

PORTRAIT OF NEW MAN

WOMEN SOUGHT IDEAL BUT DID NOT FIND HIM.

British View of the Great Problem - A Creature Who Would Be Too Bashful, Too Uninteresting and, Perhaps, Too Good.



O far, the new man does not appear to have come. He is foreshadowed, outlined, indicated in resolutions passed at conferences of advanced ladies, and his silhouette flits through the pages of an occasional magazine article emanating from the new school, but he is not yet here in the flesh, writes J. F. Nisbet in the Pall Mall Budget. He remains an ideal, an abstraction.

Let us consider him for a moment quite seriously. There is no doubt that the relative positions of the sexes in these times have changed a good deal. That is too big a question to go into here, but if any one doubts the fact let him consider broadly how far the eastern and western civilizations have diverged apart in their views of marriage.

So I do not deny that new sentiments may from time to time become engrained upon human nature. The modern repugnance to slavery would have been unintelligible in ancient Rome and I doubt whether flooded-out or burned-out negroes and yellow men ever understand the altruistic subscriptions now and again got up at the Mansion house for their benefit. On the other hand, the Chinese, with their worship of ancestors, indulge in sentiments which are caviare to ourselves. No sect, no body of enthusiasts, need therefore despair of bringing round society to its opinions; it is quite entitled to try.

But do the ladies who are clamoring for the new man realize all that their act implies? I can hardly think so; because the renewal of the British constitution would be a feat to what they propose, as a little reflection will show.

First of all, however, let us be agreed upon our terms. The demand is that there should be but one standard of morality for both sexes. Of course, this is vague. There might be a leveling down as well as a leveling up of morality, or there might be a compromise between the two sexes—a meeting half-way. If there was any hesitation in judging of this matter it would hardly be for the advanced ladies to complain, seeing that one section of them is inviting manufacturers and others to send in designs for a new "dual garment"—or, vulgarly, trousers for everyday female wear; while another section claims the right, as I understand, to retaliate in kind, for infidelity. However, not to be ungenerous, let us assume the prevalent demand to be that men should conform to the existing standard of morality.

Well, that idea requires following out a little more closely than has yet been attempted on advanced platforms, because it leads up to rather strange issues, for which I can hardly imagine its promoters to be prepared.

Morality, it is clear, ought to be something more than a verbal profession; it ought to spring from inner sentiment and to be closely allied to modesty. Given modesty of thought and modesty of demeanor, among members of the male sex, there would follow, as a matter of course, the new morality, which in turn would yield us a race of bashful and blushing men, coy in love, lacking in initiative, who would let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on their damask cheek rather than declare their sentiments. Nor would the change end here. We can hardly doubt but that the new man, actuated by his new feelings, would be at some pains to disguise the contour of his figure. If he adhered to the "dual garment" he would probably puff it and frill it into fantastic shapes and scrupulously avoid the slightest exposure of ankle. The athlete would blushingly fling aside his conventional garb as too indelicate.

Side by side with these developments there could hardly fall to be a complete change of the inner man effected. Proposals for marriage would have to come indifferently from either side. Indeed, many new men would probably never get over a sort of maidenly repulsion to the opposite sex, and there would besides be little attraction to them in the prospect of mating with a creature as emotional and retiring as themselves. Virtue itself would become a drug in the market. It would cease to be prized, because temptation would cease to assail it.

Too modest to confess his passion, if he had one, the new man would be constrained to take a leaf out of the book of the Burmese maiden, to light his invitational lamp in the window and wait patiently for the suitors of the opposite sex to come. Would these respond? In many cases perhaps not, and there would arise the difficulty which will be remembered confronted the bashful Benedict, as to how the world should be managed.

The universal sameness of the sexes would cause them to lose all interest in each other and there would be an end of chivalry, which on analysis proves to be a rather "forward" attempt on the part of the male to ingratiate himself with the female on false pretenses.

Do the advanced ladies like this picture? It is one of which they have themselves supplied the outline. I have merely taken the liberty of filling in a little detail. For the carrying out of such a complete reversal of the exist-

ing relation of the sexes something like an entire geological epoch would be required. The no more variation of custom, such as I have referred to, is comparable to it in point of importance; it would be a fundamental change, the birth of a new race. Then there are a great many evolutionary problems to be faced in connection with it. Suppose the movement to be confined to England, to that privileged tract of the earth's surface which lies within range of the speeches delivered at Exeter hall, how long would the new Englishman be able to hold his own in the struggle for life? No, my dear ladies, I am afraid your ideal is a little too remote. Try again!

DOUBLE-BARRELED DREAMS.

How the Broker Deceived His Listeners Into Credulity.

They were discussing the subject of dreams and the broker, after hearing from most of the others, declined to advance an opinion but said he would relate a dream he once had and leave his hearers to draw their own conclusions, says the Detroit Free Press. "I was a young man of active habits and anxious to get rich by the shortest possible method consistent with honesty. I found myself in the western part of what is now the state of Washington. I met a rough miner who said he was about to depart for the section where the Blewett gold mines are now being operated and wanted me to go along. His inducement was that we could realize 50 cents a pan at placer mining, which was a dazzling bonanza. I also met a man whom I had known in the east and he advised against the project, because my proposed partner was under suspicion. He had started out on half a dozen expeditions with some tenderfoot and always returned alone, though nothing had been proven against him. But I resisted all opposing advice and went. The third night out we spread our blankets early and laid down, for we were tired and a storm threatened. It must have been about midnight when I had the most blood-curdling dream. As plainly as I see you gentlemen now I saw that rough miner, who was accustomed to losing men whom he took out, standing over me with a drawn bowie and about to plunge it into my breast. I could not scream or move to offer resistance. The very terror of the situation must have awakened me. The cold sweat was pouring from every pore and it was only when I realized the immediate safety of my position that I could move. Stealthily I moved with my trappings to where my horse was tethered, hastily prepared him for the journey and soon went galloping over the back trail. I imagined pursuit but no shots were fired and my escape was assured."

"Did the man turn out to be a murderer?"

"What man? The whole thing was a dream, I told you. There was a dream within a dream. I was never west of St. Louis in my life."

DOG JUMPS THROUGH A PANE.

Locked Up in an Office Building and Cheered by a Crowd.

Mike is a big yellow and white dog of uncertain breed. He is also uncertain as to who owns him, and haunts the Fuller building, a big office structure at Montgomery and Hudson streets, says the New York Times. He subsists on free lunches, all the saloons in the neighborhood being on Mike's route. He knows all the barkeepers and they all have a good word and a sandwich for him. The dog's only other affection is for policemen. When he sees an officer in uniform he always makes a rush for him. In some way he got locked up in the Fuller building. When day broke Mike was looking out of a second-story window of one of the offices apparently wondering how he was to get out. Several persons stopped to look at him. Just then a policeman came along and the dog solved the puzzle by jumping through the glass. He landed on the coping under the window. The policeman went for a ladder. While he was gone the janitor arrived. He opened the office, dragged Mike through the window again and sent him down the stairs, the crowd applauding.

A New Lamp.

A new lamp which has just been invented by an Italian will, if all that is said of it be true, bring joy to the heart of the housewife. The lamp, which is declared to be no heavier than one of the ordinary kind, generates its own gas. The cost, however, is only one-fifth that of ordinary gas, while the illumination is as bright as that of an electric lamp and much whiter. A single lamp floods a large room with light, and as, in addition, it is clean and odorless, one cannot wonder that both the electric light and the gas companies dread its rivalry. But unfortunately the promises of inventors are not always carried out to the letter.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Fishing Him.

Young Lady—Father, this is scandalous! The idea of a man of your standing coming home in this condition! Old Gentleman—Couldn't (hic) help it, m' dear. Met zee young feller I wouldn't let you marry an' (hic) had some drinks wiz him and he's such a good feller I said he (hic) could marry you right off, m' dear. "Merely! Where is he?" "Dunno, m' dear. Policeman took 'm off (hic) in wheelbarrow."—New York Weekly.

Knocking Out the Troop.

A Georgia dandy, being told that someone had invented a voting machine, exclaimed: "Dat's dea like dese white men. After awhile hit'll git so a nigger can't make a dollar outen a election. Dey's dese knockin' de props from under us!"

HYSTERIA AND SUPERSTITION

Thrived in the Middle Ages in Northern Europe.

Mental diseases, and especially hysteria, have, from the earliest times to the present, exercised a tremendous influence upon the current metaphysical conception of the universe and upon the whole mental development, and that precisely because they not only occurred sporadically, but, as we shall soon see, attacked the masses in the form of epidemics and so became of the highest significance and importance for the life of society as a whole, says Popular Science Monthly. Religious enthusiasm and proneness to the mystic and the occult formed, even in the highest antiquity, an important factor of those degenerate and hysterical individuals who entertained the delusion, that they were in communication with good or bad spirits, and who by that channel influenced the masses not a little. A great number of the priestesses who delivered oracular responses to the Greeks "with strong quaking of their bodies" were psychopathic subjects undergoing the hysterical convulsions well known to us to-day. Hence epilepsy, which in those days was not discriminated from hysterical cramps, came to be called the morbus sacer, or sacred disease. Plutarch, in his description of the Pythian priestesses, delineates the typical image of a hysterical subject who, in ecstatic convulsion, stammered unintelligible words, into which the priests injected some sense. But hysteria, with its inclination to religious enthusiasm, was not limited to separate persons. On the contrary, we meet with it among all peoples and in all periods of history and among all peoples we meet with it in the form of epidemic of various kinds. But never did this disease find a better or more fertile soil in which to thrive than in the middle ages of northern Europe, marked as they were by ignorance and superstition, and, accordingly, we find that epidemics of hysteria then assumed dimensions surpassing those of any similar outbursts in other centuries. A great many fine books have been written about the individual and epidemic crazes of those ages. The French have made particularly careful researches into the matter. Calmeil describes a great number of hysterical epidemics of different forms. One of the principal eruptions in Germany was demonomania or teufelswahn. "In the year 1549," says Calmeil, "a delusion called vaudoisic prevailed in Artois, that the devils carried many secretly in the night to the assemblies, where compacts were made with Satan. Without knowing how, the participants of the nocturnal meetings found themselves next morning back in their dwellings."

Champagne, No Pension.

The London Daily News prints an amusing story with reference to Mr. Gladstone and civil list pensions. Some years ago Mr. Gladstone had met a possible claimant for a civil list pension whom he believed to be in sufficiently poor circumstances, and had almost decided to grant it, when he received an invitation to dinner with the person in question. This raised some doubt in his mind. On the other hand, it might be only a dinner of herbs, and it seemed hard to deprive a public benefactor of a pension because he was ready to share his crust and water. Knowing that in any case there would be a feast of reason and a flow of soul, Mr. Gladstone accepted the invitation, and on the way propounded to his companion the following test: "No champagne, pension; champagne, no pension." There was champagne, and the host lost his pension. It was the dearest bottle of wine on record, for it cost the purchaser \$500 a year.

Strength of Fish.

Some fish are possessed of great strength. The goose fish is an odd denizen of the water. It has a mouth well armed with teeth, which opens nearly the length of its body. This is about four feet long. When it lays eggs the number is between 40,000 and 50,000. The devil fish is so powerful that there are instances of small vessels being carried to sea by them when they got caught in the anchor chains. Two finny monsters also remarkable for their strength are the torpedoes, which have enough electricity in them to kill a man, and dogfish, whose teeth are so strong that they can bite off a steel hook. The giant cuttlefish is a native of the coast of Newfoundland and the North Pacific waters, and they are able by their immense strength to seize a fishing boat and drag it to the bottom of the sea.

To Teach People to Swim.

A genius in Williamsport, Mass., has patented a contrivance to teach people to swim. It consists of an inclined board on which the learner reposes. His hands and feet are then strapped to portions of the machine, which are moved by a crank. When the crank is turned the limbs are compelled to make the proper motions for swimming. The idea is that after a short time on the machine the pupil will know the motions and can swim with ease and safety.—New York World.

Knot Just Right.

"Everything seems to be all right, remarked the gentleman on the scaffold. "Yes, everything is in wriggle, with perhaps the exception of this fall necktie."

The Fall, it may be added, was about six feet.

Hang Him!

A great deal is to be pardoned in the excitement of a campaign, but something ought to be done when a McKinley poet makes "care if" rhyme with "tariff."—Ex.

DELFT AND ITS WARE.

THE PLACE WHERE BEAUTIFUL POTTERY IS MADE.

The Prettiest City in a Land of Lovely Places Its Products Are Once More the Delight of Fashion—The Characteristics of the Genuine Dutch Ware.



Special Letter. THE modern craze for the beautiful blue ceramic ware of Delft has given a new lease of life to "Pepys' "most sweet town with bridges and a river in every street, and awindmill masts and sails at the end of every vista."

Like the sleeping princess the prettiest city in Holland has awakened at the kiss of the fairy prince of fashion, and factories once more begin to line the placid canals as they did in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when Delft was the first manufacturing city of Europe. Art is long if time is fleeting two centuries have but served to educate us to the beauty of Delft-falence, and it is doubtful if it will ever again cease to delight the eye—though the numerous cheap, inartistic imitations of it are doing their best to kill it. Doubtful, too, if the potter's



CHURCH WHERE WILLIAM THE SILENT IS BURIED.

hand and wheel will recover its cunning at the bidding of commerce, or the decorator be inspired to such splendor of design and exquisite delicacy of execution.

The prettiest, most characteristic city of Holland, once the third in importance, and but lately designated as the city of tombs—the Dutch necropolis—lies two hours' journey by canal from The Hague and forty miles from Rotterdam. The way is all one plain of green and flowery meadows crossed by long files of willows bordering the canals and clumps of poplars and alders. The canal, by which you go silently through a silent land, is bordered by extensive gardens and summer houses with quaint gables. Here and there are seen the tops of steeples, whirling wings of windmills, and every now and then the masts and sails of a ship in the distance, gliding by. Being on a narrow canal, invisible across the fields, it seems to be sailing on the billowy bay of grass, appearing and disappearing behind the trees.

The pale northern light gives the country an aspect of sequestered quiet.



CITY GATE, DELFT.

There is a gentle silence, a repose of line and color inexpressibly soothing to the mind after the vivid warmth of the south. As majolica expresses Italy so the camiee blue is the natural hue of the Netherlands.

for drawing water, grinding flour, washing rags, crushing lime or stone, were to gaze at a power-by. A small, clean deserted place, its streets intersected by canals and decorated by long, stiff rows of trees, capped to a uniform size, the chimneys guarded by storks.

For 300 years it has not changed.

The view of Delft by Van der Meer in the museum of The Hague might have been painted yesterday. Here 15,000 people live in profound peace where there is room for twice the number. Here a house has its shutters entirely closed, announcing a death, while the funeral announcers pace the streets in elegant black; there a pink silk ball, covered with lace, hangs from a door knob, with a bulletin above to tell passing friends that mother and child sawing wood, cutting tobacco, making the patrimony of the heir or the dowry of the maid they bind the centuries to those when they first became motifs for a national art.

The spires of Delft appear in the distance, the pottery works on the canal and the suburban houses. Against the background of pale blue sky the steeply gabled houses are set in lovely polychrome, in walls of red, crimson, rose, yellow paint picked out with white, conscious of their spire and span cleanliness, their ancient solidity and glaze of yesterday. Every crossing has its bridges of stone with white railings. A dull and melancholy stillness pervades the town, the doors are closed, the quiet is phenomenal. A servant girl in gown of blue print and white

his marvelous imitations of the Japanese. Or here is a plaque showing the gateway of The Hague, with shipping and windmills and oriental arabesque of borders—perhaps the very first departure from imitations and the beginning of the national school in this center of the old Dutch school of painting.

It was Delft that subscribed one-eighth of the stock of the Dutch East India company, and the good boat that rode every sea, the Devil of Delft, that brought back in its hold the blue camiee falence of Corea, to corroborate the tales of Marco Polo.

What a marvel that must have been to the good burghers! They were a commercial people. The opulence of the brewers of Delft had passed into a proverb. Three hundred breweries lined the delft, or ditch, as the canal was called in the vernacular. Silver and gold rattled in their ample pockets. Their good beer deserved better cups than the coarse, red underglaze crockery made by Dutch potters.

The marvelous skill of the Korean, the beautiful shape and luster suddenly developed a hitherto unsuspected faculty. Every brewer became a connoisseur in ceramics, the profits of his brewery went into experiments with clays and glazes, his son, instead of going into the counting-house, mixed colors, copied the Korean models on native clay, fired and tried by fire.

Within fifty years the world witnessed a transformation—the most commercial city of Europe had become the most artistic. Three hundred breweries, whose wealth was fabulous, had been closed and thirty potteries gradually absorbed the accumulated wealth. For pieces now worth \$500 were then worth a hundred Dutch coins. Education in art did not keep pace with the works of art. Holland was dooled with pieces of exquisite shape and ravishing colors at the price of common crockery. One-third of all the 6,000 men of Delft were at work in the potteries.

The first results, indeed, produced but coarse, porous pottery, covered with a heavy coating of opaque enamel or stanniferous (tin) glaze. Aside from its decorative this thick, paste enamel is the chief characteristic. If a piece of the old Delft is broken, the thick enamel will be seen to lie in the porous underlayer in a flaky body. The earliest pieces were invariably ornamented in blue, but later it appeared in polychrome decorations—in red, brown, yellow, purple and green, blended after the true oriental method by laying on the primary colors. Albrecht de Keizer was the most famous of all the falence decorators in polychrome, but even he preferred the blue camiee generally.

America's Youngest Colonel. Harry Mulligan is a Member of Governor Bradley's Staff.

Louisville Letter. The youngest colonel in America lives in Louisville. Little Harry Mulligan is only 13 years old, but he is a full-fledged colonel, and is attached to the staff of Governor Bradley. It is the first time in the history of any state of the nation when circumstances might have been such that a child could officially represent the government of a commonwealth, and no man five times his age could deny his right to do so. If the governor of the state of Kentucky and the lieutenant governor and half a dozen other functionaries became suddenly ill at the same time the duty of officially representing the governor would fall upon America's youngest colonel, who is at present a member of the official staff family.

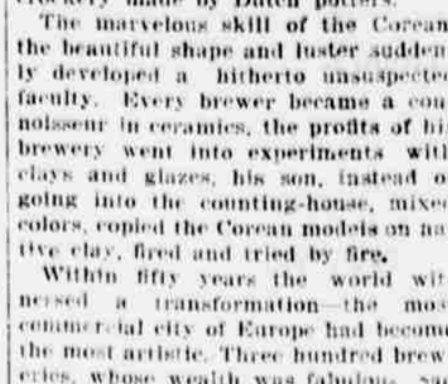
Colonel Bradley, one day a year before he was elected governor, passed through the corridors of the hotel, where young Harry was standing talking with a companion. Harry saw him and in return to his greeting, "How do you do, Colonel?" received from the future governor the remark, "How do you do, Harry? Glad to see you."

Who is that gentleman?" asked some guest of the house of Harry. Quick as a flash came the reply, "That is Colonel Bradley, the next governor of Kentucky."

The colonel overheard the remark, and turning to the boy, asked him to repeat it, which he did.

"All right, my boy, if that prophecy comes true," said he, "I will make you a colonel on my staff."

Everybody apparently forgot the re-



HARRY MULLIGAN, AGED 13.

mark until after Governor Bradley's surprising victory over all opposition in Kentucky. Nobody seriously considered 13-year-old Harry Mulligan a candidate for the colonelcy until a few weeks ago, to the surprise of everybody, and to the recipient more than any one else, Governor Bradley issued a commission to Colonel Harry Mulligan of Louisville, Ky. That is how Kentucky came to have the youngest colonel in America, and how Governor Bradley kept his word.

The five o'clock tea is the grub that makes the butterfly of fashion.