

Matthews has determined to use every proper means to prevent such contests in his State. (Indiana has a very meager statute, which may be found in the revised statutes of Indiana, '88, at section 1,979.)

In the Roby case Sheriff Friederich was incensed at the Governor's action. The Attorney-General of Indiana insisted that no one could properly interfere with the local authorities unless those authorities asked assistance—that Governor Matthews could not properly act. A State law, however, was violated.

3. Coney Island.

A prize-fight was recently advertised to be held under the auspices of the Coney Island Athletic Club. According to statements in the New York "Times," among the members of the club there were a sheriff, three justices, a chief of the fire department, and a chief of the police.

Public sentiment was awakened by such papers as the "Times" and by many of the Brooklyn ministers. It only took a hint from the Mayor to the prosecuting attorney that he was expected to do his duty to end the Corbett-Mitchell preparations in Brooklyn. Judging by the past, one expected to hear the cry, "On to Louisiana." And the report has come that the Olympic Club of New Orleans has offered the would-be Coney Island contestants a purse of \$20,000 for a glove contest. (New York has an excellent statute against prize-fighting, which may be found in sections 458-64 of the Penal Code, or on page 2,355 in the Revised Statutes of '90.)

4. Louisiana.

Louisiana seems to be the State in which the moral (as well as the physical) contest must be settled. Thither Fitzsimmons and Hall resorted when driven out of Minnesota. If the Indiana courts decide against the Columbian Athletic Club at Roby, the pugilists Griffo and Lavigne may go to Louisiana, whither Corbett and Mitchell have been invited. For Louisiana seems to have no statute against prize-fighting, and it is not a distinctive offense, although where moral fiber exists among citizens and officials the combatants may be indicted for assault, affray, or riot, perhaps. Louisiana seems to be under the civil law derived from the Code Napoleon. Ex-Governor Nicholls, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, is the man who called out the militia to prevent the Sullivan-Kilrain fight in Louisiana. Judge Ellis, who has jurisdiction in the Fitzsimmons-Hall case (referred to above) is thought to favor the declaration that all glove contests are illegal.

We conclude that, while local circumstances should be considered, still two modes of action are always essential:

(a) The method of law-enforcement.

Most authorities agree that prize-fighting is unlawful even in Louisiana. The New Orleans "Daily Picayune" thinks that the Judge of the Supreme Court in that State will decide against it. Science is needed as well as sentiment. A definitely organized society should see that a careful and painstaking attorney is secured. Sullivan was arrested for fighting in Mississippi, July 8, 1889; but the verdict for the State from the Circuit Court was set aside by the Supreme Court because of the insufficiency of the indictment. (67 Miss. Reports, 352.)

(b) The method of awakening public sentiment for a definite purpose. Moral suasion.

Northern papers assisted in driving the lottery business out of Louisiana; why not dispose of prize-fighting in like manner? In this they will have the co-operation of the best citizens of Louisiana. Failing in their immediate object, let them so awaken public sentiment that Louisiana will have a suitable statute next May. The National chain of law is no stronger than its weakest point, Louisiana. This is an inter-State, National, and even international subject, and not only the press and the pulpit, but also the courts, with their convictions and acquittals, are, perhaps, thus far chiefly important because of their influence on public opinion. Sentiment is needed as well as science. The International Law and Order League sets before it, as the chief object to be attained, the awakening of a proper National sentiment. Let us have an educative campaign. On to Louisiana!

The Greater Glory¹

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued

Reinout loitered to and fro along the great, dim library. The weather was dreary outside, in the drip of a wide-spread thaw. There had been no books at the Hague, except his mother's boxes of novels. Novels were not books. These latter were for schoolmasters, professors, and such-like. He now pulled out one or two from curiosity—philosophical works of eighteenth-century Frenchmen.

"Merci, maman," he said, with a yawn, as he replaced them. He knew, disastrously, that his father thought his poetastic mother a fool.

He knew also that they differed about himself. Even now, as he left their presence, he had heard the Count begin: "Ma chère, I regretfully disagree with you—" A moment before he had had to endure the most vehement reproaches on account of his intercourse with the village lads. Count Hilarius had been irritably violent, seeking offense where Reinout felt there was none. The boy considered himself aggrieved by the thought that his father was constantly stopping him somewhere.

Still with his hands in his pockets, he wandered into a little nondescript turret-chamber, where he found Cécile engaged at an old piano. His was not a deeply musical nature, but at this moment the melodious majesty of Beethoven swept solemnly upon his sullen mood.

He stood listening, and when she paused and looked at him with those kind gray eyes of hers—

"What do you do, Freule," he asked, suddenly, "when you don't understand?"

"How so, René?" This, evidently, was a case in point.

"About what people want you to do, I mean. And what you ought to."

"I ask God," said Cécile, softly.

"Dear me! I thought you were too old to say your prayers!"

The young Freule's eyes grew troubled, and she looked as if she were anxiously searching for fit expression. But she only blushed, and murmured, "Poor René!"

Reinout wandered off into the hall. Why did all good people pity him? Ever since he could remember, Monsieur de Souza had called him "Fortune's Favorite."

He went up to his afternoon lessons. Tutor and pupil were reading together the memoirs of a *Gentilhomme de la Chambre* of Louis le Bien-aimé. Reinout thought it dull work. He was blasé at fourteen. But that was what the Count had always wanted: "There is no strength in the world," said Count Rexelaer, "equivalent to beginning life blasé."

But it had never struck him that Reinout, weary of his great world's littleness, might look out for another. Count Rexelaer did not know there was another world.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HONEST HEARTS

The Chalk-house Farm was sinking to sleep under the dying day. Across its low brown roof the massive shadows broadened, seeming to pull down the heavy thatch, like a nightcap, over little windows, that blinked drowsily, black against the fading light. The few gaunt beeches which overtop the prostrate building stretched out their straggling arms to heaven, in appeal for a covering too long withheld. Heaven answered by dropping its clouds among them, and gradually wiping them out of sight. In the red-brick courtyard, between the bake-house and the living-house, a belated chicken was nervously overdoing its supper, if meals can be distinguished in a chicken's twelve hours' uninterrupted feed. A brown mongrel lay by the door and, occasionally opening one eye, stared vaguely at the four poles of the empty haystack. Over the

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whole landscape hung a gloomy calm. The gloom, not the calm, hung over Lise, who stood waiting by the long white fence which separates the farmyard from the high-road.

Her mother came out into the twilight with a bright blue milk-pail. "He'll know soon enough, child," she said. "You needn't be in a hurry to tell him."

"Don't, mother," said the girl. Young people have no taste for irony. Lovers least of all.

"But of course your father knows best," continued Vrouw Driest, and disappeared through the low door, muttering. Hardly an hour went by but Lise heard those words from her mother's lips. They were the farm-wife's all-sufficient solace among the misfortunes and failures of life. She forgot them when anything turned out well.

There had been a time when Lise had occasionally answered: "But, mother, it was you that said—" "Hush, child, how can you be so headstrong! Of course your father knows, though I should not have sold that cow."

"She is over-anxious to tell him," repeated Vrouw Driest as she returned to the farm-kitchen. Peasants always communicate a thought to a number of people in succession. "I tell her he will hear it soon enough," she added, bending over the pot which simmered on the fire. The husband, a ponderous, slow-smoking man, whose very arm, where it lay inert on the table, was heavy with depression, never even moved in reply.

"I always thought it would come to this," said the wife, bustling about the kitchen. How often had she not declared that no power on earth would drag her to the Castle! But Driest, who had earned a quiet life by playing scapegoat, could not refuse the rôle to-day, when on the point of being hunted into the wilderness.

"There's the chaise," said the wife presently, and went to the door. "He's sold the filly," she added, and turned away again. "Let them do their kissing and nonsense alone," she thought, and cast a sad smile across at her husband's bent head.

"Thys," said the girl, at the gate, in the twilight, "it has come. Dievert told father this morning. The lease is not going to be renewed."

The young man checked his horse with a jerk, and, falling back, from the shock, in the light wooden chaise, he swore aloud at Count Rexelaer.

The girl said no more, walking beside the horse, as her lover slowly guided him into the stable. He also spoke very little, unharnessing, while she helped him, and beginning to whistle, meditatively, as he shook out the straw. Presently she caught up a pitcher, and, perhaps as an apology for her ill-tidings, went to fill it at the well. Without a word of thanks to interrupt his whistling, he took it from her, but as they crossed the courtyard together he said: "This will put off our marriage, Lise, till the Lord knows when." "Mother doesn't understand about my wanting to tell you," answered Lise, "but it didn't seem like knowing till both of us knew." He did not ask her to explain her meaning, though perhaps he hardly understood it. "Poor mother!" he said, and they passed into the kitchen, where the meal lay spread beneath the dismal lamp.

"Well, Thys?" said the farmer, moving at last from his stolid despair. "I've done well," replied Thys, and, even at this moment, a note of triumph penetrated his voice. He had been away for three days, to the great Easter horse-fair at Utrecht. "There were French traders. These Frenchmen pay well." His uncle—he called him "father"—nodded solemn approval, and said "Good." That is a great deal for a farmer.

Then they sat down to supper in silence, till the mother began: "The family are back, Thys. They arrived on the day you left."

"Did they?" said Thys. His heart was heavy, but he cut himself an enormous chunk of bread.

"Yes, and I think the old Heer might have come to see us. But no doubt your father knows."

The old man looked straight across into his foster-son's eyes. "Lise has told you," he said. Thys nodded, with his mouth full.

"It's worse for you, boy. Mother and I are old."

"Speak for yourself, father," broke in his spouse. "I hope to make butter yet for twenty years, please God."

"And where'll you make it?" said the farmer.

After that a thoughtful silence fell upon the little company, not even broken when the Baron van Rexelaer suddenly stood in their midst. They shuffled awkwardly to their feet, in a movement of general embarrassment, around the half-finished meal.

"Can you let me have a cup of coffee, Vrouw Driest?" said the Baron, with extended hand.

The woman was a sour-visaged woman, but, at this mark of condescension, her expression grew positively fierce with emotion. She had lived all her life at Deynum; the Baron, to her, was still sovereignty personified. She hurried into her parlor to get one of her grandmother's eleven Japanese cups. Alas that there should be eleven! Had not Vrouw Driest's sister-in-law, on the occasion of Lise's birth, in dusting—There is an old saying, by one who knew, about "renovare dolorem." The sister-in-law is still ashamed.

There was a moment's interruption of washing and wiping. "No one that we know of has ever used this cup before, Mynheer," said the farmer's wife, with pardonable pride, as she placed the bit of blue china before the Baron. "You and I, Driest," began that gentleman, abruptly, "are companions in misfortune. But I want to think that yours is preventable. Can nothing be done?"

"Ah, that's what I say," remarked the wife.

"You should have said it sooner, then," retorted the farmer, turning angrily upon her. "If the Count says 'Go,' landheer, go we must."

"But need he say it? Don't think I don't love you for what you've done." He held out his hand, which the slow farmer took deferentially. "There, now that's settled, I want you to do me another favor, the next best. I want you to go up to the Castle and see the Count yourself."

"Never. We need no Counts here," burst in the wife. Then she pursed up her lips and fixed her eyes on the Baron's cup. Thys had moved his long legs under the table. Lise signed to him to keep still.

"It's no use," continued the Baron. "We poor people must bend or break. I'm broken. You'd better bend."

"We did it for the best," said Driest, a little sore.

It was this very soreness the Baron dreaded. He was not a diplomatist, but he was resolved to save these poor people.

"Look here," he said. "If the Count renews, you'll go up and thank him. Eh?" He turned to the wife.

"The farmer knows best, landheer," replied that lady, promptly. *She* was a diplomatist.

"He's a thief," said the farmer, slowly. "He's no Rexelaer."

"Father!" cried Lise.

"Ay, 'father'! What's the likes of him to come among the likes of us? As soon have some false stock of my granduncle's breeding—he was a wild chap and went to Town for a hair-dresser—setting up at the Chalk-house Farm as a Driest!"

Music as all this might be to the Baron's ears, he saw the danger of it. "And who knows what *will* happen at the Chalk-house Farm," he said, coming round quickly to the practical side, "when you are no longer master here?"

Vrouw Driest heaved a notable sigh.

"I don't care to be," replied the farmer, doggedly, "not under the new lord. Deynum isn't Deynum with a Gueux at the Castle. The Rexelaers have gone, and they were here longer than we by a matter of many hundred years. We can go where Mynheer the Baron's gone. It isn't so far as America, I suppose. Eh, Vrouw?"

"We've come back to remain," said the Baron, huskily, moved to the very bottom of his heart. "I can't live anywhere else, Driest, nor can the Baroness. Now, how about you? Don't deceive yourself, my good, faithful friend. Old clodhoppers can't breathe on any clod but their own." He waved his hand to them all, and hurried away. The farmer brought down his enormous fist on the table with a crash that set all the dishes dancing. Thys smiled say-

agely. Vrouw Driest caught up her grandmother's cup and laid it in her lap.

The Baron, slowly returning homewards, halted for a moment upon the little village green. At this hour the place was quite deserted, but in the darkness you could trace the shapes of the Church and School, and other few buildings scattered around. That light yonder was Job Henniks'! There the cronies of the village were doubtless assembled, discussing the old lord and the new.

"Mynheer van Rexelaer, might I speak to you for a moment?" said a polite voice, which he did not recognize, at his side. He turned. "They told me at the priest's you would be coming this way. I am John Borck. It is, unfortunately, many years since we met."

"It is," said the Baron, stiffly, to his wife's old antagonist. They walked along the road, side by side, the Baron painfully expectant.

"The matter is purely one of business," began the Lord of Rollingen, stammering out the central thought of his previously prepared speeches, "and it is always best, I think, to transact business personally. I—I—if I understand rightly, there are some objects from the Castle you wish to do away with. If I am mistaken, I beg pardon."

"I have decided nothing as yet," said Baron Rexelaer, not in a pleasant tone of voice.

"Still, supposing you should resolve to—I understood from Cécile Borck, who is staying—look here, Rexelaer, we used to know each other well enough once. I don't want to do you a favor. Not I; I want you to do me one. You know I'm a great man for antiquities and family histories"—Baron Rexelaer knew nothing of the kind—"now what's the use of selling portraits, for instance, to brokers? The Rexelaers and the Borcks have been closely connected in the centuries when nobody differed about religion, and a lot of your belongings must be of especial value to us. Now, why shouldn't you sell them to me, as I want them? If you like, we could easily make out an agreement that, in the next twenty years, you or your daughter could take them back—at the same price. I think that would be fair. Or the same price and four per cent. interest. Yes, that would be fairer." This last inspiration came to John Borck in the moment of speaking, and hugely delighted him.

"It can't be, Borck," said the Baron, in an unsteady voice, now. "For one thing, my wife wouldn't like it."

"Nor would mine," rose to honest John Borck's lips, but he checked the words. "It is merely a business transaction," he repeated.

"Nevertheless, I am most deeply grateful for your generous offer"—Baron Borck would have interrupted—"No, no, do not think I cannot comprehend. Your kindness even emboldens me, while refusing one service, to ask for another. Will you let me?"

"What is it?" queried cautious John Borck.

"There is a man here, one of my old farmers, who cannot get on under the new régime. He is a good man; the question is a—a personal one, regarding myself. It is Driest, of the Chalk-house, which you have long wanted to buy. If you had a farm for him, on the other side of Rollingen, I—I should look upon it as a great kindness to myself."

"I shall bear it in mind," said Borck. They had reached the parsonage. "Permit me one question in parting," continued the Lord of Rollingen. "If you sell these things to strangers, how will you prevent Count Rexelaer's ultimately acquiring them?"

And now it will seem incredible to those who live in Koopstad and are wide-awake that this sleepy, single-thoughted country gentleman had never even caught a glimpse of his danger.

"Remember what happened about the Castle. That was a dirty trick, I thought. I know a good deal about the Rexelaers, more than you think. I was in no hurry to call on the people. But my cousin, you remember, married the brother."

"There is a good deal to know," said the Baron.

"Perhaps I know it. I know about the 'k' in their name; for instance. Ah, you didn't expect that, did you?"

I told you I was a bit of an antiquary. Now, to a great many people, that 'k' wouldn't matter a brass cent; it does to you and me, because we are old fogies. The old fogies ought to stick together in this brand-new day. You can take time to consider my proposal. I am in no hurry. Good-night."

"Good-night, and God bless you, John Borck," said the Baron van Rexelaer. Here was a kind word from one of his own class at last.

The Lord of Rollingen was one of the richest and most powerful nobles in the country. He was a strange, quiet man, of strong idiosyncrasy, who allowed his wife to do whatever she chose, except on the rare occasions when he did not want her to do it. When his young cousin Cécile, who scarcely knew her mighty kinsman, had penetrated into his room that morning with much fear and trembling, he had first been taken by surprise, then interested, then greatly pleased. He was an aristocrat down to the bottom, and therefore a just man as well as a proud. It is only your nine-tenths aristocrat who is prejudiced beyond the limits of justice.

"You are right, Cécile," had said Baron John Borck.

CHAPTER XL.

OF SOME THAT RETURNED TO DEYNUM AND SOME THAT DEPARTED THENCE

As spring went slowly deepening into summer—the process takes a long time in our northern region!—the Countess Margherita's heart began to soften a little towards Deynum. It was by no means a cold heart; it was a warm heart benumbed. From her new conservatory—the excrescence—she would sadly watch the sun in his daily struggles to climb higher behind the gaunt rampart of distant trees; and when suddenly, one pale morning, the grim wall stood colored over with a faint shimmer of silver-green promise, she screamed aloud to Laïssa, and went dancing away among her plants, like a butterfly, with all the parrots yelling and all the dogs wildly capering around her. Count Hilarius, who seldom took any notice of her "extravagances," looked in at the door. "What now?" he inquired, as she whirled past him, holding the furiously barking Florizel triumphantly aloft. "It is spring!" she cried back at him. "Summer is coming, *your* summer, the pale one, the second-best! Houp-là, Amarinda, ma belle!" "Oh Printemps, ô mon roi, que j'adore! Oh Printemps qui—qui—qui—ô Flore! Go away, Ilario; I cannot compose while you are by!" Count Hilarius most willingly went away.

"Laïssa," said the Countess, stopping, out of breath, "I have often thought during the last long months that purgatory must be like this, all black. If only it gets a little greener—a little greener!"

"You did not like it any better when it was white," replied Laïssa.

"And you, then?" cried Margherita, impatiently.

"Ah, M'am Rita"—the mulatto shivered—"you speak of purgatory; it is hell. Paradise is flaming hot. Hell is, like Holland, *cold*."

At the Hague things had been different. In a city the seasons do not change; only the temperature changes. And the Countess Rexelaer's temperature had been regulated by the heating-apparatus.

[To be continued]



A correspondent sends us the following:

"The discussion of the foreign element in France, referred to in a recent issue of The Outlook, lends additional interest to a statement contained in a foreign journal as to the distribution of Frenchmen outside of their native land. While the number of foreigners in France at the present is not far from two million, that of Frenchmen living in foreign countries reaches scarcely half a million. Of these, about 175,000 are settled in the different European countries, over half of them being in Belgium and Switzerland, and only about 2,000 in Germany. In North and South America there are more than 200,000 Frenchmen, almost equally divided between the two continents."

The Home

The Enemy of Ignorance

There recently appeared in the columns of the daily papers an account of the arrest of a man for committing fraud. He had sold forty-three chattel mortgages to a woman for forty-three hundred dollars. After the purchaser had paid the money and received the papers, she investigated and found that some of the mortgages purported to be given from houses the street numbers of which belonged to vacant lots, and that a number were given on store fixtures in houses where there were no stores, and on stores owned by other people than those named in the mortgage. The man who sold the worthless papers acknowledged, after his arrest, that they were worthless; that the people named in them never existed, so far as he knew, outside of his own imagination. Why did not the woman who lost her money investigate, or cause to be investigated, the value of the papers before she paid for them? The answer must be that the woman had but indifferent knowledge, if any, of the kind of security she was about to purchase.

There are certain kinds of knowledge that come to men through conversation. They do not make the effort to acquire legal knowledge, or to understand what is meant by the words used to describe certain kinds of securities; but it comes to them because they are in the business world, a world that has a vocabulary peculiar to itself which rarely intrudes into social intercourse, and more rarely still into family intercourse, unless there are financial interests at stake that are the subjects for family discussion. This it is that leaves the mass of women so ignorant of business; it is this ignorance that gives rise to some funny stories that are lost when told to women, for they do not understand the point, usually. Such stories are those of the woman who resented being told that she had overdrawn her bank account when more than half her checks were in her check-book, not used; and of the other equally intelligent woman, traveling in Europe, who wanted her husband to get her a letter of credit for ten thousand dollars, and who wrote angrily, in reply to his statement that he could not afford to give her a letter for that amount, that he must be poor indeed if he could not get credit for ten thousand dollars. It is this ignorance of the meaning of business terms that makes women so often the easy victims of sharp practice, just as their ignorance makes them, sometimes, guilty of sharp practice. The law lectures for women now given in so many cities should be attended by every woman who is, or expects to be, the custodian of property. The time and money spent will be a good investment. The value of a knowledge of law to women working in philanthropic directions is well understood. It is not fiction, but fact, that a group of intelligent women in one of our Eastern States got up a petition to the Legislature and carried it through their township for signatures, beseeching that body to pass a liquor law looking to certain results, when that law had been on the statute-books of the State for ten years.

Women engage in certain lines of philanthropic work. They may see a family live under conditions that threaten them every day with disease, if not death, and yet the authorities are not appealed to. Why? Because the would-be reformer does not know that the best ally she has in elevating that family is the State or municipal law; the best lever, the power of the law as it is embodied in its officers.

Law is not the enemy of the people or of the individual,

but the friend. It is the enemy of injustice, of crime, of disorder, even of disease, if only justice, innocence, order, health, understand how to command its aid.



After Graduation, What?

To Parents

By Charlotte N. Porter

Some one once asked Fénelon what constitutes a good sermon. He answered: "The test of a preacher is not that his congregation go away saying, 'Oh, what a beautiful sermon!' but that they go away saying, '*I will do something.*'"

At the last Vassar College Commencement the French preacher's test of a good sermon was more than once unwittingly applied to a college. Again and again, as the question was asked one and another of the graduates, "What are you going to do now?" the answer was, "I don't know yet, but I shall *do something.*" For both school and college, the intensity and direction of this wish to do something must gauge the success or failure of its work.

It cannot be said in the future, as it has been in the past, that "Woman is the standing conundrum of history, to be written with an interrogation or an exclamation point." Now woman's place and work in the world are as definite and positive as man's. True, she has been long in finding them, and poorly trained for them. Now that they are found, however, and training to meet every demand is offered her, it is no longer a question of woman's "rights," but woman's duty—her duty to herself and to the place and the work for which God created her. "An uneducated woman is even more a mistake than an uneducated man." And why? Because, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer tells us, "If the purpose of education is to make a knowing and thinking mind, certainly life and the world force upon the man a mental training and an experience to which the woman is not generally subjected, a training that may partly do for him what education alone can thoroughly accomplish for her."

But at this stage of the world's progress it surely cannot be necessary to repeat and emphasize arguments for the thorough education of woman. Indeed, the purpose of education, "the growth of the human mind," places the higher education of woman beyond controversy, unless we are willing to admit that "woman's mind is less important than man's mind."

Therefore, the vital question that concerns us to-day is not, Shall we educate our girls? but, What are our girls going to do with their education after they get it? Of course, there are plenty of girls to whom this question never comes. To many, the end of school life means only a happy release from disagreeable duty and an opportunity for unlimited loafing and "good times." These are the girls with whom the school has failed, and whom it must, alas! hand over to other influences to suggest both question and reply. But by its thoughtful, earnest girls the question is asked so often, and many times so despairingly, that its answer becomes one of the gravest responsibilities laid upon the teacher.

The girl's longing for definite work is only a natural propensity of human nature—the wish to be occupied; a propensity that shows itself in its lower forms in the child's ceaseless activity and the idle man's chase for a new excitement; in its higher form, in "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" If the higher longing is never roused, or is aroused only to be thwarted, what is the result? We see it every day in the young girls and women of idle, purposeless lives—in their restlessness, their desire for constant excitement, their ennui, their nerves, their empty talk, their pitiful vacuity of mind and soul. This is Dr. Parkhurst's stern arraignment of such lives. "If it happens," he says, "that I am speaking to any young woman whose property, actual or prospective, renders work unnecessary as a livelihood, and who, on that score, excuses