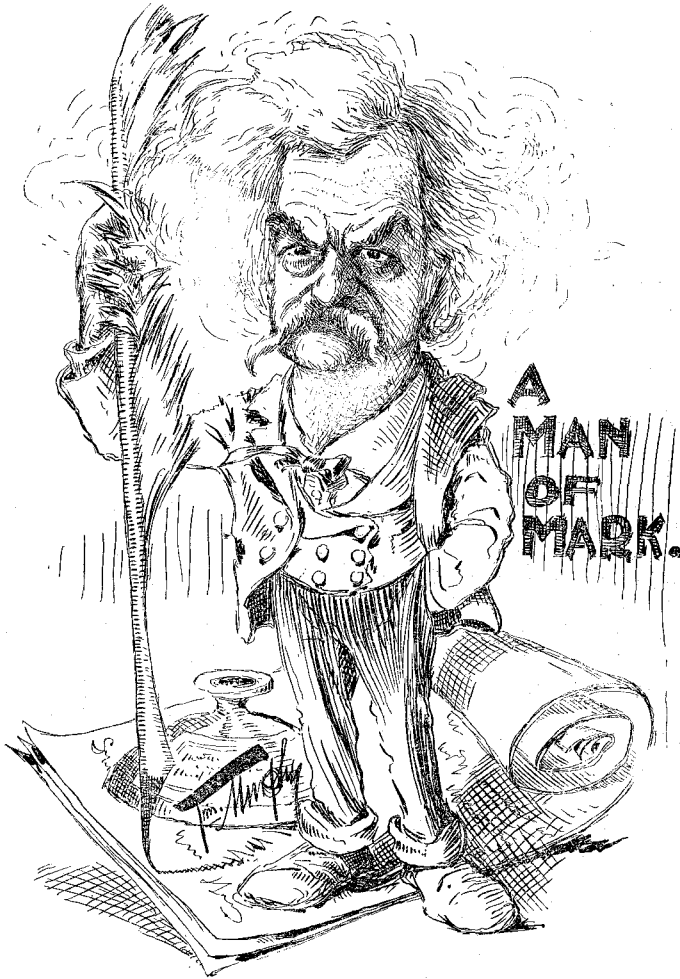


We may be pardoned for recalling the fact that at the time of its publication a little over a year ago we laid especial stress upon the dramatic possibilities of Mr. Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire*, and suggested Mr. Mansfield as the one player fitted to bring out properly the real charm and delicacy

**Beaucaire on  
the Stage.**

over the discovery that the young Frenchman who has won so decided a social success is no other than the French ambassador's barber. This act is supposed to take place at a period before the opening chapter of the story. It ends with a very pretty scene involving a character who does not appear in the book. The second act takes place in the rooms



of the character. The stage version which Mr. Mansfield is to present this autumn follows the book with comparative fidelity. One or two new characters are introduced, but in the main the dialogue and scenes of the story have been preserved in the adaptation. The scene of the first act is laid in the pump-room at Bath, and shows the great English society of that time in a fever of excitement

of Monsieur Beaucaire, whither the rakish young noblemen of Bath have been in the habit of going secretly to play at cards. Here Beaucaire lays his trap for the Duke of Winterset, and catching him cheating at cards, insists on being introduced again to the great people of Bath as the price of silence. A second scene of the act again shows the pump-room of Bath with Beaucaire in disguise shining

as the Duc de Châteaurien. The third act deals with the attack on Beaucaire at the instigation of Winterset. The scene, however, is laid in a garden instead of on the highway. At the end of the act Beaucaire, wounded and fainting from loss of blood, promises to keep an appointment in the pump-room twenty days hence. The fourth and last act, of course, treats of the confrontation of Beaucaire with the French ambassador and the disclosure of his real rank.

The accompanying caricature of Mark Twain has an interest apart from its own value in the fact that it is the work of Mr. Tim Murphy, who has hitherto exploited his abilities only through the medium of the stage.

Until the fact was recalled in the obituary notices which followed his death, people in general either did not know or else had quite

**Some Fiske  
Anecdotes.**

forgotten that the name which John Fiske had made celebrated was not the name of his father. It is generally understood that the name of Green was relinquished by the future historian when he was a very young man owing to the strained relations which were brought about by his father's lack of sympathy with the son's intellectual ambition. Mr. Green the elder was utterly unable to understand the brilliant and precocious young scholar. Once, after some unusual tension, he alluded to his son's prospects in terms of such bitter contempt that the boy announced flatly that he would change his own name and make his adopted name famous.

It was possibly the recollection of his own cheerless childhood that was the cause of his astonishing and, as the world would generally regard it, extremely injudicious indulgence to children. His nature was genial and kindly, his temper optimistic, his faith in the upward movement of cosmic evolution so great that perhaps he naturally felt that children could be safely left to follow their impulses freely, and that mother nature in the end would bring them along quite as well as if their lives were burdened as his had been with too severe tasks and discipline. While a large-hearted, kindly

evolutionist might under exceptional circumstances adopt such a theory of child-training, it would seem as though the general judgment of average men and women would reach conclusions that are safer and better adapted on the whole for the happiness of children themselves. Certain it is that in the frigid social air of a community dominated by Puritan traditions, as Cambridge was, the great scholar's children paid in full the price of the freedom given them in the best of good faith by an indulgent father. How much of the pitiless snobbishness which held little New England prigs aloof from them was due to his ill-repute as a suspected atheist it would be difficult to say. For in common with all those hardy pioneers of American thought who first embraced Darwinism and the philosophy of evolution, the John Fiske was believed to be a veritable atheist, and possibly worse.

But apart from his evolution, in any case John Fiske's heart was so big and kind that he could not have failed to be indulgent to children even if he had been an old-fashioned Calvinist. There probably never were children more wholly free to live out their natures than his. Some of the consequences, as may be easily surmised, were a trifle amusing. A gentleman going to call upon him one evening was shown into the dimly-lighted parlour and stepped forthwith upon a child which, in the exercise of its freedom, had gone to sleep on the parlour floor. On another occasion the same gentleman in the same room, sat down upon a child, the same or another, who was asleep upon a sofa. A lady of delicate nervous susceptibilities who went to a country town for rest and quiet chanced to stay at the same boarding-house one summer with the little Fiskes, whose innocent pranks and unregulated noise she soon found had a very poor restorative effect upon her tired nerves. When, toward evening, she sought the cool and quiet of the porch to watch the splendours of the sunset, she usually found her enjoyment of the scene somewhat marred by the riotous advent of the young Fiskes pouring milk down each other's backs, with an appropriate accompaniment of screams and laughter. Whatever may be said about this applica-