

much of it is absorbed into and becomes part of the language of all classes.

The latest slang story is Mr. George Ade's "Artie: A Story of the Streets and Town." Its author has attempted the unfolding of no plot. The book is frankly a character study from start to finish, and, whether or not we are interested in slang, there is no denying that Mr. Ade's work is exceptional. *Artie* is considerably lower than the angels, but he is head and shoulders above Mr. Townsend's *Chimmie* or Mr. Crane's *Maggie*. Mr. Crane has never been known to hesitate at anything. His slum people curse freely and openly, and say things better left unsaid with sublime frankness. It is hard to forgive the author of "Maggie" for his ruthless dragging forth of the unpalatable, however strong and however true to life it may be. Even *Chimmie*, popular as he is, shows Mr. Townsend to be somewhat lacking in ability to select. He is amusing, of course, but even his humor cannot wholly conceal his vulgarity. *Artie's* conversation, on the contrary, fearful and wonderful as are its distortions of the English language, is never coarse, and if anything it is cleverer than *Chimmie's*. Mr. Ade will never be as well known as Mr. Townsend, because the latter has had the supreme advantage of being first in the field, but an impartial consideration of their respective books cannot but convince one that of the two "Artie" is more deserving of recognition.

Moreover, Mr. Ade has a style of his own that is good, aside from the sayings of his hero. It will be remembered that the author of "Checkers" (another Chicago slang story) failed utterly in this regard. So long as *Checkers* talked, the merit of the book was apparent; but when Mr. Blossom ceased to quote from life and launched out in his own style the story became entirely commonplace. As for Mr. Townsend, every one knows that when once he parts company with the Bowery boy and joins forces with *Major Max*, the light goes out.

When Mr. Matthews finally determines to compile his dictionary of slang he may receive able assistance from Messrs. Crane, Townsend, and Ade. Of the three Mr. Ade has undoubtedly the most extensive vocabulary. *Artie's* ability to express his thoughts without the use of words found in Webster is a latter day miracle. Imagine this book to be buried and unearthed a thousand years hence—what would be the astonishment of the student of ancient languages at passages such as this—*Artie's* method of expressing contempt?

I want to tell you somethin', Barney. You're nothin' but a two spot. You're the smallest thing in the deck. Say, I see barrel house boys goin' around for hand outs that was more on the level than you are. Now, I'll put you next to one thing: I want nothin' to do with you, because I'm on.

A FEMININE E. P. ROE.

We respectfully beg the pardon of Miss Maria Louise Pool when we say that she is

coming to be in America what the late E. P. Roe was, what Edna Lyall is in England, and Georges Ohnet in France. Miss Pool has more art than any of these three novelists, but she has their element of popularity.

Most people who have read "Dally," and know it for a book of comparatively recent date, have little idea that Miss Pool is not a "new writer," but in fact her stories were appearing as far back as the days of the *Galaxy*. For years she wrote letters, when she felt like it, to some of the New York Sunday papers, the better class of them. The first series to attract attention was "A Vacation in a Buggy." A publisher asked to put them in book form, and a limited class of readers enjoyed them. A visit to the South and a study of the poor whites of North Carolina gave her inspiration for her first successful novel, and this has been followed by the long list of books that have made Miss Pool one of our most popular authors. It is said that she owns a large clientele among the business men in cities. Men who came from the country, and who have not had time to cultivate a literary taste in the hurry of a busy life, can enjoy Miss Pool's novels, and have done a great deal to enlarge her audience by their admiration.

TRAVEL IN SYRIA WELL TOLD.

It is a rare thing to find a book dealing with journeying in foreign lands which appeals to persons uninterested in its special subject. A vast majority of reading people view any printed record of travel with aversion—a natural result, perhaps, of the indescribable dryness which characterizes the narrative of the average explorer. A roving disposition and literary ability are seldom found to dwell together in unity, as they did with Stanley and Kennan, and as they do, to a considerable extent, with the author of "Syria from the Saddle," Mr. Albert Payson Terhune.

Mr. Terhune is a newcomer in literature, this being his first book. It is by no means an ultra ambitious effort, its author describing it as "an unscholarly story of a lazy two months' ride through the wilderness of Syria." This is a severer judgment than any fair minded critic will pronounce upon it. Whatever it may be, it is not unscholarly, and it has the saving grace of being interesting. There is a conspicuous absence from its pages of the "I know and you don't" tone familiar in such works, and it boasts an element of shrewd humor which is quite unexpected. We are not aware of many travelers who in their records have been able so far to forget their own importance as to let the reader imagine for a moment that there might be humorous situations in their experience; and the innovation is, to say the least, refreshing.

There is little in Mr. Terhune's book that we cannot find in other records of travel in the East, but there is much which we should never take the trouble to read if it were not told in exactly this amusing fashion. "Syria from the Saddle" will be finished by every one who

begins it. There is a large and exhausting supply of scholarly work before the public just at present, and it is a relief to turn from it now and then and absorb information in a sugar coated form. And Mr. Terhune's book is by no means lacking in information. In his two months' ride he obtained a very clear comprehension of Syrian manners and morals, and he has connected this with biblical history in a way that makes his story a literary guide to the country with which it deals. Best of all, this information is not administered in the painful statistical manner affected by writers of such books. Fact slips into the reader's mind leaning on the arm of anecdote. Altogether, considering its author's inexperience, and the fact that this is one of the dreaded books of travel which are so apt to bore unspeakably, "Syria from the Saddle" is an achievement.

AN AMERICAN ABSENTEE.

The changes in the fashion of books are as pronounced as the changes in gowns. A novelist who is feeling this fact, and has begun to show it, is Mr. Henry James. What American more than eighteen years old does not remember when "Howells and James" was a combination to conjure with? In those days, a new novel by either of the two men was a distinct literary event. No young woman was properly fitted for society unless she had read their books. They were the fashion. Nowadays, how many of the golf playing maidens, or even the members of interior village literary societies, know the titles of their latest stories?

Mr. Howells is turning out new work so rapidly that one is reminded of the little boy's explanation of the creation of kittens. "Of course they are not made one by one, as we are," he said, "but the Lord just says, 'Let there be kittens,' and there *are* kittens." Mr. Howells' later stories sound as though they had been produced in batches.

Quite a number of years ago Mr. James made up his mind to the opinion which the well known Irish editor of an American newspaper is said to have lately voiced, that there are not more than forty or fifty Americans worth associating with. He went to London, where he could find a larger audience. They took kindly to him over there. We had set him on a sort of pedestal here—we others who were not in the little class he could tolerate; but in England they treated him with the greatest ease. They hissed his play, and let him write for *The Yellow Book*. In return he produced stories that were patterns of style, about the angle at which noble lords wore their hats.

But within himself Mr. James longed for other things. He was like the golden princess who was plated, and now and then he would show through in spots. In his heart he always hankered after strong effects. For all his reserve, and the good manners of his people, he never could resist letting us know that somewhere off the stage his characters had given way to passion and temptations. If he had

come from Chicago instead of Boston, Mr. James would have written novels which the careful manna would have read with breathless interest and hidden from the young person. He always had it in him, and now he has come somewhere near letting it out. His new story, "The Other House," has for its theme all the material of the sensational or problem novel.

Right here we serve notice upon Mr. James that his title is not original. It was used by Miss Kate Jordan some years ago, and a very clever novel she wrote under it. It was also the name of the heroine's play in "The Daughter of Festus Hanks," by Robert McDonald, published in this magazine.

Mr. James' new story is just as literary in style as any of his other books, but in this case he has something to write about. It isn't a pleasant tale. It is made up of love, untruth, crime. People are going to say that Henry James has made a bid for popularity and money, but that will be unfair. The truth is that he always did like this sort of thing, but was kept from showing it through fear of the prudery of public opinion. It has taken a great deal of reassurance to make him understand that the public did not mind, but would let him write what he wished to. Besides, after a man has published in the *The Yellow Book*, he is hardened enough to defy even social Boston.

We are wondering if Miss Kate Jordan is going to allow Mr. James to keep the title of "The Other House," which is undoubtedly her property. Miss Jordan is an Irish girl, born in Dublin, but she has lived for a long time in New York. She says that had she never heard Moszkowski's serenade played, or seen E. S. Willard in "Judah," she never would have written "The Other House." The story was refused by publishers at first on account of its rather daring plot, but it found both print and success at last.

MRS. BURNETT IN A NEW RÔLE.

One of the disadvantages of being famous is the fact that one's inner life and actions are dragged forth unceremoniously to the glaring light of publicity. It is an unfortunate but necessary part of the existence of a genius, and the victim must bear it with fortitude and outward composure, however little he may enjoy the process.

Critics of many countries have pronounced Mrs. Burnett a success as a novelist. Few, however, would think of crediting this slight, wonderful eyed, light haired, impulsive little lady with any dramatic tendencies. And yet before her eldest boy, Lionel, had begun to think of the possibilities and joys of long trousers, the little chap, obedient to his mother's command, would climb upon a chair and enact *Romeo* to his mother's *Juliet*. If the performance could not be classed as "high art," it was at any rate given with a fervor and an energy worthy of the deepest attention from the favored few who were fortunate enough to

witness it. Lionel, in his velvet suit, deep lace collar and cuffs, and majestic height of four feet one, could hardly be said by the most prejudiced critic to look the part of the love sick Veronese. Neither could Mrs. Burnett (who was as likely as not to appear in a morning wrapper) be said to bear much resemblance to the ideal *Juliet*. Still, when the little fellow would lean forward, hot, tired, and anxious, throw out his arms, and pipe up in his small, trembling, childish treble :

"Shall I hear more, or shall I speak of this?" to his excited *Juliet's* impassioned appeal of "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" the small circle of admiring friends would clap ecstatically, and declare that he was the remarkable son of a remarkable parent.

Mrs. Burnett was an adoring if somewhat tyrannical mother. Indeed, it is doubtful if she herself knew the full amount of affection she really bore toward her sons, until one was taken from her. The blow prostrated her for many weeks. Her cry was "I can never write again; I can never write again," but time has shown her that she could.

Although for some years past she has lived in London, Mrs. Burnett has not forgotten her American associations. "I was born in England," she once said; "all my people are English, even to the third and fourth generation, but I have been the mother of two American sons. That seems to give a country a sort of claim upon a woman, and it seems, too, to give a woman a sort of claim upon a country—to have given it two men. So that perhaps it might be said that by my own birth I am an English woman, but by the birth of my boys I am an American."

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

To an innumerable host, loving him for himself and for his work, the news of George Du Maurier's death came as a personal calamity. We are told that the indispensable man does not exist, but it is certain that Du Maurier held a place in the world which no man living can fill. Had he been taken from us half a dozen years ago, his death would have aroused sorrow throughout the English speaking world; but coming as it did in the full flush of his fame as a novelist, the loss was doubly severe. His death was like that of Stevenson, for he had done so much for literature, and gave promise of doing so much more, that he occupied a place in the hearts of book lovers all his own. "When half gods go, the gods arrive," but, losing Stevenson, Morris, and Du Maurier, it seems rather as if the gods had gone and as if there are only half gods to continue the work they began. Where are we to look for gods in the literary world today?

Speaking of Stevenson's death, Mr. Quiller-Couch has said, "What was our first thought, as soon as the immediate numbness of sorrow had past and the selfish instinct began to reassert itself (as it always does)? Was it not something like this—'Put away books and paper and pen. Stevenson is dead, and now

there is nobody left to write for.'" Something of the same feeling came with the news of Du Maurier's death. His influence in art and literature can never, perhaps, be justly estimated. Thousands of artists will tell you that Du Maurier taught them half they know; millions of readers are indebted to him for many happy hours. And now that he is dead, it is as if a great light had gone out.

The artistic sense was strong in Du Maurier from boyhood. It is said that as a child, before he first went to England, he used to study each number of the London periodical which his pen has since made famous. *Punch* was his idol, as it was afterwards his world. His early years in Paris gave him the vivid views of French life that have done so much to enhance the charm of his writings.

Personally Du Maurier was a singularly attractive man, a brilliant conversationalist, a thorough artist and a stanch friend. Those whose good fortune it was to meet him in his own home will never forget the experience. His house in the northern suburbs of London—which he left shortly before his death for a more ambitious residence in the West End—was a veritable little Eden, surrounded by trees and flowers and breathing always the spirit of hospitality.

"THE TRUTH TELLERS."

One of the cleverest and most amusing novels this present season has brought forth is John Strange Winter's "Truth Tellers." The book, which is of the lightest nature, is characteristic of Mrs. Stannard at her best.

A certain cynical writer has said that the secret of making one's way in the world nowadays is the knowledge of when and how much to lie. Distasteful as the thought may be, this story seems to prove the truth of the assertion. Mrs. Stannard has been the first to take up in a novel the prevarications common to fashionable life, and, even while satirizing them, she has proved them indispensable to a tolerable existence. No doubt we should all be better morally if, like the five children about whom her story revolves, we told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but how miserable we should make our friends!

"The Truth Tellers" deals with the children of an eccentric Englishman, who have been brought up on one of the Shetland Islands. Their father possessed an iron determination to be truthful—absolutely, unconditionally so—and this principle he has inculcated in the minds of his sons and daughters. At his death they are left to the guardianship of a maiden aunt who transports them all to London. Thenceforward are demonstrated the awful results of clinging absolutely to the truth. It sends cold shivers down the spine of the reader to imagine himself in the position of that guardian aunt. *Ernestine*, the eldest girl, thus delivers herself shortly after her arrival:

"Auntie," she said, "I never saw anything

so curious as your hair in all my life ! It is red at the top, but it is quite black underneath !”

The second daughter is equally frank. Being puzzled by a phrase in a ghost story, and shortly thereafter meeting a stately duchess, she observes pleasantly :

“Now I understand how teeth can rattle like castanets !”

Truth may be a pearl of great price, but pearls of great price are often most inconvenient things to have around.

Mrs. Stannard's book is not a great one, nor does it pretend to greatness. It is written to amuse, and serves its purpose admirably ; and there are not by any means too many books of which one can say that—and be a truth teller.

A MASTER OF MYSTERY.

“The Carbuncle Clue,” the latest achievement of Mr. Fergus Hume, of hansom cab fame, reminds us forcibly of a dime novel in a high state of cultivation. The “cultivation” has no connection with literary style, referring rather to the publishers being reputable and the cover of the book more pretentious than that of the average volume of the “Half Dime Horror” variety. Regarding Mr. Hume's style, there is not much to be said. One realizes how defective is the English language when one looks about for an adjective to describe the diction of his books.

Those familiar with Mr. Hume's work—and who is not?—will remember that it is his custom to begin with a mysterious murder and finish with the vindication of an innocent man. Familiar music is the sweetest, familiar scenery the most grateful to the eye. Mr. Hume's books enthral and fascinate because the reader always knows exactly how they will turn out, and thus avoids the nervous strain which physicians tell us is so injurious to the heart. When the corpse and the astute detective, the villain and the circumstantial evidence, have all been marshaled in due array, together with the accused man who refuses to tell what he was doing at the time of the crime, and the beautiful damsel who trusts her lover sublimely, then Mr. Hume takes his pen in hand, dips it in blood red ink, and embellishes the first chapter with gore and mystery.

Once having planned out one's life work and the methods by which it is to be furthered, there is nothing like plowing the furrow to the end. Mr. Hume is not the kind of man who makes a resolve on January 1 and breaks it on January 2. In the dim past, before he solved “The Mystery of a Hansom Cab,” he determined that there was a right way to write a detective story and that there was a wrong way. He proceeded to choose the latter, and with admirable consistency has clung to it ever since. His literary puppet booth boasts half a score of marionettes who have new dresses for every new play, and who never for a moment overstep the line that divides a live man and one of wood. Wonderful mysteries does the showman concoct for them, and thrilling

situations ; yet they always preserve their stolidity, and are dolls and nothing more.

Small wonder, indeed, that we enjoy the naïveté with which Mr. Hume works out his attractively transparent plots, his presurmised complications, and his inevitable dénouements. Of course we all know that *Mr. Punch* is going to beat his wife and throw the baby down stairs and even get the best of the hangman. But we know, too, that in the end he is to go the way of the transgressor, and therefore we can tolerate any amount of mystery and crime in the sweet certainty of ultimate retribution.

HERR NORDAU'S FUTILE FICTION.

“The amiable, modest, polite, delicately humorous, and ever tolerant and considerate Professor Max Nordau,” as George Du Maurier has, with fine irony, called him, is rapidly coming to resemble an idol from which most of the gilt has been rubbed. People have had time to think over the theories which, from their very novelty, took the world by storm and seemed unanswerable, and are beginning to question whether “Degeneration” is not, after all, a mere exhibition of spleen on the part of a disgruntled and by no means infallible litterateur. Answers are appearing to his propositions, answers quite as logical and deserving of consideration as the propositions themselves ; and the fact that Herr Nordau will not tolerate contradiction or consider reasonably the other side of the argument, but prefers to rave and rant and indulge in personal abuse, does not tend to strengthen his position.

Meanwhile, Herr Nordau continues to write fiction, and the fact that such fiction as Herr Nordau writes is published or read seems to us proof positive that he is a man of whom something further is expected. The appearance in one brief year of “How Women Love” and “Soap Bubbles” would have set a seal forever upon the reputation of any other writer—a black seal, with a bit of crape attached thereto.

It is almost as hard to resent “Soap Bubbles” as it would be to wax enthusiastic over the book. It is such a harmless, inoffensive, futile little effort that it is incapable of arousing any positive emotion. One shrinks from criticising it rudely and unfeelingly, just as one would refrain from being unduly severe with the colorless little essays written by children in a preparatory school. “Soap Bubbles,” in its distressingly ugly cover, and with its bald, uninteresting stories, is like a charity orphan among books, clad in a poor gingham frock, raising appealing eyes for recognition. Will any one, we wonder, read it through ?

It seems to be a fact, proven beyond dispute, that Herr Nordau is not a success in the field of fiction. What remains to be seen is whether or not he will appreciate this and confine himself in future to his psychological speculations, which, if not infallible, are at least interesting and give us something to talk and think about. No one will ever talk or think much about “Soap Bubbles.”

LATEST FADS

SOME SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

"Christmas comes but once a year,"
But when it does all things are dear,
And man and maid alike grow pale,
Seeing their savings shrink and fail.
One thought alone our hearts can cheer—
"Christmas comes but once a year!"

Rest you, merry gentlemen! Deck your chandeliers with wreaths and ruin the gilt finish! Fetch forth the Yule log, and let us see if we cannot set our chimneys on fire! Garnish the tables with plum puddings and mince pies and bid the family physician hither to gloat! On with the dance. Let joy reign unconfined. Christmas has come!

If one would learn how Christmas should be celebrated, let him consult the faddists, for they alone know, and at least one idea evolved by them may become popular. A family of six, which has been accustomed in former years to spend much time and money in the search for gifts, has this year set a most sensible example. Each member gives to each of the other five a twenty dollar bill, with a card bearing these words: "Buy something with this to remember me by. Merry Christmas!" A brief mental calculation will demonstrate the pleasing result of this transaction. Each has done his duty by the rest of the family, and each emerges unharmed from the fray. It is free trade, protection, and reciprocity, all in one, as well as an exhibition of diplomacy hard to equal.

The mistletoe fad grows apace. To be sure, there is a lamentable laxity prevalent in regard to enforcing the privilege associated therewith, but the romantic parasite comes to New York by the ton and finds a ready market. For the nonce, our débutantes discard ribbons and flowers and wear mistletoe in their hair instead. This may be innocence or craft, according to the débutante, and according, also, to the observer's point of view. The fashion might be described as a perpetual opportunity.

The owner of a large country house near New York, who is addicted to faddish fancies, has planned for Christmas a return to the ways of a hundred years ago. The village choir boys are to make the midnight air ring to carols and be welcomed like the waits of old. In due course the Yule log is to be lighted, and the wassail is to flow. The celebration culminates in a "masque" and "Sir Roger de Coverley," and the guests will return to the commonplaces of town life saturated with Christmas sentiment. It remains to be seen whether any one present will know how to concoct wassail or trip "Sir Roger" correctly. Perhaps the difference between the wassail and a more familiar punch will not be apparent, and perhaps "Sir Roger" will degen-

erate into a Virginia reel; but these are minor considerations. It is not good form to be too particular about correctness in details.

A FAD IN RHYME.

The very latest thing in pets is the mud turtle.
—*Daily Paper.*

The marmoset's palatial cage
Is empty, and the green canary,
That yesterday was all the rage,
Is victim to a new vagary;
The gold chameleon, trained to rove
In happy state about your kirtle,
Is seen no more. You give your love
Unto a turtle!

Oh, fickle maid! This leathern leash
Chained first a pug and then a collie.
These passed. You bought a French *caniche*,
And now you have a newer folly.
You wept when these companions died,
And planted all their graves with myrtle;
But now, consoled, you dote with pride
Upon a turtle.

You love a damp, amphibious beast,
Constructed as but very few are,
Who has this kindred charm, at least,
That he is quite as cold as you are!
Your suitors bend their suppliant knees,
Around you protestations hurtle—
You have no smile for such as these;
You love a turtle!

So who would be a pampered pet,
When day and night such fears oppress one
Of being soon forgot?—and yet
A day or two her hands caress one!
Oh, fickle maid! I might agree
To die, and planted be with myrtle,
If while I lived fate made of me
My lady's turtle!

THE SKIRLING SCOT.

"When you have a party," Ernestine went on, "he will stand in the hall; and although you may not care to have him playing the pipes all the time, he looks well and everybody will speak to him."

It may be that the above, from Mrs. Stannard's "Truth Tellers," and the fact that the *Tammis* referred to actually did play at one of *Miss Mortimer's* receptions, served to suggest an innovation to London society. The news that bagpipes for swagger functions are coming into favor is forwarded from England, and we may yet have the pleasure of hearing them in New York drawing rooms. The "pleasure" is perhaps a mixed one. There is a time and place for all things, bagpipes not excepted, and we make free to suggest that to

ears untrained the piper's "skirling" will be somewhat trying when heard at close quarters. When the Black Watch sallies forth from Edinburgh Castle with its pipers in the van and the whole tolerant vault of sky above them to receive the shrillness of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," it is all well enough; but in a group of palms at an afternoon tea—awee! lad, you piper's a braw mon and skirls bonny airs enow, but we can e'en do wi'oot him noo and again!

If indeed we are to ostracize our Hungarian orchestras and joyously cleave to this new fad, some change will be necessary in Oliver Wendell Holmes' famous definition of a tea. We may very possibly gobble, and we shall very probably "git," but gabbling will be entirely out of the question. A bagpipe is, in a way, like a boiler explosion. It reduces side issues to insignificance, and commands the sole and undivided attention of every one in its immediate vicinity. The deservedly popular pastime of gently rending in twain the reputations of our kinsfolk and acquaintances, the delicious privilege of exchanging stolen words with *her* under society's unsuspecting nose, the inestimable pleasure of talking with tiresome people about something in which one has not the slightest interest—all these diversions, with which we have been wont to enliven that favored function, the afternoon tea, will be done away with utterly on the day when some faddish hostess shall set the pace for society by placing a piper in her hall. Of course "everybody will speak to him"—or of him—and the words will be fearful and wonderful to hear! But London has decreed that a piper is the thing, and New York, ever consistently Anglophile, will follow.

The silver lining to the cloud impending upon the winter season lies in the fact that when invited guests are aware of what is in store for them, and learn that the chatter of the belles of New York is to be drowned out by the strains of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," no one will come—at which, no doubt, the hostess will be immensely relieved! After all the bagpipes have their useful side.

THE SURPRISING POPULARITY OF THE GAMIN.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view" applies, in the minds of most persons, most fitly to the small street arab. He is exceedingly picturesque in photographs, and unnaturally clean and attractive in the paintings of Mr. J. G. Brown, but to see him at his best one should reverse the opera glasses. Illusions are destroyed by coming to close quarters with the gamin, who has been cleverly called "the little unwashed." And yet of late he has attained a social status and is becoming, in his way, a lion. It is not merely due to Mr. Woolf's emphasizing of his humorous qualities, or to Mr. Crane's elaborations of his profanity. As in Mr. Brown's paintings, he is here seen through a glass darkly. More than this, he seems to appeal irresistibly to the American girl whose fad is charity. He is

sought out and tracked to his lair, placated with unheard-of offerings, and received in the drawing rooms of the 400.

It was only the other day that a man walking with one of last winter's "buds" was surprised to see her bowing graciously to a deplorably forlorn little person selling papers on a corner. "That is Tommy Rafferty," she explained. "He's a great friend of mine. He lunched with me last week and kissed me when he left. He's awfully amusing." The man, who had never been invited to lunch at her house, though he would have given his head for the privilege, and who would as soon have thought of kissing her as of attempting to fly, was duly impressed with the advantages possessed by a street urchin over a mere ordinary mortal. It is discouraging to wash one's face conscientiously for twenty five years, and then to behold the triumph of Tommy Rafferty.

Another man has not forgotten an afternoon at a Massachusetts country house, when he was waiting for the mail in company with three remarkably pretty girls. It finally appeared, borne by a small boy who was unmistakably a stranger to shoes, soap, and society. Yet he was the recipient of sundry extravagant compliments, and was kissed, not by one, but by three!

Three of these arabs were discovered not long since in a state of terrific hilarity in the hall of a Fifth Avenue residence. They had feasted sumptuously, attended by their hostess, and were, as a variety, applying the science and art of tobogganing to the stair rail. "I have them here every month," said the girl with the gamin fad. "I give them ice cream and read to them, and afterwards they slide down the balusters. Just now I'm busy. Come in an hour and I'll give you some tea."

O tempora! O mores! Shall we despise the "little unwashed"? Nay, more, shall we pity him? Let us rather be envious, for his lines are cast in pleasant places!

THE BOUQUET LAMP.

If the inhabitants of the planet Mars own a large telescope and a sense of humor, they must find that a contemplation of what we of this planet are pleased to term civilization presents some moving spectacles. It must puzzle the Martians to guess why everybody should all at once begin to do a certain thing without any apparent reason, unless they also are the victims of human nature. Just at the present time they are doubtless wondering why the up to date young woman is carrying a tiny lantern in her bouquet. It cannot be that she needs something to shed a light upon her path—"a lamp unto her feet." She knows her way about even in the dark.

These little golden lanterns might be votive offerings from those who would worship, and we may soon see a girl's popularity measured, like that of a saint's, by the number of lamps before her.

A popular girl, when her table is loaded with flowers, has always found it an awkward thing

to decide which bouquet to carry. Nowadays she may gather a lamp from each, and go glittering to rout or ball. The footlight favorite may hang her lamps across the front of the stage, and let the records of her triumphs be read from season to season. It will make a display even more conspicuous than diamonds. The young woman who has personal reasons for refusing diamonds, and whose flowers fade, may keep her trophy lamps.

It has been suggested that some young society girls buy their lamps, but that is a matter of small importance, as in the present state of society it generally occurs that the young woman who can surround herself with the settings of a shrine gets the worship, and one lamp follows another. Human nature prays to the popular saint.

THE FINE ART OF SUBSCRIBING ONESELF.

Long, long ago she promised me
Her love, her heart, her hand ;
And why she jilted me anon
'Twas hard to understand.
But harder yet to fathom is
Why now her notes should be
Signed "Very truly yours" or, worse,
"Yours very faithfully!"

There is food for reflection in this bit of doggerel. Of all the pleasing little prevarications that flesh is heir to, the subscriptions to our letters are the most flagrantly false. It is not enough for us to write abusively to some one, accuse him of mendacity, duplicity, and dishonorable motives; we add insult to injury by that final "Yours respectfully," which presents so beautifully ironic a finish to the letter. In nine cases out of ten—nay, ninety nine out of a hundred—when one's correspondent uses one or another of these set phrases he would be very properly shocked and chagrined to be taken at his word. If one doubts this, let him endeavor to make use of the man who writes "at your service" or "yours to command" so readily.

Those persons who make a fine art of letter writing nowadays have set their wits to work to avoid employing conventional subscriptions. In the light correspondence of society this is particularly apparent—in fact, it is perceptible here alone. Business men have no time for fads. The result of such an endeavor to eschew the commonplace produces curious and not unpleasing results. It is something to get away from conventionality and to meet with the unexpected in one's letters. When we turn the page and find instead of "faithfully" or "sincerely," the odd expression "in no wise otherwise than yours," we become conscious of a respect for the man who invented it. That it relieves monotony entitles it to consideration.

Of course all this is an affectation. It bears the marks of thought. It is artificial. But, mark you, it is new! And, after all, there can be no absolute spontaneity in writing; and so, since this is true, why not make one's letters picturesque? "In no wise otherwise than

yours" is but one of a number of quaint phrases that have sprung up of late. "Yours to do with as you will," "Yours faithfully, as sincerely meant as written," are two others, and "Yours I am always, whether you will or no," a third.

A forcible illustration of this growing particularity in correspondence was furnished the other day by a New York girl who had invited two men to luncheon. Laying their replies side by side, she remarked, "The old style and the new." The notes were as follows:

I shall be most happy, I assure you, to accept your very kind invitation for next Friday. Believe me,

Sincerely yours.

"The truth" is I am always glad of such an invitation as yours, "the whole truth" is that I am glad *because* it is yours, and when I say that I shall think of it constantly until the day, you have the rest of the legal phrase and "nothing but the truth." And so I am yours in all sincerity and gratitude.

The choice is easy. Such forms as the latter may be affectations, but they show that one's correspondent has thought that what is worth saying at all is worth saying well.

THE TATTOOED MAN.

It is probable that Lombroso did not know that tattooing was fashionable, or he would not have been unkind enough to say such harsh things about it. We cannot believe that it is truly the mark of a degenerate mind and criminal tendencies, when we know the names of young men in the highest society who are thus decorated. The instances quoted by the criminologist are very incomplete, when compared with the gorgeous developments of the fad occasionally seen in the Turkish baths at the clubs.

A titled Englishman who used to belong to the Prince of Wales' set in London, and whose name is known as one of the greatest hunters of big game in the world, and also as one of the gentlemen who were guests at Tranby Croft upon a celebrated occasion, has one of the finest examples of tattooing known since the death of the Greek exile whose variegated epidermis was the delight of our youthful visits to Barnum's circus. He bears his very ancient coat of arms on his chest, and dragons twining around his arms; while around his ankles are delicately shaded presentments of flower pots, as if his feet had broken out the bottoms. Growing out of them are rose vines.

An English earl who married an American girl two or three years ago runs this gentleman a close second. Quite recently the great grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence had himself tattooed after a fashion in which his distinguished ancestor would certainly have delighted. On his broad back a lady in ballet costume waves the American flag, for whose honor many of his family have laid down their lives.

And yet Lombroso was cruel enough to say that tattooing was a sign of a degenerate mind!