

The Story of the Charge of the Light Brigade Retold

Just Fifty Years Since This Brilliant Feat of British Arms Was Enacted at Balaklava.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, and the death at Denver, Col., of Alexander Sutherland, the trumpeter who sounded the bugle call which sent that brave column dashing forward fearlessly into the very "jaws of death," have served to awaken new interest in that brilliant charge. It is a story that is always worth retelling and one of which the reader never tires. It is perhaps true to say that no other action has caught the public imagination in the same way as the charge of the "gallant six hundred." No doubt, Tennyson's poem has had much to do with this. The charge was practically a blunder, and the result was disaster, but nothing will ever rob it of its wonderful and romantic glory. Perhaps the best story of the charge is that given by a staff officer, whose "Letters from Headquarters" form one of the most interesting of the many accounts of the Crimean campaign. The staff officer was with Lord Raglan watching the progress of the battle from a position which commanded a view of the whole valley of Balaklava. In quoting from his description, we are therefore quoting the words of an eye witness of the charge.

Seeing that the British guns, which the Russians had captured earlier in the day, owing to the cowardice of the Turkish troops, were being removed, Lord Raglan sent an order to Lord Lucan (in command of the cavalry division) to the effect that the cavalry were to advance and take any opportunity that might offer to recapture the heights from which the Russians had driven the Turks. This opportunity did not occur, according to the view that Lord Lucan took of the matter. Half an hour later, Lord Raglan sent another message to Lord Lucan. It was as follows: "Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, follow the enemy, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate." This order was entrusted to Capt. Nolan, a cavalry officer of great experience. What followed is best told in the words of a staff officer historian.

When the order was delivered to Lord Lucan, he demurred for a moment putting it into execution, and asked Nolan what it was that he was to attack, who replied, "There, my lord, is our enemy, and there are our guns," at the same time pointing down the valley to where the enemy had a battery of eight guns, with artillery also on each flank. Capt. Nolan appears to have totally misunderstood the instructions he had received: "the guns" in the written order, of course, alluded to those the enemy had captured in the redoubts, and were, it was thought, carrying away; and the direction which Nolan pointed out to Lord Lucan was quite contrary to that intended by Lord Raglan. Lord Lucan appears to have considered that he was bound to charge the enemy, and therefore made arrangements to carry out the object which, he supposed, Lord Raglan had in view. He consequently communicated with Lord Cardigan, and desired him to form the light brigade into two lines. Lord Cardigan urged the uselessness of making such an attack, but Lord Lucan replied that his orders were imperative. The fatal order to advance was then given, and to the horror of all on the heights above, the handful of light cavalry advanced down towards the Russian batteries.

As they started into a trot, poor Nolan galloped some way in front of the brigade, waving his sword, and encouraging the men by voice and gesture. Before, however, they had gone any distance, the enemy's guns opened on them at long range. Nolan was the first man killed; some grape shot hit him in the chest; his horse turned and carried him to the rear through our advancing squadrons. His screams were heard far above the din of battle, and he fell dead from his saddle, near the spot where the order had been given for the charge. The pace of our cavalry increased every moment, until they went thundering along, making the ground tremble beneath them. The awful slaughter that was going on from the apparently did not check their career. On they went, heedless to the death, disregarding sight and sound, until they were met by the object of their attack. At length they arrived at the guns, their numbers

sadly thinned, but the few that remained made fearful havoc amongst the enemy's artillerymen. Scarce a man escaped, except those who crept under their gun-carriages, and thus put themselves out of the reach of our men's swords. This was the moment when a general was most required, but unfortunately Lord Cardigan was not then present. On coming up to the battery (as he afterward himself described it) a gun was fired close to him, and for a moment he thought his leg was gone. Such was not the case, as he remained unhurt; however, his horse took fright, swerved round, and galloped off with him to the rear, passing on the way the Fourth Light Dragoons and Eighth Hussars, before these regiments got up to the battery. The enemy's cavalry had been posted in rear of their guns, and on the advance of the British some of their squadrons had been withdrawn to the higher ground on each flank, the infantry remaining in its old position (behind the guns), and these the cavalry had next to attack. However, the Russians did not wait to be assailed, but on the approach of the men ran back to some brushwood behind them, where, of course, they could not be followed. At this time the whole squadron that composed the first, and a great portion of the second line, were in considerable disorder. No blame was to be attached

to anyone for this, as so many officers had been either killed, wounded, or had their horses shot under them. The amazing number of riderless horses that were galloping about, many of them wounded and wild with fright, added also to the general confusion. Some of the cavalry charged the Russians almost down to the Tchernaya river, but then, of course, had to return on their exhausted horses to rejoin the brigade. As soon as the Russians saw that all the squadrons had arrived at the guns, they sent a large body of Cossacks of the Don to cut off the retreat. This was first observed by one of the troop officers of the Eighth Hussars (which regiment was in the rear of the brigade), who immediately rode up and informed Col. Shewell, the commanding officer, of this movement by the enemy's cavalry. Col. Shewell at once ordered his regiment to wheel about, which, being done, he gave the word to charge, and was himself the first to enter the herd of Cossacks. These unfortunate, completely surprised by the manoeuvre, offered but feeble resistance, and this single squadron of the Eighth Hussars passed through the Russians of four times their strength, cutting down all in their way, while the rest dispersed to right and left. A way was thus cleared for the remainder of the cavalry to retire unopposed—but not unmolested—as the enemy opened upon them with grape from their guns on both flanks, besides throwing out swarms of skirmishers, which combined fire made fearful havoc of the gallant remnant of the Light Brigade. During the retreat, two squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique, which up to that period had not been engaged, made a brilliant attack on the Russian battery on their left, which was pouring its deadly volleys on the retreating groups of British heroes. They succeeded in silencing for a time several guns, and only retired when they found that they were opposed to an overwhelming fire from some Russian infantry which was brought up to repel their attack. In this charge they lost two officers and over 50 men killed and wounded.

The gallant Light Brigade came back to the British lines in twos and threes, some wounded, some supporting a wounded comrade. The mounted strength of the brigade at the end was 155. It had lost 247 men in killed and wounded and had 475 horses killed and 42 wounded.

That Compact Existence.
"You can always tell a New Yorker."
"How?"
"He always takes it for granted that any piece of furniture bigger than a writing desk is a folding bed."—Washington Star.

Better Than Her Poetry.
Office Boy (to editor)—There's a lady outside, sir, with some poetry.
Editor—How old is she?
"About 17."
"Show her in."—Smith's Weekly.

TURKISH FINANCE IS ODD.

The Unit of Value Has Varying Prices According to the Various Localities.

The new colonies of Jews are due to the Zionist movement inaugurated by Jewish millionaires. See the Rothschilds, says the San Francisco Argonaut. Israel Zangwill, the author, is one of the ardent advocates of a hegira of the Jews to their ancient home. Jews are certainly pouring into Palestine from all over Europe. But the consuls in Jerusalem doubt the desirability of this movement; they say that the Jewish colonists are failures as agriculturalists, and seem to succeed only as shopkeepers or money changers. And one certainly sees more Jewish money changers than Turkish, although it would seem fitting for the business of changing Turkish money to be in the hands of Turkish money changers. Perhaps the Turks do not understand the Turkish money as well as the Jews do. Here is a brief resume of some of its eccentricities:

The Turkish gold unit is the lira, or pound, worth about 35; the Turkish silver unit is the piaster, worth about 5 cents. When we were in Turkey the lira was thus quoted: In Constantinople, 100 piasters; in Beirut, 123 piasters; in Jaffa, 141 piasters; in Jerusalem, 124 piasters; in Damascus, 129 piasters. To these must be added the further fact that even these values fluctuated from day to day with the fluctuations in exchange of Turkish silver. This is about the same as it would be for our American gold piece called the half eagle were worth on the same day \$5 in New York, \$5.25 in Chicago, \$5.30 in Omaha, \$5.20 in Salt Lake and \$5.35 in San Francisco. If I add to the foregoing that the Turkish metallic currency (metallic) current in Constantinople is uncurrent in every other Turkish city; if I state that the value of the Turkish pound is quoted differently in buying different commodities; if I say that the foregoing is merely the government rate of exchange and that there is a commercial rate of exchange which is different; if I remark that the four foreign post offices in Jerusalem have a rate of exchange of their own, which also differs; if I set down the curious fact that the railway companies recognize none of these rates of exchange but have a rate of their own also—I may not be believed, but nevertheless it is entirely true.

SOUTHERN BORAX FIELDS.

Taking Out the Deposits Is Very Similar to Digging Potatoes.

In the Argentine republic are vast fields of borax, which are sometimes spoken of as borax "mines." They are not mines, however, as the process of securing the borax is closer akin to agriculture than mining. "The vast flat, empty surfaces of the borax fields," says a writer in describing the scene, "lost themselves in extreme distance or mirage, and to all appearance any one square yard was similar to any other part. Wherever the crust of the salinas in the locality of Tres Morros or Moreno had been dug into 12 or 14 inches deep, there lay masses of soft, white, round 'potatoes' of borax, packed closely together to a depth of about 18 inches. "Digging borax was just like digging potatoes, and the borax 'potatoes' were staked in rows on the ground, just as freshly dug potatoes on a farm are laid in rows. The lumps of borax, however, are probably five or six times as numerous as real potatoes would be in the same area. The lumps of borax varied from the size of a hen's egg to pieces of one and two cubic feet in size. They lay close below the surface, and when broken were soft looking, like moist snow. "After lying in rows in the air, subject to the intensely drying winds that swept over the plains, the wet snow color became white, like pure, and the weight diminished more than half, by reason of the evaporation of the water. The borax then contained about 45 per cent. of pure boracic acid. In some places borax lay in unbroken seams 15 to 20 inches thick."

FISHY RATHER!



(1) All the other anglers jeered at Biffles for using clothes-line and so large a hook.



(2) "Aha!" retorted Biffles, as he drew in the slack, "there's more than fish to fish for."



(3) Now we know why Biffles was able to undersell every other 'low' dealer in the village. Foul foul man!

VOICES IN THE NIGHT

Sermon by the "Highway and Byway" Preacher.

(Chicago, Sunday, Nov. 27, 1904. Text—"And the Lord called yet again, Samuel, and Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I, for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; be down again. Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him."—1 Sam. 3, 8, 7.)



THE incidents surrounding our text bring before us a charming and inspiring picture. The rich and stately and sacred courts of the Tabernacle of Jehovah, the place he had appointed for His dwelling place in the midst of His people; the scene of the perfunctory services of Eli, the high priest, and the training school and seminary of Samuel, the novitiate. There was the outer court with its great brazen altar for sacrifice, and upon which the fire burned continually. Between it and the holy place stood the laver where the priests washed before entering the temple. Within the temple was the holy place with its altar of incense, and its table of show bread and the golden candlestick on either side. Before the altar of sacrifice and within this holy place the high priest ministered daily. Then there was the holy of holies behind the veil where rested the ark of the covenant surmounted by the cherubim, and between which there burned the shekinah glory over the mercy seat. Into this holiest place the high priest came but once a year. It was to this temple that Samuel as a young boy had been brought by his mother, and consecrated to the Lord's service. It was here that he ministered unto the Lord before Eli. But the word of the Lord was unknown and unheard in those evil days of corrupt priesthood and meaningless ceremony, and there was no revelation from God. The day's ministrations had ended; the aged high priest had laid himself down to rest, and Samuel, his faithful attendant, had sought his couch in the apartments adjoining. The gentle light of the seven-branched candlestick, burning without in the holy place kept its faithful vigil, and spoke of God's presence, while the souls of men were unconscious in slumber.

HOW often we are unconscious of God's presence. The body, God's chosen temple, is the place where He would abide, but we know Him not. Self, the high priest, is there, to serve and minister to the desires and needs of the life. The thought is not above the physical and material. God's presence is not felt. Samuel, the young novitiate, is there, in the person of the gentle, sensitive soul. It serves as best it can before the high priest, self. But it is not given any service above the mere sensual obligation even while it serves on the lower plane of the material. The period of the low spiritual condition prevails and the lamp of God's presence burns feebly. Such is the condition, oh so often, in the heart and life! Such was the condition of Israel and in the temple. It was God's chosen dwelling place, even as the body of man is God's appointed temple. "Know ye not," God asks, that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" The temple had its appointed service, meaningless if the true purpose and spirit were lacking; it had its high priest to discharge the religious functions, and so the body temple has its appointed service, its homage to pay to God, its worship to offer. While self is the high priest in office every feature of the service is subservient to the dominant, physical, sensual self. The temple had its Samuel, the novitiate appointed to God to rise to the place of authority in the temple and to rescue the holy place and the sacred service from its debased and degrading conditions. And so the body temple has within it the eternal spirit, the novitiate, whom God has appointed to grow up within and to rescue the body temple from its low spiritual condition.

DURING the still watches of the night voices are heard within the temple. Samuel's voice calls, "Samuel, Samuel." "Here am I," as he runs to Eli's side, as was his wont when summoned to minister to his needs. Eli's voice is heard in dull, heavy, uncomprehending peevishness. "I called thee not, my son; be down again." The three voices heard in the midnight watches of the night's great need. God's voice calling. The soul's voice in answer, and self quieting the query of the soul and bidding it go and lie down again. God's voice is calling to you and to me. We know not His voice. We are unfamiliar with the sound thereof. Once, twice, God has called, perhaps more, and each time you have settled the matter by urging the soul to the sleep of indifference and oblivion. Will God call again? Are you indifferent as to whether he will or not? Are you glad that the conscience of the soul has been stilled and its questioning silenced? Do you feel better content within the temple of your body that you can minister to your own need as the caprice and whim of self may dictate? God pity the man who has stilled the voice of God to the soul. Who has so repeatedly turned the soul away with its questionings that at last God calls no more, and the light of His presence has left the temple in hopeless desolation! It is an awful thing thus to trifle with God! Twice Eli turned Samuel away, but the third time that God called the old priest was aroused to the meaning of the voice and told Samuel how he should answer and what he should do if again the voice should call. God grants that self may be roused to the consciousness of God, and when He calls again the soul may be bid to say: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

SELF rules in the body temple. God wants self to surrender and to let His spirit control. Self as the high priest of the life is irresponsible to God's will and God's leading. Self seeketh its own gratification, its own ambition, its own plans, and is jealous of its rights. It rules, and proposes to rule. It is not willing to surrender to God. Old Eli in the temple must make room for the younger man. And when at last he opened the way for Samuel to meet God and hear His voice and receive His message, it was that God might deliver His judgment upon Eli and Eli's house for sin and iniquity. When self at last is brought to the point of recognizing God's voice and bids the soul respond to God's call, it means that self is at last ready to step to God's judgment bar and receive sentence. It was God's plan that Samuel should fill the place of Eli, and it is His plan, His blessed plan, that the soul should occupy the place of self. Self is under judgment. It is to be destroyed. As God's word puts it, "the old man is to be crucified, with the affections and lusts," in order that the soul may expand to the infilling of God and occupy the body temple; in order that the new man, the new creation in Christ Jesus, may come to the fullness of the stature of a son of God. Self is the present occupant of the body temple that is to be judged and removed, while the soul is to be quickened by the touch of God and appointed to fill the high priestly office. It is not pleasant for one to contemplate the giving up of self in order that God may be formed in him, except as we view it from God's standpoint. With all the awful judgment before him, Eli could say: "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good." And so can we say, as we hear the judgment of God against self and the will of the flesh.

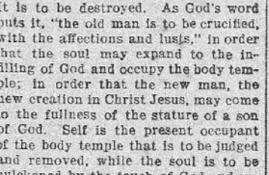
THERE are three things in the attitude of Samuel which we wish to specially emphasize: First, he was awakened; second, he was stirred to seek, and, third, he was patient to wait. Had he had the spirit of some people when the voice of God at last pierces the heavy ears and wakes them to consciousness, he would have listened for a moment or two in impatience and then would have turned over for "a little more sleep and a little more slumber." But the voice of God aroused him, and he was thoroughly awake and anxious to hear and obey. He did not know God in a personal way. God had never spoken to him with distinct voice. Ah, how many there are who are in the same spiritual condition. But God speaks, and the voice is heard, and the evidence is furnished in the case of Samuel by his springing out of bed and seeking the voice, and in the case of the soul in its search after the voice that has spoken. Bed was no longer the place for Samuel, and the present place of indifference is not the place for the soul to abide. The voice has called. You are in perplexity and doubt. You know not what it all means. But the voice has called, and your duty is to spring from the place of indifference to that of active search. And "be that seeketh findeth." You will come to know clearly as Samuel did that it is God that has been calling, and then it is your part to patiently wait in faith until God speaks again, so that you may answer in obedience and faith: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." Such must be the attitude of the soul if it would come to know God and hear Him speak. Awake, oh soul, to patiently wait that God may speak to your soul His revelation!

NEW YORK LETTER

IMMIGRATION STATISTICS SHOW REMARKABLE CHANGES.

COMING FROM BRITISH ISLES

The Influx of People from England Has Been Sudden and Unexpected—Many Servants Needed—Other Gossip.



NEW YORK.—The phenomenon of the year in immigration has been the sudden and unexpected influx of people from the British Isles. Government figures are always a couple of months behind the immigrants themselves, but the latest report twice as many Britons as Italians were arriving at Ellis Island, though from the first of the year the Italians had been largely in excess.

Cheap steamer rates provided one explanation; slack work at home another. Moreover, from Ireland there were as many women as men, from England nearly as many. It was an immigration that came to stay. Half the Italian immigrants go home again; some of these latter, however, return once more, impatient with old-world ways after a taste of the new world. Precisely how many permanent residents 100,000 Italian newcomers finally furnish it is yet too soon to tell. Perhaps 70,000.

I believe that one reason for the sudden influx of the British has not been fully stated. That is the great demand for domestic servants. English upper class servants must be a considerable element among the thousands of new comers; and there has not been a time for years when Irish girls in all the charm of their great eyes and shapely figures have so adorned the receiving station; these latter are in most cases unused to domestic service, but the demand absorbs them into busy life as quickly as it does the more highly trained contingent. And a rather pathetic thing it is, too, to see how soon the rosy immigrant girl loses her health in the close confinement of the house to which she is not accustomed.

It would seem with all this vast influx of women and girls seeking work there might be enough of them to "go around." That there are not is largely due to the prodigal way in which a few wealthy families reduce the supply by organizing their many homes upon a scale of more than British grandeur.

ARMIES of Servants. HE number of families that employ from 15 to 25 servants in a single establishment is considerably larger than might be supposed. In such a household the majority of the servants travel with the family from New York to Newport and thence to the "hunting box" on Long Island or to Lenox or to Tuxedo; in the case of short migrations like that from Long Island to New York the sight of a removal is not unlike the migration to his city estate.

Rather a common sight in these autumn days on Long Island roads is a queer procession of carriages and station wagons and autos conveying light baggage, the last odds and ends that didn't get into the great trunks and boxes; and for passengers the servants, a little company held in decorous silence by awe of the housekeeper's all-seeing eye.

For the housekeeper, the butler, the cook and the valet and the lad's maid, the aristocracy of this little underworld of serving people, are very great personages in it. They, in turn, have servants to wait upon them. Nor do they in the good old English fashion take their meals with the rest of the servants, but they have a dining-room and a waiter of their own. Two dining-rooms, private rooms of considerable luxury, light work much subdivided, dress wages, and the prestige of having worked for So-and-Sos, are the advantages offered by the "great house." The Misses Hewitt, on their century-old ancestral estate in Livingston, N. J., even provide a special church service for their servants. Thus religious and social opportunities tend to brighten their lot.

But the great permanent households do not at all exhaust the list of servants. There must be caretakers and gardeners at each one of possibly half a dozen "homes." There must be, in such a case as Mr. Whitney's forests in Lenox and the Adirondacks, foresters and gamekeepers. There is on the Twombly estate, "Florham," in New Jersey, a Harvard graduate with a salary of \$10,000 a year to act as general superintendent. There are the private secretaries; there are the trained nurses, whom it is now rather the fashion to take with a family upon its travels, especially if there are young children.

The average unskilled lower servant—the girl who may be competent as a chambermaid or under waitress—sometimes finds life in a great household pleasant for its human companionship; sometimes she dislikes the quarreling that is inseparable from the situation. The former mood prevails nine-tenths of the time, and it is hard upon the modest housekeeper who advertises for one "general servant." She is "up against" a puzzling "trust problem" of her own.

The Fashion of Simplicity. IT OFTEN happens to the leisurely chronicler of passing events to get ahead of the telegraph wire in news of social importance, because the man who is, as Lord Salisbury put it, "tied to a wire," can not look up long enough to see what is coming. I think these letters may have been the first to predict the fashion of simplicity which is now being

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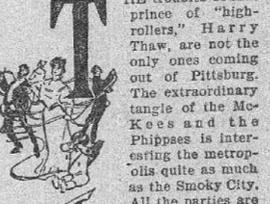
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preached in New York. It may not last; but there is a decided revolt against such a great establishment as I have described entails. The fad has spread to the stage, and Grossmith caricatured it in "The Schoolgirl." Charles Wagner is lecturing on it. The "Nouveau Art" preachers are coming back to the painting and the various "arts and crafts" adventures in furniture designs and embroidery.

Curiously enough, the great new hotels are feeling the movement. Mine Host Haan, of the St. Regis complains bitterly of the free advertising his costlier resort has received. The Waldorf-Astoria long ago ceased to be fashionable—in short, since it was discovered to be "purveying exclusiveness" to the masses. Sherry's, which replaced it in high favor, is ornate in decorations, but the next novelty will be staid and fine, less not inconsistent with the old-fashioned. Already a new hotel is advertising: "No palm garden; no Turkish room; 'Narrow-necked' but more convenient; 'peacock rows' be not lounging places—but mere corridors leading to quiet apartments; venetian ceilings not too lofty for snugness—these are the new ideas for fashionable interiors. Architects and decorators, as usual, are trying to keep a little ahead of the mode. To do this is success.

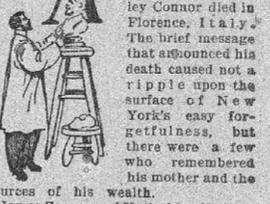
Sample Divorce Problems.



THE troubles of that prince of "high-rollers," Harry Thaw, are not the only ones coming out of Pittsburgh. The extraordinary tangle of the McKees and the Phippses is interesting in the metropolitan circles as much as the Smoky City. All the parties are well known here along that lane of folly, Fifth avenue. The divorce suits of the Phippses, complicated by abductions of the children back and forth, had that dramatic thrill that New York likes. Now the warring couple seem likely to be reconciled. Meanwhile, the cause of the trouble, handsome Hart McGee, is to marry, if he has not already married. Mrs. Phipps, who jilted Lawyer Hughes, the Phipps' lawyer, in order to marry Hugh Trevis, the millionaire. Mr. McKee is himself a divorced man.

The Tudor sisters have furnished in Boston society almost as strange a case. Miss Tudor divorced "Jimmy" Garland in a peculiarly sensational suit at law. A month ago she remarried him. Her sister Rosamond married Alexander Higginson and divorced him after six years of matrimony. Later she illustrated the poems of young Burgess, yacht designer and literary man, and now she has married him. It is difficult for a Boston woman to resist literary ability.

A Life Tragedy Ended.



PITIFUL life tragedy was ended when James Stanley Connor died in Florence, Italy. The brief message that announced his death caused not a ripple upon the surface of New York's easy forgetfulness, but there were a few who remembered his mother and the sources of his wealth. James Connor and Katie, his wife, kept a little theatrical agency on Broadway 40 years ago. When Connor died, leaving a boy of six, the mother, who was born in Ireland, and whose girlhood name was Irwin, was in possession of a little tobacco shop. There one morning John Anderson, the rich tobacco merchant, met her. Mrs. Connor had been an actress in her youth and was still attractive. Anderson was married, but perhaps not happily. At any rate, his wife died four or five years later in the south, virtually separated from him. And Mrs. Connor accompanied the old millionaire while her son was educated under the care of Anderson's partner. The old man, who was proud of making the particular brand of tobacco that Daniel Webster always chewed, apparently did not like to have the boy around. So the young man went to Europe, where with ample means he became a sculptor. A statue of his showing Cain as a murderer is now in this city, seen daily by many who do not know its author's history. But Connor was perhaps too wealthy to do that work as an artist. From his mother he inherited ample means. At the time of his death he owned considerable real estate in Brooklyn, but lived the life of a recluse. There was a memorable contest over Anderson's will, but the Connors emerged from it with \$600,000 paid by the heirs by way of compromise of direct bequest which they were disputing. With this money the young man and his mother, who died some years ago, seemed to try to disappear as completely as possible. They succeeded. Few recalled their story when Mrs. Connor died. Few still connected the son, whose name the cable spelled "Coner," with the stern old tobaccoist whose family affairs in their days furnished New York with a keen sensation.

OWEN LANGDON.

Made a Home Run. It was exactly 11:45 p. m. by the little cuckoo clock. "Speaking of baseball, Mr. De Bore," said she between yawns, "there is a shortstop in each nine, isn't there?"

"Sure, Miss Biffkins," he replied. "And there is a longstop, also?" she asked.

"No, of course not," he answered. "Well, it's a pity there isn't," she continued, "for if there were every club in the league would be bidding for your services."

Shortly after he crossed the home plate.—Chicago Daily News.

Had Seen Long Service. "Don't you think Miss Lingerlong's face looks rather worn?" "Well, she has been wearing it since 1893."—Town Topics.