ARTIST LONG PENCILS A THOUGHT.

IS THIS ONLY A BELIEF?

Popular Idea, Encouraged at Bellevue, of Medical Progress in the Dying Century.

SATURDAY SERMON BY TALMAGE.

Passing of the Old Year and Its Burdens, Voices of the Clocks That Never Stop.

THE steps of the year are getting short, for it is old now. When it waved the springtime blossoms, the year was young, and when it swung the scythe and cradle through the summer harvest fields, the year was strong; but it is getting out of breath now, and after a few more throbs of the pulse will be dead.

We cannot stop this annual decadence. Set all the clocks back, set all the watches back, set all the chronometers back, but you cannot set Time back. For the old family clock you might suppose that Time would have especial respect, and that if you took hold of those old hands on the face of that centenarian of a timepiece, and pushed them back, you might expect that Time would stop or retreat for at least a few minutes.

"No, no!" says the old family clock. "I must go on. I saw your father and mother on their wedding day. I struck the hour of your nativity. I sounded the knell at your father's death. I tolled at your mother's departure. Yea, I must sound your own going out of life. I must go on. I must go on. Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"

But in the tower of the Capitol at Washington and in all the great national capitals there are clocks. Suppose that by Presidential proclamation and resolution of Senate and House of Representatives our national clock in the Capitol turret be ordered to stop. "Stop, oh, clock! until our Sabbaths are better kept and drunkenness turns to sobriety and bribery and dissipation quit the land."

"No," says the clock. "I have been going on so long I cannot afford to stop. I sounded the birthday of American independence. I rang out the return of peace in 1865. I have seen many Presidents inaugurated. I struck the hour of Lincoln's assassination. I have beat time for emancipation proclamation and Chicago fire and Charleston earthquake and epidemics of fever and cholera.

"Nations never stop. They march onward salvation or demolition. And why should I stop? I chime for the national holidays. I toll for the mighty dead. I must go on. I must go on. Tick-tock! Tick-tock!" It will be a serious occasion when, on Monday night, Dec. 31, about the same hour the family clocks and the city clocks and the national clocks strike One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve!

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Sorry am I to have 1900 to depart this life. It has been a good year. What bright days! What starry nights! What harvests! What religious convocations! What triumphs of art, and science, and invention, and enterprise, and religion! But, alas, how sacred it has been with sorrows. What pillows, hot with fever, that could not be cooled! What graves opening wide enough to take down beauty and strength and usefulness! What octogenarians putting down the staff of earthly pilgrimage and taking the crown of Heavenly reward! What children, as in Bible time, crying: "My head, my head! And they carried him to his mother, and he sat on her knees until noon, and then died."

What mingling of emotions in this closing year! What orange blossoms for the marriage altar, and what myrtle for the tombs of the dead! Hosannas and lamentations in collision. Anthem and dead march mounting from the same ivory keys.

Before this year quite leaves the earth, let it hear our repentance for opportunities that can never return. Kind words spoken too late, or not spoken at all. Means of getting good, or doing good, so completely gone by that the archangel's voice could not recall them. Can it be that this year is closing and our wrong-doings are unforgiven, and we have no certainty that when our last Dec. 31 has sped away we shall enter a blissful eternity? The most overwhelmingly solemn work of all the year is the last week of December.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

WITH BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

"Lessons in Love" Cleverly Taught. The Great American Novel Unwritten.

WE have had lessons in everything, from "Chinese at a Glance" down to "Bookkeeping Taught in Three Minutes, by Correspondence." And now comes a pretty little red-and-gold book entitled "Lessons in Love," by Katrina Trask (Harper & Brothers). I do not recommend it for beginners, as compared with such standard works as "Fifty Love-Letters Suitable for Any Stage of Courtship," or even "One Hundred Poetical Proposals (By One of Them)." Still, most of the short stories embodied in Miss Trask's book are charming. A few are strong. One ("After All") narrowly escapes greatness. It is unfortunate that the only two indifferent tales should have been placed at the beginning. There are show-window ethics in literature as well as in dry-goods stores. In one of the stories, "The Hall Mark," the hero departs from the ordinary run of amatory fiction by playfully locking his wife in a safe whose combination he does not know. Quiller-Couch made one of his heroes propose through the bunghole of a barrel; there are at least two balloon proposals in fiction, and one behind a runaway team; but the safe (except in a modified form in the case of Ginevra) is a new "property" in literature. It should wear well, though it is hardly likely to be plagiarist-proof.

* * *

For a century we have clamored for "The Great American Novel." Fully a hundred books have been heralded as the long-expected marvel. But somehow the gentle reader could never be persuaded to accept any of these volumes at the publishers' estimate. And so the world at large has waited, with an occasional yawn, for the G. A. N. And, at the time we go to press, it is still waiting. As a nation we are not novel-writers. The world has seen no greater essayist than Emerson, the American. Few poets of any land can claim superiority to Poe or Longfellow; Bancroft and Prescott rank high among the age's historians. Along almost every line we have kept or set the pace. But where is the American novel that can live alongside of those of Thackeray, Dumas or Dickens? Are we deficient in imagination, or do a country's novelists, like its ruins, require many centuries to mature? W. D. Howells, it is true, is said to have prophesied that his own novels and those of Henry James will live when Thackeray and Dickens are forgotten. But that can only be proved by posterity. And posterity is unaccountably shy about mounting the witness-stand. And, in the mean time, we await the great American novelist as hopelessly as we wait for the great American novel.

* * *

Revolutionary fiction—in fact, all sorts and conditions of Colonial fiction—have been wrung dry of interest and novelty. Even those who thrilled with a vague awe when they read last year in the preface of "Janice Meredith" that its author once drank a whole cup of tea in George Vanderbilt's presence would probably go to sleep over the same book had its publication been delayed until to-day. In the mist of this dearth comes Joseph A. Altsheler's "In Hostile Red" (Appleton & Co.), a novel fairly reeking with Revolution and Washington. And the strange part of it all is that the book makes the most jaded victim of Coloniaphobia "sit up." It is a rattling good story, full of surprises, with an interest that never flags for a single page. All of which goes to show that an oft-slain subject may be worth reviving—at the hands of the right man. The only trouble is that there are ten such revivals to one Right Man.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

HIGH AND LOW.

A boot and a shoe and a slipper
Lived once in a cobbler's row;
But the boot and the shoe
Would have nothing to do
With the slipper because she was low.

But the king and the queen and their daughter
On the cobbler chanced to call;
And as neither the boot
Nor the shoe would suit,
The slipper went off to the ball.

—Father Tab.

AFTERNOON GOWN.

This afternoon gown of red broadcloth has bolero of the same, with appliques of ecru lace on the shoulders. The fancy vest is of white mousseline de soie, with festoons of ecru lace down the front, combined with narrow black velvet ribbon. The undersleeves are of the mousseline.

The World.

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ZOLA'S ELOQUENT AND POWERFUL SURVEY OF THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

Many are the eminent writers and many the profound thoughts in the great Souvenir of the Two Centuries which will be issued as part of to-morrow's Sunday World. There will be page after page with hardly a paragraph that does not suggest to you something interesting, something developing.

EMILE ZOLA'S GREAT CONTRIBUTION TO THE SOUVENIR SYMPOSIUM.

From this array of articles let us take just one by way of illustration—

Emile Zola on "The Gradual Liberation of the Human Mind."

There is a subject which touches you, whoever you are. And how marvellously the foremost of living novelists has treated it! What insight, what boldness, what nervous enthusiasm, what passionate indignation against injustice and oppression, what eloquent faith in man and man's destiny!

Listen to this sentence, descriptive of the present state of civilization:

"Mankind is still piteously groping after real civilization like a tangled mass of larvae tumbling and crawling out of some dark, slimy cavern toward the light **that will give them wings.**"

What a climax of inspired metaphor in that last phrase! What do you think about this criticism upon our material civilization?

DO YOU AGREE OR DISAGREE WITH HIM IN THIS?

"Better food, fast steamers, telephone and electric lights—all that is only the accessory part of human development. Means to happiness, certainly, but not happiness. Has the telephone diminished the hunger of the hungry?"

What is your opinion? Does not Zola underestimate the beneficence of these cheapeners and therefore diffusers of the comforts and luxuries of life?

Zola goes on to note the decline and practical discontinuance of legal torture. Then he adds—and you will think of New York and America as you read, not of Timbuctoo and Umjiji:

"But are not the newspapers filled with revolting cases of children tortured by parents; of wives who are long-suffering martyrs; of students who find cruel delight in bullying some poor, ill-gifted companion? And do you know what frightful things take place—I will not say in Turkey or Siberia, but in the penitentiaries and insane asylums of the most advanced nations?"

With West Point and Bellevue and Randall's Island in the very day's news, can you deny the force of his indictment? But he goes on to make an even graver charge, one that comes home to Americans, citizens of a land of free speech, with especial strength:

DO OUR COLLEGES STIFLE THOUGHT AND PUNISH THINKERS?

"I have it from eminent American professors that in most of the universities of the United States they would not dare express their real convictions on religious, political or economical questions, because their resignations would surely be demanded at once."

Have you noted the lack of vigor and originality in the expressed views of our leading educators? Have you seen any signs of this intimidation? Is the thought that comes from our colleges stale, conventional, suggestive of the meaningless repetition of old formulas?

Here is his most startling proposition:

"It is much more absurd that a young Vanderbilt or Castellane should inherit millions than it would be to permit the sons of McKinley and Loubet to rule us because their fathers did."

NEW AND STARTLING WAY OF ATTACKING INHERITED WEALTH.

And he predicts that the same evolution which has abolished hereditary power will abolish hereditary wealth; that the two are equally offensive to the law of reward proportioned to merit.

What is your opinion on this point? Read what he says in its completeness in the Sunday World to-morrow and think about it.

But Zola is not a pessimist. He says:

"Deploring the present, I look forward into this pregnant new century with perfect confidence."

It is always refreshing, elevating, enlightening to come into contact with a strong, frank, powerful mind. Such a mind has Emile Zola. And it is at its best in this article in to-morrow's World.

You may not agree with him in any respect. You may assent to some of his views, dissent from others. But if you read you will be aroused.

A VAST RESERVOIR OF HEALTH FOR THE MIND.

There is nothing more contagious and infectious than thinking.

To-morrow's Souvenir of the Two Centuries is a vast reservoir of thought, fresh, sparkling, invigorating. Drink! Drink deeply! Return again and again to drink again and again!

HUMOR THE TYRANT.

NOTHING keeps the man so content as the maintenance of his dignity as head of the house. No matter how simple the home, the wise wife makes her husband feel that there he is master, that his convenience and happiness are there of chief account. He may be hustled about in his contact with life outside, but there let him feel that he is a person whose importance and abilities are believed in.

Many a man of genuine authority outside of his home has lost heart and poise because authority was denied him at home. Many a man of small account among his fellows has gathered strength and power from the atmosphere thrown about him in his home.

To feel himself deferred to and considered is tonic to the weak soul. And the wise wife studies her husband and plans to make for him just that home atmosphere that most thoroughly will tend to the support of his personality.

An Odd Old Bank Note.

In the showcases devoted to exhibits of early printing from Japan and China the British Museum authorities have just placed an interesting addition—a Chinese bank note issued during the reign of the Emperor Hung-Wu, A. D. 1368-1399. This is the earliest specimen of a bank note known to exist in any country.

THE DAINTY GIRL.

THE girl with an air of dainty freshness is sure to be admired. She may not have many changes of gowns, she may have but few na's, but if she has always the air of being just spick and span she will never lack charm.

Of course she must be almost perfection in details. The edges of her skirts fresh, her shoes carefully polished and handkerchief, neckwear and all her modest attempts at finery must be crisply fresh. This means the strictest attention. Brushing and pressing will take time, and once one establishes a reputation for this sort of spotlessness it must be kept up, because what would not be noticed about a careless woman would seem dreadful untidiness.

She is likely to take to inelaborate clothes and simple ways of wearing her hair. Furbelows and frizzes are not easy to keep spick and span.

Cows in the United States.

The total number of cows kept for milk purposes in the towns and cities and villages of the United States is 1,456,970, Texas having the greatest number—116,107. Illinois comes second, with 110,493, and Pennsylvania third with 98,513.

Rice from Texas.

Eastern Texas is getting into rice-growing in earnest. The output for this season will be not less than 30,000 tons.

FUN FOR THE LAUGHTER LOVERS.

POOR MAN.

Brown—I have been suffering such agony from this toothache that I haven't slept for three nights.

Black—Why don't you have it pulled?

Brown—I would, but I'm afraid it would hurt.

FOND DREAM.

Little Waldo—Mamma, when I grow up may I be a pugilist and be known as the Boston Basher or Plexus Paddy, please?

DISCERNING WOMAN.

He—I point out your faults because I love you.

She—Nonsense! If you really loved me you would think my faults were excellences.

BRUIN GOES TO THE FEAST.

1. The Bear—Now, there are some fine wild turkeys at the foot of this hill, but how can I ever get them? I have it!

2. "I'll be a snowball by the time I reach those turkeys."

3. Tommy Spruce—Come on fellars an roll this big snowball in the classroom!

4. "Gee! There's something moving side. Run for your life, fellars."

5. The Bear—Well, I missed those turkeys, but these biscuits and molasses are not so bad.

PROUD.

"Horatio just snubbed me!"

"Yes. He's been awfully stuck up since he fell into that pastepot."

A PAIR.

"That's a queer pair of cronies. One can talk nothing but golf and the other does nothing but drink."

"It may be," said the commentator, "that there is an affinity between teeing off and teaing up. Quien sabe?"

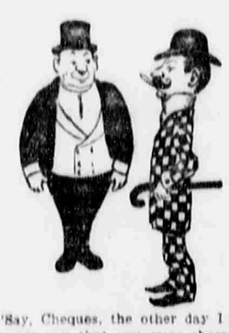
Birds of a feather flock together.

THESPIANS.

Manager Bug—And what position in my dramatic company do you aspire to?

Mr. Glowworm—Light comedian.

PUTTING IT ANOTHER WAY.



"Say, Cheques, the other day I heard Smaggs say that you were sharp as a tack—"

"Er, that is, I mean, he said you had a head like a tack."

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER:

More Advice for Various Lovers; First Aid to Wounded Hearts

Wants to Learn How Rich He Is.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am keeping company with a widower. They say he owns two houses. Now I would like to know if his wife left the houses to the children or to him. How can I find that out? L. J. F.

YOU appear to be willing to marry a man whom you do not absolutely trust. This mental attitude on your part does not augur well for a very happy future.

If you have money of your own, what difference does it make to you, anyway? If you are ready to spend your life with this man, you certainly can afford to have a frank talk with him concerning business matters since they seem to be of such paramount interest to you.

Keeping Company with Two Young Men.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am keeping company with two young men who are of a different religion from mine. They are very respectable and treat me as they would their sister. They both hold very good positions, but I prefer one in some ways to the other. My parents are very much opposed to the idea of mixed marriages. They do not wish me to have anything to do with either of the men any longer. Advise me. A. V.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

I AM at a loss to understand your letter exactly. You speak of two young men who appear to hold the same place in your regard. You cannot certainly wish to marry them both at once. That would be a mixed marriage in truth.

If your parents object to both of these gentlemen that would seem to be a very excellent reason for your bringing the acquaintance with them to a close. Mothers and fathers usually are very wise concerning suitable companions for their daughters.

I entirely agree with your parents as to the undesirability of the marriage of persons of opposite religions; very rarely such unions result in complete happiness.

The Man is a Bore.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I have known a young man for some time and wanted my parents to be also acquainted. I extended an invitation to him to dine with us. He never acknowledged the invitation nor sent a regret nor called or even apologized for such conduct. I made all arrangements to make his visit a most enjoyable one. Now, would you ever recognize a man that would show so little manners?

A POLITE GIRL.

THE young man was outrageously rude. I think you will be entirely justified in declining to continue your acquaintance with him.

They Meet on the Sly.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am in love with a young lady, who, I am sure, returns my love. Her parents will not allow me to call at the house, although they allow several other young men to call. We always meet on the sly. I do not fancy that way of meeting, but it cannot be helped. Kindly advise me what to do. TROUBLED.

GO like a gentleman to the parents and ask them what their objection is to you.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, if you can convince them you are the proper associate for their daughter, they will like your straightforward action in the matter and will no doubt be willing to receive you in their home, which, of course, is the proper place for you to meet the girl.

A Man's Prerogative.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Would it be proper for me to acknowledge my affection for a young man by giving him a book or some other small token of affection? I have heard from other parties that he thinks a great deal of me. I can also see it by his actions. Shall I wait for him to acknowledge his love first?

MISS M. C.

BY all means wait for the young gentleman to speak first.

It is a man's privilege to make the first advances and always a great, if not a fatal, mistake, for a woman to evince her affection for a man until it has been sought.

Pie Question Again.

Current gossip avers that the Charlestown State Prison has abjured mincepie as a steady diet for the prisoners because the medical experts declare that it impairs the health of the inmates and tends to increase the death rate.

RECEPTION GOWN.

This lovely gown is of pale blue crepe de chine, combined with Russian lace and chiffon. The bolero and long points which fall on the skirt are of the Russian lace, embossed with tafis of gold gauze and traced with petal-like lines of fine chenille. The yoke and plaitings on the corsage are of chiffon.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Not Necessarily.

Must the parents of the President of the United States be born in the United States? H. F.

Apply to Legislature.

How can I change my name? MIKE.

Monday.

Would you please state in your valuable paper what day Oct. 1, 1883, was? GUSSIE.

Yes. Shot.

Was Jesse James a real person? Was he ever captured? A. F.

McKinley.

Did McKinley or Bryan get the largest vote in the city of New York in the election of 1896? J. LIVINGSTON.

Apply at Post-Graduate Hospital.

Where can I get bow-legs straightened? W. F. R.