

CHRISTMAS IN WARTIME.

Stephen Gwynn, in The Spectator.
 Now the year is closing to the season set apart
 When the mother draws her wanderers homeward
 to her heart;
 As though air enchanted currents on man's
 errand run,
 So at Christmastide the crying of a mother to
 her son
 From the tense soul leaps and thrills out, quest-
 ing till it find
 Answering thrill of dear remembrance, yearning
 down the wind,
 And is heard.—How many thousand mothers by
 the fire
 Sit in silence, and this Christmas, lingering in
 long desire,
 Gaze with inward eyes a-strain to picture what
 is felt,
 What is prayed, what done, what suffered,
 yonder on the veldt!
 And how many sons, by camp fires, or in morn-
 ing's chilly start,
 Feel a silent mother draw them homeward to
 her heart!

Not yours only, O you English mothers. Yonder
 where
 Blackened walls and hearthstones naked in the
 noonday glare
 Cry of your sons' passage on the desolated plain,
 Tears remember the beloved slayer, the dear
 slain.
 Other women send their aching souls out on the
 wind,
 Other sons with tender aspiration of the mind
 Seek a home, now hid in ashes.—Let the long-
 drawn fight
 Flame and smoulder, droop and rally—God de-
 fend the right;
 But let mothers on all mothers' woe have pity,
 sire on sire—
 For where merchandise of war is bartered, blood
 and fire,
 Still some woman claims each dealer in the
 dreadful mart,
 Draws him, gaunt, fierce eyed and weather
 beaten, to her heart,
 In the season, in the blessed season,
 When the mother draws her children homeward
 to her heart.

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT.

Lady Dovetown A widow.
 Eric Dovetown Her son.
 Celeste Her maid.
 M. Clovis Her milliner.

(Lady Dovetown's dressing room in her house
 in Grosvenor Square. A gorgeously hot morn-
 ing in June is just visible through the windows,
 which are masked with plants on the outside.
 On the inside innumerable curtains of every
 kind of fabric, from delicate lace to Liberty silk
 of every variation of green from pearl colors to
 verte Sèvres, temper the light to a refreshing
 coolness. The room is decorated in the Louis
 XV period. The walls and furniture of a green-
 ish white, with cretonne, designed in green rib-
 bon pattern. Enormous full length mirrors.
 Huge dressing table, on which are displayed
 brushes, toilet set, manicure instruments, et
 cetera, all of light tortoiseshell, with gold and
 emerald monograms. Bowls of roses every-
 where.)

(Eric Dovetown, twenty-one, good looking, and
 smart, enters dressed for riding.)
 Eric—Hullo!
 The voice of Lady Dovetown (from the bath-
 room adjoining)—I have told you over and over
 again not to come in without knocking. Who
 is it?
 Eric—Eric, mother.
 Lady D.—You can't come in, dear; I'm in my
 bath. Celeste, drop the portière. I shan't be
 long, I've just finished my exercises. Celeste,
 the shower bath.
 Eric—Exercises?
 Lady D. (speaking in little gasps between the
 noise of the shower bath)—Yes. Sandow's exer-
 cises for the figure. The Duchess of Hampton
 has lost nearly a stone through doing them.
 They're wonderful. You lie down on your back;
 get some one to hold your feet—
 Eric—Any one who happens to be passing?
 Lady D.—Yes, any one who happens to be
 pass— Don't be silly, Eric, your maid, of
 course—
 Eric—I haven't got a maid, mother.
 Lady D.—Eric, I hate people who take serious
 things lightly; it's a very bad habit.
 Eric—I am very serious, indeed, mother, to-
 day. I have come to ask you for some good
 advice.
 Lady D.—Bless you, boy! You shall have it,
 anything that is mine is yours. Celeste, the
 powder, the new sort that you make yourself.
 Eric—Thanks, awfully, for the check, dear.
 Lady D.—It's fortunate for you I had such a
 good week at Epsom, Eric. But I'm a mother
 before everything. That's why I went down
 every day. I met a charming man who put me
 on to a lot of good things. A friend of yours, he
 said. I've forgotten his name.
 Eric—Young Hannaker, Charlie Frouford?
 Lady D.—No, a little man, an American, I
 fancy, very polite, rather old French manners.
 Dixford, Rickley, no, anyhow, it begins with a
 K and ends in ham. I know—Bungley.
 Eric—What? Not Bungley?
 Lady D.—Yes, that's it.
 Eric—Good heavens, mother! He's the Ameri-
 can comedian, the money lender in "Oh, You
 Beauty."
 Lady D.—I thought I'd seen his face before.
 Eric—You do pick up the most extraordinary
 people.
 Lady D.—What, isn't he quite—
 Eric—He isn't at all.
 Lady D.—Oh, well, I needn't recognize him
 again! I don't know that I should. Only I told
 him to come to tea one day before Ascot. Well,
 I can easily tell him to write.
 Eric—Shall you be much longer, mother?
 Lady D.—I shall be through in a minute.
 Celeste, my heliotrope petticoat, the one that
 matches— By the way, Eric, do you know a
 good masseur?

Eric—Yes, a man who used to be at the Ham-
 mam. Why?
 Lady D.—Because massage is supposed to help
 the exercises, and I want to try it. Write me
 down the address of your man. Celeste, give
 Mr. Eric the address book.
 (Celeste comes from the bathroom; she is tall
 and good looking, smartly dressed in black,
 with a gold chain with pearls round her neck.
 Her hair, which is dark and artistically waved,
 has rather suspiciously red lights in it. She
 looks at Eric and suppresses a smile.)
 Celeste—Voilà, Monsieur.
 Eric (writing)—There! (Celeste returns to the
 bathroom.) (To himself.) Where have I seen
 that woman before? (Aloud.) Oh, mother, do
 hurry up! I really do want to talk to you on
 something most awfully important.
 Lady D.—Wait a minute, my dear; what a
 hurry you are in. Celeste, give Mr. Eric the
 cigarettes and something to read.
 Celeste—Voilà, M'sieu, les cigarettes de miladi
 et les allumettes. (Meeting his eyes, she turns
 away and fetches some books.) Voilà "Les
 Aventures d'une Demi-mondaine." Non? Au
 fait, monsieur, doit les savoir par cœur. Je
 conseillerais, monsieur, plutôt ceci, "Idylle de
 Campagne." C'est un livre reposant!
 Eric (to himself)—Well, of all the cheek!
 Where have I seen that woman before? I really
 feel frightfully nervous. I wonder what mother
 will say when I tell her I'm going to marry
 Diana Larchester; she's sure to like Diana, and
 she'll be awfully generous, and all that, but I'm
 afraid she won't understand my wanting to get
 married at all. Mother has lost all the serious-
 ness of intense youth. How she will fight with
 old Lady Larchester. She's a caution— Ah,
 at last! (Lady Dovetown enters from the bath-
 room. She is a woman of forty, extremely hand-
 some, with a marvellous complexion; her hair,
 which hangs in great masses down her back, is
 slightly touched up. She wears a white Liberty
 satin "saut de lit" trimmed with wonderful lace.
 She throws her arms round her son, and kisses
 him impetuously.) Mother dear, you attractive
 woman. You look like a girl of eighteen.
 Lady D.—Oh, I hope not, dear! If a woman
 with a son of your height looks like a girl of
 eighteen it gives people such an opportunity of
 being odious about her age.
 Eric—You look like a May morning. . . .
 What perfume is that, that recalls an August
 afternoon.
 Lady D.—That is a secret. Celeste makes it
 for me. We call it Bouquet d'Amour d'Automne.
 Eric—I seem to know it somehow. By the
 way, you have got a new maid, I see.
 Lady D.—Yes, dear—a treasure, an absolute
 treasure.
 Eric—What has become of Rosire?
 Lady D.—She left over two months ago.
 Eric—Wasn't her conduct satisfactory?
 Lady D.—Perfectly, but mine wasn't.
 Eric—What!
 Lady D.—Her husband didn't approve of me.
 He saw me as Helen in the tableaux at Her
 Majesty's, and he insisted on his wife leaving
 the next day.
 Eric—What confounded cheek!
 Lady D.—That's what I told Rosine. The idea
 of a man treating his wife like that. Your poor
 dear father would never have dared. But
 Celeste is a pearl.
 Eric—Where did you get her from?
 Lady D.—I never could read the name at the
 bottom of her character, but it was an excellent
 one. One has to be so careful nowadays about
 these things. You may advertise for a maid,
 and get a fully qualified governess, or even a
 lady of title. No, that's a cook, you know,

Eric, in the Criterion play with Baron Arthurs,
 Arthur Roberts . . . what's his name?
 Eric—Arthur Bouchier, you mean, don't you?
 Lady D.—It really doesn't matter. Really
 Eric, how you can go on chattering about noth-
 ing, when I'm dying to know what you want
 my advice about?
 Eric—Mother, dear, I—I want to get married.
 Lady D.—Really! How sweet of you. Celeste.
 (Celeste enters.) My gown, the white and
 mauve.
 Celeste—Bien, miladi. (She goes out.)
 Lady D.—What were you saying—oh, yes,
 about your marriage; of course, Eric, dear, my
 first question must be—by the way, you'll want
 me to give up the emeralds, won't you?
 Eric—Really—
 Lady D.—Oh, I don't mind! It isn't very nice
 of you to think I should. I'll have them reset.
 I wonder if Lalique would do me a design.
 Eric—Oh, never mind about the emeralds,
 mother. I want you very much to—
 Lady D.—My dear, you're just like your poor
 father; you never can keep your mind on one
 subject for five whole minutes.
 Eric—Well, I want you to go and call on—
 (Enters Celeste, carrying Lady Dovetown's
 gown, a creation of white muslin painted with
 mauve orchids.)
 Oh!
 (He walks the room impatiently. Celeste takes
 off the "saut de lit" and passes the skirt over
 Lady Dovetown's head.)
 Lady D.—Eric, don't fidget. Come here; don't
 you think this skirt is a little full in the back?
 Eric—Oh, it's all right, mother. Couldn't you
 give me a few minutes—only a few?
 Lady D.—Have I ever been able to refuse you
 anything, my darling?
 (She kisses Eric; Celeste gives a little scream.)
 Celeste—Miladi va abimer sa belle robe.
 Lady D.—Celeste is quite right, Eric; you must
 be more serious. Celeste, give me the rouge and
 then leave us.
 Eric—What do you want to use that stuff for,
 mother, you look ever so much better without it?
 Lady D.—I know, I do, dear, but I should feel
 so undressed, and I should make every woman
 my enemy. That will do, Celeste. (Celeste goes
 out.) Now, dear, tell me all about it. Just hold
 that glass while I do my hair—thanks. Are you
 actually engaged?
 Eric—Well, almost; only I don't want to know
 till you've been to see them; I want you to go
 to—
 Lady D.—Oh, I hope it isn't far off. Middleton
 is so cross if I overwork the horses.
 Eric—Middleton?
 Lady D.—Don't be silly, Eric; Middleton, my
 coachman. It's perfectly horrid of you not to
 know his name. People might think there was
 not perfect confidence between us.
 Eric—I think you'll be pleased when you hear
 who it is—it is—
 (Celeste enters.)
 Celeste—Miladi, Monsieur Clovis just arrives
 with miladi's hats.
 Lady D.—My bodice, Celeste—quick! There!
 Come in, Monsieur Clovis, come in
 (Monsieur Clovis enters, irreproachable frock
 coat, buttonhole, etc. The hats are unpacked by
 dozens. Lady Dovetown, Celeste, and M. Clovis
 all talk together. Eric retires, gnawing his mus-
 tache, to the furthest corner of the room.)
 Lady D. (trying on an enormous black hat
 covered with feathers)—That really is charming.
 Monsieur Clovis, you are an artist.
 M. Clovis—That is the chapeau de Mme. Otero,
 c'est une merveille.
 Lady D.—Otero's! I'll keep that. And this?
 M. Clovis (pinning a straw toque, covered
 with green orchids and green beetles, on to Lady

Dovetown's head)—Ceci c'est le chapeau de Mme.
 Liane de Pougy.
 Celeste—Oh, miladi should wear that to-day;
 it goes so well with 'er toilet.
 M. Clovis—Yes, miladi; it is très drole, a very
 amusing 'at, and with this toilet so, très mys-
 terieux, quite mysterious. 'Ere is the chapeau
 de Mme. Langtry.
 Lady D.—Well, leave those two; I'll let you
 know.
 M. Clovis—Mille remerciements, miladi.
 (The hats are packed up. Celeste escorts M.
 Clovis out.)
 Eric (at the end of all patience)—Mother, am
 I never to be able to talk to you?
 Lady D.—Eric, dear, don't be so impatient,
 you won't find that at all a nice habit when
 you are married. You used to have such nice
 manners with women, too. Apropos, this hat
 reminded me of that little actress, Ella Rayson.
 Eric (rather shamefacedly)—Yes, mother.
 Lady D.—Well, she was looking miserable last
 night at that bazaar. I am sure you have been
 neglecting her lately, now haven't you?
 Eric—My dear mother, of course I—
 Lady D.—Well, Eric, it's not kind of you. Do,
 like a good boy, go and see her; I'm sure you
 ought.
 Eric—!!
 Lady D.—Oh, I know I'm not supposed to
 know anything about it, and, of course, I was
 dreadfully grieved to hear you had been seeing
 so much of her last year—
 Eric—Good heavens, mother—
 Lady D.—No, you really can't expect me to
 discuss the subject with you. Go and see her
 to-day or to-morrow. I can't bear to think of
 you being unkind to any one.
 (Celeste enters.)
 Celeste—La Comtesse de Millhaven 'as called
 for miladi; she waits in the carriage.
 Lady D.—Good gracious! Celeste, my gloves,
 my parasol. Oh, Eric, about that American
 man, he really does seem to have the most ex-
 traordinary tips. I think I shall let him come
 to tea on Thursday after all.
 Eric—But, mother—
 Lady D.—No one's coming, at least no one that
 matters. Only that awful old Lady Larchester
 and her daughter, Diana. Goodby, darling, come
 again soon, and we'll have another nice, long,
 cosy talk. Ah, dear, when my Eric wants ad-
 vice, who is so fitted to give it him as his poor
 old mother?
 (She goes out like a whirlwind.)
 Celeste—Shall I tell the footman to call you
 a 'ansom, Monsieur Ric?
 Eric—Monsieur Ric. Now I know you. You
 used to be maid to Kikinette in Paris.
 Celeste—I am surprise Monsieur recognize m'
 Mme. Kikinette never allow me to do my hair
 like this, or to dress at all nicely.
 Eric—When did you leave?
 Celeste—The moment I 'ear miladi, your
 mother, wanted a maid. I 'ad often 'eard of
 miladi.
 Eric—But why did you leave Kikinette?
 Celeste—Parbleu, monsieur! ze place was so
 respectable—
 Eric—!
 (In a victoria in Hyde Park.)
 Lady Dovetown Lady Millhaven.
 Lady D.—I am sorry I kept you waiting, dear;
 but Eric came to see me full of his love affair.
 Lady M.—Oh, it's a fact already, is it? I am
 not surprised. Of course you're pleased. She is
 such a nice girl.
 Lady D.—Is she? I mean, of course, she is—
 charming. (To herself.) Now, I come to think
 of it, that silly boy never told me who it is he
 wants to marry. He is so careless, but I always
 did say I was the only one of the family who
 had a head on their shoulders.—(The Onlooker.)

LEGAL MEASURES AGAINST MALARIA.

Rome correspondence of The Pall Mall Gazette.
 The discovery of the seat of malaria has
 caused a species of peaceful revolution in Italy.
 Those interested in the matter are determined
 to rid the country of the scourge at all costs.
 Professor Celli, a well known Deputy and hy-
 gienist, will present to the Chamber a measure
 of a radical kind which, if it passes, will revolu-
 tionize the conditions of work in the country in
 certain large portions of the peninsula. The
 project is to make punishable by law the neglect
 of landed proprietors and all employers of labor
 to provide, in malarial districts, every means of
 fighting the fever. Another law to be sub-
 mitted to Parliament will cause greater oppo-
 sition and more serious fighting. Professor Celli
 and his clique, as quinine is the chief factor in
 stamping out the infection, being the only
 known medicine which kills the germs in the
 human blood, wish the Government to take the
 sale of this drug into its own hands, supply-
 ing it to the public at a little more than cost
 price, the aim being to protect itself against
 fluctuations in the price of the raw material.
 For instance, hydrochlorate of quinine, now
 sold at 11d. a gram by druggists, and sulphate
 of quinine at 10d., under this system would cost
 2d. and 1½d. respectively. There is no need to
 explain the enormous gain to the public at
 large, some of whom seem to live on the drug.
 It is calculated that the very slight margin on
 the sale would average £40,000 yearly, which
 would be devoted to the extermination of ma-
 laria. However, against this extremely humane
 measure there is a huge array of objections on
 the part of the powerful fraternity of druggists
 and manufacturers of quinine. Very similar
 propositions with regard to this medicine have
 been made before, and have been invariably de-
 feated, but this time Professor Celli is deter-
 mined, and as he is a good fighter, one may
 hope that what is now only a project may soon
 become law.

THE CORNFED PHILOSOPHER.

From The Indianapolis Press.
 "There is not much to brag about," said the
 Cornfed Philosopher, "between the woman that
 has married the first man that proposed and the
 woman that has married what she thinks is the
 last one that will."



A PAINFUL CAREER.

"PICCOLO, I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO BE A HOTEL KEEPER SOME DAY?"
 "OH, YES; BUT IT TAKES A LONG TIME AND HURTS DREADFULLY!"—(Fliegende Blätter.)