

mounted by bleeding heads which dripped blood on their upturned faces, every commune would have contained groups of club women versed in the science of government and met to debate the cause and effects of the disturbance in the body politic. Having studied the science and philosophy of government even the favored classes might have admitted that the French variety was all wrong and could not endure. Deliberation, aided by knowledge, would have prevented the frenzied excesses of the days of the commune. There is no likelihood that the French Revolution will ever be reproduced in this country. There is every probability that the next fifty years will furnish an epoch of storm and stress wherein a deliberative body accustomed to serious discussion, and united in federation with all parts of the United States, will have a very important effect upon the final result. To refer again to the French Revolution, it was the debating clubs of that time which turned the balance of power back and forth between the Royalist and Communist interest.

Section 4 of Article 3 of the Constitution provides that the terms of office of members of the legislature shall be two years and that members shall not receive pay for more than sixty days at any one sitting, nor more than 100 days during their term. Their pay is five dollars per day during their sitting and ten cents per mile in going to and returning from the place of the meeting of the legislature. At the legislative session of 1897 the sum of \$10,000 was appropriated and placed under the control of the governor to be by him used in defraying the expense of an investigation of the accounts in the different executive offices and in the several state institutions, and for other purposes. [See laws of 1897, page 291.] At the same legislative session a joint resolution was adopted providing that a committee consisting of three members of the house to be appointed by the speaker, and two members of the senate to be appointed by the lieutenant-governor, should make an investigation of the accounts in the executive offices and of the several state institutions. [Laws 1897, page 457.]

TO BE ASCERTAINED.

First. What are the names of the members of the house and senate appointed on this committee?

Second. When were these members appointed on the committee?

Third. What sum has each member of the committee received for his services and what sum has each drawn if anything on account of mileage?

Fourth. Each member of this committee draws pay for sixty days while the legislature was in session; for how many days have they drawn pay since the adjournment of the legislature and at what rate per day?

Fifth. Including the sixty days while the legislature was in session have not these members received pay for more than 100 days?

THE PASSING SHOW.

I first met Anthony Hope Hawkins at a reception given him by the Writer's Club. Now the Writer's Club is composed of poor wretches who have the misfortune to earn their bread by the sweat of the ink pot and is maintained for the express purpose of torturing celebrities. When one of The Great comes to town "we" of the Writer's Club issue invitations and tie us to a florist and invest in palms and chrysanthemums, and find a pianist and a man who can growl out bass solos and proceed to give the great man a reception. That is, he is compelled to stand on his feet for an hour

and shake hands with hundreds of people he cares nothing whatever about, and make brilliant replies to their inane questions. This sort of a program was all very well for Dr. Watson—"Ian McClaren"—as he is a public man and a clergyman, and knew exactly how to conduct himself under the circumstances and to give you that fatherly handgrip and suave, meaningless smile that a rector bestows upon you as you pass out of his church on Sunday morning. But Mr. Hawkins is different. He is simply a novelist and an English gentleman; quiet, conservative almost to shrinkiness, with the traces in his face of having lived a good deal, and with the kind of eyes that go to dreaming in the midst of a crowd. Not at all the sort of man for public functions, but rather to live quietly with his pipe in his law chambers in the Temple, making imaginary excursions into Ruritania.

I never pitied a man more sincerely. Major Pond was not with him, and he was absolutely alone and stranded among those idiotic people. Even sensible people become unaccountably silly under such circumstances, and the club and their guests outdid themselves. It was a motley assemblage; there were university professors who stood and looked over their glasses at the "distinguished guest" as though he were a type specimen of some new species of mammal; there were pert reporters with their trousers turned up, and giddy society maidens who had come with the reporters; there were female reporters of uncertain ages in sloppy rubbers—which they would not lay aside in the dressing-room, having no faith in the honesty of their sex—wearing glasses and carrying note books in which they occasionally wrote, stealing furtive glances at the bewildered Mr. Hawkins as they did so. Then there were a few of the society people present, who patronized the poor man in the frankest manner, and were anxious to know his "impressions of America."

While it is quite beyond me to give any adequate notion of the colossal stupidity of that reception, or of the indignities to which the helpless victim was submitted, I will endeavor to repeat a little of the conversation from memory—not having been wise enough to take a note book, as did some more knowing ladies of my craft.

Heavy Society Lady, with a motherly smile—"Well, Mr Hope, I suppose you don't like New York quite as well as London yet?"

Mr. Hawkins—"Well, you see I'm very partial to London, though they have treated me very nicely in New York, I'm sure."

Heavy Lady—"I expect you find the weather in Pittsburg more homelike than in New York—the fogs, I mean."

Mr. Hawkins—"Now the truth is, that in London we have just about four fogs in the year, real fogs, you know. We should call this a clear day."

Heavy Lady—"But in your last novel you have fogs enough—"

Mr. Hawkins, nervously—"O! one can have all the fogs one desires in a novel, especially when one wants to get someone out of the way unobserved."

Young Society Lady, in a Gainsborough hat and Ermine cape, with a troop of her kind behind her—"So this is really the man who wrote 'The Prisoner.' We are so crazy to meet you and yet we're so afraid you might put some of us in your novels and say mean things about us!"

Mr. Hawkins, with deep veining—"I am quite incapable of such an act, I assure you."

Young Lady—"I know writers hate

to tell about their books before they're out, but won't you please tell us about the sequel to the 'Prisoner,' whether you're going to have the King die and bring 'Rudolph' and 'Flavia' together?"

Mr. Hawkins—"I'm afraid I had scarcely considered that contingency—so careless of me."

Young Man, with literary aspirations—"Mr. Hawkins, there are several of us who want to know just a little about your methods of work, if we may venture on such a subject."

Mr. Hawkins, civilly—"I am at your service, gentlemen."

Young Man—"We want to know if you begin a novel with any definite plan as to how you will accomplish your end, that is, if you first decide upon the incidents by which you can best develop your characters?"

Mr. Hawkins, with a puzzled air—"I fear I don't entirely comprehend you."

Young Man—"Do you first make sketches of your characters, as a painter does for a figure piece?"

Mr. Hawkins—"I don't think the analogy will hold at all."

Young Man—"Well, do you prefer the positive or the negative method of art or do you consciously pursue either?"

Mr. Hawkins, with embarrassment—"I, I really fear, gentlemen, that I do not."

Young Man—"Then you have just stumbled upon your results?"

Mr. Hawkins, with abject humility—"Stumbled, merely stumbled."

My opportunity to really know Mr. Hawkins a little came just after this reception, where they encircled him between two pots of chrysanthemums. A clerical friend of mine here attended the same college with Mr. Hawkins, and after the reception carried him off to a private smoking room with me in tow. I had requested that I should be ignored as nearly as the ordinary laws of civility would allow. What I wished was to hear the tortured victim converse with someone he had known and who cared for him and was not merely trying to pump him.

The room was small and furnished in red and was a trifle less bleak than the reception room. Although it was only three o'clock the gas was lighted, for the mist was heavy outside, and a fire was burning in the open grate.

Mr. Hawkins sank exhausted into a leather reclining chair and for the first time I felt that I could look at him squarely without impertinence. He is very tall and thin with a slight stoop in his shoulders and there is an indifference in his bearing that seems to come rather from preoccupation than listlessness. His hair looks as though it were pushed down over his ears. About the back of his head it is thick and touched with gray, but on the top of his head it is conspicuously absent. His cheek bones are high and prominent, his face thin and the youthful glow of his skin is at variance with the stoop in his shoulders and the gray in his hair. His high, full forehead and his eyes are his distinguishing features. They are really very remarkable eyes; very large and of a changing shade of gray, with something almost feminine in their expression. When he is in repose they are always dreamy as a maiden's are supposed to be, but when he looked into the face of his friend they lit with an opalescent glow, beautiful to behold. I never saw a man more retiring, more sensitive, less fitted for the role of a lion. Even the scars on his hands, acquired with a jack knife when he was a boy, seemed to attest to his thoroughly, wholesome commonplaceness. Some how it

was amusing to think of this modest, scholarly English gentleman sending his soul off masquerading into Ruritania, fighting duels and wooing a Princess. And yet, I am not sure but that it should be put the other way about, and that magnificent young Howard Gould, with a figure like a captain of the guards, who was playing the "Prisoner of Zenda" down at the Alvin last week and looking the part even better than he played it, was not masquerading in the knightly chivalrousness of this man's soul.

Mr. Hawkins did not sit still long. He forgot his exhaustion, and putting his arm about his friend's shoulder began to pace the floor and talk of old Oxford days and people, while I sat by the fire effacing myself as nearly as possible. I noticed the serious vein of his conversation, though perhaps that was only natural in meeting an old friend in a strange country. He talked of old dons and tutors, of death and failures, of good fellows who had gone to the bad and bad fellows who had got the prizes of life, until one began to feel rather afraid of living.

I knew that Mr. Hawkins had married the charming English actress who played "Flavia" in the "Prisoner of Zenda" and I began to be rather impatient because the clergyman did not ask him about his wife. The subject came around indirectly after awhile. They were talking about the change his literary success had made in his life, when the clergyman remembered, "But it was the 'Prisoner' that brought you the multitude wasn't it?"

"Ah, my dear boy," replied Mr. H. Hawkins, "it did so much more than that—it brought me the One!" And it was good to see his hand tighten on his friend's shoulder as he said it. And if I repeated the rest of his conversation upon that subject, I should be a very hardened journalist indeed.

Just as we were going, Mr. Hawkins remarked that he had seen and admired Howard Gould's "Rudolph." I asked him whether he had suffered much from Fanchon Campbell's "Flavia."

He smiled and answered, "Well, you see there is just one Flavia to me."

"And I suppose," put in the clergyman, "that she is just the antithesis of the dream Flavia?"

"Well, I really can't say as to that," said Mr. Hawkins, "you see, since I have known her I have forgotten the dream."

Was ever a neater gallantry spoken? I hope Madame Flavia Hawkins appreciates her blessings.

In the evening Mr. Hawkins read from his novel at the Carnegie hall. To hear an author read from his own books is more or less depressing. He seems out of place. Granting this much to start with, one must admit that Mr. Hawkins did all that could be expected of him under the circumstances. When he got his "cue" he rose and went to the speaker's stand, leaning rather helplessly against it. He made no reply to his flattering introduction; he made no complimentary remark about America or Americans; he "tuffed" no one, he flattered no one. Like a courteous and well-bred gentleman whom popularity has not spoiled he proceeded directly to the work in hand without any gilded phrases.

The charm of his reading is that it is not dramatic. He makes no gestures, though his voice and eyes get in a good deal of telling work.

His first selection was "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard," that delicate study in the eternal feminine, that one-sided love story in which the girl does all the love-making. Every one in reading Mr. Hawkins' books feels that