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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1914.

Citizens or Serfs, Which?

PRIVILEGES imply duties. Citizenship is a privilege, and to fail of the sequent duty is base and cowardly. Some of the greatest problems that have ever confronted Philadelphia are now awaiting solution. They involve the present honor and the future development of the city. If faced and settled aright, Philadelphia can take its place among the great municipalities of the world; if evaded and shelved, the very life of this splendid metropolis must be poisoned and strangled.

Words cannot be minced. The housing conditions in some parts of this city are a flagrant outrage upon human decency and a blot upon civilization. From the standpoint of business our traction problem is equally acute. The mere inconvenience of travelers is only trivial. The outstanding fact is that inadequate transit facilities are an indubitable strangulation of the social and industrial life of the community.

There are two parties to every wrong; the ones who perpetrate it and the ones who submit to it. If the citizens of Philadelphia by their quiescence permit these conditions to continue they will be recreant. This city belongs to the citizens and to all the citizens. And the citizens must wake up and speak out. Men who are silent under injustices are no better than serfs and deserve nothing better than the hovels and alleys to which serfs have always been relegated.

This fight for the rights of the people cannot be fought and won by a few big-hearted, chivalrous men. The citizens themselves must throw off their lethargy, stand shoulder to shoulder in serried array, demand, not petition for their rights, and make all dollar-marked and tax-eating obstructionists do their will or get out of the way. The day for the soft-voiced, bended-knee supplication to rulers has passed; rights must be taken by those to whom they belong. Sunlight and fresh air were granted by the Almighty to all men, and it is a pretty pass when the citizens of a great city in a free republic must cringe before Councils and plead for their birthright. The franchises of the city belong to the citizens, and it is a pitiable sight when the citizens must plead against the denial of their own possessions.

Stadium Plans Well Under Way

THE plans for a monster stadium are now well under way. Mr. Ellis Gimbel and other public-spirited citizens have taken hold of the enterprise with their accustomed vigor and energy. That the structure should be municipally owned and administered is clear, but it is just as apparent that the financial features of the situation are sufficiently excellent to warrant public subscriptions to a bond issue in the event of a hitch in Councils delaying too long the beginning of the work.

The enthusiastic reception accorded the program is a guarantee that it will be carried through. It is time to do away with the reproach that Philadelphia is without proper accommodations for games and athletic events of the first magnitude, and especially to meet the needs of the Army and Navy and make this the permanent selection for their great game in November. There is a spirit of enterprise and do-it-nowness in Philadelphia that will be productive of unprecedented achievement during the next decade.

Not Without Honor Save—

THE marines are back from Vera Cruz—and with what a welcome! No flags, though Philadelphia had them for a football game. No speeches, though there were words enough at the many recent banquets. No public acknowledgment from this goodly section of the American public that some fellow-Americans have come home from a difficult, a dangerous mission, which they have fulfilled with firmness and honor.

Perhaps Vera Cruz killed too few soldiers. If 2100 instead of 21 had fallen, the public might still remember. If battle after battle had followed the invasion of a nation nominally at peace with America, if the occupation of the expedition had not been so readily accomplished, there might have been cheers at League Island. If Mexico City had been captured—a feat perhaps easier than holding Vera Cruz as they held it—the whole country would have expected Philadelphia to turn out for the marines.

When shall we learn that heroes are not made in the smoke of battle alone? When shall we encourage the more peaceful virtues of statesmanship by rewarding with public acclaim such men as Funston and his soldiers?

Have Done With Moping

WHAT'S the matter with America? London asks the question. London thinks we do not know over here when we are well off. An article which appears on this page expresses this very natural wonderment. It makes us look like ingrates, unappreciative not only of what we are escaping in the hard, and consequences of war, but also of the magnificent business opportunities which have been thrown at our feet. Are we really so blind that we cannot see our new advantages in industry and commerce? Are our hands so weak that we cannot grasp these wonderful golden building stones of prosperity that lie within our reach? We cannot be helpless in the face of opportunities such as we have never known before and may never know again.

The chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, basing his figures on a careful study of official and unofficial reports from reliable sources at home and abroad, calculates that one year of the war in Europe will add [illegible] to the foreign commerce of the United States. Orders for war supplies have been placed in America to the tune of $250,000,000. Trade with neutral nations is growing, our factories are steaming up, and many of them cannot keep pace with the business revival which is sweeping the country. Mayor Blankenburg, summarizing the results of an investigation, showed that this activity and this prosperity have come to Philadelphia and that business is getting livelier every day.

What we have accomplished in world trade so far has been accomplished without half trying. What will happen when the results of real effort begin to show not even an optimist is likely to exaggerate. Get busy, and get busy quick.

Give Us Back Our Ships

THE President, it seems, will ply the whip to force to passage the Alexander bill. He proposes to dedicate this government to ship ownership, to put it in the carrying trade, to discard the elementary principle that the business of a government is to govern and substitute therefor the new proposition that it is the business of the government to carry on the ordinary processes of trade, to sell transportation, to enter into active competition with an industry which already, by government interference, has been driven into poverty lane.

If ocean-carrying under the American flag is profitable, there is no necessity for government ownership; if it is not profitable, government participation simply means that the taxpayers will be mulcted annually in large sums. A mania for safety by regulation, manifested on land by the absurd extra crew laws, has taken the heart out of the ship industry, except in the coastal trade, and penalty after penalty has been laid on operation until the burden has staggered and halted all progress and has actually driven the flag off the high seas.

It is no solution of the problem to put the government with its inexhaustible resources behind an American marine and give the emaciated body an appearance of health by means of endless injections of blood in the form of coin. It is no solution to throw a weight of money behind the enterprise and force it through without any regard whatever to the ordinary laws of economy.

If our coast and lake tonnage be included, Great Britain alone outranks us on the water. At home, where it has a chance, the American marine has progressed remarkably. On the high seas, where it is penalized, it is in a pitiable condition. The conclusion is obvious; there must be an equalization of opportunity, partly by revision of the crude and obsolete navigation laws now in force and partly by wise protection, incidental or otherwise, to compensate for the better conditions in wage and treatment which Americans demand.

It is not a question to be decided offhand in Congress or anywhere else. It must be approached in a scientific way, with some appreciation of the difficulties involved. The Alexander bill and the La Follette bill and all the other hodge-podge measures before Congress should be abandoned. There can be no efficient legislation until the legislators have some real information to guide them. A commission of experts should be appointed to study the situation from beginning to end and to recommend a definite policy which will be adhered to steadfastly irrespective of the vicissitudes of political parties.

Buchholz on Bathtubs

COUNCILMAN BUCHHOLZ is against an appropriation to put the housing law into effect. He follows Mr. Seger in believing it to be too drastic. Mr. Buchholz, it seems, is not only a statesman but a philosopher as well. Says he: "You can't teach some of the foreign population the subject of cleanliness merely by installing bathtubs." Mr. Buchholz evidently believes that the way to get people to bathe is to see to it that they have nothing to bathe in.

Shaping the "Punch" of Boyhood

OF ALL the "movements" which give good promise for the future of American life, none is more important or more valid than the boyhood movement. We are growing more appreciative of the value of boyhood, and we are showing it in better ways. This does not mean a new love of fathers and mothers for their sons, but it does mean a public recognition of boyhood as a public asset.

Philadelphia's hearty response to the appeal for funds to put the Boy Scout work in this city on a solid financial footing shows how the idea of conservation has expanded. The conservation of boys and the guidance of their energies, to the end that their potential capacities and powers may rightly be developed into the dynamic forces of the social America of tomorrow, constitute one of the great duties which we owe to our experiment in democracy. The corn-growing clubs, represented by our youthful guests from Ohio, are helping to make boys thoughtful, resourceful, successful, strong in character. The Y. M. C. A. is likewise doing a splendid work in training boys, through their own efforts, for the fulfilment of their obligations to themselves and to society. All this is social engineering of a superlative kind. The method of social engineering is as admirable as the result, for it applies the old, eternally sound principle of "helping others to help themselves." It enables boys to solve "the boy problem." It works.

The idea of Councils seems to be that any appropriation is extravagant unless it's for tipstaves.

The railroads ought to get the five per cent. increase in rates, and they have managed pretty well to make the commuters' vote on that proposition unanimous.

After the late relapse into near-summer weather of the London variety, the threatened approach of clear, cold winter isn't so bad after all.

The Boy Scouts needed the money and they got it. The men who worked to get it were boys once, and the fact that they got it means that the boys will some time be the kind of men they are.

The Comprehensive Plans Committee presented a report so obviously excellent that nothing except the poverty cry could possibly lead to a rejection of its recommendations; and the people of one of the richest cities in the world are getting very tired of the proposition logan.

HOW THE SOUTH SHOWS ITS POLITICAL SAGACITY

Control of Congressional Committees Methodically Sought and Won. Kitchin, of North Carolina, Sure to Get Underwood's Chair.

By E. W. TOWNSEND

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—When Mme. Cornuel said, "No man is a hero to his valet," the unastute cynic felt that he had authority to observe that the hero ceases to exist upon intimate examination.

What the clever lady said could be paraphrased "the Venus of Milo is not lovely in the eyes of an oaf." I am always reminded of this story when I hear the unastute cynic repeat Tom Reed's remark, "Thank God, the Congress has ceased to be a deliberative body," as proof that Congress had lost the freedom to reach its own conclusions by deliberative process; that its opinions were spoon-fed to it by its bosses. This would be very ill if it were so, or even if Tom Reed ever felt like saying it were so. What Reed was calling attention to was that Congress, as a whole, had turned over its deliberations largely, at least, to the many smaller Congresses of which it is composed, its committees.

The big committees do the work of Congress; the sum of their work is the sum of the work of Congress; committees are deliberative bodies, essentially so, and they are, to an extent the public seems little to understand, non-partisan in their committee rooms. All of which leads me to remark that the South, politically wise in understanding the value of committee control, keeps its Representatives in the House until by mere force of precedence they gain committee rank; that the North, not being politically wise in this respect, frequently changes its Representative and loses opportunity of committee control. The matter can be put into brief form thus: Of the 14 big legislative and appropriating committees the South has the chairmen of 13, the North of one!

I shall say something in detail about that, but just at this point I want to digress to write a word or two about the majority leadership in the next House, in view of some amazing outgivings on the subject under the above date line.

Kitchin Backed by Precedent

It has been written of late that because of this and of that Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, will not succeed Oscar Underwood, of Alabama, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and majority floor leader. He will. He will, not only because he deserves to, but because he is backed by Precedent, with a large P. It is so sacred a thing in Congress it deserves the large P. Rank in committee goes by seniority of service. To disturb that precedent would take a political revolution in the House. His seniority has given to Claude Kitchin the place of ranking member—that is, next to the chairman—on the Ways and Means Committee. The chairmanship to be made vacant when Underwood goes to the Senate on March 4 next belongs to Kitchin.

Just think of what the disturbance of the precedent involved would threaten: of the 14 big committees involved the ranking member of 12 comes from the South. Is any one of those going to vote to upset a precedent upon which depends his own advancement—or any friend of his, or friend of a friend of his? Your Uncle Dudley opines not.

To return to the reason Congress is no longer a deliberative body, but deliberates by proxy, through its committees. There are 435 members of the House. It is impossible, or nearly so, for that number of men all to devote enough study to the question to have accurate information as to what, for example, would be a just charge for the Government to make for the grant of a water power right on public land.

But the 21 members of the Committee on Public Lands, after months, a year, perhaps, of investigation and deliberation, determine what would be a fair charge, and the committee recommends it in a bill to the House. As a general thing committee recommendations determine the action of the House, hence "Congress has ceased to be a deliberative body."

Uncle Joe's Future

What will Uncle Joe Cannon get in the way of committee assignment? The answer frequently heard to that question is that Mr. Cannon will be given the place of ranking minority member on the Appropriation Committee, and thus be placed in line to succeed Fitzgerald as chairman in the event of the Republicans controlling the 65th Congress. Nay, nay, again the rule of precedence by seniority will keep that plum from Uncle Joseph. The ranking minority member of that committee now is Fred Gillett, and his district, the Second Massachusetts, is one of the few Northern ones which realizes the advantage of keeping the same Representative on the job until his seniority gives him a committee chairmanship.

Uncle Joe, rather than take a seat at the tail end of a committee table, may follow the example of Minority Leader Mann and take no committee assignment. That would give him more time to indulge in the pastime of bedeviling Democrats, a pastime which, he freely admits, adds to his youth year by year.

If you would see the proudest men who ever came to Washington, not excepting those who have come here to be the central figures in all the pomp and ceremony of inauguration days, look at any of the corn boys. These men range in age from 14 to 18, I should say, and are the future banner corn crop growers of the country. Without the exact data on hand to quote from, I shall not attempt to tell of their work in figures. But one Western member proudly remarked, "The corn boys are going to add more wealth to this nation than all its other agricultural wealth combined." Which, considering cotton, is adding some. In all sober truth, this encouragement of scientific methods in corn culture by the Department of Agriculture, and now by many States, also, is accomplishing mighty things, and it seems wise for the Government to bring the corn boys (prize winning corn growers) here to Washington to be fussed over a bit, to get their prizes and to shake hands with the President.

Corners in Corn

An agent of the Agricultural Department who was doing missionary work along this line told me that at first it was hard to induce a farmer to set apart an acre of ground to be farmed in corn by his boy under direction of a department teacher. The farmer usually thinks but slightingly of the sense of his son or of a "book farmer."

But when results began to show; when the boy, under scientific methods taught by "book farmers" raised more than 100—as much as 200—bushels of corn in his one-acre corner of the farm, in a district where 35 bushels to the acre had been the average, the old man began to sit up and take notice. There is a bunch of these corn boys down here now from a Western State, and it is a delight to hear them talk. "An added million bushels of corn annually mean—" and then go trippingly on with such precise and astounding statistics of the economic value of corn as make you proud of the youngsters.

A chat with one of them today recalled the years in which I made more than a dozen trips across the continent, from ocean to ocean, in company with the late Senator George Hearst, of California. He was happiest during those trips when we were going through some "corn belt." Then he would muse like this: "Corn! No people can be hungry; no people can be poor who raise lots of corn! You need no shop, factory, but little capital—only industry—to turn it into beef, milk, butter, cheese; to turn it into pork, ham, bacon; to turn it into poultry, eggs; it makes the best bread in the world, and a corn pudding is better than Delmonico's best dessert. You can make syrup, and if you want to, whisky, out of corn, and a corncob pipe gives the best smoke. This country will never want much when much corn is raised."

That was before the days of scientific corn farming, of corn boys or corn club prizes.

On Monday next the wheels of Congress begin again to turn. It is significant of the trend of thought of the hour that people here, members especially, are not discussing the project of the Philippines bill, Government freight ship ownership, cotton legislation. These are ignored topics. What is uppermost in every one's mind, it seems, is, "How are we prepared for war; could we successfully resist invasion?"

"JUST UNTIE ME; I'LL DO THE REST"

WINTER QUARTERS

The armies of Europe are now preparing for the tedious job of waiting for the spring campaigns.

War campaigns do not thrive in the winter. Either the ground is too soft to hold up the 45-ton firearms or it is too hard to allow graves to be dug in it with the necessary ease and haste. It is also hard to keep the attention of the soldier on the enemy when he is suffering from frostbite, chilblains and influenza. For these reasons hostilities diminish as cold weather sets in and the soldiers settle down comfortably in winter quarters.

Winter quarters consist of tents, caves, tin houses, log huts, trenches with roofs over them, straw piles hollowed out and, in fact, anything that will turn a north wind slightly aside. Living in army quarters during the winter is as big a feat as keeping house in a Nebraska corn crib in January. When an army has had to retreat a few times during the winter and has had to scramble up an extempore set of winter quarters, the enemy doesn't have to waste bullets. The cold weather does its work for it very effectively. Doing sentry duty half a mile from a stove during a February night on the Russian frontier is about as fatal as charging a machine gun. Many an angry corporal will try to waken a motionless sentry this winter in order to shoot him, only to discover that the said sentry is not sleeping, but has been frozen stiff at his post of duty.

However, commerce must thrive and national jealousies and ambitions must be preserved.

The winter quarters did more damage in the American revolution than the British army, and during the famous season at Valley Forge, when the American patriots lived on parched corn and warmed themselves by kicking trees with their bare feet, the spark of American independence flickered down so low that one good charge of canister would have blown it out. However, the American republic was saved by another set of winter quarters. These were in Philadelphia and were so comfortable that the British army could not tear itself away from them long enough to do a little winter campaigning.

Thus we should give all honor to Philadelphia. She is slow, but she saved the nation by keeping the British soldier warm.—George Fitch.

ARM! ARM! ARM!

(The following is a poem written by Alfred Lord Tennyson, and published recently for the first time in the London Spectator.)

Oh, where is he, the simple fool,
Who says that wars are over?
What bloody portent flashes there,
Across the Straits of Dover?
Nine hundred thousand slaves in arms
May seek to bring us under;
But England lives, and still will live,
For we'll crush the despot yonder.
Are we ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

Oh, shame on selfish patronage—
It is the country's rule—
Come, put the right man in his place,
And up, now, and be doing!
Oh, gather, gallant volunteers,
In every town and village,
For there are tigers—fiends, not men—
May violate, burn, and pillage!
Are you ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

Oh, stout-limb'd yeomen, leave a while
The fattening of your cattle—
And, if indeed ye wish for Peace,
Be ready for the Battle!
To fight the Battle of the World,
Of progress and humanity,
In spite of his 8,000,000 lives
And bastard Christianity!
Are we ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH UNITED STATES?

Timidity and Backwardness of Business Men Inexplicable Under Present Conditions.

HERBERT N. CASSON
In "Associated Advertising"

"What is the matter with the United States?"

As I have been residing in London since the beginning of the war, I have been hearing this question asked on all sides. I have never heard any satisfactory answer. No one seems to know.

Why are the American factories not running night and day? Why are the railroads not opening up new territories and getting ready for the millions of immigrants who have already made up their minds to leave Europe as soon as the war is over?

Why are there not 50 American drummers in London right now, trying to sell $200,000,000 worth of American goods in place of the goods that were bought last year from Germany and Austria?

Why have advertisers become quitters, just at the time when their advertisements were most needed and most effective in cheering on the business forces of the United States?

From the European point of view, the United States is a haven of peace and security and prosperity. It has no troubles that it dare mention to Belgium or Austria, or France or Germany, or Servia or Great Britain, or Russia.

Every tenth Briton has enlisted. Every tenth Frenchman is at the front. Every tenth Belgian is dead. What does the United States know of trouble?

If I could afford it, I would charter the Mauretania and Lusitania and convey a party of 5000 American advertisers to Europe for a trip of education. I would give them a week in London, a week in Paris and a week in Antwerp.

I would let them look at the United States from the scene of war. I would give them a look at real trouble. I would let them see trains, 10 at a time, 5 minutes apart, packed with the maimed and the dying.

I would let them hear, from fragmentary survivors, the incredible story of battlefields 150 miles wide, and armies that are greater than the entire population of Texas.

I would let them see graves 100 yards long and full, and Belgium, the country that was, nothing now but 12,000 square miles of wreckage.

Then, when they began to understand, to some slight extent, the magnitude and awfulness of this war, I would say to them:

"Now go back and appreciate the United States. Realize your opportunities. Don't start digging trenches when nobdy is firing at you. Don't fall down when you have not been hit. Don't be blind to the most glorious chance you have ever had in your life.

"Go back and advertise. Get ready for the most tremendous business boom that any nation ever had. Build your factories bigger. Train more salesmen. Borrow more money. Go ahead, and thank God that you are alive and that your family is alive, and that you are living in a land that is at peace, at a time when nearly the whole world is at war."

The Pink Oyster

From the Boston Transcript.

Not since the Secretary of the Treasury decided that "frog legs are dressed poultry" has such a contribution to science been rendered by Washington as that contained in the assurances of the Agricultural Department experts that a new brand of pink oysters, coming from beds in Long Island Sound, are harmless and may be eaten with impunity by epicures provided their complexions match the shade. The oysters look like all oysters until they reach the plate of the consumer, whereupon they turn a most delicate pink, much to the astonishment of the person about to devour them, who, fearful lest the bivalve be a chameleon in disguise, hurriedly countermands the order. Thanks to a paternal Government, its officials have grappled with the problem. Now comes the announcement that the pink oysters owe their color not to the wreck of a German dye ship near their aquatic couches, but to the fact that they feed upon a wild yeast bacillus. Having held heretofore to the opinion that man, who has subjugated the five-toed prehistoric horse and yoked the bellowing bull to his cart, had, through long ages of civilization, completely domesticated the yeast cake, rendering it tame and docile and subservient to his will, the discovery that it still exists in a savage state comes with something of a shock. Here is a matter for philanthropists. Let us have a society for the prevention of the extermination of the wild yeast, lest future generations condemn us as we condemn our ancestors for the passing of the buffalo. With the wild yeast brought on the reservation, as it were, and given the advantages of a modern education, there is no reason why we should not be able to enjoy pink bread and cerise biscuits and do away entirely with the necessity of coloring yeast in puddings. Let Uncle Sam's scientists speed the day of ultimate success.

FRANCE'S EX-EMPRESS PATHETIC IN OLD AGE

Eugenie de Montijo, Consort of Third Napoleon—Her Meteoric Career—Second Empire's Evil Genius Now Old and Forsaken.

C. B. J.

THE picture recently published of the aged Eugenie with the convalescing French soldiers came as a surprise to many of the present generation. Having heard little, during the last 40 years, of this woman whose beauty and meteoric life were once the sensation of Europe, they had carelessly supposed that she had passed away with the empire in 1870.

Only 12 more years are needed to complete the century since Eugenie Marie de Montijo was born at Granada, in Spain, in 1826. Even in childhood she had conceived a romantic admiration for the young Prince Louis Napoleon, and because of her father's stanch adherence to Napoleon Bonaparte, she felt much interested in the misfortunes of the Prince at Strasburg and Boulogne.

As she bloomed into lovely young womanhood, Louis Napoleon matured more successfully his plans for gaining a hold on the French people. In 1848 he was elected President of the French Republic. Three years later he perpetrated a third coup d'etat, so brilliant in its success that it completely effaced the ignominious, grotesque attempts of his youth. In 1852 seven million voters (nearly the entire vote of France) proclaimed him Emperor with the title of Napoleon III. For some time he had greatly admired Mademoiselle de Montijo, the reigning beauty of Paris. She was a superb horsewoman, and, as riding was the Emperor's especial personal accomplishment, they were much thrown together. This naturally caused much comment, oftentimes most unkind criticism. One New Year's eve (1853), at a ball given by the Emperor at the Tuileries, the wife of a Cabinet Minister was rude and insulting to Eugenie. When the Emperor heard of it he said to the young Spanish beauty, who was looking greatly troubled: "Tomorrow no one will dare to insult you." The following morning Madame de Montijo received a letter from the Emperor formally requesting her daughter's hand. In less than a month Eugenie de Montijo was Empress of France.

The Emperor's Justification

In his official announcement of his intended marriage, Napoleon II justified his choice in the following adroit manner: "When in the face of ancient Europe, one is carried by the force of a new principle to the level of the old dynasties, it is not by affecting an ancient descent and endeavoring to enter the family of kings that one compels recognition. It is rather by remembering one's origin. It is by preserving one's own character and assuming frankly toward Europe the position of a parvenu, a glorious title when one rises by the suffrages of a great people. My marriage, therefore, is only a private matter. She who has become the object of my choice is of lofty birth, French in heart and education and by the memory of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire. She has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having a family in France to whom it would be necessary to give honors and dignities. Gifted with every quality of the heart, she will be the ornament of the throne, as in the hour of danger she would be one of its most courageous defenders." That his reasoning was sound was proved by the almost universal approval of his choice throughout Europe.

When our own Washington Irving heard of the marriage, in greatest astonishment he wrote in his diary: "Louis Napoleon and Eugenie de Montijo Emperor and Empress of France! He whom I received as an exile at my cottage on the Hudson, she whom at Grenada I have dandled on my knee!"

When a son was born to her three years after the marriage the Bonaparte family was swept to the topmost wave of popularity. The Crimean War had virtually come to a triumphant end, and a general amnesty was issued to all political offenders. The Emperor became godfather and Eugenie godmother to all legitimate children born in France upon their son's birthday; and after the public baptism of the little heir-apparent at Notre Dame, a ball of unusual brilliancy was given by the city of Paris to the mother of the little Prince Imperial.

The next 13 years of Eugenie's life was a succession of romantic and brilliant pageants—visits made and exchanged with Victoria and other crowned heads of Europe—the triumphant glory of the openings of the great Expositions—the grand military reviews in honor of the Emperor of Russia—culminating with the international opening of the canal across the Isthmus of Suez, the work of that most remarkable French engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps.

The Empress' Beauty

As the Emperor could not attend while the war clouds were thickening over France, the Empress Eugenie graced the occasion with a beauty undimmed, dressed in the faultless striking good taste for which she was so noted. In the famous Leghorn hat, she rode on a camel to the Eastern fetes; on the arm of the Emperor Francis Joseph she attended the religious ceremonies attending the opening of the canal, when the Cross and Crescent for the first time overshadowed worshipers joining in one common prayer; and at the ball given by the Khedive of Egypt in his new palace she was the modern Cleopatra, resplendent in amber satin and diamonds. While the Eastern potentates were shocked that a woman should appear among them unveiled, her gracious presence, nevertheless, raised the spirit of chivalry and subdued the spirit of strife, enmity and intrigue among rival powers and races.

It is hard to realize that ten months later she was hurrying, a fugitive, to England, her escape, as is well known, being due to the shrewd protection of our Doctor Evans, who in his own carriage, conveyed her safely out of Paris as a patient of unsound mind. The passage across the Channel was so stormy that gallant vessels were shipwrecked all around them. Had their craft also sunk, history would have remained unchanged, for with the fall of Sedan fell forever the prestige of the Bonapartes.

For nearly 50 years now Eugenie has lived quietly in England, where Victoria loved her as a sister and friend, in the homeland her Scotch grandfather. A few years after her landing she lost both husband and son. She seldom goes to Paris, except incognito, reviewing as a wraith the scenes of her former gayeties. Probably no historic character has known such striking contrasts—one-half of her life flaming like a brilliant meteor across the courts of Europe, the remainder of her century living in the obscurity of a gay life absolutely extinguished politically and socially.