

life without his knowledge, loved his very uncomeliness, and now sees at last another woman brought into the place denied to her, and makes ominous prophecies of this union. When Giovanni reproaches her with her "old bitterness," she breaks out, in a passage of remarkable beauty and power, the like of which no other living Englishman could do.

"Bitterness—am I bitter? Strange, O strange!

How else? My husband dead and childless left,

My thwarted woman thoughts have inward turned,

And that vain milk like acid in me eats. Have I not in my thought trained little feet

To venture, and taught little lips to move

Until they shaped the wonder of a word? I am long practised. O those children, mine!

Mine doubly mine: and yet I cannot touch them,

I cannot see them, hear them—Does great God

Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind For ever? And the budding cometh on, The burgeoning, the cruel flowering:

At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn

That muffled call of birds how like to babes;

And I amid these sights and sounds must starve—

I, with so much to give, perish of thrift! Omitted by His casual dew!"

This is, on the whole, the noblest of the many fine passages in the play, and at first glance it might seem strange that it is given to one of the unimportant characters. Unimportant? no, there is the error of modern taste and tradition. Here again Mr. Phillips' Greek manner is apparent. Lucrezia, though she is nothing in herself, is everything in the drama. It is she who betrays to Giovanni the love of his brother for his wife. This dark, disappointed woman is the embodiment of fate, she is to the play what the chorus was in the Greek tragedies.

In the second act Giovanni goes to an apothecary to get a love potion to give his wife, and hears Paola who comes for poison, confess his love for Francesca and his determination to die.

In the third act Paola goes to walk in the garden outside Francesca's window. She has been unable to sleep from loneliness and comes out, book in hand. They sit down under the vines to read the story of Lancelot and Guinevere, and the scene which precedes the kiss is one of exquisite beauty, suggestion and repression. It has been a long time since anything so simple, so impassioned, so pitiful has been done in English verse.

In the last act Francesca, overcome by the nameless powers that have laid hold on her soul, afraid of herself, flees to Lucrezia with

"O woman, woman, take me to you and hold me!"

and then Lucrezia, out of her great pity feels that at last her maternity has come to her and catching the girl to her breast cries

"Close!

I hold you close: it was not all in vain, The holy babble and pillow kissed all o'er!

O my embodied dream with eyes and hair!

Visible aspirations with soft hands; Tangible vision! . . .

And now I have conceived and have brought forth;

And I exult in front of the great sun: And I laugh out with riches in my lap!"

But it is too late to turn back the

purposes of destiny. Francesca again encounters Paola, after a scene which must be read to be understood and which is above any description in prose, they go out together, drawn, Paola says, by the same power that draws the tides to the moon and holds the star dust together. The tragedy occurs off the stage, in the Greek manner, and the two bodies are brought in on a bier.

Mr. Phillips has written a dramatic poem of great beauty, but it does not, I think, fill all the requirements of a great play, and it is too early to assert that he is one of the men who writes for all time. A dearth of great poetry has blunted the edge of criticism. This play is in no respect equal to "A Blot on the Scutcheon" for instance. The most beautiful phrasing, the most fervid language, the most delicate fancy cannot in themselves make a great drama. Certainly a man who can say:

"All Asia at my feet spread out In indolent magnificence of bloom."

or

"That face that might indeed provoke Invasion of old cities,"

is a true son of Apollo and of the Royal House of Song. It is in beauty of phrase that Mr. Phillips excels. The melody of his phrases, the joyous union of his words, is perhaps equal to Tennyson's, and there is about his verse a more spontaneous and unconscious quality, a wilder, sweeter and sadder music. This it is that something savors of Keats, but the warm, sensuous joyousness of Keats is not there. After reading Mr. Phillips' "Marpessa" I took down my Keats and read "Lamia" over again and thought the hand had not yet been made that could erase that great name writ in water.—Atas! the water of our tears it was, for that untimely end.

#### ADD OBSERVATIONS.

##### The Library Site.

The location selected by the library board for the new library may just at present be the centre of population but it does not please a great many people. It is of course impossible to please everyone but, the one selected does not accomplish the satisfaction of a respectable minority.

This new building presented to the city by a stranger should, at least, be erected on as slightly a spot as that of any other public building. The capitol, the university, the court house, the post office are erected on sites that are at once dignified and impressive. The one selected for the library is just off the main street. It is a pleasant residence part, but entirely unsuitable for a public building of any size and stateliness. The generosity and public spirit shown by the members of the Round Table is doubly commendable when it is considered that the majority does not approve the site insisted upon by the library board. To raise money to buy land when the city already possesses the sightliest site in the city is a stumbling block to many who have the interests of the library and the city at heart.

First M. D.—What a lot of things have been found in the vermiform appendix."

Second M. D.—And look at the money that's been taken out of it.—Life.

What a beautiful complexion Mrs. Gayboy has.

Yes; that's something new; the druggist has not had it over a week.—Town Topics.

The Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg.

In the sixties Pittsburg was just beginning to acquire fame as an iron manufacturing center. Its only claimant to fame, aside from the historic interest connected with old Fort Duquesne, was its smoke-laden atmosphere, which still surrounds it.

There were then no parks, no public library nor public conservatories; nothing to minister to the artistic needs of a growing population. In this last decade of the nineteenth century what a change has come over Pittsburg! And the change is largely due to the generosity of one man, whose struggling boyhood was passed in Pittsburg, where he has since gained his large fortune.

Andrew Carnegie began to be known as a donor of libraries in the early eighties. His first gifts were made to the town of Braddock, where one of his largest mills is located, and to the city of Allegheny. This last has also a music hall connected with it.

Nearly two years later the city of Pittsburg was offered one million dollars to build a library, museum, art gallery and music hall, all to be under one roof, and in return the city should provide a site and funds for the maintenance of the library. A few years before this, Mrs. Mary Schenley presented the city with a large tract of land for a park; she now presented a site for the library at the entrance to the park. It remained for the city to make provision for an annual appropriation. This was speedily done.

In the fall of 1895 the library was formally opened and presented to the city. On that occasion Mr. Carnegie delivered his now famous prediction that "it would some day be considered a disgrace for a man to die rich." At the time he announced his determination to give a million dollars, in addition to his original gift, for the endowment of the art gallery and museum. At that time this sum was considered ample. But it was soon found that more room was needed. A commissioner from the museum found a mammoth in Wyoming too big for any part of the museum. Mr. Carnegie met the difficulty by a larger gift. He has given in all a sum between three and four million dollars. Plans for the addition have been made and work will begin soon.

The library has established two branches in different parts of the city, and a third branch is proposed. The museum will soon take its place with other important collections of the country.

At the time of the endowment of the art gallery certain conditions were agreed to. An annual exhibition must be held to which all artists may contribute. Pictures entered for a prize must have been painted within the preceding year; a jury voted for by the exhibitors themselves acts as judges and awards three annual prizes; the prize pictures are bought by the Carnegie institute for its permanent collection. The jury must consist of ten artists, two of whom must be from Europe. This system of awarding prizes is considered the fairest possible, as favoritism under these conditions is difficult.

The first exhibition opened in October, 1896, the fourth being held in the fall of 1899. This is the only international exhibition in America, and artists agree that it is the most important and representative of the year. None but masterpieces are admitted. The prizes go to foreigners and Americans alike. In 1897 a Scotchman took the first prize, in 1898 an American and this last year a Pennsylvania woman, Miss Cecelia Beaux, of whom William C. Chase said: "She is not only the greatest living woman painter, but the greatest woman painter that has ever lived."

The music hall of the Carnegie insti-

tute has provided accommodation for what has long been desired, a permanent Pittsburg orchestra. The present season is the fifth and Pittsburgers feel justly proud of this organization, which, under the leadership of Victor Herbert, has won laurels, not only at home, but in New York as well. One of the New York papers said: "We expect fine steel rails from Pittsburg, but we didn't expect symphonies."

So out of the smoke and gloom of Pittsburg has emerged this sign that in the midst of an unparalleled material prosperity, her citizens care also for the things of the spirit.

A woman of seventy, who does not look forty, and whose youngest child was born only eight years ago, has in a few weeks won herself an enormous following among the women of New York and of some of our adjoining towns. She carries the secret of perpetual youth with her, and as it lies largely in a question of hygienic living, she has not yet antagonized the doctors. She recommends, among other things, the drinking of a goodly supply of water daily, and the eating of a grated carrot before breakfast. The effect of the carrots may not be visible at once, but in a few weeks one will notice a certain captivating gloss on the hair and a clearness in the eye and complexion altogether new. She is absolutely without embarrassment in her criticisms of her pupils, no matter how large the audience. When one meek little woman ventured to suggest that her husband liked her as she was, the lady on the platform answered, in broken English, "Impezeable." She is most amusing in her caricatures of certain club women who walk on the lecture platform holding themselves so badly that their avoirdupois becomes the most conspicuous thing about them. "I would like," she says, "to teach ze American vimen not to hold zere prayer-books on zere stomak." She recommends, among other things, the use of cucumber juice—not the prepared cream, but the juice itself—as a tonic for the complexion, soap being injurious, water only cooling, and most preparations pernicious for the skin, and she experimented on certain faces before her to prove how cleansing the juice was. A soft cloth dipped in the juice and applied to the face will be sufficient to prove to anyone else the value of her suggestion as a cleansing process.—The Bazar.

Baggs—Jobleigh's tickled to death with his new flat.

Faggs—What's the special joy in it?

Baggs—Why, it's so commodious he can let the folding bed down nights without moving the dressing case into the parlor.—Town Topics.

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