

"ARE WOMEN LIARS?" asks Professor Lombroso in *La Rivista dei Rivisti*, and he answers, "Yes." I have never had much respect for that sensationalist scientist since I had the displeasure of reading his work on the insanity of men of genius, and of perceiving how he accepted evidence to prove his case not weighty enough to hang a mad dog upon.

In his present contention Signor Lombroso simply begs the whole question by quoting a few stock proverbs, and citing a certain number of silly stock anecdotes as to the mendacity of women. If an average woman tells more falsehoods than an average man, she does so for no other reason than that she talks a great deal more than our silent sex; but lies are commodities that should be judged by weight and quality as well as by quantity. The lie of a male company-promoter, for instance, which wrecks and ruins a hundred homesteads, should outweigh a score of the harmless fibs that a woman may tell about her children, or her dress, or her friends. If there were a few more scientists of Professor Lombroso's type it would be far easier to prove that men were never *veraciter* than that women were always liars.

The capitalist and employer in France could scarcely wish for a better case to go into the court of public opinion with than that arising from the absurd issue raised by the Socialist strikers at Carmaux. No workman, not a fool or a fanatic, can fail to see that, if work is conducted according to the wishes and whims of the employed, the profit must be less than if the employer governs. If profits diminish, or dwindle to nothing, then capital will go elsewhere, and employment must diminish or dwindle too, wages go down, and the numbers of the non-employed increase. This is the state of things which the strikers at Carmaux are doing their very best—unconsciously, no doubt—to bring about.

The intelligent French working-man must, one would think, be struck by the contrast between the long-suffering of his own Government towards the Carmaux rioters, and the summary action of those dear allies of the French nation, the Russians, in the case of the recent strike at Lodz in Poland. "Kill without mercy, do not spare powder," was the order to the troops; and there certainly seems to have been more gunpowder fired than mercy shown at Lodz, for, if the French papers are to be trusted, no fewer than 117 dead bodies were forthwith stretched out in the streets and squares of the town.

MOSLEVIC RAFIUDDIN AHMED is a Mohammedan gentleman of great legal acquirements and influence, and belongs to an ancient literary family in Poona. He arrived in this country in 1856, and is known for his articles in the English press upon Moslem Law and the Moslem Social System. He is a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, and his position and influence in the Moslem world may be assessed from the fact that he has been received by, and has conferred with, the two Sovereigns who have between them more Mohammedan subjects under their sway than all the other princes and potentates of the world put together. He had an audience of the Sultan in August last, and of the Queen at Balmoral last week.



MOSLEVIC RAFIUDDIN AHMED

From a photograph by Elliot & Fry

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following, as to the exhibition at the New Gallery. The matter is being dealt with in the "Diary of a Daughter of Eve," and, from its purely artistic point of view, by our art critic. Our correspondent trenches upon the province of neither of the two, while not disagreeing with either.—"On Saturday afternoon the New Gallery opened the hall of winter Private Views with a collection of works by modern masters, a great many of which we had seen before, but were glad to see again. Like the pictures, the dresses were rather nondescript, and country tweeds and 'tailor made' flourished beside delicate brocades and fanciful millinery. It is early days for this kind of thing. People are 'not back yet,' but oscillate between town and country. Fashions are not yet decided, but fluctuate between the 'Empire' and early Victorian styles. Everyone seemed anxious to impress on everyone else that they were only 'passing through' or 'up for the day,' and that they had 'nothing to wear.' Nevertheless, a good many people mustered on Saturday, and we noticed several very pretty costumes."

"MR. OSCAR WILDE was conspicuous, as usual, by his presence in his well-known and very becoming chocolate coat, or its near relation. There were very few artists of either denomination—landscape painters were presumably cutting the last fugitive roses of summer all over England—the art-child of other seasons was conspicuously absent. The gathering, in fact, was chiefly literary. Among those present were—Mrs. Campbell Prichard, Mrs. Norman, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mrs. Graham Tomson, Mr. and Mrs. John Collier, Sir Peter O'Brien and Sir Robert Harding. The Hon. Alec Yorke, the two brothers Irving, and Miss Ellen Terry's daughter; Mr. Poland, Q.C., Mr. Ritchie, M.P., Miss

Helen Mathers, Mr. Henry Lucy, Mr. Bram Stoker, Sir Bruce and Lady Seton, Sir Lepel Griffin and Lady Griffin, Mr. and Miss Richmond; Lady Albenarle and her daughters, Lady Pollock and Lady Dorothy Neville, not forgetting the energetic promoters of the show, Messrs. Carr and Hallé."

THE late Mr. Edward Vansittart Neale, of Bisham Abbey, President of the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, who died last week



MR. EDWARD VANSITTART NEALE

in his 83rd year, was more than any man—the originator and supporter of Co-operation between labour and capital. A man of large fortune and of broad humanitarian views, he dedicated time and fortune to the spread of ideas which he derived from the Rev. F. D. Maurice and which he shared with his friends, Charles Kingsley, Lord Ripon, Thomas Hughes, Furnival and Lindlow. Mr. Herbert Spencer has lately declared that the time for the exercise of pure altruism must come; but not yet. Mr. Neale, in a noble and devoted life, did more than any contemporary has to advance the reign of altruism. That he did not absolutely establish his principles is the fault of human nature, not his own.

MR. IRVING, in his excellent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, convinces me, where, indeed, I needed no conviction, that the actor—not the scene-painter or the ballet-master—is the soul of a great play when it is put upon the stage; but he does not convince me that the British public would flock, as they now do to see *King Henry VIII.*, or as they will presently flock to see *Alce Lear*, without the perfect stage management and splendid *mise en scene* that they always get at the Lyceum. It seems to me that it is because the public look to see an actor of real and original genius, ably supported, and amid such scenery as the world has never yet seen, that they fill Mr. Irving's theatre.

In the meantime, is there not a change coming over the spirit of the London stage—a something in the air not dealt with in Mr. Irving's articles, nor in the several utterances in the leading reviews, nor in the recent interesting letters of certain non-dramatic authors in the *Pall Mall Gazette*? The flowing tide of success is certainly not just now with the theatres. The popularity and the business and dramatic talent of our leading actor-managers keep the wolf from the door of some of the best known London theatres, but that hungry animal notoriously has found admittance into too many of them.

THERE never was a time when the fate of a new play was so difficult to guess; in other words, when the public was so hard to please. The chances of success for a fair play were really never so bad as now, and a gambler might—as gamblers do at Hurlingham—lay five to one against any new play, taking one theatre with another, all the year round, and make a fortune in a twelve-month. To what does this slackness on the part of the theatre-goer point—while the music-halls are crowded nightly? Does it mean that the public wants more variety, more lightness, more fun and bustle, less plot and character drawing—shorter pieces and shorter prices. Something all this does mean; some change the public does require, and happy the managers who first find out and supply what the public requires. K.

THE NEW BALLET AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

Round the Town, the new ballet at the Empire Theatre is new in more than name, for it leaves the beaten track of such entertainment, and gives us a series of London street scenes in entertaining variety, from Covent Garden market at dawn, to the Royal Exchange at mid-day, and the Thames Embankment. From a pictorial point of view the various scenes leave nothing to be desired. At Covent Garden we have vegetable carts surrounded by the market folk, and flower girls, and costermongers make merry among their wares. Round the centre of commerce is a busy crowd of stockbrokers, bank-clerks, messenger boys, shoeblacks, and newspaper boys, with a sprinkling of daintily-dressed young ladies, and the rest of the bustling crowd which surges round Throgmorton Street. On the Thames Embankment the crowd cheers the Volunteers and the Coldstream Guards as they march with bands playing, or joins in the clamour that follows the Salvation Army. Amidst the realism of these street scenes a pathetic little domestic drama is introduced with the orthodox moral for the proletariat. The last scene is entitled "The Daughters of the United Kingdom," and introduces to us characteristic figures representative of brilliant display from first to last, the grouping of the figures and the costumes in the principal scenes being admirable. The idea of the ballet, suggested by Mr. George Edwards, has been well carried out by Madame Katti Lanner, while Monsieur Leopold Wenzel has added the charm of bright, appropriate music.



"ROUND THE TOWN," THE NEW BALLET AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE
 DRAWN BY JEAN DE PALEOLOGUE