

Liszt is preëminent in the mature artist. The grand style, the impetuosity, the strength of tone, the choice of artistic effects characteristic of the Rosenthal of today, belong to the Weimar school. His cantabile and colorature playing, however, have been formed on those of his earlier master, Joseffy, and the development of his tone has proceeded in large measure from the Tausig-Joseffy artistic standpoint—purity rather than warmth.

As was the case with Moscheles, Mr. Rosenthal's view of his art has steadily broadened since his preëminence as a bravura player became assured. He is a man of liberal education, and the resources of his literary culture are evident in the picturesque element which has entered his interpretation. Every piece now comes from his hands a tone-picture complete in each detail. That «kindness» which somehow crept into the old root of the term *bravura* may be trusted to save him from the intolerable dryness and hardness that so often overtake the bravura player when the fire of youth is passed. As Mr. Rosenthal's own character finds artistic expression his interpretation steadily gains in interest, power, and dignity.

Thus far he has added nothing to the stock of technical means and methods obtained from his predecessors, unless it be the magnificent development of forearm- and wrist-playing, in which in power, skill, and velocity no living pianist approaches him.

The concerto by Schytte, the most difficult piece in existence, is practically a compendium of almost impossible

feats of wrist- and forearm-playing. Mr. Rosenthal's interpretation of it will remain the measure and model of virtuosity and bravura for at least one generation; and the same is true of the Brahms «Paganini» variations and the «Don Giovanni» fantasia.

Fanny Morris Smith.

«The Society of Western Artists.»

«IN the natural order of things, it was to have been expected that there would arise in the West an organization of artists to occupy the vast field there presented, and to invite the attention of Western people» to the existence among them «of artists worthy of patronage.» So writes to us a Western correspondent concerning the new «Society of Western Artists» organized at Chicago in March, 1896, by artists of Indianapolis, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, with Frank Duveneck, president; William Forsyth, vice-president; H. W. Methven, secretary; and George L. Schreiber, treasurer. Long life and prosperity to the new art society!

Benson's «Summer.»

THE picture of «Summer» by Frank W. Benson, which appeared in the October CENTURY, gained the Shaw prize at the eighteenth annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists, 1896, and was printed in THE CENTURY by the kind permission of Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, the donor of the prize fund.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Partners.

LOVE took chambers on our street
Opposite to mine;
On his door he tacked a neat,
Clearly lettered sign.

Straightway grew his custom great,
For his sign read so:
«Hearts united while you wait.
Step in. Love and Co.»

Much I wondered who was «Co.»
In Love's partnership;
Thought across the street I'd go—
Learn from Love's own lip.

So I went; and since that day
Life is hard for me.
I was buncoed! (By the way,
«Co.» is Jealousy.)

Ellis Parker Butler.

A Book of Names.

THE writer recently examined a book that is perhaps the only one of its kind in the world. The volume is composed entirely of surnames, and its interest con-

sists not only in its clever arrangement, but also in the fact that every name is genuine and well authenticated, and forms one or more English words correctly spelled.

Names are not ordinarily very entertaining reading. We can all sympathize with the old woman who found a perusal of a directory rather uninteresting because it was «arranged 'most too reg'lar.» But this volume of patronymics is an exception. All who have had the privilege of examining it have found it both curious and entertaining. In one large sanitarium it was an unailing source of amusement to the patients, until it became so thumbed and worn that the owner was compelled to resume possession of it.

The origin of the book was on this wise. A number of years ago the compiler, then a young girl, told her uncle that she intended to make a collection of buttons or of postage-stamps. Her uncle replied: «Why do you not start something original, such as a collection of odd names? For instance, here in this newspaper are two that you might begin with—Mr. Toothaker and Mrs. Piazza.» The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and the result is a volume of some thousands of «names familiar as household words.»

During the growth of the book the collector has adhered to several well-defined rules. One, deviated from in a few instances only, is that nothing but surnames shall be used. One often hears of so-called «Christian» names that are amazingly odd. The writer knows of a father and mother who allowed their children to name themselves after they were grown up, calling them in the meanwhile simply «Bub» and «Sis», and the result was that the two girls called themselves «Ethelial» and «Flayalva», and the boys chose the names «Allevosto» and «Vociferi.» In compiling such a book the line must be drawn somewhere, however, and it is evident that many odd combinations of names, like «May Day,» «Constant Agony,» «Touch Me Not,» and «Westminster Abbey,» are merely the result of well-meaning though ill-advised intention.

Another strict rule of the compiler is to use none but absolutely genuine and well-authenticated names. The well-known legendary firm of «U. Ketcham & I. Cheatem» is necessarily excluded, as also the legendary Miss Rose who was called by her sentimental parents «Wild Rose,» but who by marriage with a Mr. Bull became «Wild Bull.» No names are ever selected from newspapers or other doubtful sources (the original Mr. Toothaker and Mrs. Piazza having been long since dropped); nor are any accepted upon hearsay only. The volume is composed of printed business cards, visiting-cards, and cuttings from reliable sources, where there is no probability of mistake or misspelling.

Again, no foreign names, known to be such, are used. At first the compiler of the book admitted some names that, on purely phonetic principles only, formed English words, but after a time these were culled out. «Rippe, the tailor,» is suggestive to the ear, but the eye demurs to spelling the word «rip» in so Frenchy a manner. In one instance the compiler was strongly tempted to depart from this rule, upon hearing on unimpeachable authority of the existence of a Mr. Catt whose first name was Thomas, and whose wife bore the name of Tabitha!

In turning over the leaves of this book, one becomes strongly impressed with the seriousness of the problem which confronted our worthy ancestors when they had to choose their surnames. Perhaps, though, the original surnames were distributed, and not chosen, the first applicants being awarded such charming ones as «Joy, Trust, Faith, Hope, Charity, Peace, Comfort, Bliss, Content, Delight, Goodness, Holiness, Truth,» while the unlucky wights near the end of the procession had to put up with the dregs, receiving such suggestive cognomens as «Sloth, Doubt, Folly, Blight, Dishonesty, Lies, Sorrow, Fear, Woe, Evil, Hatred.»

This theory, that surnames were awarded and not chosen, finds support in the familiar legend of the ancient Welsh prince who gathered the people of Wales together, and gave to one clan the name of Morgan, to another that of Griffiths, to another Thomas, to another Williams, and so on, until finally he became weary, and said, «Let all the rest be called Jones.»

If, however, we cling to the theory that names were voluntarily chosen, the question still remains, What principle governed our noble ancestors in their selection? Were they actuated by fitness, or sentiment, or malice aforethought, or were they simply swayed by chance? Perhaps some were governed in their choice by circum-

stances. Thus it may be that one man, being temporarily short of fuel, called himself «Littlewood»; another, being a brave warrior, called himself «Breakspear»; an impecunious traveler, bearing in mind the proverb, «The rolling stone has lots of fun,» selected the name of «Merrypebble»; another, whose next door neighbor was Mr. «High,» deemed it appropriate to dub himself «Dudgeon»; while still another, being in very agony at not finding any suitable cognomen for his destitute family, in sheer desperation announced himself to the world as Mr. «Agony.»

I have stated that one feature of this curious book which enhances its interest is the clever manner in which its contents are arranged. People of nearly every class, occupation, and taste may find here some topic or group of names that will appeal specially to them.

For example, anatomists should be interested in the following: «Body, Blood, Flesh, Veins, Artery, Pulse, Life, Fat, Gland, Wrinkle, Joint, Bones, Marrow, Whitebone, Rawbone, Broadrib, Head, Greathead, Fairhead, Broomhead, Lawhead, Broadhead, Redhead, Woodhead, Brain, Hair, Blacklock, Whiteclock, Lovelock, Shylock, Forehead, Brows, Visage, Face, Eyes, Noseworthy, Lobe, Cheeks, Mouth, Tongue, Gums, Silvertooth, Lips, Jaw, Chin, Beard, Neck, Lung, Heart, Goodheart, Back, Firmback, Brownback, Slyback, Noback, Shoulders, Spine, Sides, Waist, Lap, Limb, Arms, Hands, Whitehand, Fist, Fingers, Thumb, Knuckles, Leg, Knee, Ankle, Foot, Barefoot, Loudfoot, Clinkerfoot, Heel, Soles.»

Turning over the leaves at random, we come to what might be called the culinary department, which will appeal to housewives and all others who are blessed with good appetite and sound digestion. This list is too long to be quoted entire, although every name is so appropriate that one hardly knows what to omit. The following are given as samples only: «Kitchen, Cook, Servant, Scullion, Range, Kindling, Fagot, Coke, Shovel, Coal, Smoke, Bellows, Sparks, Blaze, Hotfire, Burn, Clinker, Soot, Kettle, Pipkin, Meanpan, Washer, Wringer, Mangle, Irons, Laundry, Pump, Sink, Drain, Scales, Sieve, Rollingpin, Grater, Dipper, Jug, Crock, Firkins, Delf, China, Pitcher, Glass, Tins, Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cups, Saucer, Viands, Coffee, Cream, Sugar, Milk, Tea, Hyson, Chocolate, Bouillon, Butter, Bread, Yeast, Batch, Rising, Muffin, Rolls, Johnnycake, Oyster, Clam, Pickles, Olive, Gherkins, Peppers, Vinegar, Pepper, Salt, Mustard, Mace, Cinnamon, Cloves,» etc. This list appropriately concludes with the cooking directions: «Pare, Husk, Singe, Mince, Mix, Sweeten, Strain, Mash, Seasongood, Boil, Fry, Simmer, Bake, Bakewell, Pickle.»

Physicians will appreciate the following, and certainly every invalid will find in it «a consummation devoutly to be wished»: «Doctor, Doser, Surgeon, Bonecutter, Apothecary, Patient, Sickman, Paleman, Nurse, Vigil, Lint, Splint, Brace, Sling, Swab, Crutch, Bottles, Vial, Stopper, Cork, Label, Dose, Diet, Drugs, Cordial, Balsam, Bitters, Arnica, Hartshorn, Logwood, Brimstone, Morphia, Pill, Pellet, Powders, Plasters, Salve, Malady, Pain, Ache, Shiver, Chill, Cough, Grip, Croup, Hurt, Bumps, Lump, Bruise, Scar, Sprain, Blow, Clot, Warts, Splinter, Fester, Wellfingier, Shock, Gash, Gore, Matter, Rash, Cramp, Spittle, Bile, Itchings, Twitchings, Salts, Senna, Lame, Blind, Slender, Thin, Slim, Lean, Lank, Haggard, Pale, Delicate, Frail, Sallow, Faint, Sickly, Ill, Weak,

Weary, Failing, Moan, Groan, Suffer, Heal, Cure, Fat, Tall, Straight, Hearty, Well, Manwell, Heartwell, Hipwell, Bothwell, Goodflesh.»

One other list is too good to be omitted, although it can be given only in part; it may be termed the religious or ecclesiastical list: «Whitechurch, Fane, Chapel, Trinity, Church, Minster, Westminster Abbey (Westminster is a Christian [?] name), Tower, Hightower, Steeple, Spire, Cross, Vane, Belfry, Bell, Clapper, Knell, Dome, Nave, Gallery, Vestry, Pew, Organ, Pipes, Blower, Parish, Christian, Churchman, Saint, Sinner, Convert, Member, Layman, Laity, Clergy, Patriarch, Pope, Cardinal, Bishop, Archdeacon, Dean, Canon, Priest, Rector, Vicars, Abbot, Deacon, Pastor, Parson, Elder, Preacher, Ministerman, Domini, Service, Mass, Vespers, Surplice, Chant, Carol, Highnote, Mansinger, Greatsinger, Sidesinger, Creed, Text, Sermon, Alms, Silence, Pray, Divine, Blessing, Amen, Lent, Easter, Easterday, Pentecost, Wedlock, Troth, Marriage, Bridegroom, Bride, Fee, Born, Birth, Life, Die, Death, Deadman, Shrouds, Coffin, Pall, Pinecoffin, Bier, Hearse, Grave, Sexton, Bury, Tomb, Greenvault, Churchyard, Greenwood, Angel, Gabriel, Jordan, Paradise, Eden, Crown, Harp, Heaven, Demon, Hell, Godhelp, Godward.»

Having thus catered to the taste of the grown-ups, it is but fair to add this for the little ones: «Baby, Babe, Rattle, Laugh, Boo, Coo, Goo, Dollie, Linendoll, Ball, Agate, Toy, Games, Horsey, Teeter, Hobby, Horse, Mane, Lines, Drum, Swing, Jumper, Bumpus, Candy, Wink, Sandman, Nurse, Sugarwater, Supper, Barefoot, Bath, Robes, Pallet, Bolster, Sheets, Spread, Hush, Golightly.»

Among business firms we find such suggestive combinations as «Yard & Furlong, Brown & Bay, Moss & Rose, King & Page, Sweet & Pickle, Green & Wise.» Mr. «Winter» is a dealer in coal and wood; «Doll» is a toy merchant; «Wardrobe,» a dressmaker; «John Tutor,» a teacher; «Drunk,» a saloon-keeper; «Black & Green» are tea merchants.

Perhaps the most interesting pages of the book are those devoted to sentences formed of surnames. It is to be borne in mind that every name begins with a capital letter, and nothing but names are used.

«Wait! Lingo Shall Begin. Aims Are-good, Whims Only Waste. Never Say Unthank. Fallen Man-sir Will-ever Drink-wine. Gracie, Dear-love, Talks Straight-on To-her Favorite Dolly Emma All-day Long. Both-of Her-son Davids Near Neighbors Were Rather Singular Persons; Still Maybe You Will Find-later They Both Mean-well. Gouty Pat-stone, As-he Sits All-day Long Bitterly Grumbling, Fairly Grieves One-to Hear Him; But Poor Charles-with Far-less Hope Of Even Getting Out Again Will Alway Just Suffer-in Silence, Having Been Truly Blessed Therein. We-are Both Ready, Hannah, For-an Early Dinner, As-bill Will Need Thy-son Samuel Right Off Down Town, Where He-is Working Near Mountpleasant Hotel. We-dick, Ben-susan, And Fred Found Ella-by Green-tree Back-of High-tower, Far-below Rockhill, Picking Ferns. Hurry! Ben-said As-he Ran; We-are All Going Nutting About A-mile From Stonebridge. Ruths Southern Servant Works Hard, Can Wash Good-enough, Irons Nicely, Bakes Great-batch of Good-bread, Will Likewise Make Real Nice Savory Green-Apple Pies; Yet-to Wash-fish Rightly, Judy Never Will Try.»

Charles Lee Sleight.

The Passing of the Widow.

«REDDY 's got 'em again, sure,» said Canuck, jerking his thumb toward the collection of shanties, lean-tos, and tents that was dignified by the title of Boom City.

To one who knew Reddy's habits the appearances were decidedly in favor of the truth of Canuck's diagnosis. He was coming down the road at a gait that, as Dunham remarked, resembled an Indian war-dance more than anything else.

«A few more spells like that, and he will need a pine overcoat,» said Jack-pot, whose name—John Potts—was too suggestive of the national game to remain unchanged. There was a decided aversion, anyway, to calling a man by his right name in Boom City. As Reddy had put it to a new arrival, «It don't make no diff'rence what handle fitted you back in th' States; here you goes by the one what suits you best, and there's less chance of havin' a call from th' sheriff.»

The red-headed, red-faced, red-shirted man whose predominating color had won him his sobriquet continued to wave his arms and run until within shouting-distance, when, in a voice made husky by long addiction to «the same,» he electrified the group of fortune-hunters with, «Come on! The Belcher boys hev got th' widder!»

«What's that?» «How?» «Talk quick!» And with questions and oaths the men dropped picks, shovels, and «cradles,» and clamored for details.

«I wuz takin' a snooze in th' back of th' widder's [«Drunk,» sentimentiously remarked Canuck], and she was a-cleanin' th' glasses,» Reddy continued, paying no attention to Canuck's insinuation, «when I wuz woke by hearin' th' glasses smash on th' floor. I started to jump up, but sat down sudden again, fer I found myself a-lookin' into the muzzles of my own guns that Big Belcher was holdin' uncomfortably nigh my head. He says, says he, «You shet up and go to sleep again.» I shet, an' I seed th' widder a-goin' out th' back door 'tween th' Belcher twins.

«You fellers wuz all out here, blind and deaf to ev'ry-thing but yer own mis'able claims, an' I wuz th' only gentleman left t' look out fer th' widder, which same I could n't do 'count o' them two guns ag'in' my head. You're a pretty lot of galoots, you air!

«I heerd 'em a-gittin' th' widder on a hoss, an' then Big Belcher run out, and jumpin' on his pony, put after th' others.

«The feller what bought them guns paid forty dollars for 'em,» Reddy added regretfully, unconsciously emphasizing the «bought.»

«The widow» was not only the owner of the one saloon in Boom City, all rivals being forcibly discouraged by her admiring customers, but she was the one woman in the town, and as such was respected, admired, protected, and proposed to by its entire population, individually and collectively. Even Reddy himself had applied for the honor of being supported by her. To him her refusal was offset by some of «the same,» which she gave him to soothe his wounded feelings.

She was a neat, pretty little woman, who ruled in undisputed and absolute monarchy over her rough but loyal subjects, no one of whom, even in his wildest and most drunken orgies, had ever shown her aught but re-