

LABICHE AND LAUGHING GAS.

ROMANCE OF THE ORIGINAL OF FITCH'S "COUSIN BILLY."

Decried by the Public He Convinced, Labiche was Discovered in His Old Age and Elected to the Academy—The Present Play His Masterpiece.

Mr. Clyde Fitch must be having a grim little laugh all by himself over the fierce denunciations which one faction of his critics visited upon "Cousin Billy." In former days, being called cheap, ineane and vulgar, but this time the real heat of scorn is a playwright who for over a quarter of a century has been accepted by the foremost critics in all countries as, at his best, a master of the gayer phases of comedy, and the play which is now the occasion of so much wrath has been universally acclaimed as one of his rare half-dozen masterpieces. Is it possible that Mr. Fitch has put up a game on us all? On the programme he said that "Cousin Billy" was "adapted with many liberties from a play by Eugene Labiche. Those who knew "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" could only take this as an apology for having tampered at all with a masterpiece, but he sounded very like a claim of originality, and the claim was substantiated by all the superficial aspects of the piece as Mr. Francis Wilson produced it—it was so very much Labiche and it seemed so entirely Fitch! Now Labiche wrote in all over 100 plays, not a few of which are of a realizable quantity, and could only be made presentable in an American adaptation by an entire rewriting. Was it quite fair to set us a trap to betray our ignorance? It must be added, however, that a working majority of the first night audience laughed heartily and publicly confessed to having done so the next day. Is it not, indeed, one of the qualities of a comic masterpiece to be amusing? "Cousin Billy" is already one of the few laughing successes of the season.

One of the most confusing factors in the problem was that Fitch and Labiche are so very like. In the parodic words of J. K. S.:

They are so like, so very like, I know not which is liker, he or I.

At the present stage of the game, however, the palm of likeness must be awarded to the Frenchman. Fitch has not yet written 100 plays and he has not yet been so called a master. At Fitch's age, how Labiche was in much the same plight. Living in the era that saw the invention of anesthetics, he was dubbed a manufacturer of laughing gas—and so disposed of critically. The gay, little-skilled in subtle distinctions, finds it the most natural thing in the world to laugh at the man because it has laughed at his plays. And this is why the French critics are so ready to acclaim as a masterpiece only that which leads to boredom. The common sense of both nations was put to sleep by the laughing gas of Labiche. The yellow of slumber is softer after a forty fit of merriment, while the fatigue of forced merriment, brings the conviction that something or other is amiss. While the French classicists are there, whose pluck on the shelf would be forfeit if anybody ever read them. So Labiche, the most modest of men, lived and wrote and retired to his estates in the country, esteeming himself only a manufacturer of laughing gas.

In his French Dramatists' Brander Matthews tells a picturesque story of how this cause about. One time, in the height of his powers, Labiche was in consultation with Offenbach about the musical setting of one of his plays. A servant brought in a card. Offenbach tore it up and said he was not at home to the caller. The visitor was the aged Scribe, who wanted Offenbach to put one of his plays to music. "But I won't do it," the composer added roughly. "Old Offenbach is played out." Labiche promised himself on the spot that he would never lag superficial on the stage where once he had commanded homage. So when the failures which are the lot of all rapid and second artists exceeded the successes he remembered his early promise to himself and kept it.

We might all be still sleeping under the anaesthetic if it had not been for the happiest of accidents. Emile Augier went to visit his old friend on his estates and, being left to himself in the library, took up one of Labiche's plays. He was amazed to find that it read so well and better than he acted, and spent the rest of the day reading piece after piece. When his host returned he was full of enthusiasm, and asked why he had never published his Theatre. With characteristic modesty, Labiche objected that his little plays were not works and that if he were to take them at all seriously his grammar, to say nothing of his syntax, would rise up and smite him. But Augier persisted, and Labiche, perhaps remembering that his friend had been too lazy to write a preface to his own Theatre, agreed with the stipulation that Augier should stand as his sponsor to the public.

Augier's enthusiasm carried him to the length of some five pages of large type, which are printed in the two volumes of his plays—about fifty in all. Most of his scenes he gives to recounting how he came to be responsible for the venture. But he stood none the less resolutely by his guns. "Labiche gains 100 per cent. when read. I admire Labiche—bold him a master, and without any hyperbole, for there are as many degrees of masterhood as there are provinces in art. The hierarchy of the schools is nothing; all that counts is not to be a pupil. It is in this sort of thing that Casar's saying holds most true: "Better first in a village than second in Rome." I prefer Tenders to Giulio Romano, and Labiche to Crebillon pere."

The result was a revelation to the Parisian public, and indeed to the world. "I don't suppose any Theatre complet," wrote Sarcey, "not even that of Augier himself, or Dumas, has sold better than that of Labiche. Anyway, none has ever been more read, and especially in Paris. . . . What tells bursts of laughter we have had in reading the three volumes of his plays—some of these scenes that set the midriff shaking! Ah! the gaiety of it—good, healthy, fortifying gaiety! On the stage, too, Labiche gained new life. This very original of "Cousin Billy"—"Le Voyage de M. Perrichon"—was revived on the classic boards of the Odéon, and all Paris poured itself into the theatre to slumber to applaud it as a masterpiece.

In England W. E. Henley called the cry of Augier and Sarcey—though belittled Labiche to Honoré Daunier, "the king of caricaturists" rather than to Tenders. "The lusty frankness, the jovial ingenuity, the keen eye of the ridiculous, the insatiable instinct of observation of the draughtsman are a great part of the instinct of the playwright. Augier notes that truth is everywhere in Labiche's work, and Augier is right. He is before everything a dramatist—at artist, that is, whose function

is to tell a story in action and by the mouths of his personages, and whimsical and absurd as he loves to be, he is never either the one or the other at the expense of nature." In America Brander Matthews gladly fell in line, ending his essay with the remark of Dumas, who instanced "Célimaire le Bel-Aimé" and "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" as ranking Labiche "one of the finest and funniest of the comic poets since Plautus—the only one, perhaps, who can be compared with him."

The result of all this was that Labiche stood for election for the next vacant seat in the Academy. The fact raised the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—the pedants after all hold more firmly to their prejudices than the public—to a vigorous satirical protest, but without avail. Labiche took his place beside Augier and Dumas. "No man better deserved the privilege," Henley comments, "for he had amused and kept awake the public for nearly forty years— for nearly as long, that is, as the *Revue* had been sending it to sleep."

It is for its sake that Broadway is ignorant of the true quality of Labiche. By the gravitation of like to like, it has become familiar only with his less notable pieces, his wildest farces. The "Phénoménon in a Smock Frock," "Madison Morton's 'Box and Cox'" and "Charles Mathews's 'Little Toddlekins'" are all on one level with his "Gilbert's 'Wedding March'" is founded on the five act vaudeville "Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," which Sarcey calls "a masterpiece in a genre it created," but which is after all a whirling vaudeville farce, as was abundantly evident last autumn when it was put on by the Cazelles French Comedy Company. The only play of any literary quality which we have become familiar is Sidney Grunty's "A Pair of Spectacles," taken from "Les Petits Oiseaux," one of Labiche's secondary plays,—at best a charming story. When a play like "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" has been attempted it has failed. The company of the old Boston Museum put on "Papa Perrichon," and W. H. Crane, in his youth, made a similar effort. The success of "Cousin Billy" is almost as much a tribute to Fitch's skill in adaptation as to Labiche.

As far as we are concerned, in fact, the best plays of Labiche fall, for the most part, between two stools. Our public is too little given to things of the mind to relish pure comedy—for example "La Poudre à Faiseur," which has long been a text book in the French courses of our universities. Its characteristic pabulum is either farce or what our older playwrights called comedy-drama. On the other hand, we are too conventionally proper to acquiesce in the frankness of Labiche's best vaudevilles for the sake of their fund of laughter and philosophy. Nothing could be more essentially moral than "Célimaire le Bel-Aimé"—and few things more impossible to Anglo-Saxon prudery.

The maxim of "Célimaire—at the core of all Labiche's best plays, there is a maxim—that the chickens of a gay youth will come home to roost in the coop of mature respectability. Célimaire has been a great dandy and lover of elegant women and lives to regret the fact when, at the age of 47, he marries. Your conventional playwright in handling such a theme would make his honeymoon plagued by the women in the case. Note the freshness of invention and the absurdity of Labiche's comic spirit! In playing his little triangular game, Célimaire is used in such cases, been obliged to make friends of the husbands. The women are not in the dramatic persona, but the two men— one laconic and fondling; the other brisk and hearty—pursue him with their protestations of friendly intimacy throughout the three acts, to the ever increasing perturbation of the wedded bliss. The too well known and ending by exposing him to his wife, his parents-in-law and to each other.

No mere description could give even a faint idea of the wealth of device, the breadth and certainty of comic effect, with which these two amiable men are made to persecute poor Célimaire. But a single instance will suffice to indicate how Labiche drives home his moral, even in the wildest gradations of topsy-turvy. In one of the households he has been the bel-aimé, not only of the wife and the husband, but of the huge Newfoundland dog, whom he has won with lumps of sugar. In the third act, having, as he thinks, thrown the master off the scent at last, he is discovered, while enjoying the first moment of wedded bliss, by the dog's keenly affectionate sense of smell. Being shut up in a dark passage, the Newfoundland chews the best cloak of Célimaire's mother-in-law. That is not so bad. But presently, being tied up, he bites the leash in two, turns the wife's tressouant out of its hampner, and begins devouring it. This gives Célimaire's valet, Pitou—a philosophical moralist—the chance of an epigram: "Behold the fruit of an impassioned youth! . . . You are the prey of dogs that you have not the right to disown! It is the chastisement of fate!" Célimaire—Don't bother me with your moralizing! Pitou—Since he has the right to claw the tressouant, he should be left to claw it. Célimaire—who was expert in his art—for the plays of his youth as he was clumsy in dealing with the drama of the end of the century—has acclaimed "Célimaire" as the high water mark of the *comédie vaudeville*.

With his abundant skill in dramatic writing, his sense of life and of fun, his native philosophy, why has Labiche written no pure comedy of the first order? Because he was too modest to realize his power, one is tempted to say, and his critics too blind to reveal it to him. Unfortunately for the lyceists, he wrote one comedy for the Français, "Moi," a study in egotism and altruism which gives us a line on his ability. To put the case somewhat flatly, it is in the main a rather pretentious failure. It may be, as Augier suggests, that the sense of the majesty of the stage for which he was writing intimidated him and deadened his powers of creation—that if he had persisted he would have triumphed. Perhaps! But the fact remains that he did not persist. There is a saying on the prairies that what is into a man will come out of him. In certain passages of "Moi," however, Labiche has reached a very considerable heights. The dialogue between two old egotists—or rather one unconscious egotist and one conscious philosopher of egotism—suggests a similarly brilliant passage in Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" and suggests it not the least in the fact that it is so much truer and better.

One brief bit in the last act Augier ranges on a higher level than Dumas. In order to deter her uncle from marrying a young girl, a youthful widow tells him all she herself suffered in a similar marriage. "But your husband?" demands the old ogre. "Oh, he," she replies, "he was very happy." "Eh, bien, alors!" the uncle exclaims, "what are you talking about?"

The history of "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" is that of Labiche in miniature. It is his original article on the play, it is true (Sept. 17, 1850). Sarcey saw all its extraordinary virtues and reported them to admiration. Repeating the saying of a

maker of vaudeville that there is a comedy in every proverb, he explained the proverb that still lies at the core of "Cousin Billy." Gratitude is the least human of the virtues. A man is much less willingly bound to those from whom he has received an obligation than to those he has benefited. Labiche had his hands on a subject of which he might have made a really excellent comedy—one that would have taken its place in the national repertory. But he frittered it away for the lack of care and concentration. It cannot be denied that Sarcey's objections are just. In the third of the four acts Labiche starts aside from his main theme to introduce as a new character the matter of a duel which, funny as it is, is not only extraneous to his legitimate purpose but, rightly considered, destructive of it. And that is the act which should mark the climax of development. So Sarcey relegated the play to the limbo of abortions. When in the full flush of the recovery of Labiche—"Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" was revived at the Odéon as his comedy masterpiece (1879) Sarcey, while endorsing the justice of his early scolding, hailed it as one of the very small number of comedies which his generation would add to the repertory of the Théâtre Français.

In Mr. Fitch's adaptation, it seems to me, there are marked defects—and even more marked virtues. In the first place, the attempt to make the play in any real sense American was foredoomed to failure. The unobscured vanity of Perrichon, his monumental simplicity, is altogether of the French bourgeoisie, and the negation of our chief national characteristic of brainy complexity. Some of the fun, too, is of necessity sacrificed. In his access of complacent emotion inspired by the Alps, Perrichon wrote in the register of the inn: "How small is man, contemplated from the height of the Mère de Glace!" On reading this, his critic—a Commandant of zouaves in the original—wrote below: "Let me call M. Perrichon's notice to the fact that, as the Mère de Glace has no children, the 'e' he attributes to it is grammatical but," Perrichon avenges himself by subjoining that the Commandant is a lout.

The young girl who is the object of the pursuit of the two young men Mr. Fitch seems to have "read" to remain in the original—wrote below: "Let me call M. Perrichon's notice to the fact that, as the Mère de Glace has no children, the 'e' he attributes to it is grammatical but," Perrichon avenges himself by subjoining that the Commandant is a lout.

Once upon a time—it is a thousand years ago—Ireland was a leader in the arts. Then it was not alone the magic of her singers, but the living faith and genius of those who built her churches, the admirable skill of those who wrought and placed within the churches splendid metal shrines, the fertile brains and cunning fingers of her craftsmen and designers and the dainty handiwork of patient, cloistered monks and nuns, who set out ancient lore on snowy pages amid a regal blazoning of crimson and gold and silver—these arts Ireland led the whole of western Europe—once upon a time!

Now, it is from these arts, illumination and design that painting naturally develops; and in Ireland they were moving steadily toward their perfect form, when, in the twelfth century, to bring and to keep a log of anarchy, came the Anglo-Norman invasion. The arts died and settled life.

One century of that unrest had gone by the beautiful arts of Ireland had withered away. The development of a great and ancient tradition was checked and Irish painting, such as it is, has perforce grown up as an offshoot of criticism of other nations. The ground was suitable, but the flowers were nipped in the bud. The conditions became adverse, and remained so.

Thus it is not surprising to find that nowadays the Irish painters are scattered all over the face of the earth. You often do not know—they often do not realize themselves—the high blazoning of crimson and gold and silver, no rallying point, no common tradition.

Last summer a notable collection of pictures representing the work of Irish painters—a collection originally destined for St. Louis—was shown at the London Guildhall; and, as pointed out in THE SUN of July 17, this exhibition furnished abundant evidence of the high quality of the schools of the past. Although the development of a national school of painting in Ireland was frustrated, the talent which might have formed it persisted, and people visiting this exhibition were surprised to learn how many well known painters of the present time are really of Irish birth or blood.

To mention only three instances instead of a score. The late Sir Shannon, an excellent painter of the Royal Academy and one of the best known portrait painters of the day. He is of American birth, but of Irish blood.

The same is true of Mark Fisher, the well known landscapist, born in Boston. There is John Lavery, R. S. A., vice-president of that international society which had as its president Whistler. John Lavery is of Irish birth, and his work is of the highest quality. Some of the public galleries in London, Paris, and other cities, are full of his work. He is of those of Paris, Berlin, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Brussels, Venice, Munich, Glasgow and New South Wales.

This painter, perhaps because he studied in Glasgow, as well as in London and Paris, is commonly thought to be Scottish. Even THE SUN, in referring recently to his work at the Academy in London, called him the Irish artist who developed in his own country, therefore, naturally, he is apt to wander away and become identified with the people of the other island.

IRELAND'S ART REVIVAL.

STEPS TO FOUND A NATIONAL GALLERY IN DUBLIN.

Part of the Great States Forces Collection Offered—Other Pictures Premised or Secured—Effect It Would Have on Irish Art—Help Needed From America.

DUBLIN, Dec. 29.—There is a chance to do Ireland a service. True, that is not the news of news, and least of all can it be new to any one of Irish blood. For of all the chances that may possibly befall the men and women of Irish blood, wherever they may be, the most certain is the chance of a revival of their art. But it is always a definite service, something of a clearly beneficial nature? Often they are not unwilling to take that chance. Too, they come of a fearless, generous race, whose sympathies are quick and strong. Yet for the preliminary satisfaction of all who like to look before they leap it should be stated that this article concerns a definite service and one that is unquestionably beneficial, not to any particular set of individuals, but to the Irish nation and its descendants in the first place, and in the second place to the intellectual world at large—to civilization, in fact. And it would indeed be a singular pre-emptive to be pressed on the condition that certain steps be taken to place the gallery on a sound basis. Others again have been lent, chiefly by Messrs. Durand-Ruel of Paris and by the executors of the late J. Staats Forbes; and these it is desired to purchase. Some particulars of the Staats Forbes collection appeared in THE SUN of April 17.

So much has been done by Mr. Lane with regard to these matters that it is as well to define his position; and the authority now quoted is Sir Frederick Falkner, the Recorder of Dublin. The following extract is from his letter appearing in the Irish Times of Dec. 16:

The promoters of large projects are often naturally suspected of personal motives, and therefore it should at once be clearly understood that this, at least, is in no way designed to further the personal interests of artists or of owners of art treasures anxious to secure purchasers. It is rather in motion rather in the spirit of self-sacrifice.

The prime mover is Mr. Hugh P. Lane, who follows up the loan collection of George G. Mason, Reynolds, Constable, Gainsborough, Hopper, and that of Irish artists in the Guildhall this summer, with this his third exhibition within two years, all and especially the last, brought together with a marvellous energy and resources, which should command sympathy and support.

Of those now on view in Abbey street, thirty-three paintings, catalogued as the gold and silver collection, have been acquired by him, and these he has now chivalrously offered to present to the nation on the single condition that the corporation of Dublin should, at an annual grant to the new gallery it established, a condition which the speech of the Lord Mayor at the opening meeting seems to indicate as already accepted, to the high credit of the civic authority.

The Lane collection mentioned includes examples of Whistler, Daubier, Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, Wilson Steer, Legros and Corot, and among Irish painters, Sir George Chinnery, an interesting artist who painted portraits in China during the first half of last century, Nathaniel Hone, Edwin Hayes, J. B. Yeats, Walter Osborne and J. Russell.

The artists and collectors who have either presented or promised pictures number upward of a hundred, and among their names are those of John Sargent, R. A., J. J. Shannon, A. R. A., Henry Muhman and Frank Mura—All-American; the late G. F. Watts, Herkomer, Briton Riviere, John Swan and others. The names of the Royal Academy; Holman Hunt, Ricketts and Shannon, Lavery, Le Sidaner, Matthew Paris, Cosnar, Cottet, Jose Weiss, Dermot O'Brien, Roderic O'Connor, Lady Colin Campbell, the Right Hon. George Wyndham (a list by Rodin), Sir George Donaldson, Sir William Eden, Wilfred Plunt, T. L. Devitt—that is a representative selection of names.

The collection from the late Staats Forbes collection numbers upward of a hundred and sixty important pictures and drawings. Millet, Corot, Diaz, and the Barbizon School generally are splendidly represented, and there are excellent examples of eminent artists of various countries, such as Delacroix, Constable, Segantini, Whistler, James and Matthew Paris, Jongkind, Legros, Cecil Lawson, Degas, Fortuny, Courbet, Millet, Monticelli, Mark Fisher, Gazin, Fantin Latour and Anton Mauve.

These are chiefly names of artists whose formative influence on the best art of the present day can hardly be exaggerated, and people familiar with the present market value of their works will be surprised to hear that these 160 pictures cost the late owner only \$300,000. It is the definite statement of his executors.

James Staats Forbes was a very far sighted collector, who bought Millet and Corot before these names were famous and who went on buying the works of clever young artists until the day of his death. His family desires that if possible this portion of his great collection should remain intact in some national gallery, as they have offered to Ireland for \$200,000. For what 160 pictures are, the price is absurdly cheap—yet it is more than the lovers of art will raise in Ireland during the time for which the offer remains open.

Millet and Corot—here is something that an Irish poet, who signs himself "A. E.," has written of them in *The Freeman's Journal*:

their works at home he would not need to go abroad.

In most of the world's large cities this kind of opportunity has been provided, and wealthy citizens take a pleasure in enriching their municipal collections. Are Irishmen aware that Ireland is in the unique position of being the only civilized country that cannot boast of a permanent collection of national and modern art?

Not only for the production of art is such a gallery necessary, but for its appreciation. It is needed to create a standard of taste, a feeling of the relative importance of painters. It is what you have seen that creates your standard of taste—a fact which accounts for a good deal of biased art criticism. And it is not enough to see once; there must be opportunity for the understanding better gotten of frequent and intelligent seeing.

This, then, is what is desired as a beginning, the establishment in Dublin of a permanent gallery of modern and contemporary art. And thanks to the untiring energy of Hugh P. Lane, honorary director of the recent exhibition at the London Guildhall, much has already been done toward the realization of this project.

At the Royal Hibernian Academy, in Abbey street, Dublin, there is now being shown a remarkably fine and widely representative collection of modern pictures. Many of these have been presented by distinguished artists and collectors to form the nucleus of the proposed gallery. Many others will be presented on the condition that certain steps be taken to place the gallery on a sound basis. Others again have been lent, chiefly by Messrs. Durand-Ruel of Paris and by the executors of the late J. Staats Forbes; and these it is desired to purchase. Some particulars of the Staats Forbes collection appeared in THE SUN of April 17.

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PROF. O. A. MORSE

Director of the Department of Music, of Jno. B. Stetson University, DeLand, Fla.

WINS THE THOUSAND-DOLLAR SLIPPERS

Which we offered to the person making the nearest correct estimate of the total Paid Admissions to the WORLD'S FAIR.

PROF. MORSE'S ESTIMATE WAS 12,804,151 TOTAL PAID ADMISSIONS WERE 12,804,616

PETERS SHOE CO.

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ANOTHER BOY PLUNGER

Herndon Dudley of Kentucky, a Staghound Hand a Year Ago, Now an Owner.

Herndon Dudley is the name of a Kentucky boy who has run a shoestring into a racing stable in a single year. Dudley left his home twelve months ago and tramped into the city of Lexington. He had neither friends nor money, but he possessed a burning desire to become identified with the turf. Around among the stables he roamed from day to day, asking for a chance to work at something or other, but he was systematically turned down until he struck a man named James Baker, who owned several horses. Baker had nothing for young Dudley to do just then, but the boy was so persistent in his demand for work that Baker finally decided to take him along as a stable boy and rubber. Dudley was delighted at this sudden good fortune, and when Baker left Lexington in the early spring to campaign on the Western tracks Dudley went along, receiving the weekly stipend of \$10.

Among the horses in the string was a colt named Handmore, by Handless Eva Densmore. Dudley, who was only a two-year-old because of his poor legs and feet and was about to sell him at auction when Dudley asked to be allowed to take charge of the racer. Baker consented readily and Dudley proceeded to hitch Handmore to a joggling cart. For many days the colt received daily exercise in harness until one day in August when Baker had reached Detroit, Park, Detroit, Dudley said to his employer: "I think Handmore is ready to race and I would advise you to put him in the handicap."

"All right, my boy," replied Baker, "and if he wins you can have the purse." Dudley, who was a very confident man when he saw Handmore enter in the handicap with a feather on his back. As he was meeting some pretty fair horses, the books were in his favor. He had only a few dollars to bet, but he was so confident that he bet \$20 to 1 being quoted against him. Dudley had been saving his money and decided to take a desperate chance. He took \$100 out of his trunk and bet a penny of it at 50 to 1. Handmore was a whirlwind. His legs were perfectly sound and he came home on the bit a winner by three lengths.

With a cry of delight, Dudley rushed into the betting ring and cashed his wager. "I'm rich," he cried, "I'm rich!" Dudley advised him to stop speculation, but the stable boy could not be curbed. With new clothes he cut a conspicuous figure at the racetrack. He had not done it yet. He was waiting to start Handmore again. The opportunity finally presented itself and Dudley won \$100 more as a dividend on his bet. The colt was invincible in several other races and Dudley cashed each time.

"I'm rich," he cried, "I'm rich!" Dudley advised him to stop speculation, but the stable boy could not be curbed. With new clothes he cut a conspicuous figure at the racetrack. He had not done it yet. He was waiting to start Handmore again. The opportunity finally presented itself and Dudley won \$100 more as a dividend on his bet. The colt was invincible in several other races and Dudley cashed each time.

There should be no need to say any more. The cause is a splendid one. In every way it is unselfish, and destined to benefit more the Ireland of to-day, or of the future, but through these the whole of the intellectual world.

If men of Irish blood are proud of the old homeland—and which of them is not?—they may well consider it an honor to further a scheme that will add to the greatness of Ireland, the source of that pride. It is to promote the culture and development of Ireland's gifted children, and to advance her and their prestige among the nations of the earth. Be it noted, there is here no question of a fame, a notoriety, that passes with the lives of factions or of generations, but of a finer, more enduring fame, creative and refining in its essence, and enduring as the human race itself.

CHRISTOPHER MEASE.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

A Brief Story Giving Some Notion of the Size of the Great Giant's Foot.

"Let me give you," said the old circus man, "some idea of the size of the great giant's foot."

"In our winter quarters we had one year a cook who was very great on pies. He could make mince pies, in particular, that even at this distance of time I remember plain pleasure."

"The cook's kitchen, of course, was on the ground floor of the house, and it was right next to the giant's room, which, you may remember I told you, we made high enough for him by taking out the floor above, thus carrying his room up through two stories in height. You may remember my telling you about the door we made for him, and how he carried through both stories, making a door like the scenery door of a theatre, high enough for him to get in and out of his room without stooping."

"Well, it so happened that the kitchen door was right close by the giant's door; and one day when the cook had been making some of those mince pies he set seven of them out on the snow, just before dinner. The cook was still standing by the window and the cook set out seven of them that day to cool."

"But the giant, he didn't know there were any pies there, and he started out of his high door, just after the cook put the pies out, to take a little stroll."

"The cook was still standing by the window in the kitchen, looking at the pies a minute to see if they were all right, when he sees the giant's foot coming forward out of his door, and—"

"Hev! he sings out to the giant."

"But it was too late. The giant couldn't recover himself and down his foot came those seven mince pies cooling off in the snow, completely obliterated four of them and pretty well using up the other three."

"So that day everybody had to take his mince pie hot."

Weather Man Paid the Fine.

A group of youths, many of them officials in the Government service, recently met in the smoking room of a Washington clubhouse. At the suggestion of one of the party it was agreed that the one first "talking shop" should be tried a dollar. They selected Mr. Willis L. Moore, chief of the Weather Bureau, overcast on and hat in hand, arose at last to go.

"Good evening," said he.

"Good evening," said he.