

THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

A BUNDLE OF GOOD THINGS GLEANED FROM THE APRIL NUMBERS.

FUN IN IRISH NEWSPAPERS.

One of the privileges of living in Ireland is that of reading the Irish papers. They are full of good things. Some of these are due to the gaiety of the printer, some to the eloquence of the writer or the speaker. Printers' errors in Ireland, and elsewhere, have, it is well known, not been always accidental. One is often led to think that those which now prevail are sometimes due to a subtle sense of humor, such as that which causes "The Freeman" to speak of the "blockhead" system in South Africa. But when the type is hopelessly confused, and the reader encounters a collection of consonants apparently thrown together at random, it may be that the printer "had some drink taken." Even "The Irish Times"—the respectable organ of landlords—informs us, on the 30th of January last, that certain proposals are "too general" to form a "basis of peace"—no doubt meaning "too general." The statement in another paper that a certain officer is appointed "A.B.C. to the Lord Lieutenant" gives rise to many thoughts. In "The Cork Examiner" of December 6, 1901, we read of a hospital nurse who swore that she had administered to her patient an "antiseptic lotion"; and we may suppose that this was prescribed by the parish priest rather than by the doctor.

An eloquent leader in "The Freeman" again, on February 21 last, contains the following passage, in reference to the successful career of the present Pope. "Catholics should pray that the tale of years may grow, and that the hand that has kept the Book of Peter to so steady a course through the quicksands may not be relaxed till the Pilot has reached the haven."

The reader's mind will inevitably conjure up the picture of a venerable pontiff sitting on a book, which is slowly being sucked down, while he attempts to fight the waves with his pen. No doubt we should understand the "bark of Peter" to be meant; but even then it does not seem likely that a pilot who has guided his ship into the quicksands will ever reach any haven at all.

We have heard of the man who never opened his mouth without putting his foot into it. But Father Farrell (according to the same journal in the next day's issue) has discovered something still more curious. "The grand old Irish tongue," he is reported to have said, "was spreading hand in hand with temperance." It will be admitted that the Irish tongue must have spread greatly if it has developed a hand. But this might make it less convenient for the ordinary mouth. This statement also suggests the subject of a striking picture.—(Blackwood's Magazine.)

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

The Grand Orient is rapidly discarding all symbolism, considering it as effete and out of harmony with modern ideas. The "trials" to which novices were once subjected have long ago been given up, and the mystery with which popular imagination has clothed the order is clearing away. The process of vulgarization has gone so far that Freemasonry can hardly be called a secret society at all, as far as France is concerned. It is virtually a club or association of philosophers and politicians, visionaries and practical men. It selects its adherents more carefully than most associations, but less so than its chief adversaries—the Jesuits and religious orders generally. Moreover, its doings are perfectly well known. In October last a Paris illustrated paper published two drawings showing the position of the hands and fingers in the Masonic grips. The only real secret hidden from the profane is the password, which is changed at regular intervals, with a view to preventing intruders from making their way into the lodges on the strength of information obtained from Masonic publications. This word is sent under seal to the master of each lodge and communicated by him to the brethren in a whisper, after which the paper is solemnly burned. This use of a temporary shibboleth dates from 1777, and is one of the few relics of antiquity surviving in the lower degrees of French Masonry. The adherents of the Grand Orient, in fact, seem to find it borne in upon them to pull down all their old institutions and replace them by brand new ones. They have even introduced a form of Masonic marriage, wherein the bride, after plighting her troth before the master and brethren, takes her partner by the hand and leads him to his seat, to signify that she will never seek to interfere with his attendance at the lodge. The most startling variation consists of the "mixed lodges," to which both sexes are admitted. The largest of these groups is nearly one hundred strong, and holds its meetings twice a month in Paris. Three or four others exist in the provinces, and all form part of an order called the "Droit Humain." They have a ritual based on and strongly resembling that of the Scottish Rite. The Paris group has a woman as worshipful mistress. It also possesses a sort of dispensary, at which one of the members, a woman doctor, attends daily and gives free advice to the brethren, sisters and their children. The initiation of a woman in the presence of her husband and son, who were already members, was recently witnessed in this lodge. I should add, however, that neither the "Droit Humain" nor any other form of mixed Masonry (so called) is recognized either by the Grand Orient or the Grand Lodge. The heads of these bodies look upon it with an unfriendly eye, but consider that it must be put to the test of time and experience. Theoretically, of course, Freemasonry would gain immensely in strength if it could obtain the support of the weaker sex, but the practical objections are obvious. In few countries could so daring an experiment be attempted.

The theoretical existence of a family tie among all Masons is frequently emphasized. Should the wife of any brother present her husband with an olive branch, a batterie d'allégresse, or clapping of hands in the prescribed manner, is put down on the notice paper for the next meeting and duly performed. Marriages and other joyful events—the bestowal of a decoration, for instance, on a brother—are acclaimed in the same way, and should any member of the lodge distinguish himself by some brilliant action a full relation of the circumstances is made to the assembled brethren, pour encourager les autres. In this way a military Mason mentioned in dispatches is also mentioned in much greater detail to the other members of his Masonic family. The death of a member, or any of the near relatives of a member, elicits a batterie de deuil, and, in some lodges, funeral orations are delivered. In addition to these devices for the maintenance of solidarity among its own brethren, a lodge often enters into specially close relations with another by appoint-

ing delegates to pay frequent visits to the sister lodge. The effort toward solidarity shows itself in many other details of the Masonic organization. Participation in the annual banquet of the order is obligatory on every lodge. The ticket is charged for, whether the delegate attends the feast or not. The delegate himself is required to give an undertaking to faithfully discharge his duties. His attendances at the monthly meetings of the executive council are carefully registered and reported to his lodge. Very few of the delegates fail to take themselves seriously, and the debates are often long and arduous, to judge by the official summaries.—(G. A. Roper, in The Nineteenth Century and After.)

THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD.

[Note.—Readers of "The Cornhill" will remember an article in the February number by Mr. Stephen Gwynn on "The Luxury of Doing Good," in which, taking for his text Hobbes's dictum that "Benevolence is a love of power and delight in the exercise of it," he upholds the paradox that men do good not from pure and disinterested kindness, but for the gratification of the pleasurable, and therefore intrinsically selfish, instinct of action and self-expression. The essay has provoked the following verses.—Ed. Cornhill.]

PHILOSOPHER.

Say, wither with those bags of gold,
Proprietor of wealth untold?
Tell one who knows of no such things
As Booms and Corners, Trusts and Rings,
What happy Rails, what lucky Mines,
What high capitalist's designs,
What province of finance or trade,
Expects your vivifying aid?
Oh, tell me, in what shy resort,
Victoria Street or Chapel Court,
You go to buy th' augmenting share?
Tell me, my multi-millionaire!

MILLIONAIRE.

Excuse me, Sir: you wrongly guess;
This gold is for the C. O. S.
Think you the rich no object know
Save that they still may richer grow?
Nay, for myself—when shares are high
I hear the call of Charity;
And when I've given the humble poor
Some fraction of my golden store,
Full well I deem that fraction spent—
For I have been benevolent.

PHILOSOPHER.

Benevolent! 'Tis quite absurd
How people use that stupid word!
Read, to correct your boastful mood,
"The Luxury of Doing Good."
Where Mr. Gwynn and Thomas Hobbes
Prove that the seeming-generous throbs
Which agitate at times your breast
Proceed from mere self-interest.
Learn that the man who helps his friends
Does it to serve his proper ends;
What aid you give, in power or pelf,
Is simply given to please yourself.
It shows a kind of moral twist
To think that you're an altruist;
Let such ideas at once take wing—
Because, of course, there's no such thing!

MILLIONAIRE.

Forgive me, if perhaps I err—
I am not a philosopher—
The gentle art of splitting hairs
Is not for multi-millionaires.
Yet, say,—if this your conduct guide,
Such rules, consistently applied,
Play, if conclusion right I draw,
The Dickens with the Moral Law;
For how, on your peculiar plan,
Define the Bad or Virtuous man?

PHILOSOPHER.

You touch the spot; 'tis even so:
That's just the thing I meant to show;
I hardly thought to find so swift
A readiness to take my drift.
Both Good and Bad are really based
On mere discrepancy of taste;
That Virtue which your pulpits praise
Is simply a misleading phrase,
For so-called Vice is every bit
As justly laudable as it;
And in a quite especial sense
This holds of your Benevolence.

MILLIONAIRE.

Dear me! dear me! You're right, no doubt . . .
But leave the moral question out.
And think of my relations with
Impoverished Jones and blighted Smith,
Who, freed by me from misery's mesh,
Are started on their legs afresh;
Surely, it's reasonably plain
Some gratitude from them I gain?
They'll bless the man qui cito dat—
There's something, after all, in that!

PHILOSOPHER.

Dismiss at once these notions crude:
This is no case for gratitude.
Here's Smith, or Jones (I care not which,
I mean the man who's far from rich),—
With his affairs ('tis kindness sheer)
He suffers you to interfere.
By leaves of bread and pounds of tea
To vex his love for liberty,
With bounty arrogantly doled
His personality to mould—
That you, my friend, may feel thereby
Your finger in an alien pie.
May find, forsooth! an active sphere
By feeding him with beef and beer,
Which gratifies your selfish sense
Of Pride and Power and Influence:—
And is it then your curious view
That he should grateful be to you?
Let no such mists your brain bedim:
'Tis you should render thanks to him!

MILLIONAIRE.

If this be so, I plainly see
Benevolence is not for me:
It is a thing which happy makes
Nor him that gives nor him that takes.
For if 'tis based on motives low,
Nor e'en affords a quid pro quo,
Why should I pay a longish price
For unremunerative Vice?
Oh, no! I'll do what's wiser far,
And buy another motor car.
In vain may paupers throng my door—
I've sinned enough, I'll sin no more;
And when starvation makes them thin
Blame Thomas Hobbes and Mr. Gwynn!
—(A. D. Godley, in The Cornhill Magazine.)

TALK IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

It is a noteworthy fact that in considering English conversationalists we find ourselves almost entirely among men. From Dean Swift to Sydney Smith, Macaulay and Rogers, we move in a masculine atmosphere—of snug coffee

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houses and ordinaries in the days of Swift and Steele and Addison, of the club of the Johnsonian era, the tavern's best room its habitat, with rules which now excite a smile; the twenty-four members of the Essex Street Club, founded by Johnson shortly before his death, to meet three times a week—"he who misses forfeits twopence"—the library at Streatham, Coleridge's table, Rogers's breakfasts, and, later still, those of Monckton Milnes. It is true that Swift pays compliments to Stella on her conversational powers; that Dr. Johnson spoke highly of Mrs. Montagu's wit; that, in his day, the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany went by the name of the "old wits"; that Mrs. Thrale's conversation was delightful, and that Mrs. Chapone, in spite of her infirmities and uncommon ugliness, charmed all who approached her with her silver speech. At all times there have been women who have made their mark among the conversationalists of their day; but their position was a subordinate one, and it is evident that in that "concert" the part they played was very generally that of the second violins. So much is this the case that a writer of the present day, in a chapter on "Conversation," speaking of Bowood, Panshanger, and Holland House, reminds us that "the society of Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland and Lord Melbourne was also the society of Brougham and Mackintosh, Macaulay and Sydney Smith, Luttrell and Samuel Rogers," but mentions none of the women who also helped to compose it.

The moment we cross the Channel all is changed. From Mesdames de Rambouillet and de Sévigné to Mme. Mohl we move in a womanly atmosphere, and have the impression that for some two centuries all the good conversation of Paris took place in some lady's salon; that it was led, controlled, and directed by her, while neither rank, wealth, nor beauty were indispensable qualifications for admitting her into that magnificent sisterhood which in an unbroken succession possessed the art of tenir un salon.

All the most famous men made part of this brilliant company; but it would seem that, with the true French gallantry of other days, they had effaced themselves before posterity, so as to leave the undivided renown to the women. These queens of conversation sprang from so many different ranks and conditions of life! Some, like the Marquises de Rambouillet and de Sévigné, the Duchesses de Duras and Mme. de Staël, born in the purple of high rank and state, breathing the atmosphere of court and politics from their earliest years; some, and they were not the least powerful, attaining to sovereignty by their own talents. Among these we count Mme. Roland, Mlle. Lespinasse, Sophie Arnould and Mme. Mohl. The holder of a salon might be old and blind, rich and powerful, poor and risen from the smallest bourgeoisie, a duchess or an opera singer; she need not even be very clever, but three qualities were indispensable—great tact, a sincere desire to please, and, above all, that quality so essentially French that there is no word for it in any other language—esprit.—(The Cornhill Magazine.)

INDIANS IN THE NORTHWEST.

Our guests were an immense interest to me, and we soon became great friends. "Old Joe," as we called him, being particularly amusing. Having brought out a camera with me, I broached the subject of a photograph to them. At first they seemed delighted with the idea. But when it came to the point "Old Joe" declined to be taken; in fact, he would not be done. Suddenly he disappeared, and after a time came back, an absolutely metamorphosed being. Gone were the ancient trousers and the shabby coat, and before us stood the noble red man with fringed buckskins, elaborate moccasins and knife in belt, altogether far more like Fenimore Cooper's heroes than the ragtag and bobtail I had previously seen. In this costume he was quite willing to have his photograph taken. The dear, vain old fellow! But he made a capital photograph, and I am glad to have it, for he has passed to the Great Beyond, pneumonia having carried him off as it carries off the majority of his race. He was very delighted with the photograph, of which I gave him a copy, and ever afterward evinced a great interest in anything of the kind, being surprisingly clever in recognizing likenesses. When he came to see us in our new house I remember taking him into the drawing room and showing him the photographs I had collected of different places and people, one being a group taken seven or eight years before, in which he pointed out correctly the five of us whom he personally knew—a feat few of our own friends could have accomplished.

I soon became quite fond of the Indians. In their ways they are like little children. Treat them kindly and they will do almost anything you want. I admit they are very lazy, and I found it difficult to get them to do any little "chore" for me in exchange for the meal I gave them. Generally they pretended not to understand what I said. One week I had fed about a dozen, and when the thirteenth came I said to a friend who was staying with us: "I'm going to make this one do something in return. He shall chop me some wood." "Well, make him do it first," my friend replied, "or else he'll skip out as soon as he's had his meal." Accordingly, I tried to explain to the Indian what I wished him to do, whereupon he explained to me by many signs that he was so faint for lack of food that he could not possibly chop wood till he had something to support his waning energies. To this very rational request I had to give in. After eating with much relish about half what I gave him he rose to depart. I begged him to eat more. Very graphically, he ex-

plained to me that if he were to do so he would break in two the poor little horse who had yet to carry him many miles before sunset. While I was laughing over this pantomime with my white visitor, the wily rogue vaulted into the saddle and in a minute was out of sight. Ever since then I have fed the red man, I won't say ungrudgingly, but certainly without hope of reward.—(E. Lewthwaite, in The Empire Review.)

LORDLY LONDON ESTATES.

Let us now deal with a portion of London already touched upon, and group a few contiguous estates. If we take the West Heath, Hampstead, as our starting point, we can go around a boundary by the West End Lane, Kilburn Park Road, and across to the Marble Arch, on through New Oxford-st. to Portland Place, and find that this immense area, over three and a half miles in length, and comprising some of the finest property in London, consist almost wholly of six of the estates enumerated here. The London system of leaseholds is applied to the whole of such properties, and many are the problems of political, social, and economic interest presented by the result, but these are so far-reaching that they require separate treatment, and can only be touched upon in this article. It is estimated that the annual income of three of the six estates referred to—namely, the Eyre, the Portman and the Portland, all situate in the parish of Marylebone—amounts to somewhere about £1,200,000, but it is impossible to give the exact figures. It is stated by Mr. Banfield that in 1888 about 1,786 leases were renewed on the Portman estate in and around Baker-st., and that Mr. Hunt, the agent, received fully £1,250,000 in "premiums" on the renewals, besides fixing a large number of the reserved rents at an increase of eight times the sum previously paid. This, however, is a technical part of the subject which may be illustrated on a future occasion. As we write, it is announced that at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, some 580 feet of a site in Wormwood-st., City, has been sold for £3,810; while another in Reliance-st., Sporeditch—not exactly a fashionable quarter, but valuable for business purposes—measuring some 5,578 feet, has been sold for £3,250. These facts only very partially indicate the range of values in London, but they will assist the reader to understand the problem.

Further illustrations of this phase of the land question will be found in following the process of demolition of property and transference of business caused by such operations as the "grand improvement scheme" of the London County Council. A bootmaker and outfitter has removed from the old Holywell-st. to a shop and basement on the south side of the Strand, opposite. It is a new building, and the rent is £800, with local rates in addition. Again, while the last instance is on the Norfolk estate, we may get another in the same thoroughfare on the Salisbury property, for the shops on the ground floor of the Strand entrance to the Hotel Cecil, together with the basements, are to let. The rents required for the corner shops at the entrance are £2,000 per annum; for the others, £800. When we remember that the ratable value of London is about £39,769,000, and that no less than about £18,000,000 of that sum is represented by the value of the sites, the more progressive portion of the property, we shall perceive the significance of these high rents.—(Chambers's Journal.)

UNIMPRESSED.

From The Chicago Tribune.
"What kind of ducks are these?" asked the visitor in the ornithological department at the museum.
"Labrador," said the attendant. "We paid \$1,000 for those two specimens."
"Gosh!" exclaimed the visitor, turning to his wife. "He says they paid \$1,000 for 'em. I've bought finer ducks for half a dollar many a time. What have you got 'em in that glass case for?" he inquired, addressing the guide again.
"Because they are about the most notable exhibit we have. Those birds were shot in 1856. Labrador ducks are now extinct."
"He says," explained the visitor, turning to his wife once more, "they put 'em in that glass case because they haven't a pleasant odor. And I don't wonder at it. They were shot in 1856."

DETAIL REQUIRING ATTENTION.

From The Philadelphia Record.
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