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TERCENTENARY OF THE PRINCE OF POETS

Meeting Was Remarkable One—Mr George Meredith Writes on the Occasion

SUFFRAGETTE GATHERING

Premier Asquith Makes Some Important Promises For Near Future

(By Lady Henry Somerset)

LONDON, Jan. 8.—The incessant grind of life in London, with all its ceaseless work and restless toil, was stayed for a moment during the past week in order to find time to celebrate the Tercentenary of Milton, undertaken by the British Academy and he whom Jeremy Bentham called, on a tablet affixed to his house, "The Prince of Poets," received the homage of the literary celebrities of our country.

The meeting was a very remarkable one; many were there, some who shared the nationality of Milton from across the water, and the Italian, Austrian, German, Russian and Danish embassadors brought their tribute. Some fine lines were written in honor of the occasion by the veteran poet and novelist, Mr. George Meredith, and all hearts present echoed the words:

Homage to him
His debtor band, innumerable as waves
Running all golden from an Eastern sun,
Joyfully render, in deep reverence,
Subscribe, and as they speak their Milton's name
Says of his glory on their foreheads bear.

There are no hearts but must join in these high sentiments, among those who care for a country's honor and a country's greatness, and that real worth which goes to make supreme power for all, must realize that the spirit of Milton rises above the mists of earth and upholds the highest for the individual and the nation.

At the same time, there is no denying that this austere spirit is not in accord with much of the development that has come about with more peaceful times, and with the deeper realization of the love and the tenderness of God, the Puritan narrowness which made out of God almost an avenging spirit, which gave to the personal Devil a power which was scarcely overcome by the might of victorious love, is one which in these days it is difficult to follow.

Among Great Changes

Probably amongst the greatest changes that have come about in popular sentiment since the austere Puritan wrote his magnificent religious dramas is in the conception of woman.

Milton's Eve is an excellent housekeeper, but she has none of the attributes which God gave to woman, and his ideal woman is summed up in the words by which he characterized her, "He for God, she for God in man."

Nowadays when it has come to be a question in a great many women's minds whether she does not occupy an exclusive position, let alone sharing it even with man, a change has certainly come over the world's conception of the relation of the sees.

But Protestant Puritanism was always characterized by this minimising of woman, and after all it is of little wonder, for a Christianity which deliberately refused to contemplate the share that woman has in the work-and worth of the world. Nevertheless, perhaps it would be well if Milton would return for a while in order to do battle with the militant suffragette.

I do not know whether that austere face, standing upon a platform and demanding silence, would succeed better than kindly and genial presence of the chancellor of the exchequer on the platform of the Albert hall the other day. No scene has ever taken place in my time which as a woman has so humiliated me, nor do I believe that anything has ever occurred that has put back the suffragist movement in England for so many years.

* * *

For the first time in the history of our country the chancellor of the exchequer was announced to speak at a great gathering of women in the Albert hall in favor of woman suffrage. Conceive the situation. If the president of the United States had volunteered to support woman suffrage at a suffrage meeting in America what would have been the feeling of those who had toiled for half a century to obtain a hearing?

Would Not Hear Chancellor

The Women's Liberal association includes some of the foremost women in Egland, and the meeting was among the most important political events of the year. A fear had already been aroused before it was summoned that disturbance might be brought about by the presence of some of the Suffragette party, and a well-signed appeal was issued by women to petition that a hearing might be given to Mr. Lloyd George, and that no militant demonstrations might take place. But all efforts were useless. The great Albert Hall was packed with women. Lady McLaren, in a brilliant and witty little speech, appealed to the courtesy of the Suffragette ladies to hear their friend. Then the chancellor of the exchequer began to speak, but after the first opening words a tall, handsome young woman rose in an upper box, wildly gesticulating. The hall in a moment was in a turmoil. No one could be heard. The stewards rushed to the box in order to capture the interrupter, but the moment their hands were on her she lashed out with a dog whip, and it was then found that she had chained herself to her chair. Miss Ogston (for that was the name of the lady) fought like an amazon. Then more women shouted, and more, and more. Mr. Lloyd George made a brave stand, endeavoring from time to time to get in a sentence, but every word provoked disorder.

"My poor rhetoric is unable to cope with lunacy and hysteria," he said, "I have not a voice which will sound down a tunnel." The organist endeavored to drown the noise by playing, "Oh Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" and on every side women were removed shrieking from the hall, and the scene more narrowly resembled the ejections made after a drunken row in a public house than any project in an orderly public meeting. Finally, however, when the noise was quelled, a woman in prison dress rose in the stalls, and in a tone of entreaty said: "Please, please, give me a message."

There was such a sincere note in the entreaty that Mr. Lloyd George interrupted his speech, which he had just recommenced, and said: "I cannot resist that plea. The real difficulty is that no party is committed as a whole to woman suffrage. You have a great majority in the Liberal party, you have, I believe, a majority in the Conservative party. But there is a very powerful minority in both houses of influential, responsible men, with whom neither party would risk a quarrel, for we have both suffered disastrously from splits. The real significance of Mr. Asquith's declaration made last May is that for the first time in history a prime minister declared this to be an open question, not merely for the party but for the cabinet as well. From that declaration Mr. Asquith has no desire to recede.

Mr. Asquith's Promise

"This is the greatest opportunity that has ever been offered for the inscription of woman suffrage in the statute book of the realm. The prime minister pledged himself to bring in an electoral reform bil"—("In the dim and distant future," shouted a Suffragette)—"in this parliament," continued Mr. Lloyd George, "just before dissolution. That is neither so dim nor so distant as some might wish. By the practice of the constitution the introduction of a franchise bill means an immediate appeal to the country.

"I am quite aware that a large section of women imagine that by this violence they are going to hasten the grant of the franchise, but in my opinion they are vastly mistaken.

"In order to obtain the franchise we have got to persuade the great majority of the electors that women are fitted for it, and that it will be of benefit to the country. Now the man in the street who reads the newspapers, and who has before him the account of this orgy of rowdyism, can hardly be expected to consider this a favorable argument for the granting of the vote to women, and as it is not the government have to be forced, but a majority of the electors, it is here that their tactics are mistaken."

Miss Beatrice Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, and one of the famous Mills twins, is now said to be the next American heiress to become betrothed to an English nobleman. Report has it that she is engaged to Lord Granard, Marquis of Falstaff, master of the house to King Edward. Lord Granard came to this country on the same steamer with Miss Mills and is a guest at her home. Her father has denied the existence of any engagement.

INTERESTING SERVICE SIGNALS ON EIFFEL TOWER

By Means of Wireless Telegraphy Battleships at Sea Will Be Given Correct Paris Time

PARIS, Jan. 8.—M. Alfred Picard, the minister of marine, has given his permission for an interesting service of signals to be established on the Eiffel tower. By means of wireless telegraphy these signals will indicate the time in Paris to the French battleships at sea. The time indicated to the warships will be that shown by the clock at the St. Lazare station. It is on the huge clock face in the "Cour de Dome" that the Eiffel tower will point, by means of telescopes, the "flight of time." When there is dense fog, the time is simply telegraphed according to the chronometer of M. Milon, the engineer of the Eiffel tower. This chronometer is regulated from the Paris observatory.

POET MISTRAL IN GOOD HEALTH

Looking Forward to Spring When Fetes in Connection with the "Mireille" Will Be Held

PARIS, Jan. 8.—There is good news concerning the poet Mistral, who was recently reported to be seriously ill. He is in excellent health and looking forward to next spring when the fetes in connection with "Mireille" will be held. The inauguration of Mistral's statue and the Arlaton museum, which the poet founded, thanks to his noble prize, will coincide with the fetes.

It had been hoped that Frederic Mistral would have come forward as a candidate for one of the vacant chairs in the academy. His election would be assured, since he would be the support of such well-known academicians as Jules Claretie, Paul Bourget and Maurice Barres. It is pointed out, however, that Mistral would be out of place in a society which was founded against the tendencies of preserving the ancient languages of France, of which tendencies he has been the most glorious protagonist.

SOCIAL AXIS OF PARIS HAS DRIFTED WESTWARD

Old Maison Doree Is Becoming a Post-Office—Society Section Becoming Devoted to Business

PARIS, Jan. 8.—It is symbolical of the change in the fortunes of Paris that the famous old Maison Doree is in process of becoming a postoffice. In the Maison Doree in its palmy days, Talleyrand and the wits and politicians of the boulevards assembled to play billiards and to talk the gossip of the hour, famous were the men who met there nightly. Aucrlien School, the younger Dumas, Victorien Sardou, Halevy Meilhac, and a host of other celebrities in literature and the theatre were the regular habitues of a restaurant as renowned for its good cooking as for its excellent society. The Maison Doree had for contemporaries, in the height of its fame, the Cafe Anglais, which still exists, and still receives the patronage of kings, including that of King Edward on his visits to Paris; the Cafe du Cardinal, which is also upstanding, even if shorn of some of its old splendor; Tortoni's, and one or two other houses which have now completely disappeared.

Times have sadly changed since these restaurants attracted their little work of distinguished workers in literature and arts. The boulevards were then the real social centre of Paris, where people met to hear and tell the news of the day, where rank and fashion sauntered, when everybody who was anybody was to be found within a hundred or two hundred yards of the opera, either on one side or the other. Nowadays nobody walks on the boulevards, except for business, and the thoroughfare has become vulgarized with cheap jewelery stores and with the blatant voices of phonograph and of cheap jacks of all sorts. The social axis of Paris has shifted westward as it has in London. People matter if they saunter at all, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, between the Arc de Triomphe and the Bois. And the great place of rendezvous—"en auto" be it understood—is the Champ Elysees.

PRINCESS MARY KEEN SPORTSWOMAN

Riding a Chestnut Cob She Goes to the Meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds

LONDON, Jan. 8.—A pretty little girl, on a chestnut cob, with masses of fair curls falling over her navy blue habit, was the chief centre of attraction at a meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds at Necton, the other day. The pretty little girl was Princess Mary of Wales, and the day will be a memorable one in her life. She motored back to Sandringham carrying her first brush.

All sorts and conditions of people had turned out to welcome the little sportswoman. Motor-cars, landaus, and smart dog carts stood side by side with farm carts and scores of bicycles. The most ardent enthusiast was an old cripple who arrived in his tiny donkey cart to give the princess a cheer. He was possessed of only one leg, but he sprang out of his shabby cart, gravely covered his shaggy donkey with an old sack, and stood to attention with his crutch as the princess rode by.

"Our little princess," as every Norfolk person calls her, arrived in a motor car attended by Col. Brooklehurst and Hon. Neil Primrose. She was soon mounted, and rode straight into the field where the hounds and the huntsmen were waiting. Princess Mary had a long chat with Isaacs, the huntsman, and was told the names of several of the hounds, who jumped up to greet her. Immediately on the arrival of the master, the Earl of Romney, a start was made to Necton covert, where the hounds found almost immediately. After a smart run the fox was killed at Ashill. Princess Mary was blooded by the huntsman, and was presented with the brush, which was hung on her saddle.

FRENCH PARLIAMENT INTERESTED IN AVIATION

Great Service Can be Rendered National Defence by Progress of Airships

PARIS, Jan. 8.—The French parliament is taking a direct interest in aviation. A group in the senate has been formed, which will hold periodical meetings to discuss matters affecting the science of mechanical flight. The first has just been held under the presidency of M. D'Estournelles de Constant, the senator, so well known in England, for his advocacy of peace and of improved international relations. Commandant Bouttioaux, director of the Aerostatic park at Chalais-Neudon, and M. Painleve, member of the institute, showed the progress that has been accomplished by aviators, the services that can be rendered to national defence by aerial machines, and the encouragement that ought to be given to pioneers in this branch of the human endeavor by the public authorities.

At the close the president of the senate, M. Antonin Dubost, the most important functionary after the president of the republic, returned thanks to the lecturers, and made a most eloquent eulogism of the efforts of aviators. The official encouragement given to aviation in France and Germany is very significant and in marked contrast with the comparative lethargy shown in the high places in most other countries.

Paris In a Fog

PARIS, Jan. 8.—Paris is again in a fog—a week of fog. The duration is quite unusual and has excited the lamentations of the tradespeople, who declare that trade was never worse at this period of the year. The traffic on the suburban lines has also been disorganized. At the Gare St. Lazare, on the Western of France system, there have been strange sce[illegible]

Wilbur Wright, has succeeded in breaking all previous records, both in the length of time he has maintained his flight, and the height of flight, in his experiments at Le Mans, France. This picture shows Mr. Wright in his aeroplane with his first passenger, M. Ernest Lens. Mr. Wright is at the right.

REMEDY FOR CORPULENCY

Resulted in Fractured Skull for Wealthy Patient

PARIS, Jan. 8.—A singular story of a man with a fair share of this world's goods, but with one regret, is told today. The only thing he had to complain of in life was his growing corpulency. He had tried numerous remedies. This excessively corpulent gentleman resides in the Rue Saint Vincent de Paul, and he has an English valet, named John. He ordered the valet to bring him a barrel. John sped to a beer-seller and bought a barrel which he brought home. His master awaited him anxiously. Lying with his stomach on the barrel, the corpulent gentleman ordered the valet to take his leave and push. John did as he was told, and pushed his master from one end of the room to the other. "Again John, and faster," shouted the fat man. "This is the old remedy." John pushed the barrel faster—so fast that his master's head came in contact with the angle of the mantel-piece. Result a fractured skull, which the surgeons at the Lariboisiere hospital declare to be grave.

NATIONAL THEATRE BREAKS TRADITION

People Apparently Do Not Like the Artistic and High-Toned Drama

PARIS, Jan. 8.—The Odeon has made a break with tradition in putting on Le Poussin. One night imagine himself at the Palais Royal, instead of in the second national theatre of France, during the progress of this rollicking play, which was given for the first time last night, under the auspices of M. Antoine. The Odeon has been losing money ever since its new and spirited management. People aparently do not like the merely artistic and high-toned. They want something of the earth, earthly, light and amusing and M. Edmond Giraud's play is extremely cleverly written, but its situations are a little "risque" for the sombre portals of the Odeon. "The Chicken" after Shakespeare, and some of the heavy solemnities of the German stage, is well, a little surprising.

As to the plot, it can be told in a few lines. A young barrister named George Pierrelattes is much cuddled by his mother. He has no mind of his own, or he is not allowed to have any. She sits up at night and fixes electric bells to find out the hour at which he returns home. When she discovers that he is not as good as she thought him to be the inevitable discovery of every over-careful mamma—her grief and horror are tremendous. The only remedy is marriage. She expects to find an ally in the young woman whom she has selected to be the help-mate for her son; but in this she is disappointed. The wife blows upon the divine spark of independence in her young husband until it becomes a roaring flame. The mother is outflanked in a very amusing dialogue between herself and her son's wife, which closes the play and leaves us to image a long life of connubial bliss and freedom from the mother-in-law.

No Piano at Palace

PARIS, Jan. 8.—The curious fact that since Mlle. Fallieres' marriage there has been no piano at the president's palace, the Elysee, caused an embarrassing scene, says the Vie Parisieene, one evening during the King of Sweden's visit. A well known operatic star had been engaged to sing, and M. Massenet, the eminent composer, had consented, in honor of the presence of the king and queen to accompany her. Suddenly it was remembered that there was no piano in the palace, and in a great hurry an instrument was borrowed during dinner. It proved to be a cheap instrument, and M. Massenet disgustedly refused to play on it. On this Mme. Fallieres requested another well-known musician who was present, M. Isidore de Lara, to accompany the singer, and this he did as the theatrical advertisements say, "at a moment's notice."

Cobweb Tulles for Evening Wear; Enter "Tube Woman," All Curves Go

Materials Soft and Supple, With Exquisite Shade, to Be Made Into Evening Dresses—What Paris Decrees Is "the" Mode

(By the Countess Carlo De Carle.)

PARIS, Jan. 8.—Made in material so soft and supple that they could easily be passed through a ring, and in shades so exquisite that they are like flowers in their delicate beauty, evening dresses were never more beautiful than are this winter.

Tulle is seen everywhere. White, black, cream, ruby, violet or green, over a foundation of gold or silver tissue; tulle with metallic embroideries such as must have been worn by the old queens of the Orient in the time of their splendor, and draped tulle dresses embroidered and re-embroidered with heavy incrustations of gold or silver and tulle or chiffon of one color over another tulle of quite a different shade, is posed in its turn over an underskirt of gold tissue.

This latter style is the newest thing in evening wear. With every movement these colors scintillate in the light and give off first a gleam of one shade and then a gleam of another, which, with the dull reflex of the gold beneath, reminds one of the beautiful colors of the setting sun on a late autumn day.

* * *

Paquin is turning out some charming things in court dresses. He, too, is bitten with the craze for fur as trimming for soft materials and is using a great deal on his toilettes for evening wear, either as borders for trains or trimmings for edges of skirts.

* * *

The advent of the "tube woman," who is the latest creation of the Paris modiste who cater to the ultra-fashionable, has made it necessary for the corset makers to invent new fabric and new designs for the corsets to suit the prevailing fashion.

In order to abolish all those curves of beauty which have heretofore been considered desirable, corsets are now made of elastic material, extending to extraordinary lengths, even down to the knees.

The elasticity of the fabric gives comfort to the wearer that otherwise could not be enjoyed and at the same time, for the benefit of the manufacturer, increases the cost of such articles, as its life is of very short duration owing to the constant and excessive strains upon it. This is another extravagance that fashion demands, yet it is accepted readily by the best dressed women as a means to an end. All lines must be straight now, back and front.

Sleeves for evening are very varied in style, size and cut. Those short, little baby sleeves which never really go out of fashion are opened up to show the arms, and are joined together by strings of pearls or tresses of gold thread crossed and knotted, with two tassels dangling over the arm.

Long sleeves are much in vogue also. They are composed of transparent tulle or lace, with an embroidered flower pattern running up the whole length of the arm from the back of the hand, where it starts to the shoulder.

Very pretty also are these long sleeves when they are made of transparent tulle, with an applique of very fine lace over them only partly covering the under tulle sleeve.

In contrast to these are the gowns whose sleeves are conspicuous by their absence, with shoulder straps of ribbon or diamond or pearl bands, and several rows of either pearls or diamonds or any other precious stone one prefers, falling in cascades over the top of the arm, thus showing up its dainty contours. But prettiest of them all are those cut in one piece with the bodice which droop over the shoulder, like those worn by the Empress Eugenie when in the height of her youth and beauty.

* * *

It has become impossible to go to a ball, to the theatre, or even to a dinner, without some ornament in the hair. So Parisiennes have set themselves to design dainty and pretty methods of dressing the hair, and also some delightful ornaments. And what splendid results one sees.

Quite apart from the superb and costly aigrettes, fixed in a large nodule of ribbon and placed sometimes on the left and sometimes on the right side of the head, there are a million pretty and original fancies to be seen on all sides when at a fashionable assembly. Many of our dainty mondaines, in order to have something rare and effective, have had recourse to old documents, to old pictures, etc., and even to nature. Besides the flowers and leaves in natural tones and colors, there are the flowers and leaves in gold and silver tissue, and fruit of all kinds.

Birds and butterflies, too, are seen, which appear so real that they give the impression of having just alighted in order to pay tribute to the charming head beneath them.

* * *

This winter there is a general tendency to dress the hat low in the nape of the neck and to leave the brow free. The hair is parted in the middle, waved but slightly and brought down low over the ears.

An effort has been made to revive the Cleopatra style, but this way of dressing the hair, although it enhances the beauty of a beautiful face, renders that of a woman endowed with but moderate good looks hard and unattractive. Many women are beginning to realize that waved hair has not the brilliance and glossy softness of the smoothly brushed hair of the American woman, and now have their tresses brushed, but not tortured by the curling irons.

* * *

There is no diminution of the popularity of the ceinture, and there is every sign that it will be much worn over robes de diner. They show a tendency to become wider, however.

For velvet dresses the ceinture is fixed in the middle of the back, the point raised between the shoulders. The ends disappear at the sides through a large buttonhole and reappear at the front, are crossed and again disappear into the skirt, to reappear at whatever angle of the skirt one prefers, or according to the "line" required.

These ceintures are no longer made in black silk or satin, as in the early spring, but of the same shade of the dress or in gold or silver thread and have large gold or jewelled clasps or buckles as fastenings.

WOMAN BURGLAR GETS TEN YEARS

Member of Gang of Thieves Who Visits Fashionable Hotels—Denies Her Guilt

PARIS, Jan. 8.—A notable woman thief, who has had an adventurous career stood her trial at the Nice assizes. She is Amelie Condemine, and for a long period had been known to the detectives as a member of a gang of thieves who made a specialty of robbing visitors at fashionable hotels. Twice she had been caught, but as the evidence against her was incomplete, she was released. However, the detectives resolved to keep a close watch upon her.

On March 3 of the present year she put up at a hotel at Nice, where she described herself as the Comtesse de Manda. Three days later she left the hotel and went to another, where she was known as Mme. de Montaque. Two detectives followed her there, and took up their quarters in a bath-room close to the room occupied by "Mme. de Montaque."

They soon discovered her wandering along the corridors late at night. She was dressed in black silk veil. The detectives saw her attempt to open, by means of special key, the door of a room occupied by a wealthy visitor. They immediately sprang from their hiding-place and arrested her.

Her room in the hotel was searched, and a complete set of burglar's implements, including electric lamps, was discovered. Among her papers were notes giving particulars of the hotels she intended to visit.

In these notes the positions of the rooms and the kind of locks used on the doors were indicated. The adventuress denied that she was a thief, and alleged that the burglar's tools in her possession belonged to a friend whose address she declined to give. The bold defence she made created an unfavorable impression. The jury found her guilty, and sentenced her to ten years hard labor.

CRUSHED TO DEATH TO SAVE OTHERS

Charles Gotts, Well Known Football Referee, Caught in a Cave-in in Wales

LONDON, Jan. 8.—Charles Gotts, a well known football referee in Norfolk, allowed himself to be crushed to death in a well yesterday morning to save his brother and a boy who were working below him. The three, Charles and George Gotts and Arnold Spinks, were engaged in sinking a well on the Bacton Abbey grounds, when the excavation suddenly showed signs of caving in. Charles Gotts ran to the ladder which led to the surface, and was about half way up when he was caught by the falling earth and timber from the sides of the well.

He could still have forced himself free and made his way to the top, but to have done so would have meant that the earth and timber around him would have fallen and crushed the two below. He did not move. Instead he called to his brother, "Look after the lad," and stayed still, with earth and timber falling on around him, while a party of fellow workers, who had come quickly to the rescue hastily dug a trench to the bottom of the well. Spinks, the boy, was himself pinned down by earth, and until he had been freed and brought out Gotts, though in the greatest pain refused to be moved. For three hours the rescuers dug at the earth around the boy, and finally he was lifted into safety. Then they turned to Gotts. They found his body upright, just as it had been caught. He had been crushed to death by the continued falls while the boy for whom he gave his life was being rescued.

Horrible Tragedy

PARIS, Jan. 8.—A lonely farmhouse near Montelima has been the scene of a frightful tragedy with robbery as its motive. The farmhouse was occupied by a widow named Berthe, supposed to be wealthy.

The murderer surprised the widow in the kitchen as she was preparing her supper. He knocked her down with a hatchet and after completing the crime dragged the body into a bedroom where it was discovered by the neighbors, who had not seen the widow for several days.