

iciously chosen, they might constitute the permanent delight of our cities burdened with six months of winter. The yew, for instance, is hardly to be found to-day. It is accounted, very wrongly, a sad and funereal tree, whereas I have so often seen it lend itself to the most harmonious and cheerful decorations! On the other hand, certain kinds of very robust laurels resist the worst frosts and keep up in December all the

gladness and freshness of spring. Lastly, I should have liked to say a word on the plantations along our boulevards, so municipal, so contemptible, so sadly in keeping with the street-lamps, whereas one can imagine double and treble arches of foliage, magnificent summer bowers, leading to splashing fountains, to shimmering basins of light. But these points should form the object of a special study.

A STUDY OF THE OLD "NEW WOMEN"

BY EDNA KENTON

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

HARKING back to the early '90's, a group of feminist novels stands out strongly: *The Heavenly Twins*, *Ideala*, *Ships That Pass in the Night*, *Dodo*, *A Yellow Aster*, *The Woman Who Did*! Quaint old things they are to-day, some of their women of the sort that cry, "I will dare the world!" and, standing defiantly before their governesses, their mothers, or their lovers, kick a pieplate to the ceiling with a resounding whack! That done, they go back to their lessons, their balls, or their wedding plans. Madame Grand and E. F. Benson, and "Iota"—even Grant Allen!—pant for new fields for others of their women to conquer, and after the struggle set down their Walkürs in some twilight melancholy of the gods, murmuring Alving's dying moan for "The sun, the sun!" Typically *fin de siècle*—blandly blasé old phrase!

Madame Grand's restless women, for instance, Evadne, "The Boy"—otherwise Angelica, Ideala, the unfortunate Edith, the resigned Mrs. Orton Beg have no basis for their futile attempt at action but their restlessness. They resent sullenly the state of ignorance into which they have been tucked apart from the world; they "want to know things," but they think out no problem clearly to

its logical end. Evadne walks through that famous quarrel with her husband on their wedding day, saying, "I would stop the imposition approved of by custom, connived at by parents, and made possible by the state of ignorance in which we are carefully kept—the imposition upon a girl's innocence and inexperience of a disreputable man for a husband;" and declines to live with him. *But she did not decline to live upon him.*

Upon scanty and insufficient evidence she adjudges him "a moral leper." Upon no evidence whatever she denominates herself a type "of the best sort of wife," and insists that there is no "past" in the matter of the sowing of wild oats. She asserts that "the world is not a whit better for centuries of self-sacrifice on the woman's part," but her remedy is drastic—the sacrifice of the man instead of the woman. Some lamb must be slaughtered upon some altar!

Mrs. Orton Beg murmurs, "But the consequences—the struggle, if we resist. It is better to submit. It is better not to know." And Evadne translates, "It is easier to submit; it is disagreeable to know." Nevertheless, she never dreamed of becoming a free woman physically, spiritually, morally, economically, even intellectually, for her husband made her

promise not to join societies and clubs while he lived, and "her brain rotted dully."

Angelica meanwhile proposes to her tutor with "Marry me and let me do as I like," seeking freedom through another bondage. Then she masquerades as her twin, and has her adventure with the Tenor, of which she says: "The charm has all been in the delight of associating with a man intimately who did not know I was a woman!" It has been like the freedom of his limbs to a prisoner long confined by chains. However, she adds: "I won't deny that I might have cared for you as a lover had I not been married. But of course the thought did not disturb me. When one has a husband one must be loyal to him, even in thought." This of course is not honest, either on Angelica's part or Madame Grand's. The ancient old veil of "female delicacy" is still held up; a woman may feel anything but "vulgar" passion. These women are afflicted with mental malaise that definite action might cure.

So are Dodo, and Gwen of *A Yellow Aster*. Like the Grand type of women, they rebel only within their circle—they make no attempt to change their environment, however much it bores them. Both of them are portrayed, unconvincingly, as "cold," and therefore "nice" women—they express themselves in smart discussions of—then—startling questions. Gwen finds, through maternity and sorrow, her "soul." Dodo does not—why she was ever hailed as a new type is passing strange. She is the old, old example of slave turned tyrant; the history of women and the world is full of them.

And about this time Grant Allen published *The Woman Who Did!*

On one of its forepages he writes: "Written at Perugia, spring, 1893, for the first time in my life wholly and solely to satisfy my own taste and my own conscience." That this twisted, illogical, propagandist novel could have raised all the dusty argument it did, could have been preached against and quoted from,

and could stand in memory, until re-read to-day as one of the epochal novels of feminism, is one of the oddities of literary and human history.

There is this about *The Woman Who Did!* it concerns itself greatly in woman's moral and social emancipation. Herminia holds the very modern view in re-suffrage, that mere political enfranchisement is the smallest part of the whole feminist movement. She is economically independent, and a thinker with courage enough to follow a problem to its logical end, and then, if needful, to act upon it. It is this very logic that makes her construct her own cross of martyrdom, and, liberal on most other questions, she is as creed-ridden by her own sex-code as any Puritan. Herminia is, in fact, that—a Puritan. When she chooses to dispense with the chain of the marriage service, she is more bound to prove her case whatever the evidence than she could have been with the Church and State sanction upon her union with Alan Merrick.

Here, too, she loses her free point of view, and like any bondwoman, says, "I am yours, to do with as you will." She will not be married by form, but she dresses in white upon her wedding night, with roses and lilies: "Some dim survival of ancestral ideas made Herminia Barton so array herself in the white garb of affiance for her bridal evening." And, since all creeds are martyrful, Herminia has her mind made up beforehand for the martyr's crown, "the one possible guerdon," says Herminia, "that this planet can bestow upon really noble action."—This does not sound like the author of *The New Hedonism*. She invites snubs; what might have seemed justly to concern only herself and Alan she bares to the gaze of a gossiping, salacious world. When coming maternity makes it impossible for her to continue longer at poor Miss Smith-Waters's school, she sends a resignation that told "the truth," although she realises how incapable that gentle-souled spinster is of comprehending her point of view. She takes rooms in Perugia under her own

name, and Alan dies before the child is born.

And then—and then!—she rears this child of hers, in silence, to snobbery. If Dolly had been reared in rampant radicalism one could understand her reaction against it all. But she is brought up conventionally—this love-child "that is to save the world of women." So conventionally, that when Dolly at seventeen is told at last the truth—"I shall confess to her," says Herminia as if she were guilty—she draws back from her mother: "You are not fit to receive a pure girl's kisses," she says. And like most of her sorrowing sisterhood to date, Herminia, herself conventional and utterly religious, performs the melancholy rite of hari-kari. She too has failed.

Why? Because upon Herminia, too, the consciousness of the world and its judgments lie heavily. She is conscious always not of her own attitude toward life and herself, but of society's attitude toward her. Not on this road lies the way to freedom! And not even Grant Allen, expert diagnostician of many social problems that he was, perceives the times were ripe for the case history of such a woman—one who takes hold of life, not from the angle of any code, but from her own.

For it was now, in the mid '90's that a book and a play appeared, each of them picturing a free woman walking through life: Frances Hodgson Burnett's *A Lady of Quality* and Sudermann's *Magda*. Celia Madden, Harold Frederic's fine creation of this period, might be added to this group. If Mrs. Burnett had not done the slightly uncourageous thing of putting Clo back into the seventeenth century, but had made her instead a nineteenth-century woman, the real significance of that novel's point of view would have been more widely recognised. Clo and Magda—and Celia Madden—speak the same language. All are individualists and all are selfish; these traits they share in common with most of mankind. No one of them says: "I will dare the world!" No one of them seeks blatant martyrdom for a prin-

ciple. Instead, each of them says simply, "I am I," and rests her whole life on that statement that, admitted or not, is the only motivation of any act of any human being. That most self-expression in the world to-day expresses merely cowardice and weakness does not invalidate this axiom of human conduct.

Clo explains herself slightly to her sister Anne: "All that I do is right—for me. I make it so by doing it. Do you think that I am conquered by the laws that other women crouch and whine before because they dare not break them, though they long to do so! I am my own law—and the law of some others! I have no virtues—I mean I have no woman's virtues!" Then to her first lover, who comes back to claim her on the eve of her marriage with her Duke, she says simply, "We have done with each other," and after she has struck him down and finds he does not come to life again, she buries him as she would a dog, and goes to her happiness serenely. What is, is!

These women have swept repentance for anything out of their lives. If they commit errors of judgment or deed, these errors are good sign-posts to look back upon, and are, therefore, good. Magda says, "What I do is right because I do it. —I am what I am and cannot be another— We must sin if we wish to grow. To become greater than our sins is worth more than all the purity you preach." And Celia Madden says to Theron: "I am myself, and I belong to myself, exactly as much as any man. Let us find out what the generally accepted views are, and as fast as we find them set our heels on them. There is no other way to live like real human beings."

Besides these women there were others brought to birth before the end of their century dawned. Most of them are of the sombre type, restless, unsatisfied, dissatisfied, yearning after something whose achieving is not for them because their paths are blocked by ghosts of hateful bondages, whose conquering phrase, "I am I," they have not learned. Gissing's *The Odd Women* and *The Emanci-*

pated stand here, along with many of George Moore's women, from Evelyn Inness and Mildred Lawson to Rose Leicester of *The Lake*. But the successful revolters up to the dawn of the twentieth century are few. One is tempted to affirm oftentimes when one sees a clear-headed creature like Bernardine or Rhoda Nunn succumb to "type" and environment that the fault is not theirs, but their creators'. But by the way, there is one delightful free woman, sketched so lightly in such bare outline as to be provocative, but drawn by the hand of a man who knew the road along which

freedom lay—Alethea Pontifex in Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*. Miss Pontifex is worth a dozen of the heroines who, like Grant Allen's Herminia, crumple into futility on the final pages. And all we know of her in direct phrase could be put together on one of Butler's pages.

Antiquated studies of absurd types—most of these novels that in their day created such discussion must be so classed to-day. But this at least emerged from half a century of groping for the phrase that would open their new world to women—the magic phrase itself, "I am I."

CONFESSIONS OF AN ALBUM

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

BY LAURA STEDMAN

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

ON November 18, 1876, follows the eminent poet, traveller, man of affairs and letters—Bayard Taylor of the golden heart. Among all his friends, perhaps none was so close to Mr. Stedman as this royal giver of sympathy and love. It was inevitable that two such ardent workers for Literature should meet, but it meant a great deal for the younger man to find so stanch and worthy an ally at the beginning of his career. It was, in 1859, just after the somewhat sensational success of Mr. Stedman's ballads, "The Diamond Wedding" and "How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry," that Mr. Taylor chanced upon the young balladist in the editorial rooms of the *Tribune*, when there and then a lifelong friendship was sealed.

The end of 1876 found Mr. Taylor in America, overworked with his creative writing, his duties for the *Tribune*, and with his exhausting lecture-trips. Despite his brave cheerfulness, there were the signs of a waning in his superb vitality. About a year later he was ap-

pointed Minister to Germany, and before another twelve-month, the news of his untimely death reached the hearts of sorrowing friends.

Put the final sentences in his *Mental Photograph* beside that last despairing cry, as his will flared, then went out: "I want, oh, you know what I mean, that *stuff of life!*"

The complete *Photograph* reads—

Colours? *Blue and Orange.*

Flower? *Rose.*

Tree? *Palm.*

Object in Nature? *Impossible to say.*

Hour in the Day? *All equally good.*

Season of the Year? *May and October.*

Perfume? *Wild grape blossom.*

Gem? *Sapphire.*

Style of Beauty? *Beauty has no style.*

Names? *Lucifer and Enone.*

Painters? *Titian, Raphael, Giorgione.*

Musicians? *Mozart and Beethoven.*

Piece of sculpture? *The Apoxyomenos.*

Poets? *All.*

Poetesses? *Sappho.*

M. Bayard Taylor No. 18, 1876. 18

PLACE FOR PHOTOGRAPH.

Take an ordinary carte de visite, and soak it in cold water for about three hours. The thin paper on which the photograph is printed, will peel off from the card without being injured. Let the portrait paper dry, trim it to the necessary size, and paste it in this place, very lightly, by the corners and one or two spots on the side. Let the book be under pressure till the paste dries. The light pasting and pressure are necessary to prevent warping.

This method is preferable to the use of the entire carte de visite, as a book suitable for holding the heavy cards without warping, would be very cumbersome.

APPLICATION HAS BEEN MADE FOR A
PATENT
For an ALBUM combining places for description of character with places for photographs.

Your Favorite

1. Colors? *Blue and Orange.*

2. Flower? *Rose*

3. Tree? *Palu*

4. Object in Nature? *Impossible to say.*

5. Hour in the Day? *All equally good.*

6. Season of the Year? *May and October*

7. Perfume? *Wild grape blossom*

8. Gem? *Sapphire.*

9. Style of Beauty? *Beauty has no style.*

10. Names, Male and Female? *Lucifer, Anne.*

11. Painters? *Titian, Raphael, Giorgione.*

12. Musicians? *Mozart and Beethoven.*

13. Piece of Sculpture? *The Apoxyomenos.*

14. Poets? *All.*

15. Poetesses? *Sappho.*

16. Prose Authors? *Montaigne, Thackeray, Gregorovias.*

17. Character in Romance? *The Shulamite.*

18. _____ in History? *Mohammed.*

19. Book to take up for an hour? *Tupper*

20. What Book (not religious) would you part with last? *One of mine own.*

BAYARD TAYLOR'S PAGE

Prose Authors? *Montaigne, Thackeray, Gregorovias.*

Character in Romance? *The Shulamite.*

In History? *Mohammed.*

Book to take up for an hour? *Tupper.*

What book (not religious) would you part with last? *One of my own.*

What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *This.*

Where would you like to live? *Here.*

Favourite amusement? *Work.*

Occupation? *Play.*

What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Consistency.*

In woman? *Inconsistency.*

What do you most detest in each? *Propriety.*

If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Nobody.*

Idea of happiness? *Development.*

Of misery? *Ignorance.*

Bête noire? *Have none.*

Dream? *Not to be told.*

What do you most dread? *Imbecility.*

Your distinguishing characteristics? *Frankness.*

Those of your better-half? *Love.*

The sublimest passion? *Charity.*

The sweetest words? *I know.*

The saddest words? *I don't know.*

Aim in life? *Life itself.*

Motto? *Live!*

Then there is William James Linton, "Master of the engraver's craft." Born in London, in 1810, he was apprenticed at fifteen to the wood engraver, G. W. Bonner, and had a dramatic rise to prominence. Next he involved himself with the social and European political problems, and was foremost as a Radi-

found expression in an anonymous volume of poems, *The Plaint of Freedom*, and in various articles. Finally, after the failure of his periodical, *The English Republic*, devoted to social science, he abandoned these agitations, and returned to his natural vocation—wood-engraving.

In 1867, urged probably by financial stress, he came to America, establishing himself at New Haven, Connecticut.



BAYARD TAYLOR

cal. His aid in exposing the violation by the English post-office of Mazzini's mail, made him the friend of the great Italian statesman, whose advocate Mr. Linton at once became. In 1848, he was the bearer of the first congratulatory address of the English workmen to the French Provisional Government. His picturesque career continued with the editing of a political newspaper, the founding of a couple of others, the fathering of the "International League" of patriots, and the espousal of many impracticable reforms. His ardour also

There in his own home, he bravely set up his famous little Appledore Press, from which he issued many books, the printing and engraving of these being done by himself. He also wrote and edited several valued books on wood-engraving, and contributed other works to American literature. He made many friends among the American men of letters, and it seems quite in the order of things that he should have been a stanch exponent of Walt Whitman.

Mr. Stedman valued his friendship with Mr. Linton, and felt he owed him

a debt of gratitude for what Mr. Linton had taught him of the lore of wood-engraving. It is in 1877 that Mr. Linton wrote his *Mental Photograph*.

Colour? *Couleur de Rose.*
 Flower? *Cauli-*
 Tree? *Cherry-tree.*
 Object in Nature? *A Mountain.*
 Hour in the Day? *The loveliest of the Hours.*
 Season? *Spring—in the early part of the year.*
 Perfume? *None.*
 Gem? *None.*
 Style of Beauty? *Don't like style.*
 Names? *Name's nothing.*
 Painters? *Raffaello and Hogarth. Turner.*
 Musicians? *Bach, Beethoven and Purcell.*
 Piece of Sculpture? *Milo Venus.*
 Poets? *Chaucer and Landor. Victor Hugo.*
 Prose Authors? *Milton.*
 Character in Romance? *Jack the Giant-killer.*
 In History? *John Brown.*
 Book to take up for an hour? *Astor's cheque-book.*



MARY MAPES DODGE



MARY MAPES DODGE
 Drawn by Herself

What book (not religious) would you part with last? *A dictionary.*
 What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *That of Paradise.*
 Where would you like to live? *Everywhere.*
 Favourite amusement? *Dominoes, dominoes, dominoes.*
 Occupation? *Othello's.*
 Trait of character do you most admire in man? *Truth.*
 In woman? *Truth.*
 Detest in both? *Falsehood.*
 If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Somebody else.*
 Idea of happiness? *Content.*
 Of misery? *Dis—*
 Bête noire? *A black Hat (stove-pipe).*
 Dream? *Which of them?*
 Dread? *Blindness.*
 Your distinguishing characteristics? *Modesty.*
 The sublimest passion? *Disinterestedness.*
 Sweetest words? *Kisses and candy.*
 Saddest words? *Lies and Success.*
 Aim? *Something above me.*
 Motto? *Semper fidelis.*

An interesting, though very different,

character is Noah Brooks, who started life in Castine, Maine. When he was twenty he entered journalism in Boston. But the spirit of restless questioning, and of wide vision, was abroad in the fifties, which culminated in the Civil War. And Horace Greeley's warning—*Go West, young man!* seems to have impressed young Brooks, for he took that advice, and tried his hand at farming in the Western States. For a time he was also a merchant, and for several years he edited a newspaper in California. At the outbreak of the War he left for its headquarters, and served as correspondent for the *Sacramento Union*. Later, he was on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, and of the *Times*, becoming, in 1884, editor of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*.

But beyond these pursuits the memory of Mr. Brooks will be cherished for his little biography of Abraham Lincoln, and for his sympathetic books for young people, especially boys, to whom he was devoted. He was for many years a friend to whom Mr. Stedman was sincerely attached, and whose death, in 1903, was mourned. Perhaps the last time they saw each other was in 1898 or 1899, when Mr. Brooks, at Mr. Stedman's invitation, came to Lawrence Park to read before its attractive Gramatan Club. Afterward, walking up to the house, beneath tall, neighbourly trees, and under some quizzical stars, Mr. Stedman confided: "Noah, I am beginning to realize my age—the young girls let me kiss them." Said Mr. Brooks, from his three years' advantage, "Is that all, my boy? When you are as old as I am, you will find the evidence more pitiful. Bless your soul, *they kiss me!*"

A man twenty years younger it is who wrote the following:

Colour? *Greenback.*

Flower? *Heliotrope.*

Tree? *The brave old oak.*

Object in Nature? *The Sea.*

Hour in the Day? *Dinner-hour.*

Season in the Year? *A California Spring.*

Perfume? *Heliotrope.*

Gem? *Opal.*

Style of Beauty? *I like 'em all.*

Names? *Charlie—Mabel.*

Painters? *Helios, Rubens, Hans Makart, Diaz.*

Musicians? *All but Wagner.*

Piece of Sculpture? *The California Butter Woman.*

Poets? *The Divine Williams, Tennyson, Whittier.*

Poetesses? *Mrs. Browning, Jean Ingelow.*

Prose Authors? *Addison, Goldsmith, Dickens, Irving.*

Character in Romance? *J. S. C. Abbott's Napoleon.*

In History? *Abraham Lincoln.*

Book to take up for an hour? *Never have so much time.*

What book (not religious) would you part with last? *Richardson's Dictionary.*

What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *The present.*

Where would you like to live? *Where SHE is.*

Favourite amusement? *Building castles in Spain.*

Occupation? *Loafing.*

What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Cheeriness.*

In woman? *Sweetness.*

What do you most detest in each? *Insincerity.*

If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Tupper.*

Idea of happiness? *Lots of money and nothing to do.*

Of misery? *Work and poverty.*

Bête noire? *Work.*

Dream? *To find HER.*

Dread? *That I shall not find HER.*

Your distinguishing characteristics? *Laziness and good nature.*

Of your better-half? *Patience under tribulations.*

The sublimest passion? *Give it up.*

The sweetest words? *"I love you!"*

Saddest words? *"She's not at home."*

Aim in life? *To have a good time and help others.*

Motto? *Dum vivimus, vivimus.*

A demure, earnest, little woman is the last to enter our confessional. She is Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, who, although born in Massachusetts, became the dis-

tinguished historian of the city of New York. Thirty years ago her pleasant, thoughtful face was to be seen at literary gatherings; and at Mr. Stedman's Sunday evening receptions she was a frequent and welcome visitor.

Her *Mental Photograph* was written on January 14, 1878:

Colour? *Scarlet.*
 Flower? *Heliotrope.*
 Tree? *Sugar maple.*
 Object in Nature? *Ledges of rock.*
 Hour? *Nine o'clock A.M.*
 Season? *Autumn.*
 Perfume? *None whatever.*
 Gem? *Diamond.*
 Style of beauty? *Intelligent expression.*
 Names? *Those borne by the friends I love.*
 Painters? *Too numerous for this straight line.*
 Musicians? *Ditto.*
 Piece of Sculpture? *The Bronze Gate of the Baptistry at Florence.*
 Poets? *Our leading American poets.*
 Poetesses? *Mrs. Browning.*
 Prose Authors? *Prescott, Dickens, and Irving.*
 Character in Romance? *Mrs. Jellaby.*
 In History? *Lord Bellomont.*

Book to take up for an hour? *The Bible.*
 What book (not religious) would you part with last? *The History of the City of New York.*
 Epoch? *That of William III.*
 Where would you like to live? *In the Garden of Eden.*
 Favourite amusement? *Thinking my own thoughts.*
 Occupation? *Searching for wisdom.*
 Trait of character in man? *Integrity.*
 In woman? *Intelligence.*
 What do you most detest in each? *Selfishness and indolence.*
 If not yourself, who would you rather be? *A contented Millionaire.*
 Idea of happiness? *Reciprocated Love.*
 Of Misery? *To be forgotten.*
 Bête noire? *Narrow minds.*
 Dream? *Unqualified success.*
 Dread? *Cold weather.*
 Your distinguishing characteristics? *Good nature.*
 The sublimest passion? *Anger.*
 The sweetest words? *Commendation.*
 Saddest words? *Farewell.*
 Aim in life? *To accomplish the most in the shortest space of time possible.*
 Motto? *"While I breathe I hope."*

THE FAR-OFF DAY

BY RICHARD BURTON

WHENEVER I behold a little bird
 Moving and singing close about my feet,
 All unafraid—because I have not stirred—
 Of brutal blow or pitiless bullet fleet,
 Eager to meet the mood which I profess,
 By blithe acceptance of my friendliness,

I get a vision of the far-off day,
 Far-off and dim, descried by faith alone,
 When all the tribes of Cain have passed away,
 And Love, somehow, has come into his own;
 When kindness is the one felicity,
 And bird and beast and man are one in Thee.