

THE PALACE ON A LAKE

Story of a Friend in the Mutiny.

THE MYSTERIOUS PICTURES

The visit of the Prince of Wales to India has revived memories of that most terrible of all crises, the Indian Mutiny of 1857, some tragic, others glorious.

One that is honourable in the highest degree to an Indian reigning family is connected with Udaipur, where the Prince had a most splendid reception.

The Maharana of this State is the leading chief of the Rajputs, and his family has been long famed for its fidelity to the British connection. That fidelity stood the test of the mutiny in the most magnificent manner. When other rulers were proving unfaithful the Maharana announced that all British refugees would be welcomed, and would be treated by him as honoured guests.

Puzzle of a Tiled Room

On the beautiful Lake of Pichola, in his domain, are two islands, and on each is an ancient palace. All the British who reached Udaipur were rowed across to one of these island palaces, and there entertained till the final British victory insured their safety; and to make their protection certain all boats were removed from the margin of the lake, and were only allowed to cross from the islands to transport the fugitives to safety, or otherwise to serve them, so that no danger could possibly approach.

A curious fact is that, though the palaces were built hundreds of years ago, before Christian missionaries had established themselves in India, a room in one of the palaces is entirely lined with tiles that picture scenes from the Christian Scriptures. It is not known by whom these pictured tiles were placed so long ago in an Indian palace. It is thought that some Portuguese builders who reached this part before the British may have taken them there.

Can it be that these Scripture scenes are one of the links binding together Udaipur and Britain?

AN OLD LADY'S GARDEN

Happy Among Her Flowers

An old lady friend of the C.N. in New South Wales, who wrote the letter we published not long ago under the heading An Old Lady in a Lonely World, sends a beautiful picture of her garden as the sun was shining down on it when the last mails left.

I have an exquisite garden (she says), just now rioting with hundreds of blooms—roses and lilies and gladiolas and geraniums of every hue, and pentstemons and cactuses and flowering shrubs most gorgeous. There are mayas and laburnums and poppies, and every ordinary flower you can think of; and such beautiful begonias.

Among this rioting of flowers are oranges and lemons and persimmons, peaches and apricots, plums, pears, apples, and quinces. But, alas! the blackberries are a pest, and I have been fined twice for them, though I spent years in cutting them down myself and paid many a Chinaman to do them. I had to sell a beautiful pet pony to pay one fine.

There is not a day in the year when I cannot go into the garden and gather many flowers for my house or friends, so that even if I am a lonely old lady I am a very happy one with my flowers and books and music, and the sun nearly always shining, and the air so pure, and the scenery so beautiful.

MUSIC BY TELEPHONE

People at a restaurant near a cinema theatre in Birmingham are able to enjoy the music of the orchestra while they have tea. It is conveyed by telephone wires to a "loud-speaker" trumpet in the restaurant.

America Still in the Making

The Marvellous Energy and Restless Ingenuity that Overcome all Difficulties

HUNDRED-MILLION NATION IN THE MELTING POT

This concluding article on the American people, by our International Correspondent suggests the dazzling future that lies before this mighty nation still in the making

When anyone from the old countries of Europe goes among the people of a new country it is both kind and discreet to praise rather than to blame. This has to be remembered by all who hope to win the goodwill of the Americans. They are sensitive, and do not like to hear their country criticised.

Their merits far exceed their defects, or they could not have conquered Nature, and led the way in so many of the advances of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and set the rest of the world examples in such numerous directions. To be resentful of criticism of one's country is far less harmful than to dislike criticism of one's methods in business or in manufacture, as we do; the Americans are always ready to listen to anyone who can suggest to them improvements in their factories or offices.

Scrapping Old Machinery

It is this good sense, added to their marvellous energy, that has given them their leading position in commerce and industry. They are ready at any moment to start upon new lines if they can feel sure that they are better than the old. They "scrap" machinery without hesitation as soon as they find some new process that will give more satisfactory results.

By "standardising parts"—that is, turning out immense numbers of articles, from motor-cars to apple-corerers, all of one pattern, with the parts made separately and easily replaceable—they have given a new turn to manufacture and cheapened the price of luxuries and necessities.

Their object is to make articles in vast quantities so that they may be brought within the reach of as many buyers as possible. Thus, in the United States the owners of motor-cars are several times as numerous as they are in Great Britain, though the population is only a little more than twice as large as ours.

The First Steamboat

The Americans have always been an inventive, enterprising race. The first steamboat was set going on the mighty Hudson River, which runs through New York, by an American named Fulton. The telephone was brought into common use by Americans, and in the application of electricity in so many other ways the great Thomas Edison took a prominent part. They made railway travelling more comfortable than it has ever been in this country, and in the last few years they have built some magnificent railway stations, which make ours look like old sheds.

For a great many years they were too busy developing their resources to trouble about the sightliness of their cities. In many of them there can still be seen signs of this carelessness, but now they are resolved to make them as convenient and as handsome as possible.

In New York they have put up higher buildings than exist anywhere else in the world. They need high buildings because the city, being on a narrow strip of land between two rivers, cannot spread as other cities do. These "sky-scrapers" were at first

ugly, but American architects have learned how to give them a certain beauty of their own. In their methods of building the Americans led the world. Their system of erecting a steel framework and then constructing downwards from the top has been adopted everywhere. They led the way, too, with concrete in building.

They have a restless ingenuity which helps them to deal with and overcome difficulties. The typical American is never so happy as when he is up against some problem hard to solve.

Some are inclined to think that the mixture with the British stock of so many elements from the oppressed populations of Europe will weaken this side of the American character. It has already changed the appearance of the cities where the foreign immigrants have settled most thickly. New York looks more like a continental city than an English one, and there are whole districts in Chicago where English is scarcely ever spoken. In the flourishing and still growing city of Cleveland, Ohio, only 18 out of every hundred people are American-born.

Men of the Past and Present

It may be that out of the melting-pot, as a famous author has called the United States, a new race will arise with qualities distinct from, and perhaps superior to, those of the British-Americans. Up to the present, however, the great men of the country have almost all come from the old strain. The names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, of the poets Longfellow, Walt Whitman, Edgar Allan Poe, of the historian Motley, and the novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the genial essayist Oliver Wendell Holmes, will always live to show where the early genius of the nation came from.

Even in later times the men of note, Henry James in literature, Sargent in painting, Woodrow Wilson in politics, and so on, have been mainly of British descent. But every year names of foreign origin become more and more prominent. Every year the number of Americans who think of the British Isles as the land of their forefathers becomes smaller.

Problems of the Future

So far they have tried hard to keep out of European politics. They have enough problems of their own to keep them occupied—the Negro problem, which concerns the future relations of the white people with twelve million blacks; the problem of Japan and the desire of the Japanese to enter freely into the United States; the problem of Mexico, which many Americans think will never cease to give trouble until it has been made part of the American Union. It may be that these and other matters in the new world will occupy all their attention; or it may be that the European elements will insist on taking a hand in Europe as well. That is for the future to decide.

The Americans, great as their nation is today, are still only a nation in the making. What they will be when the process is finished no one can tell, but it is a mighty and a dazzling destiny that awaits them.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

MOLIÈRE

The Greatest Figure in French Literature

POOR MAN'S STRUGGLE TO FAME

On February 17, 1673, in Paris, died Molière, the world's most popular writer of comedies and the greatest figure in French literature. Only a month ago the three hundredth anniversary of his birth was celebrated.



Molière

He occupies in French literature a place as distinct as Shakespeare's in English, though the range of Molière's power was less wide.

Like Shakespeare, he was born of the tradesman class, had a miscellaneous education, joined early a company of players, tinkered the poor plays of the period to make them suit his company's gifts, and after ten years of this preparatory work, accompanied by wide observation of life and character, began to write original plays that, by their wit and satire, made the stage a great power.

Then he wrote, with fine industry and constantly-increasing effect, over twenty plays, half of them masterpieces, in 14 years; became a favourite at Court, famous, and well-to-do; excited malicious envy in less successful writers and actors; was unhappy in his domestic life, but beloved by the people who worked with him and knew him best; and, finally, died suddenly in the full plenitude of his powers.

Life of Ups and Downs

In all this there is a curious parallelism between the lives of the greatest dramatist of France and the greatest dramatist of England.

His real name, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, was changed from Poquelin to Molière when he became an actor. His father was a prosperous upholsterer, who held an office in the bedchamber of Louis XIII, accompanying him on his travels.

For three years Molière and his theatrical company acted in Paris, but they failed so badly in gaining popular support that Molière was imprisoned for debt by the tradesman who provided the candles to light the theatre, and the other actors had to borrow the money to secure his release.

The company then went touring in the country, visiting almost every part of France, and nearly 12 years passed before it returned to Paris to play before the young King Louis XIV.

But in these years of wandering Molière had become, not only a successful actor and manager, but the writer of the most popular plays of the age, and when, not long after his triumphant return to Paris, his theatre was pulled down for building changes, the King allowed him to use the great hall of the Palais Royal for his performances.

Unbroken Success

The remainder of his life, as actor and writer, was an unbroken success. Though his health failed he would not cease work, and after an enthusiastic reception on the first night of his last play, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, in which he took the leading part, he returned home and died through the bursting of a blood vessel.

In his comedies Molière exposed, with relentless wit, the follies, affectations, and vices of the age. Sometimes he wrote in verse, sometimes in prose, but he was a prose writer rather than a poet. His three most famous plays are *Tartuffe*, an exposure of hypocrisy in religion, *Le Misanthrope*, and *L'Avare*, *The Miser*.

His plays still hold their place on the stage, and have had a great influence on English comedy. English dramatists like Dryden and Fielding transferred his plays to the English stage after adapting them to our conditions.