CLUB LIFE AND MONARCHS

By EX-ATTACHE.

AMONG the drawbacks of an office such as that of which Woodrow Wilson has just taken possession is the difficulty of remaining on terms of good-fellowship with former friends and associates. No matter how genial the character of the master of the White House for the time being, no matter how free from the pride of place and of anything in the nature of arrogance, the very fact that he happens to be president of the United States serves to place him on an eminence above that of all other citizens of this great commonwealth. While it is perfectly true that in theory all citizens are equal, that each one of them has an individual share in the sovereignty of the nation; also, that the chief magistrate of the republic is indebted for his office to the choice of the people, yet by their own action they have raised him above them, and not only in public life, but also in his private relations, he is made to feel that he stands upon a plane higher than that of anyone else in the United States.

The new master of the White House may have been hitherto "Tom" to his classmates at college, "Woodrow" to the intimate friends of his more mature years and "Wilson" to his acquaintances. But from now on he will be "Mr. President" to them all; and, no matter how much he may endeavor to remove the sense of his superiority of rank, it will always remain and affect his intercourse with everyone outside of his own immediate family.

Democracy of Club Life.

Now, one of the fundamental principles of club life is the absolute equality of all the members. In institutions of this kind, where the old-time ethics of club life are maintained, there can be no question of differences of rank, and one member is as good as another, no matter whether he be a prince of the blood, a great noble, an all-powerful minister of state, the junior clerk of some government office, a multimillionaire, or some retired officer of the army and navy who has nothing but his meager pension of $1,500 or $2,000 a year upon which to subsist. The democracy of clubs in this respect—and the more exclusive the club, the greater the sense of equality among its members—is superior to that of every other organization that I can think of: greater even that that which prevails at the great English public schools of ancient origin, such as Eton, Winchester, etc., where one is apt to find a young peer of the realm acting as fag to some lad who is the son of a commoner in modest circumstances, or of some country clergyman, and performing services that are accounted in this country as menial, even to the extent of polishing his master's shoes and brushing his clothes; the idea being to instil into the minds of the boys that all enter the school on the same level and on a footing of equality, regardless of advantages of birth, rank and wealth.

Presidents of republics, like the sovereigns of monarchical countries, cannot, therefore be regarded as good timber for clubs. Try as they may, they cannot place themselves entirely on the level of their fellow-members or wholly sink their rank within the portals of the club, while on the other hand, those with whom they are brought into contact are unable to get away from the idea that the ruler is hedged all round with an impassable barrier of etiquette. In one word, that he is not on the same plane as themselves. This sentiment is fatal to free and easy intercourse, to the good fellowship, and to the more or less abandon that constitute the charm and the attraction of club life, and the presence of the chief magistrate or sovereign in a club becomes a source of embarrassment not only to himself, but to everyone else in the institution.

Wilson Declines Invitation.

Under the circumstances Woodrow Wilson has done wisely in declining the honorary membership tendered to him by the board of governors of the Chevy Chase Country Club at Washington. In adopting this attitude he has not, it is true, followed the precedent of most of his predecessors at the White House. But he has followed the example of the chiefs of the state in the countries of the Old World. Up to the time of his accession to the throne, Edward VII. had been one of the most enthusiastic and popular of clubmen not only in England, but also on the Continent of Europe. He was one of the best-known figures of the Jockey Club and of the Cercle de l'Union in Paris, as also of the Nobels' Club at Vienna. In London he belonged to the Travelers, to Brooks', to Beedles, the Turf, the Garrick and the Marlborough Club, which latter, indeed, was one of his own creations and to which he had a private entrance from the grounds of his adjoining metropolitan residence, Marlborough House. No fuss was ever made about him, and the tokens of respect ordinarily accorded to royalty were dispensed with within the precincts of these clubs, where the heir to the crown was merely, after all, a fellow-member. In fact, so great was the independence of his fellow-members toward him that they did not hesitate to mercilessly "pill" candidates whom he took the trouble to propose. Sometimes the black balls were cast because the candidates had nothing to recommend them but the favor of royalty, while in other cases, where the nominees were altogether unexceptionable, they were turned down at the ballot merely because the members were determined to show that the backing of their future king was merely that of a unit in the club and ought not to be considered as otherwise.

Now while Edward VII. could submit to have his candidate blackballed while he was merely Prince of Wales, he could not expose himself to anything of the kind as monarch. By his elevation to the rulership of the vast British Empire, he had become invested with a superiority over his fellow-countrymen, which no club ethics could remove. The turning down of one of his nominees, which was merely part and parcel of ordinary club life while he was still heir apparent, and of no particular significance, became a gross affront when he was chief of the state.

Embarrassing to a Ruler.

Then, too, there were other considerations. Clubs sometimes find it necessary to close their doors to men, who while not sponsored by the ruler, nevertheless occupy some important official position, either in the political life of the country, or in the service of some foreign government. The blackballing of persons such as these, is apt to be regarded as an indignity to the political party concerned, or to the court and government represented by the foreign diplomat. If the ruler forms part of the club and figures on its roster as an ordinary or even an honorary member, he becomes, ipse facto, involved in the affront, and in an exceedingly unpleasant manner. In that event, he would probably find himself compelled to publicly retire from the club, thereby identifying himself with a cause or with an individual for whom he entertained no real sympathy. In one word, he is placed in a false position.

Some 25 years ago or more the Union Club of New York found itself impelled to blackball a foreign diplomat, who, first secretary of his country's mission at Washington, had repeatedly acted as charge d'affaires. The diplomat, I may say incidentally, has since been minister of foreign affairs of a great European Empire, and still holds high office. The embassy with which he was connected at Washington saw fit to regard the pilling of the candidate in question as an indignity to the empire which it represented, and the ambassador, who was very popular, and all the other members of his staff belonging to the club in question, considered it necessary to tender their resignations from the organization. Had the president of the United States been connected with the club as a regular or as an honorary member, he necessarily would have been drawn into the affair, and an extremely disagreeable coretemps would have ensued.

The Chevy Chase Club has on more than one occasion found it necessary to pill the members of foreign embassies at Washington. They have been of minor fry. But had a candidate thus treated been a full-fledged envoy, the position of the President, if a member, would have been embarrassing.

Moreover, the governors of clubs are required to maintain discipline among the members, and, if the occasion arises, to suspend, and even to expel them. If the chief magistrate of the nation happens to be a member of the club he becomes a party to the action of its governors, and his position becomes unpleasant if the person thus penalized belongs to the foreign Diplomatic Corps accredited to the government of the United States.

Necessary Privacy Impossible.

Quite often the condition of affairs is such as to render it advisable that the supreme head of the nation should avoid conversation or even meeting with this or that statesman and politician, or with some foreign envoy. The war between Germany and France and above all its resulting formation of the German Empire might have been, if not wholly averted, at any rate delayed, had not Bismarck succeeded in preventing the French Ambassador, Count Benedetti, from holding any explanatory conversation with Emperor William at Ems in the summer of 1870. A few words between the envoy and the monarch might have served to avoid the conflict and the creation of the empire. If present at a club the chief magistrate or the monarch is accessible not only to all of its members, but likewise to anyone who may succeed in obtaining admission thereto as a visitor, and no matter whether the interpretation placed on an interview thus obtained be correct or erroneous, it might prove of irreparable injury to the destinies of the nation as well as a source of no end of trouble to the ruler in question.

All members of a club are amenable to the discipline of the board of governors, who, when occasion arises, have the authority to impose more or less drastic penalties upon those who have offended against club customs and ethics. But when the guilty party happens to be a sovereign or the chief magistrate of a republic, the matter becomes decidedly awkward. That such occasions arise has been shown in two notable instances at the Paris Jockey Club, a club which includes a larger number of sovereigns and royal personages than an yother institution of the same kind in the world. Among them have been King Leopold of Belgium; King Edward, who joined it as Prince of Wales soon after his marriage; nearly a score of grand dukes and King Alfonso of Spain. The Jockey Club has always prided itself upon its cuisine, and has lavished money without stint in securing the services of the most celebrated chefs in existence.

Kings Who Provoked Clubs.

Some ten years ago King Leopold, when dining at the Jockey Club in Paris, was so fascinated by a "canard aux navets" that he would not be content until he had inveigled the creator of this gastronomic masterpiece to abandon the kitchens of the club and to take charge of his own royal cuisine at the Palace of Laeken. A few years later King Alfonso followed suit. Dining and lunching at the Jockey Club during his stays at Paris, he was so delighted with the cooking that he would not rest until he had secured the services of M. Marechal, successor of the gastronomic artist who had been abducted by Leopold, Marechal enjoying international fame for his arrangement of carp. This conduct on the part of the two monarchs concerned was bitterly resented by the bon vivants of the Jockey, who denounced it as a breach of club ethics, and vigorously demanded action by the board of governors, calling the offenders to account. It was only with the utmost difficulty that some such action was averted. But the club members retained a pronounced sense of injury, and have not hesitated ever since to declare that, while sovereigns and royal personages may be a source of prestige to a club which they may happen to frequent, they are very often a terrible drawback, and therefore unwelcome.

These are but a few of the dozens of annoyances to which President Wilson would lay himself open if he were to join any of the leading clubs in Washington, either as a regular or as an honorary member. The fact that most of his predecessors at the White House have been fortunate enough to escape anything of the kind by no means indicates that such immunity would be enjoyed by all their successors at the head of the nation.

Why Edward VII. Resigned.

It is considerations of this kind, however, which prompted Edward VII. when he became king to resign from all his clubs save the Jockey Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron, with which he only remained in a more or less honorary capacity, as sovereign, because they are regarded as the premier representative organizations of the two great branches of national sport to which he was devoted, and in which the royal house has always been strongly represented: namely, the turf and yachting. George V. followed his father's example when he ascended the throne, and, although he retains the late monarch's suite of apartments at the Jockey Club at Newmarket and his right as a member of that organization to train his horses on Newmarket Heath, yet he takes no active part in the affairs of the club, does not sponsor candidates or participate in the elections or in the voting or other matters. His principal association with the club is the annual banquet, which, in accordance with the custom set by Edward VII., he gives to the members of the club on the evening of Derby Day at Buckingham Palace.

The Kaiser's Only Club.

Emperor William's only club is the Imperial Yacht Club, of Germany, which has its headquarters at Kiel, and of which he is, if not the actual founder, at any rate one of the originators and the chief organizer. Its entire prosperity and popularity are due to his efforts, and if he has taken so active a part in promoting its interests, it is because he was anxious in this fashion to foster the taste for yachting, and for things maritime in general, throughout the length and breadth of his dominions. Thanks to him, the annual race week at Kiel has become almost as elebrated for its international sailing ontests, as the Cowes week of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, and while it is in progress he generally manages to spend two or three evenings at the club, where he usually entertains a few American guests, culled from the principal yachting circles in the United States. But the clubs at Berlin have never had him on their roster either as Prince of Prussia or as Kaiser. For many years, both prior and subsequent to his accession to the throne, he was at open war with the Union, which is the principal club of the Prussian metropolis, and, indeed, all of Germany, both from a social and from a horse racing point of view. The quarrel originated when he was colonel in command of that Hussar Regiment of the Guard, the uniform of which he is so fond of wearing. Naturally, by reason of his identification with the corps, commissions therein were much sought after by younger members of the aristocracy, eager to thus acquire intimacy of their future sovereign.

In the German Army more than in that of any other country, the commanding officer of a regiment is regarded as responsible for the moral and material welfare of his officers, and when William found that a number of his subalterns were coming to financial grief through high play at the Union, it ended by issuing an edict forbidding his officers from crossing the threshold of the club in question. Of course, when Prince William, as he was then, issued this order, there was a great outcry at the club, and the late Duke of Ratiber, at that time its president, visited the old emperor and entreated him to induce his grandson to repeal the ban which he had placed upon it. The aged monarch shook his head when he heard what the duke had to say, expressed doubts as to whether he would be able to accomplish anything, but promised to do all that he could. He thereupon summoned his grandson, and asked him to relent. Prince William replied with the following: "Let me ask you this question: Am I still Colonel of my regiment?" "Certainly you are," answered his grandfather. "Well, then, Your Majesty must allow me to fulfil the duties of my office, or else accept the resignation of my command." "Not for the world," exclaimed his grandfather, "for I do not know where I should find so good and energetic a colonel again."

A few hours later, after summoning the Duke of Ratober to his presence, the old emperor informed him that he had completely failed to move his grandson, and that the latter's edict against the Union Club would have to stand. It is only in recent years that under the soothing influence of his most intimate crony, Prince Maximilian of Furstenberg, that the Emperor has relented towards the club, though he still sets his face against his sons becomeing members thereof.

What the Union is in Berlin, the Jockey Club used to be in Vienna. For a number of years Prince Monteneuve, a kinsman of Emperor Francis Joseph and the grand master of the court, was its president. When, however, it acquired an almost international notoriety through the colossal sums lost there at the card table, especially by some great Polish nobles, he felt himself impelled to resign, finding that his duties as the principal dignitary and comptroller-in-chief of the court of Vienna, and as the representative of his sovereign in numerous instances, were incompatible with his presidency of a club where such high play took place, in defiance of club rules and common law.

If then, the official representative of the chief of a state finds it difficult to belong to a club without becoming identified in the eyes of the public with any unpleasantness or scandal by which it may be overtaken—and no club possesser of a large membership can be wholly safe from such a peril—how much more delicate and embarrassing in such a contingency would be the position of the member who happened to be either the sovereign of a monarchy, or the chief magistrate of a republic.

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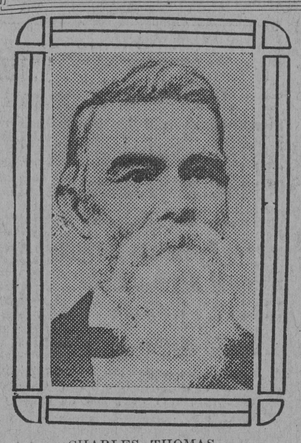
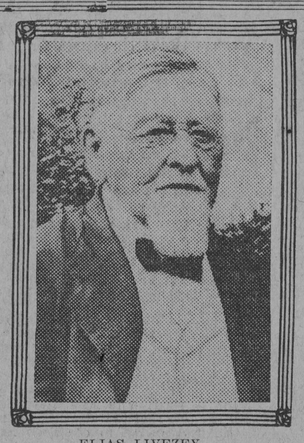
THE TALENTED DAUGHTERS OF PRESIDENT WILSON

Four Men Whose Ages Total 372 Years



CHARLES THOMAS, Age 90.

MICHAEL CORCORAN, Age 93.



ELIAS LIVEZEY. Age 94.

GEORGE W. BOWEN, Age 95.

THE record for the number of nonagenarians for small towns around Maryland is claimed by Catonsville, it having four to its credit. Their aggregate ages total 372 years. They are George W. Bowen, age 95; Elias Livezey, age 94; Michael Corcoran, age 93, and Charles Thomas, age 90. All are in good health and look and feel as if they would pass the century mark.

Mr. Bowen, the oldest of the group, was born May 29, 1817, on Lombard street, near Exeter, on the site where No. 3 Engine House now stands. Mr. Bowen is of Revolutionary stock. His grandfather, an Englishman, came to this country with his family prior to the Revolutionary War. His father, Richard Bowen, was an old defender, participating in the Battle of North Point. Mr. Bowen witnessed the ceremonies in connection with the beginning of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He loves to talk of old New Market Volunteer Fire Company which he remembers distinctly. His father and Robert Stewart being in charge of the fire department in those days.

Mr. Bowen was for many years engaged in the fertilizer and oil business under the firm name of Bowen & Mercer, from which he retired about 35 years ago.

Although nearly a century old, the vitality of Mr. Bowen is wonderful. About five years ago, while in Jacksonville, Fla., he fell and broke his left hip from which he has fully recovered. A year ago he was troubled with a bone-felon on the index finger of his left hand, and although 94 years old, he went to the Mercy Hospital where he was given an anesthetic and the finger amputated. A few weeks ago he was seriously ill from the infirmities of age, but he has now fully recovered and says that he is going to live to be more than a hundred. Mr. Bowen makes his home with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gorman, on Fustings avenue.

Mr. Elias Livezey, living out the very last part of a century, was born June 3, 1819, at Fox Chase, a suburb of Philadelphia. He came to Baltimore in 1856 and engaged in the real estate business. His life is still active. Every morning at 10:30 o'clock Mr. Livezey arrives at his office, 22 East Lexington street, which he has occupied for over 60 years. Staying there during the day, whether it be the hottest of summer or the coldest of winter, he transacts business with the keenest and shrewdest young agents in town. About 3 o'clock he returns to Elkton Park, his beautiful home on Ingleside avenue. Mr. Livezey has lost none of his faculties. He is entertaining and witty. He has few wrinkles, his hair, although white, is thick. He holds himself erect and walks with an alert, quick step. He loves to work, too, and goes around his place—it contains 30 acres—many times a day. When asked the secret of his longevity, he said:

"I havent' any rule. I'm just enjoying life. I have not denied myself anything that I really wanted. I've never been a hard drinker and I did not smoke until I was very old. I smoked my first cigar when I was 70 years old. That was rather late in life to take up the weed, wasn't it? But I enjoy it now. Have I kept regular hours and had system in everything? No, I can't say I have. I've gotten up in the morning at most any time it suited me, and I've never retired early." Mr. Livezey is one of the founders of the Louden Park Cemetery.

Born September 29, 1820, in County Mayo, Ireland, Mr. Corcoran came to America in 1851 and located in Baltimore. His first position was in the locomotive shops of the late Ross Winans, which he held for several years. He later accepted a position with the Levin Jones Galvanizing Company. In 1882, after leaving the business, he started the Baltimore Galvanizing Works, 207 and 209 Hughes street. He retired in 1904 and turned the business over to his son, John F. Corcoran.

Like all Irishmen he is always ready to give and take a joke. He has always smoked and says he likes toddy occasionally. Although 93 years old, Mr. Corcoran keeps well posted on what is going on in the world through The American, of which he has been a daily reader for 60 years. Mr. Corcoran is a devout Catholic and attends his church regularly when the weather permits. He makes his home with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. McHugh, at Overbrook, their beautiful home at Catonsville.

Mr. Charles Thomas was born on August 18, 1823, at Newport, South Wales. He came to America when but 20 years old. He was employed at St. Paul's School, New York, for several years. He came to Catonsville in 1848 with the Rev. Dr. Lebertus Van Bokelen, who started a military academy at Catonsville which has since burned down. Mr. Thomas was employed at the academy as a shoemaker. While there he made shoes for Fitzpatrick Lee, Wade Hampton and John Wilkes Booth, who were students at the academy. When the academy burned in 1852 he opened the first shoe store ever conducted in Catonsville. He was later appointed postmaster at Catonsville by President Grant. He retired in 1873 and lived on a farm in Howard county until about five years ago.

COST OF STAGING A SHOW

TEN or fifteen years ago, the dramatic spectacle that cost more than $25,000 to produce was a nine days' wonder. Now, half a dozen productions a year foot up bills that exceed this figure, and occasionally double it. Last year The Garden of Allah set up a new record for subsequent producers to aim at, the expenses mounting up into the neighborhood of $75,000. This mark was not destined to remain on top for any lengthy period, however, for the cost of its successor at the Century Theater, New York, The Daughter of Heaven, totaled $105,000.

In the first place, it is explained, the authors of The Daughter of Heaven, Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier, are commanding figures in the world of literature and a heavy advance royalty was paid to secure the American rights to their joint composition. Again, a large bonus was paid for the privilege of performing the play in New York before the French and English productions are made by Sarah Bernhardt and Sir Herbert Tree, respectively. Thirdly, as the original is in French, an experienced and well-known writer, George Edgerton, was engaged to make the translation and adaptation, receiving the customary advance royalty for undertaking the task.

As soon as the manuscript had been received in the Liebler Company offices, miniature scenic models were made and Hugh Ford, the general stage director, and Edward Morange, the scenic artist, boarded the first steamer for France to submit the plans to Loti and to get his ideas on the details of the production. In the meantime, Mr. Heywood Broun, an American journalist and magazine writer, had been sent to China, with instructions to photograph everything in sight, to purchase such objects and secure such information as might be of use in the staging of the spectacle, and saturate himself so thoroughly with Chinese atmosphere that the original scenes might be faithfully reproduced.

All summer long the mechanical staff conducted the necessary experiments for new lighting and mechanical effects to be introduced; 120,000 square feet of canvas and 20,000 square feet of gauze were utilized in the seven resplendent scenes.

Two hundred people participate in the performance. For them, more than 300 costumes are required. These costumes were designed and executed by Caramba, of Milan; two of the scenes of the play are court scenes, requiring full court regalia. The court dress of the Ming empress, The Daughter of Heaven, is a thing of great beauty and the item of costuming in this instance, is said to be even more expensive than the scenery.

Still the cost of the scenery does not end with the framework and painted canvas. The interior settings are elaborately draped and ornamented with expensive Chinese objects d'art and the exteriors supplemented with the curiously stunted trees and shrubs so characteristic of the Chinese landscapes.

Then there is the cost of the incidental music. Twelve Chinese dancing girls were imported from Nankin, their fares and expenses paid half way around the globe. Several hundred dollars went into live stock. Then there are the "properties" and the countless odds and ends that, inexpensive in themselves, mount up to a pretty penny in so large a production.

Pierre Loti came to American to aid in the production, a guest of the management. The actual cost of rehearsing was tremendous. One hundred odd stage hands were required, each paid at union rates for rehearsals, with double pay for overtime. During The Garden of Allah rehearsals the stage hands had to put in an average of 14 hours a day for the 10 days preceding production, the rehearsal bill amounting to almost $10,000. In The Daughter of Heaven, in addition, there is a large orchestra, whose rehearsal bills were budgets in themselves.

Once produced, the cost of maintenance of this production is tremendous. The company of 200 and the large stage crew in themselves make the weekly expense sheet of the ordinary attraction look insignificant. The principals, wth Viola Allen at their head, are all high-salaried people, and the Liebler Company consider themselves in luck when the auditor checks up the bills and finds them less than $10,000 weekly.

PAINTING STAGE SCENERY

MOST of the scenery used by Annie Russell and her Old English Comedy Company was designed and painted by Grace Olmstead Clarke, probably the only woman scenery painter in the world. Anyhow, she never heard of any other woman who has taken up that line of work. Miss Clarke isn't very big, but she makes up in artistic ability what she lacks in stature.

"I can always use a stepladder if necessary," she explained, "and I've had to work under all kinds of difficulties, so I'm used to that kind of thing.

"Why, last summer I used Miss Russell's barn at Pemaquid, Me., for a studio," she declared between daubs while at work on the stage of the Thirty-ninth Street Playhouse, New York. "Some of the big canvasses were hung on the outside of the barn and I painted from a scaffolding and ladders. I did all of the work on the scenery for Much Ado About Nothing up there in the barn.

"It would be hard to get an inspiration from most barns, but the one at Miss Russell's summer home isn't ordinary. It is more picturesque than any studio I ever saw.

"One day when I was at work on a ladder outside the barn a thunder storm came up. The scene I was working on would be ruined if it got wet, so some quick action was necessary. From my screams I guess the people in the house thought I was being murdered, but they had the effect of bringing help in short order. Miss Russell and her husband, Oswald Yorke, with several guests and all the servants came running out to the barn, and I never saw a quicker change of scenery on any stage than we effected.

"If that scene could be acted out behind the footlights with the old stone barn and black clouds for a background, it would be one of the dramatic successes of the age, because every conceivable kind of emotion was portrayed, from hysteria and tears to laughter, but it was almost a tragedy for me, because I had spent days of backaching work on that particular canvas, and to have it ruined when it was so near completed would have almost broken my heart.

"I was quite a curiosity to the farmers and other persons who daily drove past the barn, and they would stop and gaze at me open-mouthed. One old man, more curious than the rest, tied his horse and came up to find out what it all meant.

"'That's th' first time I ever seen a barn painted in sech an outlandish way,' he said. When I explained to him that I was painting scenery for a theater, he said: 'Well, I'll be goldurned! What'll folks be doin' next around here?'

"Miss Russell is a delightful person to work for, because she is full of ideas and knows exactly what she wants. Both of us made a thorough study of old English furniture and architecture before I began the work of painting the scenery for Much Ado About Nothing. We discussed every little detail before it was put on the canvas, and everything, even down to such insignificant articles as snuff boxes and candles, is true to the life of that period.

"Miss Russell would come out to the barn and sit on the scaffolding by the hour, watching me paint and making suggestions. The sole idea in painting the scenery for Much Ado About Nothing and for The Rivals was to reproduce old English styles just as simply as they were in the old days."

SYMBOLISM OF THE VEIL

Survival of Ancient Custom—The Yashmak of the East.

[From the London Chronicle.]

The veil as a portion of feminine attire is almost symbolic in its character. The bridal veil is an interesting survival of the ancient custom of holding a canopy over the bride at her wedding, a ceremony still observed at Jewish marriages. Many families hold the bridal veil as one of the most precious of heirlooms, to be handed down from generation to generation and to be guarded with the utmost care and reverence.

Simpler in character but no less beautiful in effect is the veil of the young girl worn at her confirmation, symbolizing as it does the modesty and simplicity of the maiden about to enter on the responsibilities of maturity. These charming veils, generally of fine French net, hand made but devoid of ornamentation save for the broad hemstitched border, are often kept by the wearers to be used when later on they become wives and mothers as the christening veil for their baby. Although modern science is averse to the constant use of a veil by young chidiren, the custom still survives at christenings, and we should be loath indeed to see it disappear.

In the veil of the novice we find a survival of the wimple of the Norman ladies, while certain orders of nuns, such as the Kilburn Sisters, follow faithfully the fashion of the early Plantagenet court in the way in which they pin the veil to the sides of their linen caps. In just such a fashion was the Plantagenet wimple fastened to the chin band.

Although the veil has to some extent lost its significance in England as a symbol of mourning, it is still used on the Continent in this connection with great circumstance and ceremony. Not only does a widow envelop herself for a lengthy period in a veil of amazing length and opaqueness, but every relative of the deceased assumes a similar dreary symbol of regret, its size and thickness varying with nice discrimination according to the exact degree of relationship. In fact, a Briton visiting France or Italy for the first time is often astonished at the number of apparent widows he is apt to encounter in a day's walk. It is not until his curiosity leads him to prosecute inquiries that he learns the true reason for the prevalence of the deep mourning veil reaching from head to foot.

In the East the yashmak signifies all that is subservient and dependent in the lives of the women. For a woman to appear unveiled before a man is to put herself forever beyond the pale. On the day that the woman of the East shall appear with impuity unveiled in a public place, on that day she will have set her foot on the first rung of the ladder of independence.

So, East or West, the veil holds its own, from the yashmak to the motor veil, from the christening veil to the wimple. Whatever antiquity may have to say as to its origin, we who are women know that it owes its adoption in the first instance to the fact that it is universally and incurably becoming.

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