

tion, yet touched by the sound draughtsmanship and humorous sensibility of the artist. Dealing with the expensive recreations of amiable millionaires, there is an undercurrent of common sense Americanism in the story that relieves it from even a suspicion of snobbishness. It is enjoyable in every page.

Quaint and strongly individualized types of character inhabit the little seacoast villages of Maine. Mr. Day has lived among them, studied them and knows them, and in "Squire Phin," his first long story, he reproduces them with fidelity and a kindly, humorous appreciation. The "Squire" himself is a lawyer, with a strength of character and legal ability that in a wider field would have landed him on the Supreme Court bench, but a long deferred love affair has permanently attached him to his native town. Wise, bighearted and, under sufficient provocation, hotheaded, he is the recognized oracle and *deus ex machina* in all local affairs, when his authority and influence are suddenly threatened by the arrival of his scapegrace brother with many greenbacks in his wallet and the odd remnants of a circus trailing at his heels. Ignorant, adventurous, well meaning, but misdirected; determined to right the wrongs he had suffered, as well as those for which he had been responsible, he is a delightfully picturesque conception and a persistent source of trouble. While the story is mainly humorous, it is not without its dramatic situations. There is no lack of incident, indeed there is more action in the tale than one is wont to find in such an out-of-the-way locality. The story might be described as a truthful transcript of Down East life seen under exceptional circumstances.

LITERARY NOTES.

The late George MacDonald's "Works of Fancy and Imagination" are to be brought out soon in a pocket edition of ten volumes.

Mr. John B. Tabb, poet, sends to "The London Academy" this quatrain, suggested by the exclusion of Poe from the New-York Hall of Fame:

EXCLUDED.
Into the Charnel Hall of Fame
The dead alone should go;
Then write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allan Poe.

There is to be another volume of Lord Acton's letters—letters which are of a more serious character than those addressed to Mary Gladstone. "In the new series," "The Athenaeum" tells us, "the essential Acton will be presented, a student of history unrestingly alert to apply his endless erudition to the defence and elucidation of contemporary Christianity."

About nine thousand topics, it is said, will be covered by the new Standard Bible Dictionary to be issued some time next year. It will have many foreign contributors and will contain illustrations and maps.

Mr. Hugh Thomson, the illustrator of types of the eighteenth century and of the early nineteenth century, has been preparing sketches for a new edition of Thackeray's "Esmond." Mr. Thomson has done some charming things in the course of his artistic career—his illustrations of "Cranford" were particularly good—but we are doubtful of his ability to interpret so great a book as "Esmond." For that it is not sufficient that pictures should be pretty, quaint and funny.

Mr. Austin Dobson, we note, has written an introduction for this edition.

The latest reminiscences of Sir Horace Rum- bold include this account of a meeting with Empress Frederick in one of her years of acute sorrow:

I shall never forget (he writes) the impression she made upon me during the long audience she granted me on the royal yacht. The sufferings she had passed through, the wrongs she had endured, were still so recent that she spoke of them with exceeding bitterness, emphasizing what she said with clenched hands, and betraying an emotion which speedily gained me, and more than explained the Queen's well known reference to her as her "dear persecuted daughter."

Mr. Bertram Dobell writes to "Notes and Queries" that he has in his possession a booklet of sixty-seven pages, entitled "Original Prologues, Epilogues and Other Pieces Never Before Printed. . . . London. . . . 1756," and containing a number of poems in praise of Shakespeare. At the end of a poem, "On Shakespeare's Monument," is the following note:

There is no genuine picture of Shakespeare. That called his was taken long after his death from a person supposed extremely like him, at the direction of Sir Thomas Clarges.

Mr. Dobell does not think that any of the editors or biographers of the dramatist have taken notice of the above statement. He supposes that the writer meant a painted portrait, and suggests that the matter be looked into.

In "Extracts from Letters and Journals of William Cory, Author of 'Tonica,'" another correspondent of "Notes and Queries" has found this mention of Shakespeare in a letter addressed to Cory from Wilton:

The House, Lady Herbert said, is full of interest. Above us is Wolsey's room. We have a letter, never printed, from Lady Pembroke to her son, telling him to bring James I from Salisbury to see "As You Like It." "We have the man Shakespeare with us." She wanted to cajole the King on Raleigh's behalf—he came.

AN EARLY ELEVATOR.

From Notes and Queries.

In the "Greville Memoirs" (Genoa, March 18, 1830, evening) there is a reference to the King and Queen, who "for the comfort of their bodies had a machine made like a car, which is drawn up by a chain from the bottom to the top of the house; it holds about six people, who can be at pleasure elevated to any story, and at each landing place there is a contrivance to let them in and out."

Is this the first mention of anything approaching our modern "lift"?

MUNICIPAL ENGLAND.

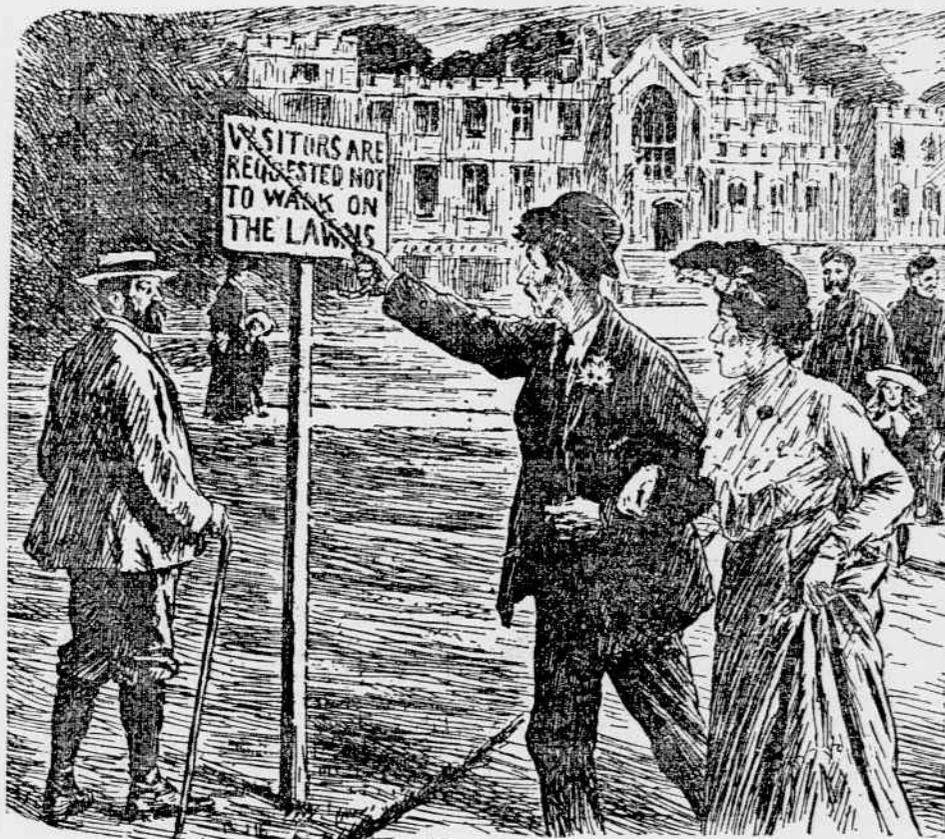
Retrenchment Never an Issue in Elections.

London, November 4.

The municipal elections in England and Wales have been as quiet and uneventful as that in New-York is exciting and highly significant. In as many as thirty boroughs there have been no contests; in a large number of towns there has been no change in the balance of parties, and while the Liberals and labor section have gained three times as many seats as the Conservatives, this advantage is not greater than might have been looked for when the by-elections have been going heavily against the government of the day. Apart from unexpected Conservative gains in West Yorkshire and some notable labor victories in Lancashire, the results are normal and have been accomplished with a light vote and with little excitement. Apparently, ratepayers have not been impressed with the importance of a choice between Radicals and Conservatives as members of municipal councils. Possibly they have known from experience that taxes will rise whether one or the other set of local politicians be at the head of the polling, and have not considered it worth while to be greatly concerned over the issue. Yet, whether Radicals are sometimes sluggish and old fashioned, or Conserva-

he writes in "The Times" this week, "is taking £130,000,000, or after making certain deductions, say over £100,000,000, out of our pockets more than we were paying ten years ago. We have, therefore, over £100,000,000 less to spend. Who can wonder if our home trades decline? Unless the government and local authorities reduce their present enormous expenditure, we must be prepared for even more suffering and depression in the future." These are two among hundreds of portentous warnings against the destructive effect of taxation in killing off industries; yet municipal elections pass without a flurry of excitement, nor any sign of reaction against ever growing expenditures. The "compact majority" does not care.

Employers, moreover, enforce these warnings in communities where distress from lack of work is greatest. The Yarrows, for example, have a shipyard in Poplar, where in the busiest times more than 1,200 workers have been employed. About 600 men are now working in the yard on unfinished contracts, and when these are out of the way the firm will abandon their London business and resume operations in the North. The threat has been heard before, but this time it is likely to be carried out, and the Yarrows explain why the change of base is necessary. They have been taxed out of Poplar. The rates have risen on their property until it is ruinous for them to remain there. Coal and iron will be more accessible in the North and labor will be more manageable,



'Arry—Hi, there! You, there! Hi! Come off the grass, can't you? Don't you see the notice? It's the likes of you trespassin' chaps as makes 'em shut their parks.

Noble Owner—Oh, I beg pardon. I forgot the notice. I'll come off at once!

—(Punch.)

tives are as frequently progressive as they are reactionary in local administration, the municipal councils as a body are responsible for an indebtedness exceeding \$2,000,000,000, and they are expending not less than \$635,000,000 a year. They are managing local government at a time when taxpayers are overwhelmed with national and imperial levies of unprecedented magnitude during a period of unbroken peace, and when the rates are steadily and rapidly increasing with the introduction of municipal industries involving costly plant and an immense outlay of capital. There might naturally have been a reaction against municipal extravagance, but when the elections were held there was general indifference and apathy.

If there be a lack of public interest in these municipal contests it is not because vigilant monitors are silent. Warnings against the crushing and disastrous effects of local taxation are constantly heard. These are sounded not merely by the paid agents of capitalists' organizations, which are eager to control electric and other business now under municipal management, but also by statesmen and financiers of the highest character for disinterestedness and capacity. Lord Rosebery has emphasized the fact that during a single decade the municipalities have expended \$6,000,000,000 in the United Kingdom, or only a billion dollars less than the national government. Lord Avebury is a convinced free trader, who will not admit that there is anything wrong with the fiscal system introduced by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Cobden; yet while he scoffs at the idea that England is not holding her own against Germany in India, China, Argentina, Continental Europe, or any neutral market, he blurts out the fact that national industries are not prospering. The fact would seem indisputable when the horde of unemployed both in London and in the provinces is recruited from all trades; and the cause appears to him equally obvious. "The portentous increase in rates and taxation,"

but these are not the main considerations which have influenced them in their decision. The rates have become intolerably heavy where they have an area of twelve acres under their control, with an expensive plant for the construction of boilers, engines, destroyers and torpedo craft, gunboats and shallow draught vessels. They are compelled to remove their works when taxes are three times as high in Poplar as on the Tyne or in other shipbuilding centres in the North. Local taxation in Poplar is the highest known in London—twelve shillings in the pound—and the Yarrows are convinced that it will be ruinous for them to remain where they have been for thirty years, and that it will be true economy for them to invest \$1,000,000 in a new yard and plant where they can knock off eight of the twelve shillings. One great firm after another is leaving the Thames district for the same reason, and not only is there less work for the swarming hives of population, but the ratable valuations are rapidly declining and the burdens of taxation are increasing for those remaining on the ground.

Why is it, then, that local elections in England have become humdrum affairs, when the question of taxation is one of paramount importance to all classes? The reason, without doubt, is that under the English municipal system public control cannot be effectively exercised in an annual election. I am not now speaking of the London County Council, but of the ordinary annual election outside the metropolis. It affects only one-third of the members of the Council and leaves two-thirds of the responsible administrators where they are. No important reform can be authorized, no change of municipal policy can be introduced unless at least three elections in as many years are successively carried; and when zeal has to be exercised with such self-restraint and patience it loses its energy and initiative force. Moreover, electors are not called upon to make

choice between rival leaders of marked individuality, with ideas and policies of their own. Mayors are elected by the Councils, not by the people; and when they are chosen they are figureheads, without special qualifications for their work. The Town Clerk is a less impressive official than the Mayor on ceremonial occasions, but all the year round he is the real administrative chief; and he cannot be placed in office, or removed from it by popular vote. What the electors can do is to choose one-third of the Council every year; and when their work is done the system of government by committee and sub-committee goes on as before. It may be a highly efficient system, conducted on progressive lines, with more or less caution and conservatism, but it cannot be restricted either in cost or in scope by direct action of the electors. Checks upon municipal expenditure are urgently required; but one election follows another without any effective method of enforcing the salutary policy of municipal retrenchment. Conservatives may come or Radicals may go, but the rates are ever rising. Economy is a faint voice in the municipal playing fields.

Possibly it was not without a touch of irony that Mr. Tree invited a considerable number of local politicians to an admirable performance of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" this week at His Majesty's Theatre. That was a satire on the pomps, vanities and hypocrisies of provincial politics, which metropolitan legislators could enjoy without feeling that they themselves were scourged with home truths. They could laugh heartily over the vagaries of time serving journalists, whose influence and space were at the service of a powerful corporation; they could dismiss the pompous and solemn burgomaster as a caricature of a Continental subject, and they could wag their heads sagely when the irrepressible Dr. Stockmann compared a political party to a sausage machine that ground all heads together in one mash, and proclaimed the folly of putting on one's best trousers when going out to fight the battle of truth and justice. Yet, there was salt in the polemical satire that had not lost its savor. Aslaksen, as the representative of the compact majority and the champion of the moderation of the middle class, was little less than an average member of a municipal council, and while the aphorisms that "old truths become lies after eighteen or twenty years," and that "a minority may be right—a majority is always wrong," could be flung aside as whimsical paradoxes, the final declaration that the strongest man is he who stands most alone could not be resented as an unfair skit at the economical reformer, who, in every community, great or small, is crying aloud for a thoroughgoing reduction of municipal expenditures. That is the poor, unhappy idealist, who, in unique isolation, is mocked and despised by the compact majority of helpless voters.

I. N. F.

NOT SO GOOD A BARGAIN.

Peter Minuit had just paid \$28 for the island of Manhattan.

"Huh!" sneered his wife, "I'll bet M. Witte would have got it for nothing." Herewith the earlier Dutchman ceased to brag of his bargain.

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Mariana was explaining the Moated Grange. "It's perfectly lovely," she said, "you see the cook can't leave us." Thus do we observe the advantages of medicinal architecture.

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