LITERATURE

NOTES.

With the death of the Paris correspondent of the Times the journalistic world loses its most distinguished, or at least its best-known, member. M. de Blowitz, a Hebrew of the Hebrews in race and appearance, was born in Bohemia, close to Pilsen, the great home of lager-beer. He went early to France, apparently adopted the honorific particle on his own responsibility, and became a language-teacher in the south. He shouldered a musket in the Franco-Prussian war, anod rendered good service to the government during the red days of the Commune. He was offered a consuiship in Russia, but about the same time Laurence Oliphant asked him to interview M. Thiers for the Times, and this was the first step up the ladder of journalistic fame. With a gift for self-advancement amounting to genius, M. Blowitz managed to make himself an international personage. Ministries in Paris came and disappeared, but Blowitz went on forever. He damned with faint praise, or praised with faint damns, as the humor took him; and all Paris looked in the Times to learn how it had been behaved during the last 24 hours. He had more power than an ambassador, and the world of letters should erect a statue in his honor, as a type of the old Jovian school of journalists, whose personal view and personal word had weight in the destiny of nations. No figure has loomed so large in Paris during the last 30 years.

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The last work done by the late Julian Ralph, author and war correspondent ,who died in New York recently, was for Harper's Magazine and has not yet been published. It consists of a number of articles on American subjects, undertaken for that magazine and to be printed during the present year. The first of these articles, entitled "The American Tyrol," will appear in the March number of Harper's. Another paper to appear later, describes a trip made by the author through parts of New England in company with a tin-peddler. Mr. Ralph had but recently returned from a trip to Kentucky, made in the interests of Harper's for the preparation of an animated description of those lonely, remote "cabin" Kentuckyians who seem to live quite apart from civilization. This will be illustrated by Lester Ralph, son of the author. Mr. Ralph's sound ability and cheerful enthusiasm made all his work as valuable as it is interesting.

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill is now preparing his fourth novel for the press, and his publishers, The Macmillan company, hope that it will be completed in time for publication before the summer opens. They promise early information as to its contents and its title, but no definite news about it has yet been forthcoming. The extraordinary success of Mr. Winston Churchill's last novel, "The Crisis," is without parallel in the history of publishing, as over 200,000 copies of it have been sold since it was published in June, 1901.

* * *

Authors need not be discouraged when they compare the possible results of their labors with those of business men. General Lew Wallace has built a huge modern apartment house in Indianapolis, solely out of the proceeds of his novel "The Prince of India." And it is well known that the popular success of the latter has not equalled that of the perennial Ben-Hur. It is quite probable that Ben-Hur has supplied the wherewithal for a number of apartment houses.

* * *

A new volume from Mr. James Lane Allen is promised by the Macmillan company sometime during the spring. Definite details about it have not yet been issued, but his publishers look upon it as likely to prove the most important novel that Mr. Allen has yet written; and they also tell us that it will be in many respects a departure from the current school of American fiction.

* * *

Mr. Howells's remarkable dramatic dialogue, "The Mother," which was published in the Christmas number of Harper's Magazine, was enacted by the student players of the New York Academy of Dramatic Arts on January 23. Readers of the magazine will remember that the dialogue is a psychological study, very difficult to present on the stage. The students overcame some of the obstacles by a careful use of lights, which shrouded the actors in a semi-gloom, and prevented too great vividness of result. It was a daring but very effective performance. The other authors represented at this matinee were the Norwegian Bjornson and the Spanish Calderon.

* * *

"Is Society Worse than it Was?" is the title of an article in a current English periodical, written by Lady Jersden. The author attributes the present tendencies of certain sets in English society, not so much to the actual influence of a few as to the timidity and cowardice of those who fear to protest, either for social or other prudential reasons—"respectable people who condone conduct which in their heart of hearts they condemn." Yet, if we are to believe some critics, the state of things indicated in certain chapters of Elinor Glyn's "The Reflections of Ambrosine," is but a mirage of that author's clever brain. Now if there is no such questionable conduct among the English people described by Elinor Glyn, why so many articles of expostulation or explanation such as this paper of Lady Ramsden's? The critics who contradict Mrs. Glyn's statements are not upheld by the facts. And if these things exist, let them be written about, so it be done with truth and decency, for nothing will sooner vanquish darkness than to flood it with light.

* * *

The publishers of Frederic S. Isham's new novel, "Under the Rose," have tried to present Mr. Howard Chandler Christy's pictures in their original colors. The reproduction is by a special six color process, used for the first time in books of fiction, and seems to have successfully retained the soft tints of the color crayons that the artist used in his originals.

* * *

Paul Potter, the man who dramatized Trilby, which in the hands of its American publishers, the Harpers, made one of the phenomenal successes of modern fiction, is now engaged upon a dramatization of Thackeray's "Pendennis." Mr. John Hare will enact the title role. This is considered by English critics rather a hopeless experiment, but the same doubt existed at the time Mr. Potter made a play of Trilby. Most people thought it could not be done. But it was done, and with what success every one knows.

* * *

Before he died Sir Walter Besant used to allude to his "London in the Eighteenth Century [Macmillan] as his "Magnum Opus." He said he found something fresh every day in London though he had been walking about in it for thirty years.

The present handsomely illustrated volume is neither in treatment nor in substance in any sense a repetition of his former books, but those who have read them will understand something of the method pursued in the larger work. With astonishing vividness Sir Walter portrays the eighteenth century with strange mixture of refinement and coarseness. The century of Fielding, Smollett, Pope, Addison, bear-baiting and cock-fighting were the favorite forms of sport, and men went to see a poor wretch dragged on the cart to Tyburn with as much zest as at the present time they go to see a horse race. The standard of living was high, profusion reigned in regard to the table. In an account of a repast in a thieves' den we hear of a roast leg of pork,roast fowls, a leg of mutton, roast goose, and wild ducks, all served at once. The sleek faces and fat figures of the eighteenth century speak of little exercise and much meat and drink; the men could drink their six bottles at a sitting. As for the plan of the book itself, it is prefaced by a series of concise historical notes which give a bird's-eye view of the century; these are followed by sections treating of London, topographically, socially, etc. A glance at the Contents will give a general idea of the scheme. The social section is by far the largest, in fact, the book might be regarded as a social picture of London in the eighteenth century rather than as a consecutive history. The historical notes are followed by accounts of the City and Streets; Church and Chapel; government and trade of the city; Manners and Custom; Society and Amusements; Crime, Police, Justice, Debtors' Prisons. It is a book to be read by anyone who wishes to understand the literature and life of the England of that day.

* * *

Henry Seton Merriman (Hugh Scott), author of "The Vultures," will not permit the publication of his portrait, and the nearest idea the public has of his appearance is gathered from the statement that he resembles Robert Louis Stevenson. "Really," remarked a friend of this author's, "if Scott would turn down his collars, and his hair (which he wears boot-brush fashion), the likeness to R. L. S. would be striking." He is further described as "tall and long-limbed, careless as regards clothes, lazy as regards movement; with the same sharpness of feature and brilliance of eye that suggested delicacy in Stevenson; the same humorous curve of the mouth—and in rare moments of self-abandon there is the same tragic look of doom."

* * *

Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, author of "Tales of Destiny," has a Norwegian maid who has literary proclivities, and is very proud of being a compatriot of Henrik Ibsen, in whose reflected glory she appears to bask with intense satisfaction. From the conversation of Miss Jordan's friends, she slowly acquired the fact that her mistress also wrote books, over which she was subsequently found poring at surreptitious intervals. From that time Miss Jordan found herself the object of increased deference. She was even oppressed with her maid's attention—doors were closed at all hours to keep off draughts, and shawls were tenderly wrapped about her regardless of the fact that she was already suffering from heat. Meanwhile the solicitous maid caught numerous colds herself, and her work suffered. Finally Miss Jordan protested.

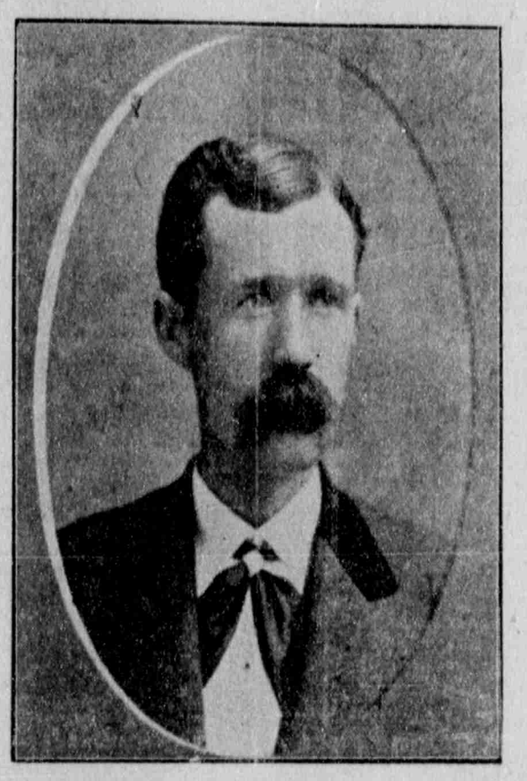
"If you would take as good care of yourself as you do of me it might be better for us both," she remarked mildly.

"Oh, ma'am," said the maid, "it don't matter about me; the world don't need me, but you and Ibsen has got to be took care of right."

* * *

Harper & Brothers received the other day an order for books which seems not unworthy to be put in print. The items were "Napoleon: the Last Faze," by Rosenberg, and "Heroines of Affection," by Howls. This would seem the unkindest blow Lord Rosebery and Mr. Howells have ever received in the stress of literary life.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



WILLIAM B. DOUGALL.

This picture of William B. Dougall, a well known and highly respected Salt Leker, was taken in San Francisco twenty-six years ago, when that gentleman was on a visit with his wife, to the Pacific coast. Friends recognize a most striking resemblance between Mr. Dougall as he looked then and his son Hugh as he looks today.

BOOKS.

"Father Tom of Connemara," by Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville, will appeal to the large class of readers who are interested in the Irish type of character, rich in humor, pathos, and superstition. The stories, for each chapter may be called a story in itself, all deal with various types in Father Tom's parish. They are genuine people, full of human nature seen in everyday life, and all unconscious of the tragic, dramatic, and pathetic conditions they represent. The lover of the sea and mountains will revel in the descriptive setting of these character sketches, for the wondrous beauty of the Connemara region is well depicted in its isolation. The real Irish highlanders, unchanged in their quaint customs, habits, and language, are vivid and real. Each character tells his story in his own accent. Thus we get a touch of real brogue, or Gaelic and English, and occasionally a bit of Scotch, according to the different part of the country depicted.

* * *

The Baroness von Hutten's new romance, "Our Lady of the Beeches" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.),belongs to the literature of delight. It is a fine sense of novel of relaxation. It tells a romantic story with unconventional situations, but tells it with so deft a touch, so wise a reticence, and yet so rare a frankness as to maintain the reader's keen interest and keep alive his pleasure in the graceful method of the telling. The story, that of a romantic attachment between a famous scientist and a clever American woman—the wife of an Austrian nobleman—grows out of a prologue of letters which serve to introduce the two actors of the little drama to each other and to the reader. The atmosphere of the book is cosmopolitan and sophisticated, but unfailingly romantic, and its style is distinguished by a humor of lightness of touch that are rare enough. In fact, the high literary quality of the story was very generally recognized while it was appearing as a serial in the Atlantic.

* * *

From time to time there springs from the pen of some new writer a novel touching upon an every-day theme—a theme so familiar that we have ceased to accord it that degree of importance to which it is entitled. Such a problem Mr. Kauffman has presented in the form of an interesting novel under the apt title of "The Things that are Caesar's." It is based upon the old question of whether or not a man having violated the laws made for the protection of society, and then paying the penalty prescribed therefor, has canceled the debt. One is inclined to answer, Yes. But will society recognize the fact that the score has been wiped out? Mr. Kauffman has drawn his characters only too true to life, and they play around this question with a fidelity that causes the reader a twinge of conscience as he realizes how nearly like his own unconsidered actions these would be. Mr. Kauffman, although a young man, met and answered another such question in his "Jarvis of Harvard," and that well remembered success has already established his reputation and paved the way for his second and worthier work.

MAGAZINES.

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, one of the most popular of the younger American magazine writers, has just returned to the east from a trip of several months through the northwestern states, during which he has been gathering material for a series of articles on "The Great Northwest," which will begin in the March Century. The story of the growth of the cities, how the mighty wheat farms are managed, the mining industries, cattle raising—all will be told in Mr. Baker's crisp and picturesque way, with striking illustrations by Mr. Edward L. Blumenschein, who accompanied the writer on his journey. The series will include articles on "The Conquest of the Forest," "The Vitality of Mormonism," "Salmon Fisheries," "The Day of the Run" (a vivid description of the opening of an Indian reservation), "Yellowstone Park," etc. The first article, which will appear in the March Century, to be issued Feb. 28, tells of the striking things to be seen in Portland, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle, and thereabouts. Mr. Baker's series on "The Great Southwest," which appeared in The Century last year, was nowhere more highly appreciated than in the region which it described, and it is believed by the conductors of The Century that the present series will add greatly to the popularity of the magazine in the northwest. It will certainly set before eastern readers, more thoroughly and entertainingly than ever before, the natural and industrial wonders of that picturesque region.

* * *

The table of contents of the Midwinter number of The Book-Lover holds 58 entries, and it is safe to say no other magazine approaches it in interest and value for all who care to know of the books and writers of all ages; for The Book-Lover is not a magazine of current literature, only one-tenth of its many pages being given over to that subject and in these new books are reviewed in a novel and important way by the writers of the books. The midwinter Book-Lover has many illustrations, including a beautiful binding reproduced in six colors—a picture fairly fit for a frame to be placed on the library wall. The original articles include papers in "Hewbrew Book Lore," on 'A Unique Collection of German Classics," on "Asiatic Book and Library Lore,' on "Books Bound in Human Skin," etc. The Book-Lover's list of editorial contributors now numbers 55 of the most prominent men and women ever brought together on any periodical. The magazine is sold generally by the trade and is published at 30 East Twenty-first street, New York. It should not be confused with a new magazine of almost exactly the same title which is seeking to profit through The Book-Lover's high standing and wide circulation.

* * *

The February number of Mind opens with an able article on "The Attainment of Freedom," by Eugene Del Mar, which is accompanied with a portrait and biographic sketch of the author by C. B. Patterson. This is followed by a suggestive paper on "Reiterated Experiences," by Dr. J. R. Phelps, which will especially interest Bible students. "The Tahiti Fire Walk" is explained by Charles W. Smiley, the well known occultist. "A Conception of God" is presented by Walter De Voe, and W. J. Colville discusses "The Living Dead." "The Mystery of Sacrifice" is the title of a fine poem by Axel E. Gibson. Emily Wright Hood writes about "Truths of Being," and Agnes Procter contributes her second and concluding paper on "The Ideal as a Dynamic Force." Adelle W. Wright describes "The Nature of Spirit Messages" and Kate Kensor discusses "President Eliot and the New Thought." The subject of John Emery McLean's editorial is "Metaphysical Sociology." The Rev. Helen Van-Anderson considers "Early Impressions" in the family circle department, which has four other features, and the number closes with Editor McLean's "Reviews of New Books."—The Alliance Pub. Co., Fifth Ave., New York.

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One of the best things Scott's Emulsion does is to give rich blood to pale girls.

The result of regular doses of Scott's Emulsion is an increase not only in the red color of the blood and in the appetite but in the good looks and bright manners which are the real charm of perfect health.

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Two-thirds of the inmates of our hospitals are women. They are in most cases either for treatment or for an operation, made necessary by advanced stages of female troubles which have resulted in ovaritis, a tumor, or displacement of the womb.

"AN OPERATION NECESSARY."

How these words after the examination strike terror to a woman's soul, and with what regrets she hears them, when she considers that the operation has become necessary through her own neglect. Female derangements cannot cure themselves, and neglecting the warnings of nature only means putting it off until there is no cure. The woman who lets her trouble make headway pays the penalty of a dangerous operation and a lifetime of impaired usefulness at the best, and the operation often proves fatal when her life might have been saved by **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration; or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, and the blues, they should remember that there is one tried and never-failing remedy; Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound at once removes such troubles.

READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you how much good you have done me and how thankful I am to you for it. For five years I have not been free from pain for a day. I have had backaches, headaches, and those awful dragging sensations with leucorrhœa, and when menstruation appeared I was in such a condition I could hardly sit up. I doctored all the time, but nothing helped me, and I was told that an operation was necessary.

"Two months ago a friend suggested that I try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** No one knows what it has done for me and how thankful I am for it. It brought me the first well days I have had for five years. It did for me what doctors could not do, and I want every suffering woman to know about it."—LOUISE NAUER, 751 E. 166th St., New York City.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to thank you for what **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has done for me. I had terrible hemorrhages, being lacerated from the birth of my child. The doctor told me that if I would have an operation I would be well and strong. I submitted to it, but was worse than before; no one knows what I suffered. Finally a friend advised me to try your Vegetable Compound; I did so, and commenced to feel better; I continued its use, and it has done for me what doctors could not do. I am strong and well. If women with any kind of female troubles would only consult you before submitting to an operation they would be spared many hours of pain and suffering. I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for me."—ANNA KIRCHHOFF, 156 E. 100th St., New York City.

$5000.00 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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The above picture, from a photo representing Mr. Bonner in the act of handing his smith a Putnam nail, while superintending the shoeing of Sunol, will be sent in the form of a half tone, size, 5x8, on thick, white paper, with wide margin, on receipt of 2 cent stamp for postage, etc.

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