

# LITERARY CHAT

THEY have a "silly season" in London every year, and it always breeds some question that is furiously discussed for the moment. This year they had two. One was a frantic effort to discover the proper age for love, and the other a discussion whether novel reading prevents marriage.

The weight was on the affirmative side of this last question. Statistics were given to prove that wherever novels are read in great numbers, men and women marry later and later, and many never marry at all. One young man wrote that "novels make real life appear tame; after reading of the turquoise backed hairbrushes which society (?) girls send to their admirers, the modest Christmas card seems poor indeed." It is supposed that novel readers have not the pluck to face the Spartan simplicity of love in a cottage.

But the decision is hardly likely to affect the sales of Mr. Du Maurier's new novel. The book will not be out for two years, but it is said that over ten thousand have already been ordered.

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MRS. LYNN LINTON sees everything in the full daylight. There are no illusions for her. She has spent a rather long and fairly busy life in pricking bubbles of one sort and another. Somebody said, a dozen years ago, that he pitied Mrs. Linton's contemporaries whenever she should begin writing reminiscences; and now she has opened her note books.

Happily, the people of whom she writes are dead. She says that many of the famous women she knew in her youth had already been complacently forgotten by their world. Miss Jane Porter, whose "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was for so long a favorite novel in America, stands in her memory as a living monolith of prehistoric times—a gaunt woman, with a black headcloth and a precise manner. Mrs. Linton recalls that the women who wrote then were few and far between, and to those who gained any applause at all the echo of their own fame filled their ears with music. All of these women were conscious of themselves—all save Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope. We may forgive this lady's hard blows at America when Mrs. Linton lightly describes her as "just a brisk, good natured kind of a well bred hen-wife, fond of a joke, and not troubled with squeamishness."

But Mrs. Linton's most interesting reminiscence is of Marian Evans, before she became famous as George Eliot. In those days Marian Evans was not even recognized as a conventional gentlewoman, but was regarded as provincial and under bred. She is described as having an unbrushed, un washed look, together with a high attitude of superiority. Mrs.

Linton went to call upon her and Mr. Lewes immediately after they set up housekeeping in St. John's Wood. At that time there was no pretense of a sanctioned union. Mrs. Linton says that the affectation of superior morality that came later was born of success. George Eliot was a perfectly natural woman, happy in the consciousness that at last she had made her choice. She is said to have had a real nobility of expression and grandness of bearing. Mrs. Linton expresses the opinion that she might have been the greatest woman of this or any age; but success turned her head.

"I have never seen," Mrs. Linton says, "any woman so artificial as George Eliot." Living as the wife of a married man, she sought to uphold the sanctity of marriage. Mrs. Linton denies all truth to the report that the union was ever in any way legalized. Still, during Mr. Lewes' lifetime, and until her second marriage, it had the veil of romance and sanctity that surrounds intense passion and constancy. She secured the recognition of some of the best people in England while George Lewes was alive, but her second marriage, according to Mrs. Linton, lost her everything. Her biographer sums up her character by saying that with all her appearance of intensity, she had no real thoroughness. When there came a strain upon her self reliance, she collapsed under it, and her "marriage" with George Lewes fell into ruins like the card house it really was.

Mrs. Linton is always entertaining, but we feel a sense of loss when she pinches values from our idols.

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It is time for somebody to revive the Dickens cult. The present generation has "no time" to read Dickens, because it considers him old fashioned. He has not the living qualities of Thackeray, but he has not gone entirely out of date. It is safe to say that no popular story of this decade equals "A Tale of Two Cities" for romantic interest. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," at their best, have not one tenth the vividness of "Oliver Twist." One well selected chapter of Dickens' contains more genuine humor than any half dozen books of today that anybody can name.

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EVERY day we have a new instance of fame and popularity created by chance. Of the reading public, one half blindly follows the other half, and nine tenths of the writers see what the tenth man has said he saw. For fifty years Americans have been longing for the blue skies of Italy, because the fog surrounded English poets started the cry, when there is no such blue on earth as that which arches over our own continent.

Mr. Robert Hichens is a man who has climbed to distinction through advertisement. He wrote "The Green Carnation" at a moment when events made the book talked about, simply because his chief character happened to be arrested as a criminal. Being a wise young man, he has since put earnest work into the hands of the people who had learned his name. It was something like *Mr. Merryman*, with his jokes, calling the audience around the medicine wagon.

Mr. Hichens' work is good, but it would probably have fallen rather flat but for his first success. They tell us now that he is to give us another "new woman" novel. He is quite a young man, still under thirty, with a firm, square face and brilliant eyes. He has spent a good deal of time in Egypt, and it is said to have been the sight of the pyramids which inspired him to write "An Imaginative Man."

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MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S marriage is announced, and the self styled "hardened bachelor" will hereafter know domestic joys as well as his hardy earned literary pleasures. Mr. Weyman has been called a man of rare reticence, but whether by his own exertions or not, it is quite certain that there is no living author whose life, experience, and peculiarities are more easily ascertained. He was neither born famous, nor was his fame thrust upon him. He achieved it. His work is conscientious and carefully done. The widespread interest inspired by his books has justified the publication of much that would be trivial if related of a lesser man.

Mr. Weyman has just passed forty, and is to-day the leading English disciple and apostle of romantic fiction, and with every new book from his pen it becomes more evident how closely he is following in the path blazed out by his great predecessor, Dumas.

He has, from his earliest boyhood, found his best friends in his books, and curiously enough loved best of all to burrow into the history of England, which he now finds lacking in romance. He is an earnest advocate of the new school of fiction, recognizing, as he says, "a healthy reaction" in the work of Stevenson and Conan Doyle. Together with these authors he is a lover of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, and such old time English poets as Pope and Dryden.

The earlier years of Mr. Weyman's life were dark with discouragement. As a lawyer he failed ignominiously, and when he tried his hand at reporting for the *St. James' Gazette* he was found equally lacking. He retired in despair to his Shropshire house with the depressing conviction that his life was a failure, and, forgetting that "it is always darkest before the dawn," resigned himself to a seemingly unknown place in the world.

All this time he possessed genius. Carlyle has called it "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and the definition is peculiarly appropriate to Mr. Weyman. Every paragraph

that he writes is polished and perfected with untiring care, only to be again revised and altered when it comes to him in the form of proof. On "A Gentleman of France," which was to make his name known in every quarter of the English reading globe, he expended a year of unremitting labor, never writing more than one thousand words a day, and revising and altering these with feverish anxiety. What an example for some of the so called geniuses who turn out a novel a month and make our lives miserable!

The life of this narrator of romance and adventure has not been wholly destitute of stirring incident. In 1886, while journeying through the Pyrenees with a friend, he was apprehended on suspicion of being a Belgian spy. Remonstrances were of no avail, and the two Englishmen were marched under bayonets and revolvers along the high roads to the neighboring town. Here, of course, they were released, but not until they had spent a night in a cell, and Mr. Weyman had learned how it feels to be entangled in one of the complications such as he afterwards made famous in his books.

"From the Memoirs of a Minister of France" is the latest work worthy of him which Mr. Weyman has published, for "The King's Stratagem" is marred by several modern stories, and he is not at home in any scenes save those that are rife with the clash of midnight encounter and the mysteries of intrigue. But "A Minister of France" is as stirring as its predecessors. Every page rings with the triplicate hoof beat of horses, with the challenge of brave words and the subtlety of keen contrivance. In such an atmosphere Mr. Weyman is a master. Again we seem to see the dauntless *D'Artagnan*, *Portos*, *Aramis*, and *Athos*, again the old days when every man's sword was at his friend's service and his enemy's throat. It is a good school, this new romance, and for what he has done Mr. Weyman deserves the admiration of every lover of healthy, robust fiction.

For it is indeed a pleasure to turn from the novels of the hour in which women love their friends' husbands or their husbands' friends—any one, in short, but their husbands—from the heartache and bitterness and unbelief of the day, and bury oneself in one of Mr. Weyman's books, where everything is light and impetuous and rioting with bravery and action and the stern joy of combat.

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WE are soon to have a new book by Menie Muriel Dowie, who will always be remembered as the author of "A Girl in the Carpathians." A few years after the publication of that remarkable book, there was a rumor—probably a baseless one—that Miss Dowie never visited the Carpathians, but compiled her interesting book from material collected in the British Museum. She belongs to an old English family, and has been both actress and journalist. She is the wife of Mr. Henry Norman, who is well known on both sides of the At-

lantic. He is the literary editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. Like his wife, he has been a great traveler, his journeyings in the far east having furnished him with some of his best material. His "Peoples and Politics of the Far East" is a standard book among students of eastern life and character.

AMERICA and Americans are evidently pleasing to Dr. A. Conan Doyle, as he expects to seek our shores again during the coming winter, and this time Mrs. Doyle will accompany him. Of lecturing, however, he admits that he has had his fill, for while his recent efforts in that line in this country brought him many good friends and enjoyable experiences, they were but indifferently successful.

"The Stark Munro Letters" is as totally different from "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" as two books by the same author could well be. Such a statement seems to insinuate that Dr. Doyle's new book is dull, and so, to be frank, it is. It is absolutely uninteresting when viewed in any light save that of the purpose with which it was written, namely, that "some young man, harassed by the needs of this world and doubts of the next, should get strength by reading how a brother had passed down the valley of shadow before him."

"The Stark Munro Letters" consists of sixteen letters, announced on the title page, for some inexplicable reason, as a "series of twelve." Each letter contains certain reflections on matters religious and ethical, which form a valley of shadow for the reader as well as the author. They may be the outcome of Dr. Doyle's youthful ponderings, or they may be the product of maturer cogitation, but in either case they may be omitted with profit from a perusal of the book.

The writer of the letters is one *J. Stark Munro*, a young doctor who struggles, despairs, hopes, gets married, and dies in the conventional manner of characters in fiction, and the narrative is unenlivened save by his friend and enemy, *Cullingworth*. It would be interesting to know whether in all his experience Dr. Doyle has ever met any one quite so erratic as this personage, or whether he is purely a figment of the imagination. *Cullingworth* is a successful physician, with his house crowded with the maimed, halt, and blind, whom he thus addresses from the top of the stairs:

"Stop your confounded jabbering down there! I might as well be living above a poultry show!"

His treatment of his patients—patient, forsooth, in more than one sense of the word!—is at least original:

He roared, he raved, he swore, he pushed them about, slapped them on the back, shoved them against the wall, and occasionally rushed out to the head of the stairs to address them *en masse*. . . . To some of his patients he neither said one word nor did he allow them to say one. With a loud "Hush" he would rush at them, thump them on the chest, listen to their hearts, write their labels, and then run them out of the room by their shoulders.

And so *ad infinitum*. Where under the sun Dr. Doyle ever got such an extraordinary conception is a matter for wondering conjecture. Did Dr. Doyle's genius die with *Sherlock Holmes*?

"I TRY to tell a plain tale as I know it. I believe the world to be as young as ever it was, the sky as blue, the flowers as fresh—why keep stirring all the time in the cesspools?"

This is the creed of S. R. Crockett as expressed in a letter to a friend, and it is a creed to which he constantly adheres. "A Galloway Herd" illustrates as forcibly as "A Lilac Sunbonnet" or "The Stickit Minister" the purity of the author's ideals. Purity is the rarest of virtues in modern fiction, and the most appreciated when it is sincere.

The story of Mr. Crockett's childhood is the old story of a lonely, imaginative boy, living in a little world of his own and having no great love either for his school tasks or his fellows. He made few friends, and spent his time dreaming over the books he wished to write. His taste for a literary life manifested itself during his course at the University of Edinburgh, where, besides contributing with some regularity to the *Daily Chronicle*, he wrote verse and papers for the magazines.

Crockett has had, for a young man, some extraordinary successes. "The Raiders," the actual writing of which occupied but two months, is the most popular of his books. He spent much time, nearly a year in fact, working up the subject, making elaborate notes, and poring over maps, and the result of his labor has amply justified the expenditure of so many hours in preparation.

He is, like Weyman, an omnivorous reader, and during his college life would often stint himself in his meals so that the money so saved might be invested in a book. His library now fills every room in Bank House, his residence in Penicuik, Midlothian, and numbers among its many thousand volumes some very rare and valuable works.

In regard to his own productions Mr. Crockett says, "I think that if anything is good in my books it is the exactness of the natural history allusions." He is above all things a lover of nature, and his ideal holiday is one spent in the woods, or on the moors, observing the wild things about him.

In one sense the great success which Mr. Crockett has achieved in America is surprising. Dialect is often difficult reading, and the Scotch dialect is especially so. One has to dig deeply for the meaning, but in Crockett's books at least this delving is well repaid by the richness of the ore that lies hidden under the plain, rough diction. This, naturally, applies only to the dialogue. There is no other author whose style is more perfect, and whose English more pure than his in the body of his text.

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON, the author of "Literary Landmarks of London," is one of the most genial of men, and a shining light in

the small coterie of wits which includes Mark Twain, and William Carey of the *Century*. Mr. Hutton has been abroad during the past summer, and Mr. Carey is authority for the statement that he is writing the "Literary Watermarks of Venice," which is too good a *mot* to be very reliable. Usually, however, he spends the warm months at that little paradise of literature and art, Onteora in the Catskills. Of this colony he is the heart and soul, and like all who enter its boundaries, he throws aside convention and enters joyously into the unique performances there carried on.

Onteora is no place for those whose hearts are not deeply concerned in books or art. It is barred away in the seclusion of the hills and given over to freedom of speech, thought, and action. Mr. Hutton's house, like the rest, is of log cabin simplicity, but hospitality reigns supreme.

On one occasion, in the summer of 1891, a new road around the mountain was opened, and an informal parade was held, followed by dancing in the open air and an authors' reading in the evening. It was a novel and never to be forgotten experience. Imagine John Burroughs, the quiet dignity of whose "Wake-Robin," has endeared him to thousands of readers, dancing a reel in the middle of a country road! Such was the case.

Mr. Hutton offered two contributions to the authors' reading, and delivered them himself with the most inimitable gravity.

A maiden, heavy eyed and sad,  
Reclined upon her bed;  
She all the horrid symptoms had  
Of headache in her head.  
The doctor said, "For pity's sake!  
Good gracious! I declare!  
The reason why your headaches ache  
Is 'cause you banged your hair!"

Under the shade of a single umbrella  
A maiden fair and her best city feller  
Were sailing one day on Lake Lucerne.  
They thought, as they sailed so nicely together,  
They'd better sail on forever and ever,  
So she was his'n and he was her'n!

All of which goes to prove that even the trifling of clever people is clever.

Mr. Hutton's latest clever work is "Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem," which is said to be the only reliable handbook on "Imperial Salem" ever published. Like the author's "Landmarks" of London and Edinburgh, it is written in a light and interesting vein, which fairly teems with information, and would render a visit to the holy city doubly enjoyable. We have trod the byways of the English and Scotch capitals with Mr. Hutton's books in hand, and found them excellent and reliable companions, and he has placed himself largely in our debt and in that of all seekers after points of literary interest by his careful verification of every statement which they contain.

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PERSONALLY, Mr. Richard Harding Davis is so much of a *poseur* that the critics would take

pleasure in harassing him were it not that his pen is sufficiently facile to command respect. A story has come to us which illustrates how this successful young author arose like the phoenix from the ashes of his reporter's life, and looked down, as from a great height, upon his former associates. In the first year of his fame Mr. Davis was greeted by a reporter whom he had known well a few months before upon the *Sun*. He was strolling into the Fifth Avenue Hotel shortly after a return from Europe, when his former friend tapped him on the shoulder with a cheerful "How are you, old man?"

"You have the advantage of me," replied Mr. Davis, surveying him coldly.

"Do you mean to say you don't remember me?"

The rising author signified that such was the case, whereupon the reporter left him with a cordial exhortation to depart to a certain region in which his frigid manner would be liable to undergo a thaw.

Whether this incident is strictly true or not, it is sufficiently snobbish to be characteristic of the man.

But, as we were saying, the work which Mr. Davis is doing is of a high order. In his "About Paris" he has caught the atmosphere of the French capital to perfection. It is a book of no particular interest to those who are content to remain upon their native heath, but to the lover of travel it will prove interesting as a reminder of sunny days and sparkling, laughter full nights along the boulevards and in the brilliant *cafés chantants* of *la reine des villes*.

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WE look at the new pictures of Alphonse Daudet, and they look as though a painter had delicately whitened the hair of an old one. There is the same smooth, thoughtful brow, the same brilliant brown eyes, the same southern intensity, that belong to the writer of "Sidonie."

Daudet has been interviewed by an enterprising Englishman upon the "new woman." It was a foregone conclusion that the creator of *Claire* could see no charm in this latest type, but it is interesting to hear what he says:

"Let her have all the qualities of a woman, and I for my part will pardon her for having all of a woman's faults." And then he pathetically adds, "This movement is one of the things that has come to us from America."

If Daudet were right in this imputation there would be more force in what he says.

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A FEW months ago, we said in this department that if some clever translator could put "Gyp" into English, his fortune would be made. Ever since, we have received letters asking for particulars, such as: "Where can 'Gyp's' novels be purchased?" "Who would publish them?"

It was altogether unlikely that a translator who had never heard of the brilliancies of the Comtesse de Martel could put her frivolities



into English ; but from the appearance of some of the recent translations, it is evident that more than one of them have tried. The English equivalents for the clever Frenchwoman's actual words are easy enough to find, but the inner meaning, the touch of *blague*, is absolutely untranslatable. What is as delicate as a feather blown in the wind when "Gyp" throws it off, becomes a bit of lead falling from the top of a shot tower when it gets into the hands of the commercial translator. The one can offend nobody. It tickles, it sets you looking out of the corner of your eye ; the other offends and hurts everything delicate that it touches.

"A Gallic Girl" is probably the least offensive of the translations.

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In the spirit of reminiscence, it is always pleasant to say "I told you so." It was in August that we prophesied in relation to the prize detective stories of Miss Wilkins and Professor Brander Matthews. Now we are sorry that Mr. Howells did not write one, and take the prize. His would certainly have been better than these. Miss Wilkins' story is illogical and stupid. There is not a human motive in it, and the reading public, after the first blush of curious interest, said so, flatly. Professor Matthews' "The Twinkling of an Eye" must have made the ghost of Sherlock Holmes writhe. It is a wholly innocuous and fairly interesting moral tale for children, telling how an ingenious young man put a camera in a clock. There is not the ghost of a detective in it, not the shadow of a mystery. The drift of the plot is plain from the first paragraph, and the crowning brilliancy of the *dénouement* introduces as the author of the crime a hitherto unmentioned man. It is as if Professor Matthews had, after proving all his characters plainly innocent, found the crime on his hands with no one to commit it. Well, then, who did it? Why, the third cousin of the office boy once removed! I forgot to tell you that there was such a person, but never mind!

A detective story, to be interesting, must be the logical working out of a theory. Every part must be fitted like a mosaic until the path of the crime is accurately shown ; and a human motive must be the starting point.

Miss Wilkins is entertaining the usual company of biographers this summer. It appears curious that so few of them are gifted with the seeing eye. They are something like Don Quixote reversed. They go to Miss Wilkins' home with their minds full of haycocks and closed front doors which only open to let the funeral pass ; and when they see handsome homes and modish drags in a very up to date town, they come back and describe the farm wagons and the cabins they expected to find.

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WE are much gratified to learn that Miss Ruth Ashmore's "Side Talks with Girls" have been immortalized in book form. Miss Ashmore's style is entirely unique, and her invaluable hints on introductions, complexion remedies, and the gentle art of sitting in a hammock

have for several years shed a brilliant light upon the chaste columns of a Quaker City contemporary.

"Of course," naïvely observes Miss Ashmore, "I shall like it if all my girls will send for a copy of this book—my first one." Of course!

"Side Talks with Girls" will fill a "long felt want." It has not been our good fortune to see the book, but we recognize in its author one of the brightest literary stars of the day. In her thorough mastery of etiquette she is without a peer, and her knowledge of how to make one's eyebrows grow, and whether or not it is proper to kiss a gentleman good night thirteen minutes after a first meeting with him, have aroused the unfeigned admiration of every lover of the esthetic in letters. For pure pathos some of her utterances are unparalleled :

Care should be taken to eat soup noiselessly.

It would be in very bad taste to wear anything so brilliant as a red cape to a funeral.

Do not give your card to your hostess when leaving, but put it on a near by table, or on a special place prepared for it if there is one.

It certainly would be in very bad taste for a girl to whistle on the street.

Now these are very important points, and we cannot sufficiently thank Miss Ashmore for their elucidation.

Well posted as she is on soup and whistling, it is in the field of love and matrimony that this astute author reaches her highest level. She has made straight the path of the marriageable maiden, and has written up the ethics of courtship as they were never written up before. It is a great comfort to know that by applying to Miss Ashmore one may become an adept in love. A few of her *dicta* form a royal road from the first introduction to the very altar.

First and foremost, one must make a good impression. "Well bred women do not smoke cigarettes, nor appear outside of their rooms in loose wrappers." Then, "if a man friend offers to act as your escort, simply say 'Thank you very much, I shall be glad to have you walk home with me.'" This gets the affair well under way. Difference of age is no drawback. "The marriage of a man of thirty five with a girl of eighteen would be perfectly proper." But anxious fathers must be cautious. "I think you are quite right in not being willing to permit a young girl, who does not realize what it means, to become the wife of a man who has served a term in the reformatory." And so on, till the damsel has avoided all pitfalls, and is safely steered into the holy state of matrimony.

These illustrations will serve to show how undeniable are Miss Ashmore's claims to high literary excellence. For years we have wished to know how to make our eyebrows darker, whether or not to wear borrowed jewelry, and how to acknowledge our thanks when some one pays our car fare. All these Miss Ashmore's book will tell us, and the American people, redeemed from barbarism, will exult in the infallible standards of etiquette, morality,

and toilet soaps laid down by "Side Talks with Girls."

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THE "Literary Passions" of Mr. William Dean Howells is worthy of grave consideration, not because of any intrinsic merit, but as reflecting the mind of the author. We have observed for some time past a change in Mr. Howells, which is as disappointing as it is mysterious. For much of his work in the world of letters he deserves our gratitude, but even gratitude cannot overlook insolence, and if the "Literary Passions" is not insolent it is difficult to tell exactly what it is.

In short, Mr. Howells is apparently setting himself up as a kind of literary oracle, one whose yea and nay shall be yea and nay for all men. He is become one enthroned in a high place, and we, the great unlettered, may not approach. Take, for instance, his ultimatum regarding requests for his autograph.

"I propose to give my autograph hereafter only to such askers as can furnish proof, by intelligent comment upon it, that they have read some book of mine. If they can inclose a bookseller's certificate that they have bought the book their case will be very much strengthened; but I do not insist upon this. In all cases a stamped and directed envelope must be inclosed. I will never 'add a sentiment,' except in cases of applicants who can give me proof that they have read all of my books, now some thirty or forty in number!"

Such preparations and ceremonies would seem unreasonable if required for an audience with the Czar of all the Russias.

Seriously, the utterances of Mr. Howells are becoming farcical, but before the supreme egotism of "My Literary Passions" one pauses aghast. Here are the idols of the world of letters, Dickens, Reade, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Irving, and many more, ruthlessly overthrown from their pedestals, and certain little tin gods, Mr. Brander Matthews, Tolstoy, and Zola, elevated thereon. And the only reasons vouchsafed for this monstrous iconoclasm are the likes and dislikes of Mr. William Dean Howells!

Fortunately the book is not likely to do much harm. Mr. Howells cannot steal away our friends without giving us others in their place, and *Silas Lapham*, *Lemuel Barker*, and *Annie Kilburn* will be forgotten names long before *Major Pendennis*, *David Copperfield*, and *Hester Prynne* pass into oblivion. We are sorry for Mr. Howells, sorry that one so charming personally and so able professionally should find the supreme joy of his life in the questionable fancies of Tolstoy and of Emile Zola. "My Literary Passions" is not the first milestone along the way of Mr. Howells' decline and fall.

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THE constantly increasing interest in all literature that has socialism for its foundation is one of the straws whose direction it will not do to ignore. The people, the people who cannot help themselves, who are never going to be able

to help themselves until they are taught how, are a subject of never failing discussion.

"The Hull House Papers," recently issued, form a book that every humanitarian might find an interest in reading. Hull House is an institution in Chicago, something like the College Settlement in New York, but infinitely more interesting. Miss Jane Addams, a young girl of wealth and social position, saw her life as a helper of mankind mapped out when she was a college girl. After her graduation she went to London, studied the methods employed at Toynbee Hall, and came home and improved upon them.

The west side of Chicago is larger than the fashionable north and south sides put together, and it is crowded with a foreign population. When the city was young a Mr. Hull built a handsome house here, which was deserted when the Huns and Poles settled about it. This house Miss Addams took, and made into a home. She began by visiting her neighbors, and inviting them to visit her. People who saw only dirt and misery were asked into a charming home where soft lights burned and roses perfumed the air. One woman, who had lived in Chicago for five years, saw the roses and cried out, "Italia! Italia!" She could not believe that roses bloomed in America, for she had seen nothing but smoke and dirty streets since she came there.

Then a kindergarten was founded, where the babies were taught, sometimes by Chicago society girls. Mr. Armour added his purse to Miss Addams', and allowed her to make extensive additions. The writer once heard a woman ask Miss Addams if she gave religious teaching to these people.

"Do you give religious teaching to your callers in your drawing room?" was the reply.

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It is interesting news to us that we have today a literary relationship—several times removed—to that prince of fiction, William Makepeace Thackeray. When Jesse Lynch Williams' grandfather and great uncle were boys in Virginia—the real Virginia of great estates and colonial customs, the Virginia of "before the war"—they were sent to England to school. One of their "chums" there was a boy who was destined to become famous as the author of "Vanity Fair." Years went by, and found them pictured as *George* and *Harry Warrington* in "The Virginians."

Mr. Williams' book of "Princeton Stories" grows in popularity, particularly with college men who knew the *alma mater* presided over by Dr. McCosh. Any college man who wants to take a leap backward into the days when he was young, can find no better leaping pole than this little volume.

Mr. Williams, who graduated in '92, was known at college as a man who might make a success in letters. His father is a St. Louis editor. When he graduated, the tales were all clear in his mind; but after a year in Europe, he came back to Princeton, and spent another year in giving them local color.

# ETCHINGS

## LEAF AND LOVE.

WHIRL, oh, whirl on the breath of the wind,  
 Leaves that are red and gold ;  
 The airs of the autumn are cruel and cold,  
 Tearing the leaves from the tree !  
 Life of my heart, as the wind unkind,  
 Why art thou gone from me ?

Fade and be lost, ye dreams of my breast,  
 Dreams that were dear of old—  
 As bright as the leaves, as their red and gold !  
 Go, and be lost like the leaves !  
 Full is my heart with the year's unrest,  
 Wild as the wind that grieves.

Bare is my life as the naked bough,  
 Bent by the wailing blast !  
 Oh, ghosts that gleam from the passionate  
 past,  
 Pleading for joy that is sped,  
 Why must ye linger? Ye mock me now,  
 Now that her love is dead !

*Edward A. Uffington Valentine.*

## THE QUEST.

SHE pressed her fingers on the spring  
 And set the captive free,  
 With "Go, my little golden wing,  
 And find where Love may be !"

He paused a moment at the door,  
 He scanned the open sky,  
 And trilled a light farewell before  
 He spread his wings to fly.

Then out and upward went her bird  
 Upon his happy quest,  
 Far, far, until the sunlight blurred  
 The yellow of his breast.

And lonely were the hours and long  
 She waited once to hear  
 The notes of his familiar song  
 Uplifted, liquid clear.

But at the morning's rosy break,  
 There in his cage above  
 He sang again—"Awake, awake !  
 Where you dwell, here is Love."

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

## THE KINGMAKER.

HE is the monarch who unmakes  
 The tinsel majesty of kings.  
 Their glory in his smile partakes  
 The scorn of unremembered things;

While to the least in every land,  
 Whose lives are dust before his breath,  
 He lends for one white hour the grand,  
 Remorseless dignity of death.

*Bliss Carman.*

## A YANKEE MAID.

THERE lurks a witchery about  
 This dainty Yankee maiden,  
 She wins me with a smile or pout  
 Through varying moods, and is no doubt  
 With wiles and wisdom laden.

Her face is dreamy as the purr  
 Of noontide brooks through flowers;  
 In dimples deep the sunbeams stir,  
 Her smiles are gay as ever were  
 The fauns in lazy hours.

Her lustrous eyes in merry wise  
 Low laugh from under lashes  
 That in a lazy languor rise ;  
 And bluer than the bluebell lies  
 The deep hue in their flashes.

And then to crown a rare delight  
 She studies Worth and Virot :  
 A great hat from our wondering sight  
 Hides softest curls engoldened bright—  
 And he who saves his heart is quite  
 A wondrous kind of hero.

*Archibald Douglas.*

## THE SPRIG OF MIGNONETTE.

TOWARD thoughts of youthful hopes, all past,  
 Full oft I turn, with many a sigh ;  
 For youth is fled, but love must last,  
 And, fading still, the old hopes lie  
 Like this quaint posy, long put by;  
 And gentle memories linger yet,  
 As with these yellowed leaves and dry  
 The faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

The ivied wall and postern gate,  
 The maid who waited once for me,  
 The willing heart for any fate,  
 And promises for years to be,  
 That trysting hour beneath the tree  
 Time has not taught me to forget,  
 Nor soft wind blowing from the sea,  
 And faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

So when my days are nearly run,  
 And overspreading darkness lowers ;  
 When right of peace is almost won,  
 Will you not come, dear, in those hours ?  
 Step lightly once more through the flowers,  
 Come back to me, who love you yet,  
 And bring me out of heaven's bowers  
 The faint, sweet scent of mignonette !

## ENVOY.

Musk roses, lilies, pansies, too,  
 Bound in life's garland with the rue ;  
 Yet holds my heart with its regret,  
 The faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

*M. W. T.*