The Story of a Woman's Startling Theories of the Sexes.

A NEW and startling addition to what has been called "sex problem" literature is a novel entitled "Camilla," which is a translation from the Swedish and Danish of Richert von Koch, and which has just been published by Messrs. Crowell & Co.

The views of the heroine concerning the relations of the sexes may be shown more distinctly by the mere quotation of a single conversation between the hero and herself than through any description or attempted analysis.

"'You are perfectly right,' he replied bitterly, 'I wonder even if you love me at all? Do you? Answer me, Camilla.'

"'Do I? Do I love you at all? Let—me see. Let me really ponder upon it, so as not to answer such a question inconsiderately, but with scrupulous accuracy; for in such things one must not prevaricate. It would be wrong and unaesthetic.'

"With this, the cruel girl leaned back and looked at him long and critically as he stood before her, much as in ancient days in Rome a Roman lady might have looked at a handsome slave while she was purchasing him for her pleasure.

"'Yes, you are very, very handsome!' she said at last, with a sigh of self-satisfaction. '…ve seen many handsome men in the …d, but I confess you are the handsomest of them all. Your outward appearance, your physical beauty, is of a kind that, had I not so …old a nature, I should love you passionately for that alone, you charming fellow! But, unfortunately, it so happens that I cannot remain physically exalted; I enjoy only, so to speak, the intellectual, the aesthetic side. I admire you and take pleasure in you as in a magnificent statue of Apollo or an Apoxomenos—you know the one in the Vatican Gallery—that is all.'

"'And so you love me only in that intellectual, or, as you call it, "aesthetic" way? My outward appearance, as you say, is so "handsome" that I please your sense of beauty? Is that all? Is that your love?'

"She looks at him silently a long time before she goes on: 'Come, let's have a little discourse on the right, wholesome kind of human love. It must hold a small quantity of passion, must it not, in order to be normal? And you are normal, you fortunate …re.'

"'… cannot analyze as deeply as you, Ca…' he said, slowly, and bitterly. 'At … should do it very simply and briefly …d.'

"'… go on.'

"'… do I love you, you ask? I am … feeling. With half of …eing—and, Camilla, I'm afraid it is the higher—I know that you are a dangerous, yes, a most dangerous woman, and almost think you a demon from the abyss sent to mislead me'—

"'And with the other half of you?' That, I think, is my friend, is it not? Of course it is the lower one, but I, poor creature, must take it with gratitude and be satisfied. Well?'

"'With the other half—I know not if it … the lower, the sensual or not—but it is … that'—

"'There, now. No doubt you mean in … But the purely intellectual side—you …e forgotten that. You love me with …, also, you dear Elof?'

"'Oh!' he exclaimed, impetuously, 'what horrible analysis! Spiritual—sensual—intellectual.'"

Again she gazes at him silently and with … Roman lady's expression, while he…es up and down. Finally she asks him …at it is that attracts him to her.

"'I really can't tell.'

"'Do you think I am what you Swedish people call sweet (snall)?'

"'I am afraid not.'

"'Not good?'

"'Not especially.'

"'Virtuous?'

"'I hope—I believe so—yes.'

"'Perhaps it is best to be satisfied with "hoping," as you began to say,' said she, dryly; 'but if I am virtuous, why am I so? Can you tell me that?'

"'No, I cannot answer that. You ask me too hard questions, Camilla.'

"'Well, then I will tell you. I am virtuous from motives of caste.'

"'Motives of caste?'

"'Have you never heard of the Hindoo laws of caste?'

"'Yes, of course. They must not do certain things or'—

"'They lose caste. Yes, sink from their own caste to a lower one. Consequently, motives of caste. Do you understand?'

"'Yes, I think so—but perhaps not perfectly.'

"'Well, I am not virtuous for virtue's own sake. I don't care in the least for what you call virtue.'

"'No?'

"'No.'

"Oh, Camilla"—

"'Yes, it is true. Well'—

"'Well, the main thing is that a woman should be virtuous, no matter what the motive be.'

"'What! you think that?' Again she looked at him with scornful expression. 'Motives are nothing to you?'

"'No, not so much as the thing itself.'

"'So then I am not good, not sweet, and virtuous simply out of fear lest I should lose my position in society! And you can love such a woman? Fie! what a contemptible man you are!'"

After this scene Elof makes a strenuous effort to tear himself away from the Circe, who threatens to transform him into some lower animal. The thought of saving himself by flight occurs to him; but when he meets her by accident at dinner the resolution melts away. He and the girl find themselves alone in a boudoir and there "now began one of those duels for life or death in which no shot is heard, no blood stains the furniture after the battle is ended, but in which one or both the combatants usually receive wounds that last all their lives long.

"'And now, Camilla, for the last time—how is this going to end?'

"She cast a quick glance at him, and drew up her small yellow silken slippers on the sofa so that she remained half reclining, with her head resting on one hand. In a wholly different tone from before she said:

"'Is it then so necessary that this shall have an end?'

"'Yes, it must be; I can bear it no longer.'

"She gave a scarcely perceptible shrug of her shoulders.

"'So sorry. I thought it would be so charming to sail out on life's wide stormy ocean with you for a travelling companion, and without knowing where we were going!'

"'I ask nothing better, Camilla.'

"'Mark well—as travelling companions?'

"'I don't understand.'

"'As equals—not with you for captain and I as passenger or only a common sailor. Some one else must be captain.'

"'And who?'

"She made a gesture over her head which seemed to signify that it must the higher powers if there were such. It was a matter of utter indifference to her.

"'Well, perfectly equal; I have no objection.'

"'But that man and wife never can be.'

"'Indeed they can, Camilla. I promise you honestly and truly that I will never try to force you to anything, either in word, thought or deed. You shall be as free as if you were unmarried.'

"'That is impossible.'

"'What is impossible?'

"That a wife can be as free as you say. She is still bound.'

"'Even though he'—

"Yes, even then; by custom. Don't you understand, Elof? Regard to custom, les convenances, and many other things. He must control her freedom, whether he intends to or not. As marriage is at present absolute freedom and equality are but empty words. That you must admit.'

"He weighed her words thoughtfully and acknowledged that they held some truth.

"'Well,' said he, 'if I must admit that the wife who desires to comply with ordinary customs and regulations cannot have absolute freedom in all minor affairs'"—

But the girl coolly explains that she is not referring to minor matters. Suppose, for example, she should wish to deliver a lecture against the Christian religion, or the marriage state, or that she should wish to teach their children to worship Pan—being something of a pagan herself?

"She stretched out her arms toward him as Venus did to Tannhauser. He was trembling violently in every limb. At that moment he saw only her in heaven and on earth. Better lose all else than lose her. He started toward her."

The opportune appearance of his mother saves him for the time being. The mother understands the situation perfectly and accepts it with such philosophy as puts her quite on a level with the girl.

"'You speak,' says her husband, 'as if you really wanted the girl for a daughter-in-law.'

"'Ah, you dear fellow! What difference does it make what I want? I know scarcely any one whom I should less desire for a daughter-in-law. But when a young man is as much in love as Elof, one must be willing for him to get her, however detestable she may be.'

"'That's saying a great deal Stina. Would it not be better for him to suffer a trifle than to marry a witch?'

"'Suffer a trifle, yes; but to suffer a good deal, suffer terribly, suffer so that he would never be good for anything again—it is far better for him to obtain his wishes.'

"'But if she makes him unhappy? If the whole marriage is a wretched failure? Is not that still worse?'

"'It is terribly hard to decide which would be the worse of the two. Both are abominable to think of'—

"'Yes, that is true.'"

The girl is a monster, the mother declares, yet she decides, nevertheless, that the only salvation for Elof is for him to marry her. In a short time, adds the mother, he will be cured of his folly, and then a divorce, quietly managed, will set him free. Otherwise, the old lady argues, he will long for the girl and be unhappy all his life. The cool immorality of the mother's point of view is scarcely less startling than the girl's own, and, indeed, Camilla develops toward the end of the story certain fine traits of character, which make her atrocious opinions upon the relation of the sexes seem mere vaporings—as they are in reality with most of the women who express them most loudly. N. H. B.

ILLUSTRATING THE BIBLE.

Gilbert James's Strange Oriental Drawings, Notably Those of the Song of Solomon.

This is an era productive of weird and original artists. First we had Aubrey Beardsley, and since then we have had others too numerous to mention.

One of them who deserves special notice is certainly Gilbert James. He has been making a series of drawings of Oriental subjects, chiefly taken from the Bible, for the London Sketch.

He has lately made a number of drawings illustrating the Song of Solomon. These are among the most remarkable specimens of his work. He makes the subject of one illustration the famous words from the great King's song:

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair;
Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks;
Thy hair is as a flock of goats
That appear from Mount Gilead.
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet,
And thy speech is comely;
Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate
Within thy locks.
Thou are all fair, my love;
There is no spot in thee.

James accompanies these lines with a drawing, in which everything is Oriental—persons, flowers, building, atmosphere, and even the art itself. His work suggests that this is how an ancient Hebrew artist would have depicted the wedding of King Solomon.

We have had pictures of Biblical history in which everything was Western, and more modern pictures in which the painter endeavored to be historically accurate, but the art has always been Western. Mr. James is apparently trying to be intensely Oriental in feeling.

Whatever their exact value may be, the drawings are rather fascinating and ornamental.

A Book of Tales to Stir Your Blood.

A VOLUME of gruesome tales, written by Sheridan Le Fanu and Sir Charles Young, has been published by the New Amsterdam Book Company.

Nothing more delightfully horrible, more perfectly adapted to the raising of goose flesh, and the sending of cold shivers down the spine has appeared in recent literature. Some ten or twelve stories are included in the work, all dealing with the weird and horrible, and one of the longest and most striking is called "Devereaux's Dream."

It begins with the marriage of Devereaux to a girl so young that she is a mere child, and describes the setting out of the newly wedded pair upon their wedding journey.

"It was a cold, dark night, early in March. We reached Lyons somewhere about 7. I should have stayed there that night but for Lucille. She entreated me so earnestly and with such strange vehemence to go on by the night mail to Paris, that at last, to satisfy her, I consented; though it struck me unpleasantly at the time that I had let her travel too long already, and that this feverishness was the consequence of over-fatigue.

"But she became pacified at once when I told her it should be as she wanted; and declared she should sleep perfectly well in the carriage with me beside her. She should feel quite safe then, she said.

"Safe! Where safer? you might ask. Nowhere, I believe. Alone with me—surely nowhere safer. The Paris express was a short train that night, but I managed to secure a compartment for ourselves. I left Lucille in her corner there while I went across to the buffet to fill a flask.

"I was gone barely five minutes, but when I came back the change in the child's face fairly startled me. I had seen it last with the smile it always wore for me on it, looking so childishly happy in the lamplight. Now it was all gray pale and distorted, and the great blue eyes told me directly with what. Fear! Sudden, terrible fear, I thought. But fear? Fear of what? I asked her. She clung close to me, half-sobbing awhile before she could answer; and then she told me—nothing. There was nothing the matter; only she had felt a pain—a cruel pain—at her heart; and it had frightened her. Yes, that was it; it had frightened her, but it had passed, and she was well, quite well again now."

"How long I slept I don't know; it couldn't have been more than an hour and a half, because the express was slackening speed for its first halt beyond Dijon. I had slept heavily, I knew, but I woke with a sudden, sharp sense of danger that made me broad awake, and strung every nerve in a moment. The sort of feeling you have when you wake on a prairie, where you have come across 'Indian sign;' on outpost duty, when your feldwebel plucks gently at your cloak. You know what I mean. I was on my feet at once.

"As I said, the light in the carriage was very dim, and the shadow was deepest where Lucille lay. I looked there instinctively. She must have moved in her sleep, for her face was turned away from me, and the cloak I had put so carefully about her had partly fallen off.

"A ghastly fear ran through my blood and froze it. I understood why I had wakened. In my nostrils was an awful odor that I knew well enough. I bent over her; I touched her. Her face was very cold; her eyes glared glassily at me; my hands were wet with something. My hands were wet with blood—her blood! I tore away the blind from the lamp, and then I could see that my wife of a week lay there stabbed straight to the heart—dead—dead beyond doubting; murdered in her sleep."

There is no trace of the assassin except the dagger left behind. Then follows the dream wherein the husband sees the face of the murderer and draws a portrait of the man seen in the dream.

"So, with the portrait before me," Devereaux goes on, "I sat down and began to consider who this man was, and why he had murdered that child. The big, burly frame, the heavy yellow face, the sandy-yellow hair, the physiognomy generally, was Teutonic. My man I put down as a North German. Now there were, and are probably, plenty of men who would have no objection whatever to put a knife into me, if they got the chance; but this man, whom I had never met, could have had no such quarrel as theirs with me. His quarrel with me must have been, then, Lucille.

"Yes, that was it—Lucille. I began to see clearly; a thwarted, devilish passion—a cool, infernal revenge. The child had feared something of this sort; had perhaps seen him that night. This explained her nervous terror, her nervous anxiety to stop nowhere—to travel on. In that carriage of that express train, alone with me—where could she be safer? This acounted, too, for her anxiety to reach England. He would not dare to follow her there, she had thought, or, at least, could not without my noticing him.

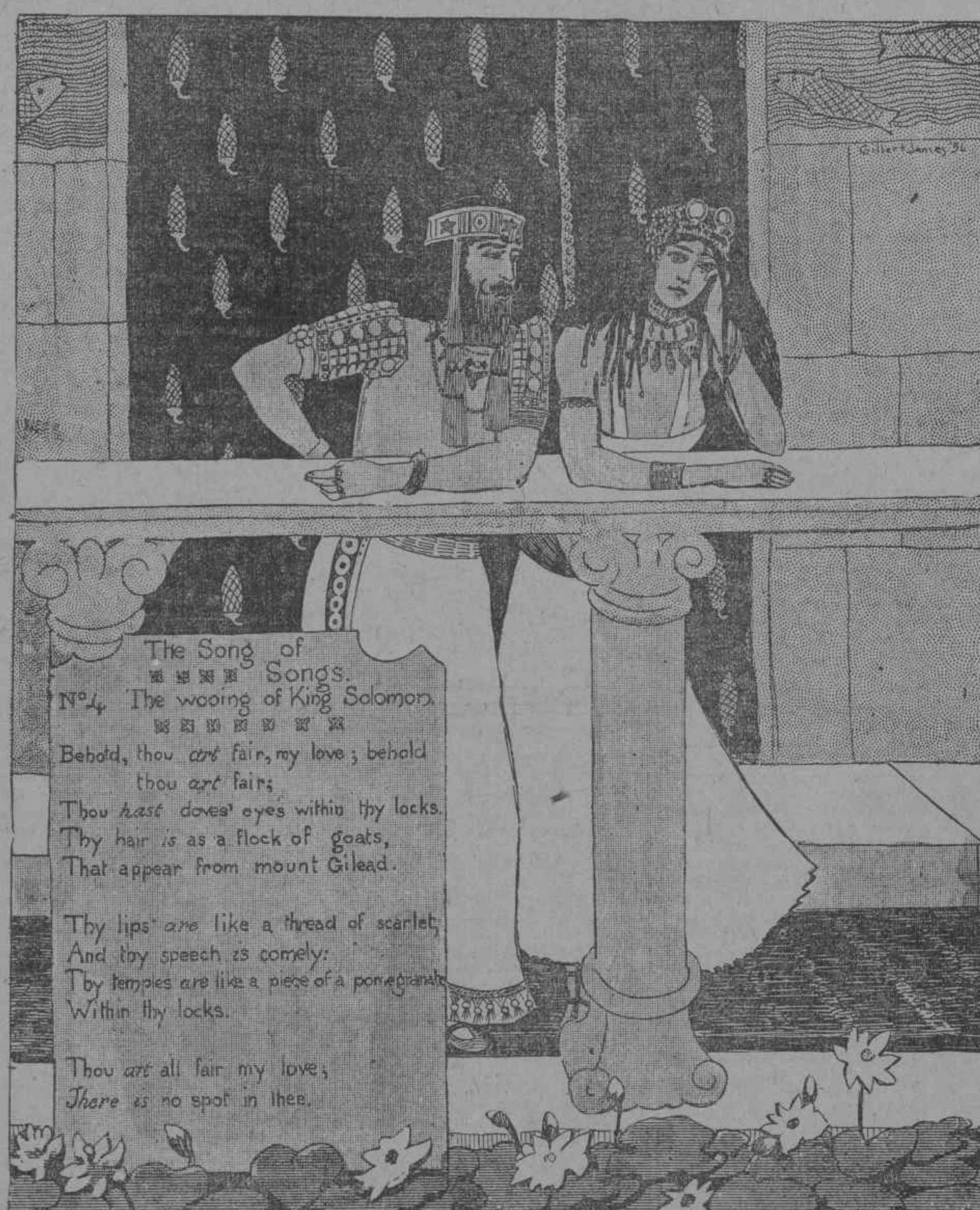
"And then she would have told me. She had not told me before evidently because she had feared for me, too, in a quarrel with this man. She must, innocent child as she was, have had some instinctive knowledge of what he was capable. * * * Aye, a cool, infernal revenge, indeed. To kill her; to fix the murder on me. That dagger he had left behind. * * * The apparent impossibility of any one's entering the carriage as he must have entered it at all, to say nothing of the almost absolute impossibility of his doing so without disturbing either of us—you see it might have gone hard with me if a British jury had had to decide on the case."

Step by step the crime is traced until at last the murderer is found and his motive disclosed. The assassin is a very rich man, a banker named Steinmetz, whose attentions to the child had frightened her, although she was too shy to speak of her alarm. The husband lurks in the darkness and storm watching for a sight of the man in order to see whether his be the face of the dream.

"You see, I knew that if he were my man, I should know him directly. I waited a good while; shadows crossed the lighted blinds; once a big, broad shadow appeared there that made me fancy I mightn't have been waiting for nothing after all, somehow. Presently Monsieur Steinmetz's guests departed, and in a little while after there appeared on the little balcony of Monsieur Steinmetz's apartment the man I wanted. There was a moon that night, and the cold white light fell on the great yellow face, with the full, lustful lips, and the full, cruel chin, just as I had seen the light fall on it in my dream. It was the same face; the same face, the same man. I couldn't be mistaken."

Then comes the patient planning to get the murderer in his power, and the culminating tragedy which makes one shiver.

T. B. R.



One of Mr. James's Queer Illustrations for the Song of Solomon.

"Yekl, a Tale of the New York Ghetto."

A NEW field opens to American realistic fiction in "Yekl—A Tale of the New York Ghetto," published this week by D. Appleton & Co. The author, Abraham Cahon, is a discovery of W. D. Howells, rather the "find" of the novelist's clever wife.

Cahon, who is a Russian Jew, came to this country in 1882. Son of a professor, grandson of a rabbi, he was a teacher in the public schools of Russia, from which country he was forced to flee, owing to his affiliation with the revolutionary party. Penniless, friendless and ignorant of the English language, he naturally drifted to the East Side, where he found work in a factory.

In the capacity of a union organizer he encountered Mr. Howells, whose social studies lead him frequently to the East Side. The foremost of realists was interested to learn that his name was not unknown to the denizens of the ghetto. Through a magazine published in the Jeddish tongue, the East Side is put in touch with current American fiction by translations made by Cahon.

Two short tales of the ghetto from Mr. Cahon's pen appeared some time ago in Short Stories. Chancing to pick up a copy at a newsstand, Mrs. Howells recognized in the title page the name of her husband's labor union friend. She called his attention to the tales. Mr. Howells recognized a sure hand and an unworked field.

At his suggestion "Yekl" was written. It is the story of a Russian Jew who thinks he has become Americanized. He deems himself a Yankee, and when he brings over his wife and child, who preserve the quaint dress and customs of their native country, their contrast to the older residents of the New York ghetto cruelly wounds his vanity. A variety of curious types, amusements and customs are introduced in a simple, direct and graphic manner. Knowing the life intimately, the author has produced what is in all probability the only true picture we have yet had of that most densely populated spot on the face of the earth—the ghetto of the metropolis, rather the metropolis of the ghettos of the world.

Here is a picture of Joe Peltner's dancing school in the heart of Suffolk street, "the thick of the battle for breath," where the beaux and belle of the ghetto dance throughout the hottest nights of Summer:

"Presently he found himself on the threshold, and in the overpowering air of a spacious, oblong chamber, alive with a damp-haired, dishevelled, reeking crowd—an uproarious human vortex, whirling to the squeaking notes of a violin and the thumping of a piano.

"At the farther end of the room there was now a marble soda fountain, in charge of an unkempt boy. A sticky young man, with a black entanglement of coarse, curly hair, was bustling about among the dancers. Now and then he would pause, with his eyes bent upon some two pairs of feet, and fall to clapping time and drawling out in a preoccupied sing-song: 'Von, two, tree! Leeft your feet! Don' so kvick—sloy, sloy! Von, two, tree! von, two, tree!'

"This was Professor Peltner himself, whose curly hair, by the way, had more to do with the success of his institution than his slumpy legs, which, according to the unanimous dictum of his male pupils, 'moved about like a regly pair of bears.'

"The throng showed but a very scant sprinkling of plump cheeks and shapely figures in a multitude of haggard faces and flaccid forms. Nearly all were in their work-a-day clothes, very few of the men sporting a wilted white shirt front. And while the general effect of the kaleidoscope was one of boisterous hilarity, many of the individual couples somehow had the air of being engaged in hard toil, rather than dancing for amusement. * * * The prevailing stature of the assemblage was below medium.

"This does not include the dozen or two of undergrown lasses of fourteen or thirteen, who had come surreptitiously, and to allay the suspicions of their mothers, in their white aprons. They accordingly had only these articles to check at the hat box, and hence the nickname of 'apron-check ladies,' by which this truant contingent was know… Joe's Academy." L. R. McC.

"Woman in English Life from Mediaeval to Modern Times."

GEORGIANA HILL'S two volumes entitled "Woman in English Life from Mediaeval to Modern Times" (Macmillan), must be a disappointing book to the student and rather discursive heaviness to anybody else. The subject was too broad and too complicated for the author's accumulative methods.

Such a subject, to have any edification whatever, requires in the patient investigator something of the scientific treatment and the philosophic equipment. Georgiana Hill has very little of the former and is totally deficient in the latter. She has brought together a vast amount of undigested material, selected with little reference to a comprehensive plan and resulting in something like a confusion of details.

What one instinctively looks for in a pretentious book of this kind is such an exposition of woman's conditions in the most interesting of historic periods as will throw some light upon her sex evolution and her progress in social, legal and intellectual emancipation from primitive subordination. What we are to look for is her relative progress and the processes which have made her what she is to-day and what she promises to be in the future.

It cannot even be said that this industrious author, who has ransacked the libraries for her material, has even used the wise selection that helps us to form our own conclusions from the facts. She lacks the correlating grasp that groups kindred illustrations so that they light each other. There is a great deal of higgledy-piggledy stuffing that disturbs the reflection, and, after laboring through the two volumes, one feels that the amount of scissoring and copying is altogether out of proportion to the result.

Such a title as "Woman in English Life" has a most attractive sound to everybody who has given any thought whatever to the vexed problem of sex relations, because it is in English life that we expect to find woman's natural prerogatives operating continuously, with varying but never ceasing power toward the lifting and broadening and refining of civilization and the betterment of the race.

To trace her power and her grace in the successive unfoldings of English life; to uncover the efficacies of her nature in the legislative, the educational and the moral advance of the Anglo-Saxon; to bare all the humble and unobtrusive victories which she has won in helping man to lift himself off the dunghill of the Middle Ages, and to show, as history ever shows, that her share in the good fight has been always a relative one, and most effective, as it supplemented with distinctive effluence the work of man, her mate, is too great a task for Georgiana Hill.

It is very desirable in such a work that the author should be able to see the truth behind the cloud of facts—to perceive the tendency as well as the multiplicity of things. But it is more than probable that any philosophic reader of this book will, if he is sufficiently patient, dimly perceive in the mass of material glimmerings of truth, which the author herself either overlooked or had not the creative instinct to bring boldly into focus.

One of these truths shoots its crass ray over the most irrelevant citations and mellows the various instances to a kindred softness. It is by this fact that woman has both preserved and strengthened her influence in the movement of the race by preserving her relativity, not by denying and abandoning it. Everything that she had done from the earliest to the latest record, that is at all worthy of contemplation has been done as woman and through the exercise of the divinely ordained feminine qualities. Ever since she found herself the mate of man on this planet, she has had a double duty to perform to that mate.

She not only on the one side had to suppress or modify his brutal instincts and repress his carnivorous passions, but on the other to curb his idolatrous weakness. She was always in danger of being either his slave or his toy. Nothing prevented him from destroying or worshipping her as his passion or his penitence predominates but the indomitable superiority of the intrinsic woman to his purely masculine moods. History never varies or contradicts its impressive moral. Whenever man subjected her to his passions, both he and she remained in barbarism. Whenever man made her an idol, he staggered into voluptuous decadence.

Rome lost its virility before it lost its sovereignty, and Greece forgot its bravery in the worship of beauty. Nothing is so indicative of the divine ordinance of womanhood as its persistence in spite of man's destructive selfishness and woman's desire either to be man or what man wants her to be.

Nature or God has insisted throughout that she should be neither. And it is to that ineradicable fiat that we owe the indestructible convex and concave of the human arch upon which the well being of man rests.

For the most part, the book in question deals with forces that swept the race with them, and which have no more application to woman than to man. There is a book to be written on the quiet resistance of woman to some of these forces. The domination of the feminine spirit, in spite of the efforts of a crass intelligence to break down the distinctions of sex, is one of the perennial mysteries of life.

If Georgiana Hill does not entirely overlook, she certainly underrates the influence of Christianity in the mediaeval times in rescuing woman from bodily and spiritual slavery. She does not perceive what even so unexpected a witness as Winklemann bears ample testimony to—that the recognition of the primal feminine virtues was due to Christianity, which slowly combated the whole heathen concept of woman, refusing to worship force, strength and physical achievement, and setting up chastity, humility, long suffering and love as the superior virtues which we were to find oftenest embodied in woman under every condition of life.

The conspicuous effort of a great deal of the literature of sex furnished by women is to prove, not the superiority of woman to man in spiritual gifts and in coercive grace, but the equality of woman with man in administrative, executive and other distinctively masculine attributes of the volitional animal.

Two notable books have recently been written which are interesting mainly because they show in a remarkable manner the persistence of the feminine characteristics in circumstances which ought to have obliterated or at least modified them out of all recognition. Certainly Catherine II. of Russia and Queen Elizabeth of England are excellent examples of women possessing extraordinary capacities, and forced by circumstances to the execution of the largest duties that fall to human beings.

Waliszewski's admirable and unbiassed examination of the character and the official life of Catherine show her to have been not a modified but an exaggerated woman. All the traits of character, the weaknesses, the capriciousness, the sonal vanity, the love of admiration, illogical waywardness which we detect and even admire in women who are not called upon to do much more in life than attract, baffle, captivate and puzzle mankind, are here found in imperial and magisterial action—coquetting with kingdoms, dispensing favors and penalties according to the mood, loving and killing as her mind veered, extorting revenues and squandering millions, making commonwealths suffer for her personal dislikes, wrecking a nation and adoring a new and handsome face, projecting and abandoning vast chimerical schemes as the fit seized her or as the latest favorite determines. The woman who spent forty-eight million roubles on her masculine favorites, dismissed Paul Jones in disgrace because he had had an affair with a girl.

Martin A. S. Hume's most recent book, "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," throws a similar light upon the femininty of "Good Queen Bess." The record of this book is a history of the various schemes and negotiations for the marriage of the royal virgin, and Mr. Hume has gone over all the Spanish state papers with patience and acumen. The result does not disturb the settled opinion of Elizabeth's capriciousness, personal vanity and other amiable weaknesses. Nor does it quite establish Mr. Hume's postulate that a "strong modern England was rendered possible mainly by the boldness, astuteness and activity of Elizabeth."

There is little, if anything, in the new material which this historian has brought to light that weakens Froude's summary that she was the irresolute instrument rather than the creator of the forces that severed the Papal yoke; that her vanity was as insatiable as it was commonplace; no flattery was too tawdry to find a welcome with her. "Her entire nature," says Froude, "was saturated with artifice."

But he is not surprised at the discovery, and he elsewhere says: "If she had other faults, she was young—and she was a woman."

Mr. Hume's narration of facts, with little comments of his own, affords us a much better view of woman at the time of Elizabeth than do the ill-assorted and prolix reproductions and generalizations of Georgiana Hill. Take the one incident of the Queen's visit to Drake's ship at Deptford. When she was crossing the gang plank to go on board the Pelican one of her purple and gold garters slipped down and trailed behind her, whereupon Marchaumont, who attended her, stooped down and secured it as a prize to send to his master. The Queen besought him to return it to her, as she had nothing else to prevent her stocking from slipping down, but the gallant Frenchman refused to surrender it until she promised to restore it to him as soon as she returned to Westminster. She made no ado about putting the garter on before him, and the next day M. de Mery was started off hastily to the love-lorn Alencon, bearing with him a highflown letter from the Queen and the precious garter from Marchaumont. For a long time afterward the "belle Gartiere" plays a conspicuous part in the love epistles. But the amour never got any further than the garter stage.

History even in our day treats both Catherine and Elizabeth with gentle forbearance. We do not care to go into the amours which outraged Elizabeth's subjects. We do not care to enumerate Catherine's lovers who were also her victims. Hume passess lightly over the fact that the Good Queen Bess does not transcend the morality of her time and occasionally swears like a trooper. He is, like Froude, anxious not to forget one fact. She was a woman.

NYM CRINKLE.

DIFFICULT RHYMES.

Clever Minds Have Managed to Solve Many of the Worst Problems.

In the Sunday Journal of June 21 was given a list of words for which it is either impossible or nearly so to find rhymes in the English language. "Thin buck too" was given as the only rhyme for Timbuctoo." There is a better one, however, which was originated by a clergyman some years ago in a verse written during the progress of a social game.

"If I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary
Hat and boots and hymn-book too."

The only rhyme for "scalp" is "alp." It would require much thought to connect these words with good effect, but Byron has certainly done so in the following passage from "Childe Harold":

"Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!"

There is also the case of Dean Swift, who was at one time most anxious to find a rhyme to Bettsworth—the name of a friend. One day, while remonstrating with a workman, whose claim for wages he disputed, the man exclaimed: "It's what my two days' sweat's worth!" Dean Swift had found his rhyme and gladly paid the claim without further parley.

MONEY MADE OF GUM.

Coined in the Malay Peninsula and the Cheapest Money in All the World.

The oddest money in use in the world is coined by the mint officials of the Malay peninsula. It is a thin disk or wafer of hardened vegetable gum, which is obtained from the bola tree and mixed with emery sand. These coins have the smallest exchange value of any medium in the world, excepting, perhaps, the shell money of the west coast of Africa. No other piece of money can be acquired with so small an expenditure of time or goods as the bola gum coin, and when a man—a European—happens to come into possession of some millions of them he is not esteemed rich, but unlucky. Some idea of the infinitely small value of one of these coins may be gained from the statement that a copper cent can readily be exchanged for 10,000 of them.