

have a right to buy transportation at the cheapest rate. Democracy and not anarchy will finally dethrone all monarchs. But before that time comes democracy will have raised the price of wages so that a sailor's services will cost an employer just as much whether he ships him in Portugal or in Japan or in America. The subsidy system is a backward step, an endorsement of one of the most objectionable features of a monarchy, namely the elevation and enrichment of the few at the expense of the many. It is Senator Hanna's pet scheme and the man is a true patriot. He believes that a ship subsidy would develop an American merchant marine that would compete with the world and beat the fleets of the world. Very likely, but if the business will not pay of itself it is inexpedient to charge the losses to America.

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#### The Turquoise Cup

Magazine stories are disappointing, in spite of their brilliant illustrations by illustrators, whose work is far more expressive and charming than that of the hundreds of magazine story-tellers. Enclosed between gorgeous covers by Maxfield Parrish, Edward Penfield, or Howard Chandler Christy, the Christmas numbers of the magazines are a most attractive and promising characteristic of the holiday season. In jeweled colors, they flash more brightly than window displays of rubies, emeralds, and opals. Drawn with a fine discrimination and colored by artists, the covers attract more eyes than the jewels, though the artist works only with ink and the jeweler's window-dresser decorates with the most expensive of colors. Maxfield Parrish in particular suggests the legendary good cheer of Christmas. The blues, greens and gold-browns of his cover to Scribner's for the month of December has doubtless sold many hundred copies of the magazine. There are not many magazine writers whose stories please and satisfy like the pictures and arrangements of color and form accomplished by Maxfield Parrish. The stories are like three meals a day; we should miss them and regret them, but while we are in accordance with lifelong habit, eating breakfast, luncheon and dinner, we are not especially delighted, thankful or stimulated. After reading the magazine stories, enthusiasm engendered by the cover and illustrations vanishes, leaving sometimes a regret for squandered moments. But one story in Scribner's is very much worth while and leaves a pleasant fragrance of romance, of beautiful woman and her ewig-weibliche charm.

The Turquoise Cup, by Arthur Cosslett Smith, is the story of a cardinal as gentle and altogether lovable as he of the Snuff-box. He looks like Napoleon and knows men and women as The Little Corporal knew them, but added to his penetration and great generalship there is charity and the beneficent life of a true apostle. A sublimated Napoleon, unselfish, tender, emotional, is this cardinal archbishop. Seventy-six years old, his character has the grateful bouquet of true piety. Story-writers have of late taken the cardinal type for portraiture. The Italian cardinal seems to have all the graces. He has the literary knack of irresistible expression, the simplicity and kindness of true greatness and so many other charms that enumeration lags. But a Christian Napoleon is the key to this cardinal, and his character may be built up by one imagination as easily as by another. To be sure these churchmen of Italy are far across the water, and it is very uncertain if any of us will ever see one, and if we should we could not, in all probability, gain the intimate view that the story affords. Cardinals are sure to be haughty to Protestant Americans, and however "prominent" an American may be in his own village, he is microbe size in Rome or Venice. Therefore these fascinating cardinals are not so threatening to Protestantism on this side as they might be if their dear wise Eminences were not divided from us by a deep and very salt ocean.

There are love stories and love

stories. Those which present the woman so that we see her with the lover's eyes and the man so that we see him with the woman's eyes have accomplished what Maxfield Parrish seems to do so easily, namely, transferred momentarily to us his own superexcellent gift of seeing. Nora Daly is a lovely young Irish woman and her lover is a wholesome tall young Saxon whom we love as his lady loves him.

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#### Isthmian Canal

In 1880, when De Lesseps began the excavations for the ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, the world expected that within fifteen years transoceanic ships would be making their way from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean just as ships were making their way from the Mediterranean sea into the Red sea. De Lesseps, who cut the Suez canal and collected the money for the cut, was at the head of the American project and there was good reason for believing that the canal in the New World would also be successful. The idea is old enough. The earliest known surveys in Panama were made under the authority of an order issued by Charles V. to Cortez in 1534. The Nicaraguan route was suggested as early as 1551. Great Britain, under the influence of William Pitt, King William I of Holland, Louis Philippe of France, Napoleon Bonaparte and Commodore Vanderbilt of America, have severally tried to build or organize a project for building an Isthmian canal.

Poor De Lesseps spent on the Panama canal and in bribing influential newspapers to help him get money for the great cut more than \$358,000,000. When he began work he promised that the canal would be finished in 1889 and would cost only \$220,000,000. Eight years after the first spadeful of earth was dug out of the right of way De Lesseps announced that the company was bankrupt and hundreds of French people, who, influenced by his Suez success had invested their money in the scheme, lost all they had. In 1893, after a long trial, De Lesseps and his son Charles were sentenced to five years of imprisonment and to pay a fine of 3,000 francs. The sentence was never enforced against the father and the son's sentence was set aside on technical grounds, after he had spent a few months in prison. In consideration of his past services the Suez canal company made him an allowance which kept him from want. In the last years of his life there was none so poor as to do him honor. Though there is no evidence that he was not first of all interested in the canal and believed from the first that he would dig through from Colon on the Caribbean sea to Panama on the Pacific ocean. That is, he went into the scheme with a pure motive and not as a stock jobber to make money merely. The final failure and the company broke his heart.

The Panama route is freer from the dangers of seismic disturbances. The deepest cuts have been made, innumerable lives have been sacrificed to accomplish the work and more than \$358,000,000 have been spent to accomplish this idea which began to stir in men's minds as soon as the first map of North and South America was promulgated. Is it not a pity to take any other route than the shortest and safest across the Isthmus, to let the labor of the thousands of fever-stricken men who labored in the great ditch go for naught? The commissioners who have been sent by the United States government from time to time to investigate the relative merits of the Panama and Nicaraguan routes have reported in favor of the former as safer from earthquakes, not needing so many locks, hence cheaper, as shorter and on account of the work already done, requiring a much shorter time to complete. But the French company which owns the abandoned site holds the right of way and the excavations already made at a higher price than the sum for which a canal may be built on the Nicaraguan route. Uncle Sam is ready to pay the Frenchman that price and no more. What

has been spent on the Panama canal has been spent. It is gone and the share-holders will never get their money back. Nevertheless there are millions of North and South Americans as well as Frenchmen who strenuously hope that the Panama route will be selected and the work of the enthusiastic, misguided De Lesseps completed.

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#### Modjeska

With the exception of Richard Mansfield and Joseph Jefferson, Madame Modjeska is the last of the eminent group of American actors who have made the last quarter of the twentieth century a distinguished period in the annals of the stage. Although Madame Modjeska is not an American, she chose to play here; her company is invariably American and unquestionably her biography is a part of the history of the stage of America. When Time shall have claimed her and Joseph Jefferson, only the youngest of the group, Richard Mansfield, will remain. Mr. Mansfield's dramatic career began at least twenty-five years ago, and although it is happily in the distant future before he will be classed among the old men, he is perhaps fifty years young. Mrs. Fiske and Blanche Walsh have shown evidences of genius, but except for these two the period of eminent American tragedians seems to be drawing to a close. The period whose beginning was illuminated by Charlotte Cushman and its fullest expression in the genius of Edwin Booth is expiring. Among the famous comedians of the American stage there are Hopper, Wilson, Russell, Tim Murphy, and Frank Daniels. Constant additions are made to this latter group from the crowd which ever closely presses up from the back of the stage. To take the place of Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Modjeska, there are Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams and Blanche Walsh. There are doubtless others who are only waiting opportunity to demonstrate their superiority to the ruck, but the effulgence of the closing day is far brighter than the dawn of the new one where only shadows move.

Lincoln audiences fully appreciate the historical and literary privilege of attending the theatre when Modjeska plays the principal role. Consciousness that a historical period is closing does not often permeate the audiences who watch the actors make their last entrances. That there is this consciousness about Modjeska and her relation to the dramatic period which her retirement from the stage will close, is demonstrated by the public tenderness exhibited to this most graceful and womanly of American actresses.

Modjeska's voice is still liquid and she reads Shakspeare's lines with impressive dignity. Her Queen Katharine renews reverence for the great play-wright and for the English language. In playing the mobbed queen Modjeska is particularly happy. Henry Eighth's first wife was about Modjeska's age when the fickle king made Anne Boleyn queen in her place. Queen Katharine was a Spanish princess, with the thin blue blood of a long line

of royalties in her veins. Modjeska's natural dignity and elevation of character fit her to play a queen's part. As Mary of Scotland in prison, in the presence of Elizabeth, on the way to execution, or as Mary Antoinette she is every inch a queen and thrills the heart of man, and of woman, too. Human dignity, impregnable human dignity is so rare a quality; and we love to be in the presence of an exalted being; democrats as we are we yield to the fascination of royalty. Even though her throne is papier mache and her crown paste, never a queen sat in her ebony and gold throne or wore the crown jewels with more sincerity and grace than Modjeska, the last representative of a powerful but perishing dynasty.

The play of Henry the Eighth is a succession of tableaux. There is little action and but little development of character. The length of the monologues and the dialogues, the large number of people on the stage at once and the length of the play preclude any subtle character analysis. It is essentially a spectacle or miracle play. It is a fable of the pageantry and absolute power of an English sovereign. The Elizabethan audiences who witnessed it were able to compare King Henry's absolutism with his daughter Elizabeth's respect for the commons. At the time when the play was written Shakspeare had not a free hand. Even Katharine is allowed to say no evil of her unfaithful husband, and his sins are only hinted at. If Shakspeare were writing the play now he would treat him as the infamous husband of six wives, two of whom were beheaded, two divorced, one dead of a broken heart and one who survived him. He had three great ministers: Wolsey, More and Cromwell. The first died a natural death only in time to escape a violent one. Sir Thomas More, the pious catholic and pure-hearted scholar was executed. Thomas Cromwell, who succeeded him, was the first protestant minister, but he also was executed because he brought about the marriage of the king with the very plain Anne of Cleves. False both to man and woman, Henry VIII is hated by both catholic and protestant. In the play this unpleasant tyrant is only a capricious king still revered by his subjects. His wickedness is never translated into hate so that the full blackness of his heart and life do not have their full effect upon an audience. If there is a villain in the play it is Wolsey and at his fall he shows that he is not a villain and retires with the tears and sympathy of the audience.

Modjeska's supporting company is very good indeed, especially the male members. Mr. Louis James has the full set of Shaksperian stops. He respects tradition and reads blank verse with literary effect without interrupting the effect of realism, a difficult accomplishment. Common actors let the scanning go and make the most of their emotional climaxes. The scenery was painted by an artist and a historian. The costumes were planned by another artist who is also an antiquarian. The program states that the name of the former is Alexander B. Corbett, and the latter's name is H. R. Pearson.



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