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MISSOLOGHI

By WINGROVE BATHON.

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You have seen the engraving of the monument created by David D'Angers to the memory of Marcos Botzaris, and you know whether or not the great sculptor was successful in his determination that he who fell at Missolonghi should have a monument worthy of his heroism and patriotism. The story of that monument, a sad and pretty tale, is little known—too little known. We forget too easily. There is no longer a Botzaris; there is no longer a Mavrocordato. Missolonghi itself is remembered but as the place where Byron died, and even then only when one says "Missolonghi—1824." And that is a long time ago.

The day David D'Angers found the inspiration he sought for his monument to Botzaris, he was walking among the tombs of Pere-la-Chaise. He saw a young girl lying on a grave-stone, at full length, tracing with a colored chalk the name "Marcos Botzaris" on the headstone of the tomb. She had just finished the last one of the letters on the otherwise blank shaft of marble.

"My child," David called to her, as he approached, "why do you write that name upon that tomb? That tomb has nothing to do with Botzaris."

"I know it, Monsieur," she replied. "I simply came here for a walk, and I was thinking of Marcos Botzaris. Besides, the monument has nothing to do with him because it is not half good enough for him, beautiful as it is in its simplicity."

"Why do you think it is not good enough for him?" the sculptor asked.

"He was a Greek, Monsieur!" she said, simply.

She wept. David took note of her. She was about fourteen, just budding into womanhood, with the travail of the transition expressed in her every feature, every limb.

Here, he said to himself, was not only the subject for his composition, but the model for his art as well. His statue took shape in his mind. This girl, he thought to himself, would represent, copied in stone, to the most casual observer the struggle for freedom. She would bend for him over the tomb of Botzaris to drag the secret of that freedom from him and give to the world in effigied marble the story Botzaris fell too soon to finish. Dawning life, the reincarnation of liberty, would take up the work of the dead, in its ever continuing effort to fulfill its mission. It would be his masterpiece.

Questioning the girl, he learned—nothing. She had nothing to tell, she said. Her residence? She would not give it. Her residence? She shook her head. She told him nothing beyond that she happened to be in Pere-la-Chaise for a walk.

David seated himself upon a nearby tomb and commenced to speak of his monument. He prefaced his remarks with the question:

"You are a Greek?"

"As Monsieur sees," she said, proudly raising her head.

At first she listened to him incredulously. When he spoke of her country's war for freedom, and his own fight of independence, a fire kindled in her eyes, and she gazed at him, and listened, silently entranced, showing only by her heaving young breast and the flashing of her eyes, the emotion his words occasioned her.

At length he reached the point of his conversation. Would she pose for him?

"I, Monsieur! I!" she exclaimed, in

sacred. She had in her, he saw, something of the spirit of Missolonghi. It was better so. Better for his work better for him, better for her.

"So be it," he said, at length "Come."

He led her home with him at once and the first sitting was commenced. Silent, wrapped in her own thoughts with the exact expression upon her face that he desired, he had no need to tell her a word of what he wanted. By intuition she seemed to know, and by the intuition of his genius he worked.

Day by day she returned at the appointed hour, but never a word did she vouchsafe as to herself or her antecedents, and David, engrossed with his composition, grew to



"I, Monsieur! I!" she exclaimed.

think of her less and less, as his composition neared its completion and he grew to thinking of the statue more.

On the wall of his studio hung a very handsome bronze crucifix, on a velvet panel. He often found her watching it. It seemed to have a fascination for her, and one day, when the child was dressing, after two or three hours of hard work, when he had spoken to her again of payment for her sittings and she had again declined the money, she exclaimed, with a glance at the crucifix:

"If you insist upon paying me, M. David, you may give me that!"

The crucifix was worth considerably more than the price of her sittings at two francs fifty centimes an hour, the usual price, and D'Angers hesitated.

"What do you want with it?" he asked.

"I would place it in my room, M. David," she said, "and pray to Christ for Greece."

He took down the image and handed it to her, and she left that day, the last day of the sittings, staggering under its weight.

The statue was finished and sent to Greece, and the thought of his model passed from his mind. She was a little of a mystery to him, but Paris held many such mysteries, or what seemed to be mysteries. In those days, and models, to David D'Angers, were simply models.

That was the story of the Marcos Botzaris monument. David had been sufficiently young to be enthusiastic and sufficiently presumptuous to imagine he could do something which had never been done before. He had succeeded. With the aid of the spirit of Missolonghi, he had succeeded.

In after years, when he departed from France, exiled by Louis Napoleon, a wanderer on the face of the earth, the irresistible desire to behold once more his masterpiece finally drew him to Greece.

Long before the vessel anchored he caught a glimpse of the tumulus erected at the foot of the bastion in honor of Botzaris. It made a small, dark spot on the horizon, but above it was a speck, small and white, with another dark speck beside it. He knew the white speck was his statue of the young Greek girl, but it was not until he had landed that he knew what is now a matter of history—that his statue had been mutilated almost beyond repair.

As he reached the tomb, he wept like a child, for, lying across the marble figure was the unknown girl who had originated the masterpiece, and who, having journeyed to Missolonghi to behold the composition once more, and having found the right hand of the statue broken, the index finger of which pointed to the name, after trying to hide the cruel, vandal break with a bouquet of flowers, had died of a broken heart, and, with her still warm clay, for one brief hour was taking the place of the marble effigy she had inspired to the memory of Marcos Botzaris and his fall at Missolonghi.

Envy is the offspring of ignorance. There never was a good war or a bad peace.—Benjamin Franklin.

True boldness never blusters

HOME AND FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PREVAILING MODES OF THE MOMENT.

Pleated Waists Give Evidence of Popularity for the Coming Season—Custom of Wearing Patches May Be Revived—The Summer Girl of 1902.

The Summer Girl of 1902.

Summer fashions are decidedly picturesque. Full, flowing, trailing skirts, bodices with large falling collars or draped fichus and elbow-sleeves will rule in the evolution of frocks of the ethereal summer stuffs. They are elaborated with intricate insettings of fine laces; and Paris says that many of the summer gowns will be made with sashes instead of belts. Accordingly, all sorts of lovely sash ribbons, among which are the Pompadour patterns of dainty posies, are shown. With streamers fluttering over billowy flounces, the sashes will add much to the graceful beauty of summer modes.

One of the most delightful characteristics of the new styles is their femininity; and the summer girl of 1902, in her beruffled and lace-trimmed gown, her rose-enwreathed picturesque flat hat of gracefully drooping curves, her flowered parasol, and mittens, will be a vision charming to behold.

Pleated Waists.

As the season advances the taste is evinced for Norfolk and other pretty pleated waists—a fashion particularly becoming to slender figures, and since the plaits are lengthwise, not objectionable to those who are no longer slim. These plaits are seen in various materials among the spring wools and silk and wool mixtures, and the summer silks and handsome wash fabrics, and are usually box-pleats spread flat, or often a series of finer ones with usually a band of insertion between. The belted round waists are in three box-pleats, alike front and back, sometimes below a yoke, or else a pleated waist with yoke has wider lengthwise bands simulating such pleats, with a line of embroidery on lace through the center, these bands extending from the waist to the neck and shoulders.

Patches May Be Revived.

Hints are being dropped in London that among the many revivals of past fashions and customs promised for this wonderful year that of patching is to be numbered. It is one which will certainly accord with the rich attire that is undoubtedly to be worn, and if, too, the political salon is to be restored, as indeed is most probable, opportunity will be given to great ladies of wearing their patches with a purpose. In former days a coach and horses was a favorite design, but, according to a recent writer, the "lady of quality" in King Edward VII.'s reign will doubtless adorn herself with motor cars, airships and other modern inventions.

Chic and Pretty.

Have you a lace bolero? If you haven't and are skillful with the needle you can make an exquisite little garment for yourself.

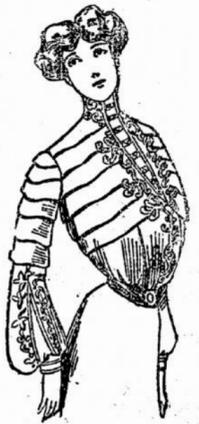
Buy any kind of pattern lace that you fancy and cut the bolero out. After you join the parts, finish the edges with a fluted chiffon ruffle or a lace trim. You can make the trim so it can be garnished with baby ribbon.

If you make a lace bolero for yourself the cost will be about one-quarter of the shop price for the dainty confection.

Handsome Evening Waist.

Handsome waist of white panne. The upper part of both waist and sleeves is made with wide crosswise tucks. The beautiful applique trimming is composed of gold velvet and black chenille.

The narrow plastron is of white silk.



ornamented with rows of fagoting, as is also the belt which is fastened in front with a gold buckle.—Neuste Blipusen.

For Golf and Tennis.

As long as golf and tennis remain so popular and attractive to the lovers of

outdoor life, new fads and fancies are sure to present themselves. This spring the women are wearing very swaggar chamois-leather leggings, bound and stitched and buttoned on the side. They are cooler than the heavy leather ones, and much more comfortable and pliable. Worn with black shoes, they are ugly, but with tan shoes they are chic to a degree. With the short golf and tennis skirt, a woman's foot gear is very much in evidence, so she cannot be too careful how she is shod. It is quite a fad now to make these leggings for yourself, and, with a good pattern, it is not a difficult task.

Finger-Shield for Sewing.

On the notion counters one sees an old-fashioned device in the shape of a finger-shield, to be used for affording protection to the hand in sewing, in place of the thimble. The silver ones are engraved and often decorated with a monogram. Along with these are shown pin cushions, consisting of silver pads, held together by two silver ornaments, intended for use on the sewing table.

Pretty Strapped Waist.



Waist of bengaline or soft cloth, with fitted back and sides and blouse front. It is trimmed with straps fastened at the ends with buttons and tassels. The sleeves, trimmed to correspond, are tight-fitting at the top and finished at the bottom with a large puff.—Le Luxe.

Newest Hair Ornament.

Quite the newest hair ornament is the "Juliet cap." This is a revival of the little netted cap of pearls or brilliants worn by Italian women of rank and fashion when Romeo wooed Juliet. It is charming with the low dressing, and is worn at the top of the head. Another dainty novelty is the tiara-shaped wreath of maidenhair fern, gleaming with dewdrops. Small ivy leaves, with tiny flowers intermingled, are used in similar fashion, and roses, buds and other floral arrangements, are all fascinating and pretty.

Attractive Stocks.

Most attractive among the new stocks are those of a foundation of heavy white pique, the turnover being of a finer quality, dividing and extending far below the edge of the stock in two wide, rounded points. These turnover pieces are embroidered in French knots in colors set between two curved lines of white and black, all done in heavy cotton. The points in front, though deep, lie close to the collar, and present a smart, tailor-made appearance.

Notes of the Fashions.

This is to be a great year for neck ruffs.

Birds' nests perch atop of a few of the new hats.

The surplice nightgown is one of the most sought new styles for summer wear.

Lingerie sashes are promised as an adjunct of the smartest wash gowns this year.

Oriental laces are especially well adapted to the present styles of hat trimming.

The magpie craze appears in undershirts of black and white taffeta adorned with three little ruffles in black.

Capes of the regulation style, of bright red scarlet cloth, are the newest idea for fair golfers for early spring days on the links.

Upon the set of the shawl-like plait at the shoulder, which is the chief characteristic of the Gibson shirtwaist, depends its style and becomingness.

Short, exceedingly short, black taffeta jackets, stitched in white, and their berth-like collars embellished with white applique, are swaggar this season.

The tops of "snap" fasteners for kid gloves are now made in extra large size. Some of these are as large as a five-cent piece, and ornamented with a fancy design.

Three bands of a fancy silk braid caught together at intervals and fastened at the front with a small buckle form a dainty and fashionable belt. These belts are also to be had in bands of velvet.

DEFY PASSING YEARS

"GRAND OLD MEN" OF THE WORLD STILL AT WORK.

Professions Dominated by Veterans Who in Many Cases Have Held Their Positions for Half a Century—Great Names as Instances.

There are nearly sixty "grand old men" still active in the world. Scarcely a nation but can point to some veteran still in the harness, while not a profession, but is dominated by some leader who has stood in the forefront of its followers until the years have crowned the efforts maintained for more than half a century. Six of them are more than 90; sixteen others have passed the four-score mark.

Not the oldest, but the foremost of the four great rulers who have outlived the biblical three-score and ten, is Pope Leo XIII. His holiness, still so vigorous in intellect as to be one of the powers of the world, is 92, and the latest reports from the vatican would seem to give the lie to the rumors of his fast failing health.

Pope Leo was a boy of four when King Christian of Denmark was born. That monarch has ruled only thirty-eight years, to be sure, but he was 45 years old at his accession and now has celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday. As strong, robust and hearty as many a man a quarter of a century his junior, the father of Queen Alexandra is a notable example of honored age.

Franz Josef, emperor of Austria, is the third of the four "grand old monarchs." He is now 71, as is also President Diaz of Mexico.

David Wark, the "father of the Canadian senate," is within three years of a century. Senator Hoar is 75, as is Maximino Gomez, who has played so prominent a part in Cuba's struggle. Justice Gray sits in the supreme court at 73. Salisbury's seventy-one years have not lessened the powers which made him premier, while Lord Pauncefote is 74 and Joseph Choate at 70 represent their countries in Washington and at St. James. Senor Sagasta, now in his seventy-fifth year, is yet another.

In American politics Galusha A. Grow, ex-speaker of the House, and Senator Hoar's senior by three years, is still active. Senators Allison and Cullom are 72, and Senators Vest, Jones and Teller are but a year younger. In Philadelphia lives George Franklin Edmunds, the veteran senator from Vermont, at 74. Former Secretary of the Treasury Boutwell is now 83 and John H. Reagan, once senator from the Lone Star State, celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday recently.

Levi P. Morton, once vice president of the United States, to-day, at 77, is one of the leading figures in financial operations. Yet the great veteran in that walk is "Uncle" Russell Sage, who was born in 1817.

A Saloon "Aperture."

A short time ago a teacher in one of the public schools questioned a boy as to the meaning of the word aperture.

"An aperture is an opening," replied the pupil.

"Can you give me a sentence in which the word is used?" the teacher asked.

The boy hesitated. Presently a little fellow in another part of the room raised his hand.

"Well, my boy, let us hear what you have to say."

"My pa had a saloon aperture yesterday," said the youngster.

After he had delivered himself of this graphic illustration the boy sat down with the consciousness of superior knowledge.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Substituted Jackasses for Cannon.

Capt. Percival, of the United States navy, whose portrait was recently presented to the navy department, was noted for his eccentricities, and was called "Mad Jack" Percival on account of them. On one occasion he was sent to Morocco with his frigate, to bring back a cargo of jackasses for the government, and in order to show his contempt for the employment of a war vessel for such a mission, on entering New York harbor he ran in all his guns and placed the head of a jackass through each porthole as the ship sailed in. The sight of a double row of jackasses' heads protruding from the places where guns were looked for created a sensation at the time, and "Mad Jack" narrowly escaped a reprimand.

Famous Hungarian Chess Player.

The young Hungarian, Geza Maroczy, the winner of the first prize in the international chess tournament at Monte Carlo, was born in 1872 in Szeged. He is the son of an engineer who has acquired reputation through boring artesian wells in the great Hungarian plain. Young Maroczy is at present employed in the engineering department of the Budapest municipality. He has previously won second prize in tournaments at Nurnberg, at Hastings, and two years ago in London, where Laskar was the only one who could defeat him.

SPEND MONEY TO IMPROVE PARIS

Forty Million Dollars to Be Expended on Public Works.

The consul-general of the department of the Seine, in its last session, voted the issue of a loan of 8,000,000 pounds for the construction of public works in the department and in Paris. Some of these new undertakings are of considerable importance. Half a million is to be spent in enlarging the central halls, which, like the London Covent Garden, have long outgrown their limits and bulge out into the side streets, and 320,000 pounds on the Palais de Justice for its completion. A school of arts and crafts, which Paris has been crying for, is to be established at an expenditure of 3,000,000 francs and the old prison of St. Lazare, with all its tragedy and pathos, is to be transferred elsewhere at a cost of about 1,500 pounds.

Other works include the continuation of Boulevard Raspail, which, at the present moment, presents the phenomenon of a boulevard cut into sections. The maples do not give the stranger any warning of the eccentricity, so he finds himself halted by a street which cuts the boulevard transversely and gives no avenue. He has to make a detour and regain the boulevard at the back of the street. Another important work, upon which 24,000 pounds will be spent, is concerned with the transformation of the Boulevard des Batignolles. This great thoroughfare, which in former days marked the limit of Paris, is to be rendered more amenable to traffic, vehicular and foot, by an alteration of the road's surface and the enlargement of pavements.

In the department, as distinct from Paris, several new bridges will be thrown over the Seine. But, perhaps, the improvement that appeals most to the imagination is a great avenue which will prolong the Champs Elysees and the Avenue de Neuilly to Nanterre. The aspect of Paris, indeed, is perpetually changing, says the Pall Mall Gazette, and there is a degree of justice in the remark of an old inhabitant to the writer. "Everything has moved except the churches."

JUVENILE OFFENDERS OF FRANCE

Percentage of Young Criminals Shows Enormous Increase.

Statistics prove that the percentage of juvenile criminals in France has increased with almost fabulous rapidity during the last decade. The publication of these statistics, the compilation of which was completed recently, caused a shock to the nation. The constant fear of Frenchmen that France is on the decline received a tremendous impetus when the figures were made public by Paul Garnier, chief physician of the Paris police department.

In thirteen years, from 1888 to 1900, inclusive he shows that among criminals the percentage of youths (from sixteen to twenty years of age, inclusive) has risen seven times, or 1400 per cent. Unless there has been made a grave mistake in the figuring, or unless police regulations have become much stricter, the figures betoken the downfall of a diseased nation.

In 1888 among 1,000 criminals twenty were between the ages of sixteen and twenty, inclusive, while in 1900 140 of 1,000 were between these ages. During the same years the average of adult prisoners (thirty to thirty-five years inclusive) has remained about the same—twenty in the former year and twenty-five in the latter. In 1900 juvenile criminality was about six times more frequent than adult criminality. In cases of assault by night, for example, there are three criminals between the ages of sixteen and twenty to one from twenty-one to thirty-one.

To alcoholism and the hereditary degeneracy resulting from alcoholism M. Garnier ascribes the increase of juvenile criminals. In France the adolescent criminal is almost invariably the son of a drunkard, and has in the few years of his life acquired the absinthe habit himself.

Story of Wise Dog.

Sir Walter Scott tells of one of his dogs that one day furiously attacked the baker and was with great difficulty called off. But as the dog observed the baker coming every day to leave bread for the family, he began to regard him in a more favorable light, and in time the dog and the baker became great friends. One day Sir Walter was telling somebody how the dog had attacked the baker, and as soon as he began the story the dog skulked into the corner of the room, turned his face to the wall, hung down his ears and lowered his tail and displayed every sign of being heartily ashamed of himself. But when he came to the end of his story, and said, "But Tray didn't bite the baker," the dog turned around, jumped and frisked about, and was evidently quite restored to his own good opinion. To try the dog, Scott repeated the story in a different tone of voice in the midst of the conversation, but it was always the same. Directly he began the dog crept into the corner, but when he came to "But Tray didn't bite the baker," he always sauntered back in triumph.