pay for all these acclamations one of these days. They'll call you traitor and robber; they'll insist that you wanted to poison your father in order to inherit quicker. I, myself, after being carried in triumph, have been accused of burglary, and also of stealing sacred vessels in the churches.' He began to laugh. Yet I prophesied then far fewer troubles than fell to him."

A few months later came the Schnabell affair, which threatened to plunge France and Germany into another Homeric struggle. German officials, acting, it was said, under high authority, had entrapped M. Schnabell, a French subject, living on the frontier, and held him prisoner with the alleged object of irritating France into declaring war. Rochefort writes:

"I was among the first to hasten to the General to gather particulars concerning the outrage and learn the possible consequences. I found Boulanger perfectly calm, like a man who has taken a supreme resolution and will not go beyond the limit that he himself has attributed to reconciliation. When I entered he was standing at the door of his office. He shut the door and said: 'If they really mean war they'll always be able to provoke it, even during negotiations. We must therefore mobilize without the loss of a moment's time.' And, in fact, while I was with him he rang his bell ten times to send out messengers with orders. So I received from my visit the disquieting impression that an absolute rupture with Germany hung only by a thread. I am, and I am obliged to confess, Boulanger appeared so full of ardor and so disposed to go ahead that I could not prevent myself from sharing his confidence." Germany, however, made concessions and the incident was closed.

More alarmed than ever at the growing popularity of the "brav' General," the new Ministry banished him to Clermont Ferrand, where he was given command of the Thirteenth corps. The General now posed before the people as a martyr, and Napoleon on his return from Elba could not have desired a more enthusiastic ovation than that Boulanger received at the Lyons station, where he took the train for Clermont Ferrand.

BIRTH OF BOULANGISM.

"From that moment," says Rochefort, "Boulangism was founded. France, which had believed itself preserved for a long time from military incapacity and dishonest politics, objected to the shameful yoke that the government tried to impose on it, and Boulanger thus became the center and the pivot of the opposition which arose on every side." * * * "The real cause of the government's apprehension," continues the journalist, "was its conviction that if a pretender ventured to undertake an attempt to strangle the republic, he would, perhaps, be received at the station where he arrived by the same 150,000 patriots who had made the ovation to the General."

Rochefort denies emphatically that Boulanger had anything to do with the famous scandal regarding the traffic in the Cross of the Legion of Honor in which Wilson, son-in-law of President Grevy, was implicated.

"It was an infamous, and above all, a stupid calumny! And who started these revolting insinuations? Who spread the gossip? General Ferron himself, who, in his quality as Minister of War should have defended the officers whom he had appointed to the command of the Thirteenth Corps."

Grevy was more than compromised by his son-in-law's troubles. The old man could not succeed in forming a ministry to replace the Rouvier Ministry, which had tried to save Wilson, and resignation seemed the only way out of the difficulty. It was at that critical moment that Rochefort, Boulanger & Co." essayed the fire of the intrigues which led, finally, to their prosecution for high treason. Rochefort writes:

"The election of Ferry to the presidency seemed imminent. That would be disaster which we must do all to avert. We met at the house of George Laguerre, in the Rue Saint Honore. There were present Laisant, Andrieux, Boulanger and myself. Clemenceau was also at the meeting, which lasted until three in the morning, and constituted what has since been called 'the historical night, although we had made no pretention to make it part of history. They pretended to consider our deliberations as the result of a plot. In reality nothing but perfectly legal proceedings were plotted then. We simply wished to wriggle through one of the numerous moth holes in the constitution. This is what it was: 'When a ministry is fallen, which happens frequently in our country, it remains at its post to attend to current business until the President succeeds in organizing another.'

"Now, there is no limit to this state of affairs. The Rouvier Cabinet had just fallen. M. Grevy had the right to wait fifteen days, a month, three months, before finding a substitute. It was on this faculty that we based ourselves to organize the coup that we were meditating, and which, by unhoped for accident, would have been revolutionary without ceasing to be constitutional. Freycinet, Clemenceau and a few others having declined the mission to form a cabinet on the debris of that just fallen, we presented one to old Grevy, as follows:

"Boulanger for the War Department.
"Laisant for Public Instruction.
"George Laguerre for the Ministry of Justice.

THEIR PLANS.

"On condition of adhering to this list, Father Grevy was guaranteed the only thing he really cared about—his maintenance at the Elysee. He would send away his son-in-law and we would present ourselves before the chamber with a declaration promising constitutional revision in the broadest sense, which implicated the suppression of the Senate. We would ask Parliament for a vote of confidence which, naturally, would be refused by an overwhelming majority. But, although overthrown, Grevy would be entitled to keep us to attend to current business. If the Chamber and the Senate attempted to drag us from our ministerial benches, they would be guilty of sedition. We should be compelled to move the seat of the government to Versailles, and the Parisian population, which never tired of acclaiming Boulanger, being incontestably with us, the parliamentarians would soon be where we wished them to be. Boulanger, who was then in Paris on military business, and was to return to his command at Clermont the following day, was present at these deliberations without taking part.

"Clemenceau, who could not reconcile our extra and even anti-parliamentary propositions with his ideas concerning the tribune and legality, showed plainly that night his intention to break definitely with Boulanger, whom he seemed to regard as outside of any solution. When the plan, to which only Grevy's consent was necessary, was definitely settled, I took, I remember, a sheet of note paper on which I wrote down the names of the future ministers, as fast as we appointed them. Andrieux undertook to go and propose the lists to the old tenant of the Elysee, to whom the Chamber had given notice to quit and who did not ask better than renew his lease. If he entered into our views, instead of the message of resignation that they were waiting for at the Palais-Bourbon and the Luxembourg, he would issue a sort of proclamation to the country in which he would declare that he had finally constituted a ministry with which he was in perfect sympathy, and which would appear that very day before Parliament.

"But Grevy evidently thought there was too much of an opera comique flavor about the list submitted, for he refused, saying: 'All I can see in the offers you make me is that you don't want to serve me, but to serve yourselves. Once the masters, nothing would be easier for you than to crush me, and it's probable that you would not hesitate.' In which," adds Rochefort, "the old gentleman was not mistaken."

The elections followed, and Boulanger was made a candidate in several departments. The government, in a desperate effort to diminish the General's popularity, removed him from active service. This persecution had the result of redoubling his popularity. "In the department of the Aisne," writes Rochefort, "he obtained at a scrutin, before he had even come forward as a candidate, 55,000 votes, beating all competitors by 20,000. Then it was that the frightened government resolved to put him on the retired list."

He became candidate for the department of the Nord, and was elected to the Chamber by the enormous majority of 172,500 votes, against less than 76,000 given to the ministerial candidate. "This election," says Rochefort, "inaugurated the series of triumphant scrutins which were to avenge the ex-Minister for all the base iniquities with which he had been pursued. He was then living at the Hotel du Louvre. * * * Although he employed several secretaries, he barely had time to eat, and rarely went to bed before 2 o'clock in the morning. He was always up at 7."

MORNINGS IN THE BOIS.

"I had rented for the summer," continued the journalist, "a charming little villa, situated in the Bois de Boulogne itself, at the entrance to the Suresnes Bridge, and almost every morning the General came out on horseback to pay me a visit, accompanied by Count Dillon. They sometimes lunched with my family and me in the garden, and afterwards we sat down and prepared manifestoes or replies necessitated by the incessant attacks against him. I usually wrote the replies and Alfred Naquet wrote the longer speeches. It was Naquet who elaborated, together with Boulanger, the projects of revision, which the General read in the tribune, and which brought Floquet there to pronounce his epigram, celebrated for his inanity:

"'At your age Napoleon was dead!'

"Boulanger sent Floquet his seconds, and the famous duel came off, in which Boulanger was seriously wounded."

So it went on, the General's popularity and his enemies' bitterness against him increased daily until the Paris election of 1889, when Boulanger opposed the ministerial candidate named Jacques. As was to be foreseen, the votes accorded the General almost literally swept Jacques out of sight. Boulanger seemed the master of Paris, the master of France. That was the critical hour. A coup d'etat was momentarily expected. Rochefort, Boulanger, Laguerre and their friends were awaiting in a room of the Durand restaurant, near the Madeleine, for the news of the election. The telegrams poured in, the mobs were yelling in the street and it was claimed later by the prosecution that it was then that the conspiracy was formed to excite the mob further, march on the Elysee and seize the power, a plot that failed owing to Boulanger's lack of moral courage. Rochefort does not have much to say concerning this episode, and it is doubtful if he has told all he knows. He quibbles when he says:

"A coup d'etat is the act of a government which employs the military and civil forces under its authority to overthrow a constitution to which it has sworn obedience. Boulanger, not being a Minister nor even a soldier, and having for him not only his popularity in Paris, but all over French territory, would not have committed any crime in permitting himself to be carried to power on the popular wave. Moreover, nothing at that solemn hour could have been easier. Sure as we have been for a long time of the result of the election, we should only have had to summon silently forty thousand partisans and have them meet at midnight at a point determined upon, when Boulanger would have put himself at their head. Several members of the national committee (was M. Rochefort one?) urged him to profit by this marvelous opportunity. He resisted resolutely, in the fallacious conviction that in France it is possible to arrive at power by legal methods.

On information lodged with the Minister of Justice warrants were issued for Boulanger and Rochefort, but both fled to Belgium, thence seeking refuge in London.

"Boulanger soon found London untenable," says Rochefort, "owing to the many invitations he was asked to accept. So I advised him to take up his residence at Jersey. It was there that I met, for the first time, Mme. Bonnemain, of whom I had caught glances in the park and at the theater. She had then seemed very stout, but I found her very much thinner. She was the victim of a terrible cough, but Boulanger was optimistic and appeared not to realize her obvious condition. Was it her misfortune and the nonrealization of her hopes that brought on consumption? Others claimed that faulty dentition had brought about a shrinking of the stomach, which ended fatally. And, in fact, I noticed at table that she had the greatest difficulty in masticating her food.

"Later Boulanger took Mme. De Bonnemain, who had grown worse, to Brussels, and after a few weeks I received the following telegram: 'All is over. I am very unhappy.' During the two months that separated this death from his own Boulanger lived as if in a trance. For fear of alarming his family, who suspected his intention, he strained himself to affect gayety, saying: 'Come, let's sit down to dinner. I'm horribly hungry.' Then he would sit before his plate and play with the food with his fork. * * * He promised his niece that he would not kill himself during the month of October. It was then Sept. 28. He kept his word, for it was Sept. 29, in the morning, that he blew his brains out."

Childs and His Pensioner.

Washington Post.

I heard an interesting story on Newspaper row, just the other day, of the kindness of heart of the late George W. Childs. Mr. Childs was leaving the Ledger office one night very late, when he heard an alarm of fire, and an old man came running down the stairs. Mr. Childs asked him his business.

"I'm going to report that fire," said the old man.

"How long have you been a reporter on this paper?" asked Mr. Childs.

"Fourteen years," said the old man.

"Well," said Mr. Childs, "you go back to the city editor and tell him I say to send somebody who is younger."

The old man obeyed. He was told afterward that he need not report for duty again. Mr. Childs had pensioned him.

A year or so after that, the man who told me the story happened to enter Mr. Childs's office just as the pensioner was leaving. The great editor was laughing. The pensioner, he said, had come in with a great deal of worry on his mind to ask a serious question.

"Don't you get your money regularly?" asked Mr. Childs.

"Oh, yes," answered the man, "but it has worried me a lot lately, sir; it has worried me a lot to know what's going to become of me when you die."

IN THE CRITICS' HANDS

TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE RECEPTION OF A LITTLE BOOK OF POEMS.

Not Many Copies Sold, but the Author Came Out Rich in Experience—Opinions Differed Widely.

Peter Thalbode, in New York Post.

A little more than two years ago a metropolitan publisher consented, for a consideration, to print and bind in neat covers, quite after my own taste, and in a particularly attractive type—which I had perfect liberty to select—some five hundred copies of a very thin volume of my verse, the small edition being fixed upon merely as a preliminary introduction to the public. About sixty copies were sent out for review to the leading critical authorities of this country and of England, and an equal number were given to personal friends. The remaining volumes (barring, perhaps, seventy-five or one hundred copies are extremely well preserved, on the floors of the publishing house, in packages of twenty-five, covored with firm manilla wrappers, and considerable dust. It gives me pleasure to know that every volume is thus accounted for. In view of the reasonableness of the publisher's original charge, I consider it a very low rate for storage. Had the books been of the average size the worthy gentleman would have lost money by the transaction. I regret to say that the preliminary introduction threatens to remain preliminary; the second edition is still a "far-off divine event." Yet I have never done anything which I contemplate with more serene satisfaction, and I shall, in all human probability, be quite foolish enough to repeat the experiment.

While the volume was in press a friend said to me, "You must not be too sensitive about unfriendly criticisms." I replied that I believed myself armored against that, and that nothing but universal disapprobation would create serious misgiving in my own mind as to the real value of what I had produced. "I do not think I overrate it," I said, "though I think well of it. And if my judgment is shared by a single reader I shall maintain it against the entire world of critics. If, however, every one that reads fails to perceive in it a vitalizing force I shall be discouraged." It was not long before I had my one appreciative reader, and half a dozen more, and after that I think I enjoyed the slashing criticisms of some of the "leading critical authorities" more than all the rest. Happening to come upon the printed criticisms this morning in my scrapbook, I turned also to the rather bulky package in which I have preserved the letters of personal friends touching my little volume, with one or two very rare and precious commendations from strangers who wrote of their pleasure in my work. The zest of it comes back to me very strongly, and I wonder if the reading public might not find some interest in the fate of an innocent bark set afloat upon the sea of literary adventure. I have no reason to believe that my experience is not typical. I think it is. If so, there will be no harm in making extracts from the log of the voyage for the benefit of those who read or write verse.

OPPOSING COMMENTS.

The most curious and puzzling thing about it all is that there is scarcely a single quality of the book, either external or internal, that has not been at the same time highly extolled and severely criticised. Before coming to details I want to say that in many of the comments I cannot but have the sense that the praise and the blame are alike perfunctory, meaning nothing, one way or the other. A few of the critics really wish they had never seen the volume, and, while meaning to be kind, have no other object in view than to get the "job" of reviewing it off their hands. Note the following from one who would not harm the author for the world: "To form an opinion from a cursory glance over its contents, the work contains much of interest to the lover of poesy and rhyme, and upon better acquaintance it will be sure to prove a most charming companion for a quiet hour." I can see this reviewer blotting his smeared task, and then picking up my precious volume and flinging it into the farthest corner of the room. I am sorry for him and for half a dozen others like him. He ought never to have left the harrow to enter a printing office.

Among the majority of the critics, however, there appears to have been an honest difference of opinion regarding the validity of the various appeals made by my book to the critical judgment. To begin with, the dress and printing of the book are considered by one to be execrable, while another can only express himself by saying: "An attractive little volume. Cover, the perfection of taste. Size, just what the hand rejoices in. The pages are in perfect keeping with the exterior." Another, not so enthusiastic, simply declares that the book is "prettily made." So much for the externals.

The prime question as to the original quality of the work is variously answered. Rather more than half of those who touch upon that feature decide that the author "does his own thinking in his own way," or "there is no borrowing here." On the other hand, the reviewer of the Pall Mall Gazette, under the suggestive title of "Old Friends with New Faces," quite distinctly points out the numerous imitations of which the author has been guilty, closing with the annihilating sentiment: "If ever Mr. Thalbode should attain to a note—however small—of his own, and give up his unprofitable mimicry of other meters and mannerisms, his verse will be better worth reading—and criticising." The critic, particularly finds an echo of "the hexameters of A. H. Clough" in my opening poem. Though it involve a humiliating confession, I cannot help it; but I had never read Mr. Clough's hexameters until the Gazette accused me of imitating them. Nor do I honestly think the accusations would have been made but for a false scansion of my plain pentameters. The Gazette also looks upon another set of verses as an imitation of "Maud," while a commemorative poem in iambics, rhyming the first and third and the second and fourth lines in the good old way, is held to be modeled upon "In Memoriam," for which the Gazette strangely confesses a preference. As the reviewer appears to have based his strictures upon metrical imitation, I am led to conclude that he had neglected his poetical reading for a considerable period. Possibly he had confined it to the new books of verse upon which it was his duty to pass judgment.

HARD ON THE RIVAL.

To several of those who were kind enough to notice my volume the book seemed lacking in power and impressiveness altogether. Thus, the Saturday Review says: "It has some pretty verse in it, it comes very near having positive merit; and yet, when it is all read, what remains? Merely the sense that one has been reading so much meter, turned out according to the rules and pleasantly diversified with an occasional thought or sentiment. It is as far from being bad as it is from being good." I hope it will not be thought ill natured to say that a criticism following the preceding quotation, comparing my verse unfavorably with some quoted lines of another writer, is the only one of all which touched my pride as an author unpleasantly. But you should read the other verses. And yet I fancy that my rival got little more satisfaction out of it, for, while comparisons are often chiefly odious to the inferior party, yet the other is not likely to be overpleased when his only title to preference is the possession of a bad quality in a lesser degree.

Another reviewer puts my book among "six volumes of so-called poetry" which "hardly deserve mention at all." These hard words are mild in comparison with what I find in a clipping from a newspaper published in the far West. Referring to a reprint from one of the magazines, this journal "wishes it had remained entombed there." It admits that some of the short poems "rise a little above the dead level of mediocrity." After mentioning one of these, it adds: "For the rest, there is some good paper wasted in the printing of indifferent verses." Elsewhere a judge holding court above the poems says: "They are pleasing, and could be recommended for summer reading, but there is little in them to leave a lasting impression." Others, with a bitter spirit, speak of the "dainty measures," but suggest the same criticism without positively formulating it.

I should have stated that my volume contains upwards of twenty sets of verses, possessing considerable variety of form and treatment. To use the language of my scrapbook, some of the poems are serious and some "are intended to be humorous, and are written in dialect." A reflection is again cast upon these humorous poems by another literary authority, one of the foremost of our modern Athens, when he says, "The author, if not the reader, enjoys humorous and dialect poems." Still another authority regards the serious poems as "more creditable to the writer's talent than his things in lighter vein." On the other hand, the London Academy has no praise for anything except "some admirable little dialect poems" and one other. And a periodical which, by general consent, ranks among the highest in authority among Gotham's critical publications says, "We like best the humorous piece entitled," etc., etc. While on this point let me say that every one of the twenty-odd poems has been selected by one or more reviewers or correspondents as plainly the best in the book, or, at least, as a favorite.

MANY COMPARISONS.

The poems remind various readers of Sir Philip Sidney, Andrew Marvel, Herrick, Heine, Goethe, Halleck, and N. P. Willis. These names I find in the American reviews. We have been reminded already by the Pall Mall Gazette of the clear imitations of "A. H. Clough" and Alfred Tennyson. From the private letters I might come near to doubling the list. No fewer than fifteen poets of greater or less eminence have been cited as the masters on whom my poetical style was modeled. Whether the different readers would classify my verses as set imitations, after the manner of the Pall Mall Gazette I cannot say. It would be unpleasant for me to think so, in the absence of a fixed classification by my readers.

The characteristic on which all unite, so far as they express themselves, is a certain "daintiness" or "delicacy," although one critic finds the poems characterized by "much sincere, original, profound and at times striking thought expressed in a manner at once robust and delicate." I like that "robust." The same critic finds the usual emotional topics of poetry here "handled with a most unusual dignity and reverence." And he adds, "The author's deep probing down into the fundamental causes of action and emotion tends to stimulate the reader's own reflection in an extraordinary degree." The culmination of praise in the language of this friendly critic is reached when he says: "Mr. Thalbode also displays much originality in the lines of phraseology, versification, rhythm and rhyme, as well as in thought, but it is in respect to the latter quality that the poems are most remarkable." It is only fair to reproduce the foregoing commendation and those which follow as an offset to the unfavorable judgments reprinted in a preceding paragraph. A Chicago critic overflows with praise on the "clearly good quality of the book, never overstrained, always pure, and at times passionate." Another voice from Chicago says the title poem is "a sustained effort of strength and poetry, a charming creation and a pleasant introduction to the ones that follow. * * * They display erudition, care in versification, but they go beyond these things and touch the emotions."

It is a Washington paper that thinks "the collection sufficient to confirm the right of their author to the title of poet," and it is another reviewer from the capital city who should have been classified with the first from whom I quoted, as feeling better when the work of review was through with. His comment is: "A dainty little volume of very pleasant facts (God save the mark!) and fancies, clothed in harmonious and rhythmic attire, pleasing alike the eye and the ear."

Out of the entire medley of good words and bad I will select but one more, and that from the former classification. I could wish nothing better than that my work should deserve it. Here it is: "We could, had we space, quote many a good thing from Mr. Thalbode's pages to show that his gold of fancy is true metal and that his art is deliberately and daintily suited to his imagination." I prize commendation like that, and the eulogy, however scant, the reproach, however severe, of the other few fine critics whose comments have the true ring of knowledge and sincerity.

LIMITATIONS OF THE ILLUSTRATOR.

The Mechanical Processes of the Engraving Hamper the Artist.

Ernest Knaufft, in Review of Reviews.

In the writings of Thackeray we are reminded, time and again, that this mundane life of ours is like a puppet show. The English nation accepted this view, which fact we must keep before us if we are to understand the genius of George Du Maurier. For years the English people have looked in the pages of Punch as children look at a performance of "Punch and Judy," expecting to be amused by "a counterfeit presentment" of life which they never for a moment think to be real, content to see the actors of wood and their wholly mechanical movements. In America we have no parallel to Punch. The first man to make society caricatures fully popular here was Charles Dana Gibson, but his success rested entirely upon the naturalism of his drawings. It was because his figures were so life-like, so thoroughly the antithesis of the marionettes we were wont to see in the comic paper, that they became the rage in art circles. But the readers of Punch back in the sixties, when Du Maurier began his career, did not expect to find realism in its illustrations; they had been used to the puppets of Richard Doyle and John Leech, to whose leading ladies and walking gentlemen the cruder figures of Thackeray sometimes played ingenue parts, and it was never the picture of a real duchess or of a real bishop that they looked for, but a little three-inch printed figure that stood for the duchess or the bishop. For the right understanding of Du Maurier as an artist it was as important to realize this as it is to remember that the Greek actor spoke through the mouth of a mask, and that Voltaire and Corneille wrote in rhymed verse in an artificial and stilted age.

Even at the risk of seeming to force technicalities upon the reader, we dwell upon this restraint Punch enforced upon its artists, and even go a step further to remind our readers that in those days the process of photo-engraving an artist's drawing in fac-simile had not been invented. When, for instance, our Mr. Gibson began his career ten years ago he made his drawings on a large scale, with a consequent result of great freedom of line. On the other hand, when Du Maurier began the artists of Punch made their drawings on boxwood the size they were to be printed, and in reverse. The blocks were then engraved by hand, the drawings frequently being cut to pieces, so that they contained little autographic character when printed. In the "First Drawing in Punch" one readily sees that the coats and hats are rendered, not by any artist's line, but by the conventionalities of the engraver. It is true that later on photography upon the block was invented, and the artist no longer drew upon the wood, nor in reverse, but his drawing, when photographed on the wood, still had to be engraved by hand, and as it was most easy for the engraver to follow a certain style of cross-hatched lines which should be fairly uniform throughout the picture a conventional style of shading was employed by each Punch artist.

SMOKELESS POWDER IN WARFARE.

How It Will Affect Battles on Sea and Land.

Baltimore Sun.

The next great fight will be fought under conditions impossible but for the discovery of smokeless powder. Fleet commanders will be enabled to maneuver in sight of one another, execute dangerous tactical movements and be kept at all times under perfect control by the admiral commanding, through the system of flag signals. The advent of smokeless powder, therefore, promises to revolutionize the evolutions of modern war ships in action. The entire fleet drill book will probably be overhauled and allowance made for the ease with which signals can be used.

It has been only for the last few years that the authorities of the war and navy departments have turned their attention toward perfecting a brand of powder capable of high velocities, quick burning, and at the same time producing little or no smoke. In the last few months both departments have found a formula which, they declare, will give this government the strongest and best powder known to the military powers of the world.

In a few weeks the navy will purchase upward of 1,000,000 pounds of the new powder for the vessels in service, and this will be followed later by still larger orders, until there is a good stock on hand for all emergencies. At present the factory at Newport cannot furnish the powder as fast as the ships require it, so that it will become necessary for the department to send its formula to some private powder manufactory in order to facilitate deliveries and increase the supply.

The last war shows that during some of the great fleet evolutions in the South ships frequently ran foul of one another through their inability to navigate properly when obscured in smoke, and that many a mistake was made because the signals could not be seen from the flagship. There were instances also when one vessel fired on a ship of her own squadron, believing her to be a ship of the enemy. With the new powder twenty vessels might engage an equal number, but every ship would be able to read the orders of the admiral accurately. The same number of vessels in an engagement where the present black, slow-burning powder was used would develop a smoke cloud which, in five minutes after the action begun, would practically shut out of sight each vessel from the other. The confusion on board when the men are not able to see those at the next gun is said also to have led to mistakes resulting in some instances to the loss of the vessel.

The adoption of the new powder by the army will necessitate alterations in the tactics applying to operations on the field of battle. The infantryman who fires with this powder at once obtains the advantage of having a clear field of fire. But, on the other hand, if he is unprovided with cover, either natural or artificial, there will be no protecting cloud of smoke to conceal him, and should the enemy have found cover, he on his side is more vulnerable than when the smoke showed his position. The supposition that troops can be exposed to fire without knowing whence it comes, is more or less fanciful in the opinion of General Miles and the best military tacticians in Washington.

It is admitted that with the suppression of smoke the advance against a position will no doubt be somewhat more difficult than formerly, but the danger will not be greater until within 500 or 600 yards of the enemy. Beyond this point, when distances can be judged with less difficulty, when the errors of aiming are small, and where the trajectory of the bullets of the new army gun will be altogether dangerous, it will make little difference, the experts say, whether smokeless or nonsmokeless powder is used. With high-powdered guns, capable of terrific velocities and greater accuracy than the old war-time pieces, it will be of the greatest benefit to soldiers to have a clear field, without a cloud of smoke, so that long-distance aiming can be done and a good target made of the enemy. The absence of smoke, the army says, will be of material advantage to the defender who can occupy positions which give cover, while those attacking must very often, if not always, advance unconcealed. In some cases formation of ground might enable them to approach under cover, but these are exceptional, and sooner or later he must disclose himself.

Whatever result smokeless powder may have when infantry is fighting it is quite clear to the army that it will exercise considerable influence on the cavalry and on the artillery and the cavalry. The advantages which it will confer on the artillery are set forth by ordnance officers as follows: It leaves a clear field of fire and will render it possible, therefore, when firing upon artillery to distinguish the guns from the intervals and to keep the fire of one's own guns directed on the former. The observation of the fire will also be simplified, while with the new powder the effect of projectiles on the shore in the rear of the smoke of the enemy's guns could not be seen. The effect of long range fire will also be as easily observed as at short. When the artillery is employed in an open country it will be more difficult to conceal it, while the smoke formerly screened it from view. The movements of batteries, it is claimed, will be more difficult, since no advantage can be taken of the smoke.

It is possibly an exaggeration to say, as many officers have who look upon the introduction of smokeless powder as necessitating a direct change in the present tactics, that the cavalry will be rendered valueless on the battlefield. This same opinion was expressed, the army men say, when firearms were introduced, and still the cavalry remains an important factor in all military organizations. Some of the closest students of the art of war contend that the cavalry will not appear on the battlefield in the next great wars, but will be reserved solely to screen the infantry and for reconnoitering purposes. Others contend that, as men on horses are higher above the ground than infantrymen, they have better opportunities of seeing what is before them, regardless of smoke clouds, and that when the time for the cavalry comes to act it makes no difference whether the enemy is concealed by waves of black smoke or standing in plain view.

A Natural Query.

Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A Bellefield man is the father of a small daughter, who takes a deep interest in everything which is going on, politics, athletics and everything else. She very much regretted her papa's determination not to take her down town on election night to hear the returns, for she had rooted faithfully for McKinley, wearing all the badges and buttons she could obtain, and saying a good word for him in season and out of season.

When her papa came home late Tuesday night, or early Wednesday morning, this little girl woke up long enough to ask:

"Is McKinley elected, papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"What was the score?"

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Some months ago the Kis-Me Gum Company offered $5,000 to its patrons in the form of a novel guessing contest on the popular vote of this presidential election.

The above money was deposited with the Louisville Trust Company last Saturday (Oct. 31) awaiting the result of each State, and this company will award the prizes.

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