

A GENERATION OF WOMEN AUTHORS.

HOW THE TRIUMPHS OF THE "NEW WOMAN" WERE OUTSHONE, YEARS AGO, BY A GROUP OF AMERICAN WOMEN WHO WON FAME AND INFLUENCE WITH THEIR PENS.

THE literary woman of today appears to be sweeping everything before her.

She has made for herself a reputation which is insistent while it lasts. She has created a thing called the "new woman novel," in which she has preached various sorts of revolt, and has considered herself startlingly original. But fifty years ago there was a George Sand. The woman of today, who walks the earth with so many feathers in her cap, has done nothing to equal that genius, or to outrival George

Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Brontë, or even Jane Austen. Here in America the last generation saw writing women who wielded an influence upon men and history which surpassed anything known in our daily experience. This decade calls itself the epoch of women, but what one woman in it has had the influence of Harriet Beecher Stowe?

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who knew Mrs. Stowe in the days when her husband was a professor at Andover, calls her the greatest



Louise Chandler Moulton.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

of American women. She is this, if we are to judge by the results that followed her work. She holds a unique position in the world of letters. Her famous book has been translated into more languages than any volume, with the sole exception of the Bible; and it is still, after more than forty years, one of the half dozen most popular volumes in the libraries—a fact which seems to dispose of the often repeated argument

But her friends and her family found her always inspiring.

The material for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was gathered during a stay on the Ohio River, near Cincinnati. The stories of slavery, which were old to the residents there, struck Mrs. Stowe's unaccustomed mind with horror. She saw possibilities in the institution which seldom, if ever, were realized. The idea of the book lay in her



Harriet Beecher Stowe.

From a photograph by Pordy, Boston.

that it belonged to a peculiar time, and was more a political pamphlet than a piece of literature.

Mrs. Stowe is a member of a very remarkable family—its most conspicuous member, with the exception of her brother, the late Henry Ward Beecher. These two were very sympathetic. They were born of stern New England people, but somehow the love of life and color, the passion for individual freedom, and a breadth of understanding of the world, came instinctively to all of the Beechers. Mrs. Stowe was not fully appreciated in Andover, that home of theology of the old fashioned sort. There seemed something frivolous in the gay silk cushions which filled her house corners, and there was a whisper that when she was in Boston she had actually been seen at the theater.

brain for years before it was put before the world. Then the editor of a Washington paper asked her for a story, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" ran from her pen so easily that Mrs. Stowe used to say that "the Lord dictated it."

It is hard to realize the sensation the story produced. It was an offense punishable by law to take the book into some States, and the wife of one of America's greatest statesmen says that she obtained it by drawing it up to her bed room window at night, tied to a lowered string by a reckless cousin who was afraid to bring it in at the front door of her father's house. It had been written at night on a deal table, after the children were put to bed, the placid author having no idea of the storm she was bringing upon her head and her country.



Mrs. S. J. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood).

In 1864, Professor Stowe moved to Hartford, where his widow still lives.* She is very old, but her face shows signs of the dignified beauty which made her conspicuous in her youth. Her other books, of which "A Minister's Wooing" is the chief, have always been overshadowed by the success of "Uncle Tom."

Julia Ward Howe was a contemporary of Mrs. Stowe, and is another of those who must smile indulgently at the "new woman" and her aggressiveness. Mrs. Howe was an enthusiastic worker against slavery, and her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is one of the poems of the nation. "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea," was chanted around many a camp fire, and "Since he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free," marched many a battalion into the field.

Mrs. Howe was born in New York seven years later than the birth of Mrs. Stowe, and under vastly different circumstances.

Her ancestors were the Marions of the Carolinas, and her father was a banker who spent much time and money in giving his talented daughter every advantage of education. French and German, Latin and Greek, were taught to her in the early days of the century, not as the girls at Vassar and Harvard Annex learn them now, but in the old fashioned way in which young men at college received a classical education sixty years ago. When she was very young, Julia Ward married Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who became famous for his work among the blind. Together these two enthusiasts went to Europe in the days when crossing the ocean was a perilous undertaking, and on to Greece, where they lent their aid in the struggle for national independence. From this journey Dr. Howe brought home the helmet made for Lord Byron when he started on the expedition that ended in his death.

Mrs. Howe's home was, and in a measure still is, a meeting place for thinking people. Her brother,



Augusta Evans Wilson.

From a photograph by Reed & Wallace, Mobile.

* Mrs. Stowe died July 1, while this was on the printing press.

Sam Ward, used to take his cleverest friends to his sister's house, and her children were brought up in an atmosphere of learning and wit. They have all distinguished themselves in literature, and her nephew, Marion Crawford, has shown in the field of fiction the family talent and facility. Mrs. Howe lectured in England, years ago, upon arbitration as a means of settling international difficulties, and in later days her voice has been heard on every important question of the time. By men and women alike she is regarded seriously. She made her position before the day of fads.

But it is not only the reformers in literature who are still living from the last generation, smiling at the curious ways of the new. The types were all present in that early day. Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte

Southworth was turning out novels which were more eagerly read than anything our writer of "problem fiction" brings out to-



Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.

day. Mrs. Southworth was writing her stories fifteen years before the civil war, and new editions still come out every year or

two. She lives in her quaint old home in Georgetown, Washington's northwestern suburb, and must look with wonder upon the airs of the woman who has produced one short novel and sold one edition. Mrs. Southworth counts up seventy three books, every one of them full of dramatic incident and excitement, and she kept her marvelous popularity until the last. She married and brought up children, and still found time to make the paper which purchased her stories the most popular periodical of its time.

While Mrs. Southworth was writing her first stories, before the nineteenth century had reached its half way milepost, Sara J. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood) was gaining a success in journalism which the



Mary J. Holmes.

From a photograph by Kent, Rochester.



Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

From her latest photograph by Altman, New York.

ambitious young women who make copy today have not seen equaled in this country by one of their own sex. Miss Clarke, as she was then, was a brilliant girl, as witty and charming as handsome. John Brougham wrote to N. P. Willis:

The only person I am disposed to think, write, or talk about at present is your dazzling, bewitching correspondent, Grace Greenwood. Who is she? There is a splendor and a dash about her pen that carry my fastidious soul captive by a single charge.

Whittier spoke of her "earnest individuality, her warm, honest, happy, hopeful human heart; her scorn of shows and pre-

tense, her quick, generous, womanly instincts and enthusiasms." She read and lectured to the soldiers, and Lincoln called her "the patriot." Today, she is still a brilliant story teller, and in her pretty Washington home recalls the triumphs of more than half a century. She has been editor, poet, and journalist, and has won success in each field, and yet she is told that the woman in journalism is a "new woman."

There are some women in literature who were born as early as 1835, and who yet belong essentially to today. They began to write upon the lines of the present literary

schools, which they found already in existence; but there are three women who came into the world in or about that year, and were not here long before they had something to say in an original fashion. They were creative, and they are still writing and still selling their books while the reviewers and the paragraphers who make "reputations" have turned their attention to the newer names.

Augusta Evans was the original Southern woman novelist who conquered New York. Her first book, "Inez," was written when she was fourteen. She was born in Georgia and brought up in Texas, but for many years she has lived near Mobile, where her husband, Mr. Wilson, is a prominent citizen. "Beulah" was her second novel; then came "Macaria," written during the war, and printed by a Charleston bookseller who had no better material at hand than coarse brown paper. A copy was carried by a blockade runner to Havana, and thence sent to New York, where it was reprinted, and found a large sale. After the war Miss Evans herself came to New York, and brought out "St. Elmo," a book that made almost as great a literary sensation as "Jane Eyre." No girl of twenty years ago but wept over "St. Elmo" and "Beulah"; and Mrs. Wilson has letters from men in half a dozen countries assuring her that they owe their mental reformation to these two novels. Their style is not the literary fashion of the moment, but that does not prevent their being read, in numbers which sound incredible to most publishers of recent books.

Mary J. Holmes has a style which is radically different from Mrs. Wilson's, but her books have been even more popular. Their circulation is only exceeded by that of the late E. P. Roe's novels. They are pure and

wholesome, though far less dramatic than those written by the Southern woman, and have been the delight of thousands of young girls. Somebody asked the president of one of America's famous colleges what his favorite novel was. He thought a while, and then said that if he answered truthfully he would say "Lena Rivers." It was the first he ever read, and the one he enjoyed most.

Mrs. Holmes taught school when she was thirteen, and began story writing almost as early. She married a lawyer in Brockport, New York, and their home overflows with souvenirs of travel. Mrs. Holmes has been trying for years to write a book of her journeys, which extend all over the globe, from India to Alaska, but the story readers give her no time.

Louise Chandler Moulton is a famous New England woman who is put in the last generation, not because she does not belong equally to this, but because her poems, stories, and essays were written before the arrival of the all possessing "newness," which claims the earth. Mrs. Moulton is no less appreciated in London than in America. Every season, for fifteen years, London has seen her in a home where she is surrounded by the most famous men and women of all professions. Her husband, William U. Moulton, the Boston journalist, is her coworker and fellow entertainer, and it is the desire of every young writer who goes to the New England capital to find his way into the coterie of which they are the center.

Mrs. Moulton's stories and essays are overshadowed by her poems. Of these "Swallow Flights" and "A Garden of Dreams" are the best. The delicate meanings of her verses are a delight to the critics who love to linger over their analyses.

Carolyn Halsted.



IN THE REIGN OF BORIS.

By Robert McDonald,

Author of "A Princess and a Woman."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO V.

KING BORIS of the little state of Carpathia, a pawn in the game of empire in the restless east, is suspected by his subjects of a desire to hand his dominions over to Russia, of whose royal house he, as Prince Curt, before a *coup d'état* won him a throne, was amorganatic scion. His chamberlain, Count Lubona, heads a conspiracy of Carpathian patriots. Lubona has been in America, and on his way back meets and enlists the sympathy of Elinor Marr, daughter of an American capitalist who controls great interests in Carpathia, and who has rented Lubona's ancestral castle. As the king and Lubona ride through a wooded ravine not far from Carpath, the capital, a tree trunk is hurled upon the former, crushing his horse and stunning the rider. This occurs close to the chamberlain's castle, in which the Marrs are now established, and Lubona orders Boris carried thither, in spite of the protests of Beverly, a New York newspaper correspondent, who was also riding with the king.

Beverly has been sent to Carpathia by the *Herald* to investigate the political situation and the transactions of John Marr. Crossing the Atlantic on the same boat with Lubona and the Marrs, he has discovered enough of the count's plans to understand that some conspiracy is afoot. To the Marrs he is, through an accidental misunderstanding, known as Mr. Hardin; and now, as they are about to go to the castle, Lubona suggests that he should adopt that name, and that the king should be called "Count Festin."

VI.

BEVERLY did not look up as Lubona spoke. He was bending over the king, giving him that "first aid to the injured" which he had learned at the beginning of his reportorial career, when ambulance cases sometimes came his way. Incidentally, as he stanching the blood on the royal brow, he was realizing that a drunken Irishman on the New York pavements was made out of much the same sort of clay as a king on a Carpathian hillside.

Boris stirred and tried to open his eyes, but he winced with pain and quickly closed them again. Still it seemed to Beverly that some light of consciousness flickered through his lids. Behind Lubona came a train of servants tramping through the rain, carrying a wicker couch.

"It would hardly be wise to attempt to move the king to the castle if he did not wish to go there," the newspaper man said. "He will regain consciousness in a few moments, and then he can give his own orders. Is there a surgeon near?"

"No nearer than Carpath, and I should fail in my duty did I not immediately get his majesty under shelter. His hurt may be very serious."

"Where are his servants?"

"They were sent on ahead, and are probably in some safe place."

"They must have taken your orders to look out for falling rocks literally, and reached their safe place by crossing the mountains, for I saw nothing of them on the road."

"They are mountain men," the chamberlain said, but his eyes and Beverly's sent out glances like crossing swords.

"We will at least release the horse before we start with the king," the American replied, and he turned and spoke to the men in German.

He might as well have spoken Choctaw for all they understood. They were a curious looking set, with their hair cut short across their foreheads, and deep set blue eyes; but they saw the horse's plight and Beverly's movement toward it, and started to help him. Involuntarily he moved around so that he could keep an eye on Lubona standing by the king. In a moment the big horse was released, and pulled to its feet. They had expected to find it with a broken back, but it seemed to be only bruised. The animal stood and shivered as Beverly's hand was drawn down its flank, but it was sound of limb, and the man put the bridle over his arm.

Lubona and two of the men had put the king on the couch and were carrying him slowly toward the bridge. The rain was still falling in blinding torrents. As they reached the center of the bridge, Beverly called out from the dusk behind them, where he walked with the horses:

"Why not stop here? It seems inhuman to take a wounded man on in this rain. He will be better off here in the bridge till the storm abates."

"We have umbrellas and rugs over him," the chamberlain said obstinately. "It is best to take him on."