

four "positive recommendations" for the improvement of these camps:

"First, that the camps should be places of refuge and not prisons, that no woman should be detained against her will if she has a home to go to outside the areas that have been 'denuded' for military purposes, and that no one who would like to find work in the adjacent towns should be kept doing nothing in the camps; secondly, that no more women and children should be brought into the existing camps until fresh accommodation has been made; thirdly, that some camps which are obviously saturated with disease should be broken up, and that fresh camps should be formed, preferably in Cape Colony; and lastly, that full publicity should henceforth be given to the condition of these camps, and that representatives of philanthropic bodies should be allowed access to the camps and full freedom in their work."

We recognize the difficulties to be contended with at the front, says *The Guardian* (Manchester), commenting on this report, but "our complaint against the management of these camps is that they violate the rules and punish the non-combatants for the activity of the combatants."

The Spectator (London) believes the expedient of collecting the women and children into camps to be "both politic and humane; indeed, in the circumstances, the only one possible." But, it continues, this has added very gravely to British responsibilities:

"We have to feed and guard some sixty-three thousand souls, and at the same time look after our army of two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers. Provisions for the refuge camps have to be brought from the coast over single lines of railway, which the energy of the refugees' husbands and fathers is constantly devoted to destroying. We have to provide against the epidemics incident to the country and the numerous diseases inseparable from any place where many human beings are collected together in small compass. And at the same time we have to remember that our charges, while they are the relatives of our enemies, are also the stock of our future citizens. We have to preserve good temper, patience, and humanity, knowing that every misfortune will be only too readily interpreted as a crime. Had we sought the easy, inhumane expedient of *laissez-faire*, we had never saddled ourselves with this burden. On mere grounds of policy we question whether, had we allowed those women and children to suffer the ordinary fortunes of war, we should have been a loser; for their hostility would have probably been checkmated by extreme privations. Famine and pestilence are good sureties for quietness. As it is, we have chosen the more honorable way."

The state of affairs is unfortunate, but unavoidable, observes *The St. James's Gazette* (London), and we don't see how any good can come of emphasizing it. *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* (London), which claims a circulation of a million and a half, declares that it represents the opinion of the "average Englishman" when it says:

"All the evidence of those who have been through the camps



AN APPEAL.

THE LIBERAL PARTY: "Oh, please do try and pull together—it's so dreadfully uncomfortable!"
—*Westminster Gazette*.

goes to prove that British soldiers have never shown anything but the utmost consideration for the women and children. But we have been told again and again that 'war is hell,' and naturally while it continues there must be suffering and sorrow for all engaged in it, or who are obliged to live within the sphere of military operations. The coming of peace rests entirely with the Boers, and Miss Hobhouse does not appear to have shown even a modicum of the wisdom needful to influence them toward bringing about this earnestly desired end."

It is certainly a sad sight, says the *Temps* (Paris), when, "despite all the protestations of those noble Englishmen who have remained faithful to the glory and power of Gladstone's and Cobden's England, despite the eloquent letters of Mr. Frederic Harrison and the dulcet strains of Mr. William Watson, despite all the reverses and deceptions they have suffered, the British people persist in demanding unconditional surrender by the Boers, and when they will not be turned back from their goal by the greatest and most cruel sacrifices of blood and treasure, nor by such terrible and lamentable facts as this reconcentrado policy practised upon innocent women and children." *The Journal des Débats*, on the other hand, has hopes of an awakening by the English, as it believes Miss Hobhouse's report has piqued their "amour propre." The Dutch papers devote a good deal of space to the report, and the *Handelsblad* (Amsterdam) declares that the Continent hopes much from the effect it will produce. The *Novoye Vremya* (St. Petersburg) characterizes the "concentration-camp" policy of Lord Kitchener as "absolutely complete in shameless and dishonoring barbarity."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

Are the Modern Greeks Slavs?—The question of the ethnological origin of the modern Greeks has been a mooted one for the past three centuries; but the consensus of opinion among Hellenists to-day is that the people of modern Greece are not Greeks of the classic type, but in reality Slavs of a mixed character. Professor Krumbacker, of the University of Munich, probably the most eminent neo-Hellenist and Byzantist living, has just added to the discussion his conclusion (set forth in the *Byzantische Zeitschrift*, Munich). It is based largely on photographs representing the different types of modern Greeks. He insists that the sentimental interests of philo-Hellenism must give way to scientific methods, which require that the Greeks be no longer studied in their isolation, but as a member of the Balkan family. "The Byzantines, from whom the modern Greeks descend, were not an unmixed race, and the Greeks of to-day are a peculiar amalgamation of Greek and foreign elements. Among them, in addition to Roman and Oriental blood, is also barbarian blood, especially Slavic and Germanic, as seen in the physical, moral, and material make-up of the nation."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

FOREIGN NOTES.

In conferring the degree of LL.D. upon Dr. von Holleben, the German Ambassador at Washington, Harvard University has highly pleased the German press. The *Vossische Zeitung* and *National Nachrichten* of Berlin comment with satisfaction on the honor conferred, and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* declares that official circles, including Emperor William, are highly gratified.

THE Russian commercial invasion of England has begun, says *The Saturday Review* (London), commenting on the splendid Russian exhibit at the Glasgow International Exhibition. "Russia is making us buy what she wants to sell, from flour, timber, and leather, to silks and cottons and even wines and pianofortes. . . . It is not altogether pleasant for English people to see a complete series of exhibits of cotton goods, with really beautiful Oriental designs, which are driving our cotton trade, with the assistance no doubt of a little judicious protection, out of Persia and the East generally. The Russian wines, especially the clarets, are finding a ready sale, and the Russian Commissioner is about to open a general store which is to become a permanent depot for Russian merchandise." *The Globe* (Toronto) also warns Canadians that Russian butter and egg dealers are becoming serious competitors of the colonies in British markets.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAX O'RELL ON "HER ROYAL HIGHNESS—WOMAN."

MAX O'RELL, the French writer and lecturer, who has entertained us all with his observations upon John Bull and Brother Jonathan, approaches with becoming diffidence, in his latest book, "the problem which has never been given man to solve." He confesses that, like his fellow men, he knows little about women, because "nothing is more different from a woman than another woman, and nothing is more different from a woman than that very woman herself." Once, having written an article on "The Woman I Hate," he was rewarded with an avalanche of indignant letters telling him no such woman as he described ever lived. At another time he says:

"I was announced to give a lecture on 'Women' to the students of a large ladies' college in North Carolina. A couple of hours before the lecture three young ladies from the college called on me at the hotel where I was staying. I met them in the parlor. Three charming, bright, most intelligent-looking girls they were. After looking at each other for some time, so as to suggest that the other should speak, one at last made up her mind to be the spokeswoman of the little deputation. 'We have called on you,' she said, 'to ask if you would be kind enough to change the subject of your lecture to-night. Our lecture course is instituted for the instruction and the general improvement of the students, and we thought we should like to hear you talk to us on a subject which you know something about.' I must say that I felt fearfully small; but I was delighted at the frankness of those young American girls, and at once acceded to their request."

What do women admire most in men? is a question, one would think, not to be answered rashly by a man. Mr. O'Rell's conclusion shows temerity, to say the least, for it is not wholly complimentary to the other sex with respect to the inferences to be drawn from it:

"I believe that what sexes admire most in the other are the qualities which they do not generally possess themselves. If you read the confession-books of women, you will invariably discover that the qualities they most admire in men are generosity, broad-mindedness, magnanimity, absence of prejudice, and a lofty sense of justice, of toleration, and of forgiveness. Now, some women may possess these qualities, but no one, I think, will say that they are eminently feminine virtues. And it may also be added that what sexes hate most in the other are the very defects which they themselves not infrequently possess. Out of twenty confession-books which I have this moment under my eyes, and in which is to be found the question: 'What defect do you hate most in man?' eighteen women have answered, 'Mean-ness.' That is just what you would expect, now, don't you think so? Of course, there are women of whom it might be said, however preposterous the remark may sound, that they are not only perfect ladies, but also perfect gentlemen. These are glorious women. Now, don't smile; I know what I am saying. When you say of a woman that she is a perfect lady, the remark chiefly refers to her manners, the way she dresses and behaves in society, etc. When you say of a man that he is a perfect gentleman, it means that he is a man of considerate feelings, generous, magnanimous even, a man who could not do anything mean if he tried. A woman who receives an anonymous letter about her husband, puts it in the fire, and never mentions the fact to him, behaves like a gentleman. A man who receives an anonymous letter about his wife and shows it to her is a cur. In a pretty play, the name of which escapes me just at present, a woman has compromised herself with a man. A letter from that man is delivered to her before her husband. The latter knows who the letter is from. His wife hands it to him.

"My dear, this letter is addressed to you. I have no right to open it," says the husband. 'Don't you want to read it yourself?'

"The wife answers that she does not. 'Very well,' he says; 'then there is only one thing to do.'

"And before her he throws it into the fire. All the women in the audience applaud. So they should; but how many of them would behave in the same manner if such a letter from a woman came to their husbands?"

Expressly excepting the new woman, a type which he thoroughly dislikes and which is altogether too frequent in the United States, he says, Mr. O'Rell, who has been all over the world, regards the American woman as the modern national ideal of the sex. He writes

"I have been six times all over the United States. I have spent about three years of my life in America traveling from New York to San Francisco, from British Columbia to Louisiana. If there is an impression that becomes a deeper and deeper conviction every time that I return to that country, it is that the most interesting woman in the world is the American woman. . . . I have never seen in America an absolutely, helplessly plain woman. She is always in the possession of a redeeming something which saves her. She may be ever so homely (as the Americans say), she looks intelligent, a creature that has been allowed to think for herself, that has never been sat upon. . . . Allowed from the tenderest age almost every liberty, accustomed to take the others, she is free, easy, perfectly natural, with the consciousness of her influence, her power; able by her intelligence and education to enjoy all the intellectual pleasures of life, and by her keen powers of observation and her native adaptability to fit herself for all the conditions of life; an exquisite mixture of a coquette without affectation and a blue-stocking without spectacles or priggishness; the only woman, however beautiful and learned she may be, with whom a man feels perfectly at his ease—a sort of fascinating good fellow, retaining all the best attributes of womanhood. . . . I can not help thinking that there exists in some American women a little mild contempt for that poor creature that is called a man. And, how is that in a country where the women receive such delightful, and, for that matter, well-deserved attentions at the hands of the men, and that throughout the length and breadth of the country? Well, I think the educational system of America explains the phenomenon. . . . In every grade of educational life, among the masses of the people, boys and girls are educated together, side by side on each bench a boy, a girl, a boy, a girl. Now the official statistics of the Education Department declare that in every State of the Union the number of diplomas and certificates obtained by girls is larger than the number obtained by boys. When I heard that statement, I said this to myself (kindly follow my little argument): 'Is it not just possible that the young American boys, when they saw what those girls next to them could do, said to themselves, 'Heaven! who would have thought so?' Is it not also possible that the young American girls, when they saw what those boys next to them could do, exclaimed, 'Good gracious! is that all?' . . . Ah, my dear European men, who clamor at the top of your voices for the higher education of women, be careful! You will be found out, and, like your fellow men of America, by and by you will have to take the back seat."

"The Anglo-Saxon new woman is the most ridiculous production of modern times, and destined to be the most ghastly failure of the century. She is *par excellence* the woman with a grievance, and self-labeled the greatest nuisance of modern society. The new woman wants to retain all the privileges of her sex, and secure besides all those of a man; she wants to be a man and to remain a woman. She will fail to become a man, but she may succeed in ceasing to be a woman. And now, where is that new woman to be found? Put together a hundred women, intelligent and of good society; take out the beautiful ones; then take out the married ones who are loved by their husbands and their children, and kindly seek the new woman among what is left—ugly women, old maids, and disappointed and neglected wives. . . . When a woman is beautiful she is generally satisfied with playing a woman's part. The tedious women-righters embrace the thankless career of exponents of women's grievances because they have never found anything better to embrace. I hate the woman who appears in public. I hate the woman who lectures in public or in private. I hate the woman who rises to make a speech after dinner. I hate the woman who speaks about politics, and would like to sit in parliament so as to transform it into a chatterment. I hate the scientific woman who lectures on evolution or writes on natural philosophy. I hate the lady physician, the lady lawyer, the lady member of the school board, the lady preacher, the lady president, the lady secretary, the lady reciter, even the lady who conducts an orchestra. I hate the prominent woman. And, altho I don't see her, I hate the woman who writes a book, and feel almost ready to exclaim with Alphonse Karr: 'One book more and one woman less!' Compared to all these, how I love the pretty woman who dresses well, smiles pleasantly, parts her hair in the middle, and has never done anything in her life! 'Ah!' will exclaim the hateful woman, 'but see, she wears the collar of servitude.' Nonsense! the marks that you see on her neck are not those of a collar of servitude, but those made by the arms of the husband and the children that clasp her round it."