

The South Shore Drive, which will constitute the greatest part of the work, will leave the Lake Front Park at Twelfth Street and extend to the southward outside of the Illinois Central tracks, a distance of five and a half miles, to the northern end of Jackson Park. If the plans made by Mr. Burnham are carried out, this park and driveway will have an average width of from 500 to 700 feet, nearly all of the land to be reclaimed from the waters of Lake Michigan. Back of it there will be a wide lagoon, studded with beautiful islands, the shores natural wooded slopes, and slanted so as to show vistas through which residents along the shore may catch glimpses of the lake. At the north end the lagoon will connect with the yacht harbor, and at the south end with the lagoons of Jackson Park, thus making a continuous watercourse, through which will ply steam-launches, small sail-boats, and other pleasure craft, even to gondolas. It will also furnish an excellent place for all kinds of water athletics, including a number of rowing courses. Part of the parkway will be set apart for residence purposes, the rentals accruing from the land to be used by the Park Commissioners for maintaining the driveways and lagoon.

Mr. Burnham, who is the father of the whole grand scheme, thinks that the work can be completed in two years, and after that the statuary may be erected in the places provided as occasion demands.

THE CALHOUN MONUMENTS.

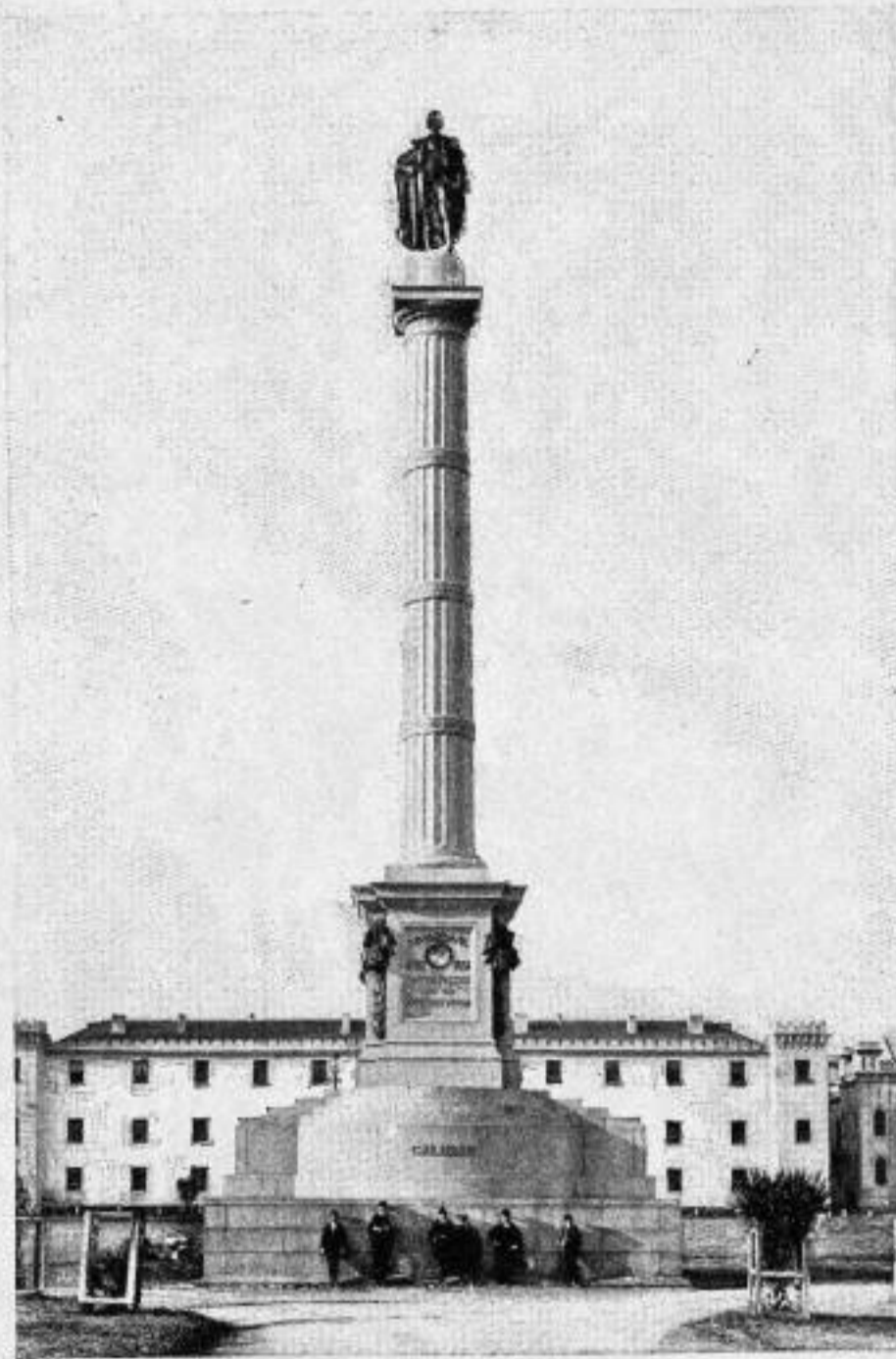
Just ten years ago, April, 1887, a monument in memory of John C. Calhoun was unveiled in Charleston, South Carolina. Artistically it proved a failure, a huge, costly mistake. It was taken down, and last month saw the completion of a more satisfactory substitute. The corner-stone of the first monument was laid in 1858. Designs for its construction were under consideration when South Carolina seceded and there were other things to think of. Most of the women who composed the Monument Association fled to the up-country or to Columbia when Charleston was bombarded. It is owing to the forethought and tact of Mrs. Snowden, the treasurer of the association, that there is a Calhoun monument to-day. When Columbia was in flames and the people panic-stricken, she quitted the bonds and other securities, amounting to nearly \$40,000, in the skirt of her gown, so preserving them from prying fingers.

When the refugees got back to Charleston later and things had settled down, the association asked the three surviving chancellors of the old Carolina bench to decide whether the funds might not be used for an educational institute. Affairs at that time seemed to forbid the putting of money into artistic tributes. The chancellors decided that the association, owing to its original constitution, could not divert the funds, and the ladies waited until more prosperous days might warrant monument-building.

In 1882, after much consultation and referring to reputable judges, a contract was made with a Philadelphia sculptor for a bronze statue of Calhoun on a Carolina-granite pedestal, and, surrounding it, four allegorical figures—Truth, Justice, the Constitution, and History—for \$44,000.

This monument was completed in 1887, and proved so disappointing that the association did not rest until it was taken down. They considered plans for a less elaborate design, and made a new contract, with Mr. J. Massey Rhind.

The main portion only of the base of the original monument is retained; the rest is relegated to obscurity. Critics who saw the model of the Calhoun statue in Harnisch's Roman studio pronounced it animated clay, and the figures that were to surround it were declared "Michelangelesque" in pose and body, with calm, thoughtful faces and tranquil eyes. Alas! the sibyls were the reverse of "Michelangelesque" when put up. They were "mam-malesque," gross, unwieldy. Only one ever sat on the



THE NEW CALHOUN MONUMENT.

base of the monument; the people put up with that one, though whether it was Truth, Justice, or History that sat there was never clear. The pickaninnies christened her "Mis' Calhoun." Two of the other sibyls remained boxed up in the cases in which they came from Rome. The fourth never crossed the ocean. Nobody missed her.

The Rhind monument has no hint of a sibyl. There are two figure panels, one showing Calhoun answering Webster in the Senate, the other representing him as chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs when war was declared against England in 1812.

There will be no formal unveiling of the new monument. All that could be said was said ten years ago, when thirty-four young maidens, representing the thirty-four counties of the State, let free the flags that veiled the first statue. Odes were read; there were music and classic speech and enthusiasm—enthusiasm that waned into disappointment when the crowds had dispersed and the work was viewed dispassionately. Now the mistake has been rectified, and the much-tried monument association, that dates back to a drawing-room meeting nearly a half-century ago, may rest content.

A PHILOSOPHICAL COMPOSER.

THERE has been discussion lately in some of the German and Austrian papers over the authorship of that everlastingly popular ditty known to English-speaking people as "How Can I Leave Thee?" a lyric with an unctuous sentimentality that has worked havoc at innumerable college promenade concerts and Commencement occasions. The song has been claimed for three separate composers—for Friedrich Lux, for Friedrich Kücken, and for that gifted and half-crazed Johann Ludwig Böhner, who used to go about the streets of Oldenburg until he heard a piano-forte a-going, when he would calmly walk into even an utter stranger's house, and play superbly for hours at a sitting—the same Böhner who sent packing a large and expectant concert audience with the graceful declaration, "It is impossible for Ludwig Böhner to play for such a lot of idiots!" Nothing less than ecclesiastical authority has been called in to settle the dispute about the song. It seems that Böhner's own words decide the matter against him, often as the air has been credited to him. Aged Pastor Edmund Nicolai, of Gotha, deposes before a notary that one evening in 1852, while he and Böhner were playing duets together, there came through the window the sound of "How Can I Leave Thee?" Pastor Nicolai therewith congratulated Böhner on the popularity of his love-song. "No," answered Böhner, sharply, "that song is not mine. It is by Organist Lux." Not long after, aged Pastor Nicolai asked the eminent organist if he had indeed composed the song, and was answered in the affirmative by Lux, with the explanation that he had not acknowledged it, as it was "such fun to see other men steal its authorship." Organist Lux evidently possessed a philosopher's bump of humor.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.\*

Being some Further Account of the Doings of the Associated Shades, under the Leadership of Sherlock Holmes, Esq.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL.

IX.—CAPTAIN KIDD MEETS WITH AN OBSTACLE.

"EXCUSE me, your Majesty," remarked Helen of Troy as Cleopatra accorded permission to Captain Kidd to speak; "I have not been introduced to this gentleman, nor has he been presented to me, and I really cannot consent to any proceeding so irregular as this. I do not speak to gentlemen I have not met, nor do I permit them to address me."

"Hear, hear!" cried Xanthippe. "I quite agree with the principle of my young friend from Troy. It may be

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that when we claimed for ourselves all the rights of men that the right to speak to and to be spoken to by other men without an introduction was included in the list, but I for one have no desire to avail myself of the privilege, especially when it's a horrid-looking man like this."

Kidd bowed politely, and smiled so terribly that several of the ladies fainted.

"I will withdraw," he said, turning to Cleopatra; and it must be said that his suggestion was prompted by his heart-felt wish, for now that he found himself thus conspicuously brought before so many women, with falsehood on his lips, his courage began to ooze.

"Not yet, please," answered the chairlady. "I imagine we can get about this difficulty without much trouble."

"I think it a perfectly proper objection too," observed Delilah, rising. "If we ever needed etiquette we need it now. But I have a plan which will obviate any further difficulty. If there is no one among us who is sufficiently well acquainted with the gentleman to present him formally to us, I will for the time being take upon myself the office of ship's barber and cut his hair. I understand that it is quite the proper thing for barbers to talk, while cutting their hair, to persons to whom they have not been introduced. And, besides, he really needs a hair-cut badly. Thus I shall establish an acquaintance with the gentleman, after which I can with propriety introduce him to the rest of you."

"Perhaps the gentleman himself might object to that," put in Queen Elizabeth. "If I remember rightly, your last customer was very much dissatisfied with the trim you gave him."

"It will be unnecessary to do what Delilah proposes," said Mrs. Noah, with a kindly smile, as she rose up from the corner in which she had been sitting, an interested listener. "I can introduce the gentleman to you all with perfect propriety. He's a member of my family. His grandfather was the great-grandson of a thousand and eight times removed of my son Shem's great-grandnephew on his father's side. His relationship to me is therefore obvious, though from what I know of his reputation I think he takes more after my husband's ancestors than my own. Willie dear, these ladies are friends of mine. Ladies, this young man is one of my most famous descendants. He has been a man of many adventures, and he has been hanged once, which, far from making him undesirable as an acquaintance, has served merely to render him harmless, and therefore a safe person to know. Now, my son, go ahead and speak your piece."

The good old spirit sat down, and the scruples of the objectors having thus been satisfied, Captain Kidd began.

"Now that I know you all," he remarked, as pleasantly as he could under the circumstances, "I feel that I can speak more freely, and certainly with a great deal less embarrassment than if I were addressing a gathering of entire strangers. I am not much of a hand at speaking, and have always felt somewhat nonplussed at finding myself in a position of this nature. In my whole career I never experienced but one irresistible impulse to make a public address of any length, and that was upon that unhappy occasion to which the greatest and grandest of my great-grandmothers has alluded, and that only as the chain by which I was suspended in mid-air tightened about my vocal chords. At that moment I could have talked impromptu for a year, so fast and numerous did thoughts of the uttermost import surge upward into my brain; but circumstances over which I had no control prevented the utterance of those thoughts, and that speech is therefore lost to the world."

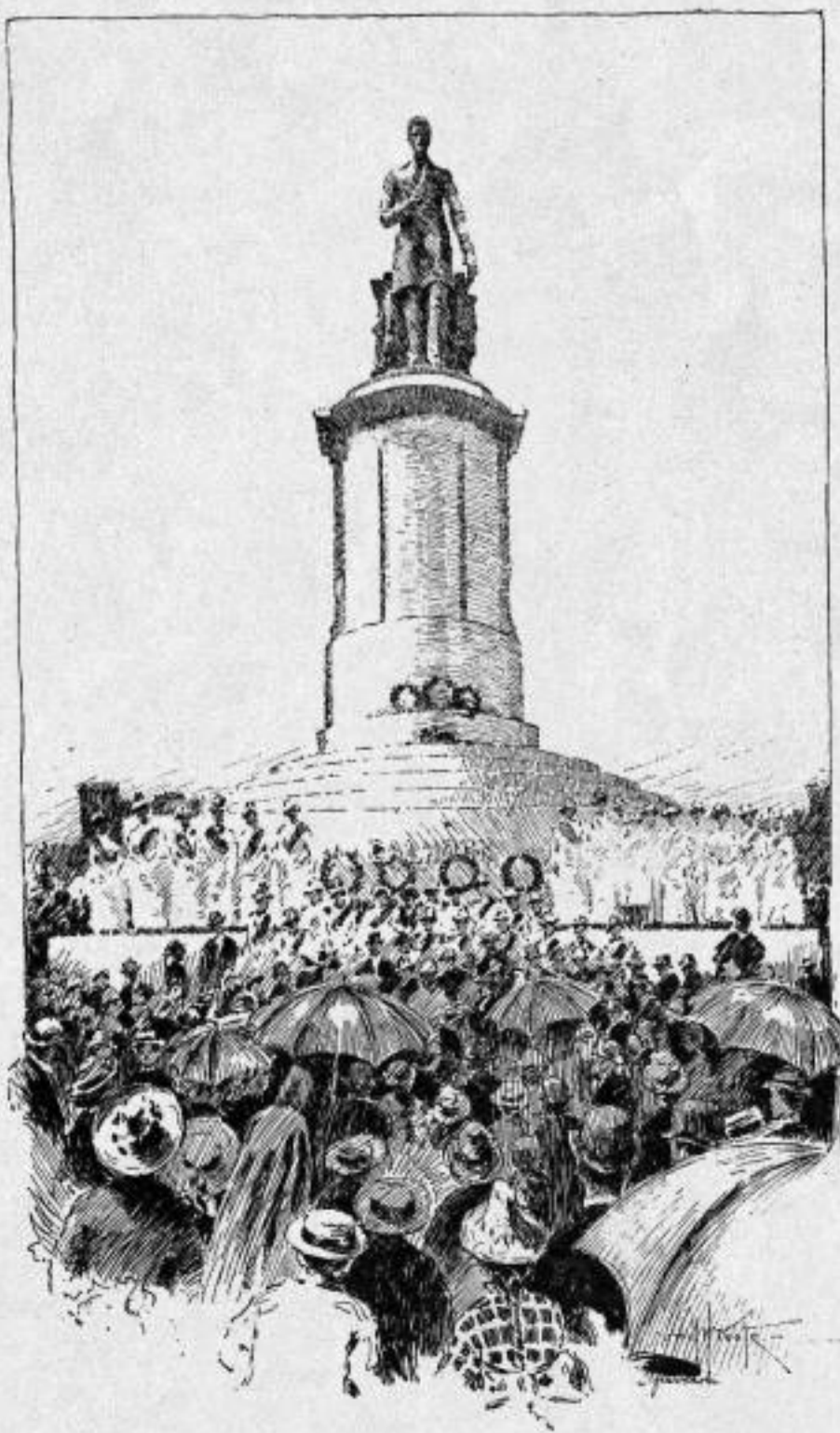
"He has the gift of continuity," observed Madame Récamier.

"Ought to be in the United States Senate," smiled Elizabeth.

"I wish I could make up my mind as to whether he is outrageously handsome or desperate," replied Helen of Troy. "He fascinates me, but whether it is the fascination of liking or of horror, I can't tell, and it's quite important."

"Ladies," resumed the Captain, his uneasiness increasing as he came to the point, "I am but the agent of your respective husbands, fiancés, and other masculine guardians. The gentlemen who were previously the tenants of this club-house have delegated to me the important, and, I may add, highly agreeable, task of showing you the world. They have noted of late years the growth of that feeling of unrest which is becoming every day more and more conspicuous in feminine circles in all parts of the universe—on the earth, where women are clamoring to vote, and to be allowed to go out late at night without an escort; in Hades, where, as you are no doubt aware, the management of the government has fallen almost wholly into the hands of the Furies; and even in the halls of Jupiter himself, where, I am credibly informed, Juno has been taking private lessons in the art of hurling thunderbolts—information which the extraordinary quality of recent electrical storms on the earth would seem to confirm. Thunderbolts of late years have been cast hither and yon in a most erratic fashion, striking where they were least expected, as those of you who keep in touch with the outer world must be fully aware. Now, actuated by their usual broad and liberal motives, the men of Hades wish to meet the views of you ladies to just that extent to which your views are based upon a wise selection, in turn based upon experience, and they have come to me and in so many words have said, 'Mr. Kidd, we wish the women of Hades to see the world. We want them to be satisfied. We do not like this constantly increasing spirit of unrest. We, who have seen all the life that we care to see, do not ourselves feel equal to the task of showing them about. We will pay you liberally if you will take our House-boat, which they have always been anxious to enter, and personally conduct our beloved ones to Paris, London, and elsewhere. Let them see as much of life as they can stand. Accord them every privilege. Spare no expense; only bring them back again to us safe and sound.' These were their words, ladies. I asked them why they did not come along themselves, saying that even if they were tired of it all, they should make some personal sacrifice to your comfort; and they answered, reasonably and well, that they would be only too glad to do so, but that they feared they might unconsciously seem to exert a repressing influence upon you. 'We want them to feel absolutely free, Captain Kidd,' said they, 'and if we are along they may not feel so.' The answer was convincing, ladies, and I accepted the commission."

"But we knew nothing of all this," interposed Eliza-



THE CONDEMNED CALHOUN STATUE.