

### TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

Andrew Lang on the Art Which Would Bedew His Iron Cheeks.

Some years ago an artist in Punch designed a scene in the gallery of a theater. A girl is moved to a passion of tears by the play. Her sister says, "Leave off crying; they are only acting," and the emotional maiden sobs out: "Let me alone! Can't you see that I am enjoying myself?" No doubt she was thoroughly enjoying herself, and the question is, Why? What is it in a harrowing scene that at once extorts the tear of woe and inspires the sense of pleasure?

No problem on the frontiers of psychology, metaphysics and aesthetics is more puzzling. Between Aristotle and Mrs. Barbauld (1743-1825) libraries must have been written on the subject, and yet we do not seem much the wiser. Why does a person enjoy weeping like a waterfall over an artistic representation of one or another feature in "the sad, sad parent of man's miseries?"

The problem is all the more difficult because it is by no means every one who enjoys a good cry or who even feels inclined to cry at all over the pathetic or the tragic in poetry, fiction or the drama. For one I dislike the art which tries to draw a tear down my iron cheeks, and dislike it in proportion to the artist's exhibition of his purpose. It seems probable that this distaste for the consciously pathetic, if not for the tragic, is a modern phase and is increasing. One could endure and even to some extent enjoy the artistic stimulation of tears in early boyhood, but not later. For long one has been a shamefaced partisan of the aesthetic of Charles II. "In my reign," said the king, "all tragedies are to end well." Charles was rather a corrupted character, it must be confessed, and perhaps our modern distaste for pathos and tragedy in the arts is a proof of depravity or at least of the want of that simplicity which Thucydides justly styles "the small element in a noble nature."

The sailor of Nelson's fleet who climbed down from the gallery to the stage to stand by and defend a virtuous and oppressed heroine had a simplicity and nobility of character which we can understand, but cannot imitate. In the great heroic ages the heroes of Homer, the patrids of the song of Roland, wept as freely as the girl in Punch at hearing a tragic song or at any appeal to their deeper emotions. They were brave and hardy men, ruthless fighters, but Achilles, Priam and the girl captives of Achilles weep with equal zest, unashamed, and doubtless the audiences of the poets also cried and were unashamed of their tears. They were natural, simple, noble, but Jean Jacques Rousseau was not natural, simple or noble, yet he wept, he avers, as he walked alone on the road and reflected on the virtues of the villainous respectable, the old Earl Marischal.

Tears were fashionable in the eighteenth century, artificial as was that period, and French poets and philosophers and the British students of Richardson's novels did not soon (like Helen of Troy) "have their fill of lamentation." Today the occupants of the gallery are more laconic, are much more amenable to the pathetic, than they who sit in the stalls, and I never saw man or woman cry over the most moving poem or novel. We seem to be losing a manly and reputable old pleasure. How it comes about that the artistic representation of distress gives pleasure Aristotle asked, and answered his own question by his enigmatic statement about "the purging of the passions through pity and terror." I confess that I never understood what Aristotle meant, in spite of all his commentators, of whom Henry Butcher is the latest and the most satisfactory. Unluckily I have forgotten the nature of his explanation.—London Post.

### A Modest Prompter.

In speaking of the death of Mainz of Gottlieb Glaser, the old prompter of that Stadttheater of that city, a Boston paper says: "He was modest in his work and did it without show or bluster. As he lived, so he passed away, and a short paragraph was all that the press bestowed upon him. This one story should be remembered: One evening the house was crowded in honor of a popular tenor. At the time when he should have done his best the tenor's voice suddenly failed him. He looked helplessly toward the top of the house, the members of the orchestra became nervous, and the audience shared in the discomfort. But help came—not from above, but from the prompter's box. He realized the situation and began where the tenor had left off and for the first and only time sang an operatic solo. The audience applauded wildly, the tenor bowed, and the leader of the orchestra banged his applause with his baton on the prompter's box and shouted, "Bravo, Glaser!"

### Grossome Relics.

The miscellaneous objects which have been collected by Harry de Windt, the traveler, who has started on a reindeer trip in the Laplands, form a grossome private museum. A Buddhist praying wheel, the skull of a Dyak warrior, Dyak shields adorned with hair from the scalps of enemies, daggers and spears in abundance, a Russian convict's dress, a set of chains which once hung from the legs and arms of a Siberian prisoner and a genuine English ent of nine tails are among the most curious objects. In spite of the hundred and one perils through which he has passed Mr. de Windt considers that his narrowest escape from death occurred when, many years ago, he fell into the Thames at Boulters Lock. He could not swim and was nearly drowned. Within a week Mr. de Windt was an expert swimmer.

### BRITISH HUMOR.

Silly "Limericks" That Are Amusing London Magazine Readers.

The Englishman takes his humor with becoming seriousness, says a writer in the Rochester Post-Express. The reader may remember the stage Englishman in "On the Quiet," who thought that Americans were "silly asses" because they tried so hard to be funny. "Why is a can tied to a dog's tail like death?" asked one of the Americans in the play of the phlegmatic duke. "Why?" vacantly responded the nobleman. "Because it's bound to occur," replied the American youth. "Silly ass!" commented the nobleman.

But, silly as the joke undeniably is, it is irresistibly funny compared with some of the humor perpetrated by English newspapers and British comedians. For instance, Great Britain is just now interested in an amusing form of rhyme known as the "limerick," and nearly all the humorous and semihumorous papers are conducting prize contests. Recently a London paper offered a cash prize of \$300 for the best "limerick" contributed by a native son or daughter. Here is the rhyme that won the money:

A jolly old party named Joe,  
Said, "To Margate I'm off for a blow."  
His wife sent him a wire,  
Which made him perspire,  
Which when "read" (red) made him  
"white" and "yell oh!" (yellow).

Isn't this the quintessence of mirth provoking wit? Isn't it irresistible? There's no mistaking the nub of the "limerick." He who runs as he reads can grasp the frankish humor of it. That is one of the most enjoyable features of a British joke. No one ever loses the point unless he is blind, deaf and dumb. The English humorist, not content with evolving a scampish witticism, obligingly explains it, printing each particular pun in parentheses. It is an admirable custom and spares the reader any undue cerebral exercise.

Another popular form of amusement in the British isles is the prize couplet contests conducted by the British press. The newspapers print the first line of an unfinished couplet, which the reader must complete. Recently the hebdomadal Tri-Bits offered a prize for the best line to complete the couplet beginning "Why did the tramp run away from the gate?" Some of the answers received were:

"Twas his 'sister' (sister) 'of-fence' (ive and 'which' (which) 'couldn't wait,  
Because he was 'bow' (ed) by a 'bull' (dog) 'brat'."  
Cause a 'bolt' (is) far better than a  
'cut' (at) any date.  
"Twas a 'bolt' (from) the 'blue'—(that is,  
P. C. F's) (date).

Another prize line was "Why did Pierrot peer at the pier?" Among the 6,000 replies received the following lines received a reward of \$25 each:

To see the one tripper that came down  
This year,  
He "pleeh" for its "beards," though his  
"pitch" was so near.  
He'd sing, "Gallo, where hart thou?"  
She'd answer, "Up 'ere."  
He was talking "this catar" to that  
pitch with "ah."  
A "hat" with "A" sharp-er he'd C-reen to  
B near.

A careful perusal of these popular gems will show what a fearful and wonderful thing is British humor. Our English cousins have a light and graceful touch in appealing to the risibilities, and they leave nothing to the imagination. That is where the British humorists are superior to their American rivals in the concoction of fun.

### The Sixth Finger.

"Dr. E. T." devotes considerable space in the Frankfurter Zeitung to the discussion of the question "Did Raphael put six fingers on the right hand of the pope in his work known as 'The Sixtine Madonna?'" The contention was made by Dr. Hoche of Freiburg, and the letters which have been written on the subject nearly all dwell upon the point that the error of the artist is forgotten when one considers that no one of the thousands of people who have seen the painting at Dresden has spoken of the monstrosity. It appears, however, that the learned Freiburg professor "discovered something that did not exist." At a distance the outstretched hand of the kneeling pope looks as though there were two fifth or little fingers, but a closer inspection shows that Raphael's knowledge of human anatomy was not at fault, for the additional, superfluous finger is merely a shadow.

### India's New Coin.

India has now a one anna piece. It is a remarkable fact that, although the anna is the unit of calculation in small financial transactions in India, a one anna piece has hitherto been nonexistent. The only approach to it was the one-sixteenth rupee issued by the old East India company. "The new coin," says the Dundee Advertiser, "is made of nickel and possesses two novel features. It is not a plain circle, but is rosette shaped with indented edges, so that in the dark it can easily be distinguished from other coins, and its value is expressed in five different languages. The king is portrayed wearing his crown, a concession seemingly to native opinion, since the Victorian coins showing the sovereign with bare head created considerable feeling. To go bareheaded was regarded as a sign of disrespect in India."

### What Mites We Are!

Evangelist Torrey, who is conducting revival meetings, has reduced man's sense of importance in the universe. "Just think of how small you are!" he exclaimed. "You are one out of 1,500,000,000 human inhabitants of this globe. It would take 1,400,000 earths to make the sun. There are 1,000,000 suns in our universe, and, so scientists say, there are an infinite number of universes. And greater than all these put together is God."

### PANDEMICS.

Two Notable Ones That Devastated the Old World.

A pandemic is an outbreak of disease that attacks a whole nation or group of nations. There have been several pandemics, but two only are recorded as standing out conspicuously as scourges of a particularly devastating character and the effects of which were felt for many years after they had disappeared. These were the Justinian pandemic in the sixth century and the great pestilence of the fourteenth century, later called the black death. The long interval of 800 years intervened between these two great pandemics of plague. Between them were many epidemics of plague in Europe, Asia and Africa, some of which assumed more or less pandemic proportions, but none reached the dimensions of these two. The origin of neither is known, but in both great commercial centers played a prominent part in maintaining and distributing the infection. The Justinian plague, which continued over fifty years, first attracted attention by its outbreak at Pelusium, which was then an emporium for the produce of the east and west. The epidemic centers of Mesopotamia, Arabia and Ethiopia were in commercial relationship with Pelusium, and it is probable that the infection came from one of these.

The great pandemic of the fourteenth century was also associated with large commercial centers, for it entered Europe by the important emporiums and marts situated at that period on the Volga and in the Crimea and which, as pointed out by Craighton, were the terminal marts of the northern caravans from China and the far east. It should be mentioned, however, that there were also the marts connected with the trade routes from India. The origin of the pandemic has been ascribed to China and to India. The Russian records place its starting points in India. Clemow, in his work entitled "The Geography of Disease," points out that plague prevailed in India in 1332 and that probably the Russian chronicles are correct. Wherever the pandemic arose there appears to have been for several years a wide diffusion of the disease in the large dominions belonging to the Tartars and the Turks, who at that time ruled over the greater part of Asia. Galfrid le Baker Swynebroke set down the period of prevalence in Asia before plague entered Europe as seven years. When it did arrive it is estimated to have destroyed 2,000,000 of the inhabitants. England and Wales at the lowest computation lost 2,500,000 of the inhabitants, or about half of the total population.

For over 300 years after this visitation Europe suffered from fresh invasions of plague, which re-enforced the languishing infections already existing from previous ones. In the countries attacked there were some epidemics in towns which, though continuing only for a few months, are memorable for their great mortality. For instance, the epidemic in Venice in 1576 caused 70,000 deaths; that in Moscow in the same year, 200,000 deaths; that in Naples in 1656, 300,000 deaths; that in Rome in the same year, 145,000 deaths; that in Genoa, 60,000 deaths, and the epidemic in London in 1665, nearly 70,000 deaths. It was exceptional for an epidemic to recrudescence and occur year after year, which in India is almost the rule, so that in the latter case the mortality, though smaller in individual epidemics, gradually accumulates, with very few exceptions, to a proportion as great if not greater than that recorded in former times.—New York American.

### Whoever Heard of One?

"Whoever heard of a church changing its denomination?" asked the gray headed man. "I never did. Individual members may change, even whole congregations possibly, but the church, the material structure, goes on the principle of once a Presbyterian or whatever its particular creed always a Presbyterian. The founders of churches have very positive ideas in that respect. When they grow tired of the old building and get ready to move into a more modern structure they are willing that the old church be used as a stable, a warehouse, a factory, anything, in fact, of a utilitarian nature, but they positively refuse to let it be turned into a place of worship for some other denomination. I have in mind now a church in first class condition that was vacated not long ago by a band of Presbyterians. A congregation of Methodists wished about that time to build in that very neighborhood. Somebody of nonsectarian bias suggested that as the Presbyterian church and parsonage were in excellent condition it might be a good idea to sell outright to the incoming Methodists. This proposition, however, was rejected, each declining in front by the temporal needs of another sect."—New York Times.

### Not the Same Joshua.

United States Judge Emory Speer of the southern district of Georgia recently had before his court a typical mountaineer on the typical Georgia charge of illicit distilling. "What's your name?" demanded the eminent jurist. "Joshua, Judge," drawled the prisoner. "Joshua who made the sun stand still?" smiled the judge in amusement at the laconic answer. "No, sir, Joshua who made the moon shine," answered the quick witted mountaineer. And it is needless to say that Judge Speer made the sentence as light as he possibly could, saying to his friends in telling the story that wit like that deserved some recompense.

### THE PALACE OF PEACE.

The Hague Tribunal's Building Called an Architectural Mistake.

The disappointment with the accepted design for The Hague tribunal is widespread. It is looked upon as unpeaceful and scattering in its effect—a brilliantly extravagant and inappropriate variation upon the Flemish. It suggests a fusillade from a park of artillery rather than the repose of a great monument.

The impression made by the building for The Hague tribunal should be simple, dignified, restful, noble and far removed from mere local influences. If what is known as the classical style, or, rather, a Roman or renaissance variation of it, is desirable in any building in the world it would seem to be especially desirable in this case. The impression of the structure intended to house the parliament of nations should be single and of a symbolic character. It should appeal to the eye as the domed temple of a great thought, a great cause; it should be truly the Temple of Peace. In itself or when pictured in periodicals or even on letterheads it should make a single, simple, symbolic impression, as is the case with St. Peter's at Rome with the church of Les Invalides in Paris and with the capitol at Washington.

The Temple of Peace at The Hague will be in a sense the capitol of the world. It should not be a flamboyant variant of a town hall of the Low Countries.

Simplicity and grandeur should be the characteristics of the building erected for the great tribunal. No one can say that the design accepted, though not without a certain splendor, unites grandeur with simplicity. It is rather grandiose than grand and the very antithesis of simplicity. The qualities of grandeur and simplicity may surely be attained by adherence to the renaissance variation upon that style of architecture which came to fruition in Greece, deriving from older sources all that was fitting and influencing the art of architecture through succeeding ages more powerfully than any style invented by human genius.

The accepted design is the work of an able and accomplished architect. His failure to meet the just expectations of the intelligent public lies apparently in his mistake as to the style of architecture adapted to the present purpose. His design doubtless appealed to the judges largely on account of certain technical excellences; but, taken in the large and having regard to its appeal to the imagination, it can be regarded only as a gigantic disappointment and a colossal failure. It is very much to be hoped that the mistake is not irretrievable.—Century.

### Names in Their Hosiery.

"Autograph Hosiery" is the inscription on a placard shown in the window of a Fifth Avenue shop. Exhibited under the card are several pairs of silk stockings bearing autographs worked in with silk of a pretty contrasting color. In these stockings the fashionable young woman carries the silken autographs of her chums. Every girl she knows is asked to embroider her name in silk of divers hues on one of the stockings. The signature is written with marking ink just as it would be at the end of a letter and then worked over with bright threads. Naturally the stockings, by the time they have been autographed thoroughly, do not match. But the general effect is harmonious and the wearer has the satisfaction of knowing that she bears the sign manual of every girl she likes and perhaps a few she does not. It is said many girls of fashion have thus transformed their extremities into peripatetic autograph albums.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Christian Science in Great Britain.

Christian Science is only forty years old, and in England, where its progress has been remarkable, it was first heard of fifteen years ago. At that time the name was unknown in the whole of Europe. Today the Christian Scientists claim a million votaries and more than 650 churches and point to nearly all the principal countries of the world where their doctrine is taught and their methods of healing practiced.

In London there is eloquent testimony of the spread of the new faith in what may be called its high temple, which will be completed in a few weeks. This church is situated in Sloane terrace and when completed will accommodate a congregation of 1,700. Half the building, accommodating about 700 or 800, has been in use for a considerable time and has usually been so thronged that overflow meetings have been necessary.—London Tribune.

### How the Law Helps.

Congressman James E. Watson of the Sixth Indiana district told a story about the operation of the pure food law and intended to illustrate his expressed theory that more people would be good if they had to be.

"It was while we were wrestling with the pure food bill at Washington," he said, "that I got a letter from home, written by a man from whom I bought a big quantity of maple syrup each year. He urged me to fight for the pure food bill. Now, I couldn't help remembering to save my life that this man bought five barrels of brown sugar at the opening of the maple molasses season. So I wrote him a note suggesting that advocacy of a pure food measure seemed odd from a man who bought five barrels of brown sugar before beginning the manufacture of his pure maple syrup.

"Never feazed him. He turned my letter over and wrote on the back, 'I know it, but I want the law to make me do right.'"—Indianapolis News.

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