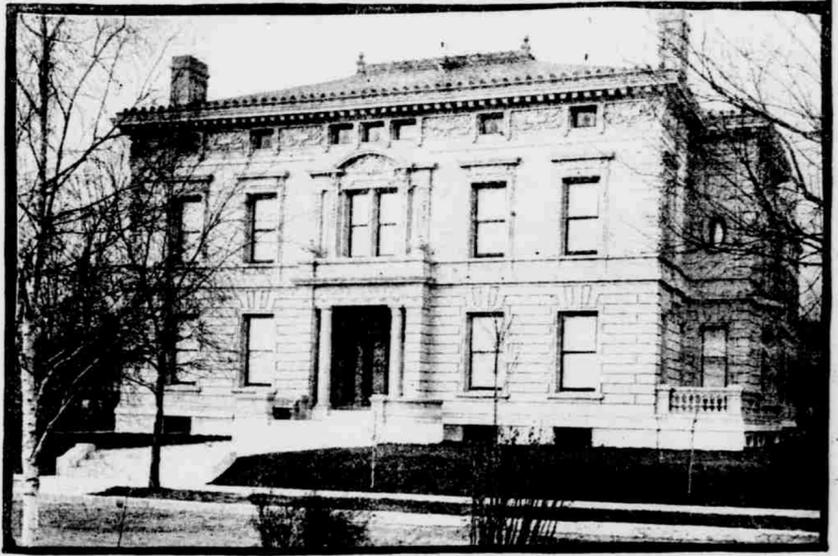


Two Widely Differing Types of House Within the City's Borders:

One of the Newest in the West End: One of the Oldest in the Far South.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN CARONDELET.



THE NEW HOME OF EDWARDS WHITAKER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
These are the types of the oldest and the newest houses in St. Louis. They are types of the architecture of the two ends of the nineteenth century as they are found in this metropolis of the West.

One of them shows the kind of structures that our sturdy forefathers built and inhabited in the days when this was not American territory, but alternately French and Spanish—and constantly under the threat of being raided by Indians.

The other shows to what degree of perfection and splendor we have come in the hundred years that have passed since the Nineteenth Century began the greatest era in the world's history.

The old house is still standing at the corner of Iron street and Pennsylvania avenue. In Carondelet, a block and a half west of the Iron Mountain Railroad tracks. It is not just as it was in its palmiest days, away back at the beginning of the century that it is just closing. When it was new, a hundred years ago, it was a proud structure of rough stone. There were no ugly patches of blackened boards; instead, the walls were smeared

with a thick plaster to hide the edges of the stones and give it a finished look. There was no peaked roof of warped planks; instead there was a solid one of heavy, roughly hewn timbers; the front was not so bare as it is now; a ladder ran down from the doorway to the ground. There was no wooden lean-to at the end; that came as an afterthought half a century after the original building had been erected. It was just a plain, four-cornered dwelling-house, which offered shelter from the elements and protection from Indians and other villains. And, in those days of its infancy, it nestled snugly between hills and tall trees, all of which have been cut down now, leaving what remains of the old house to stand as a decaying monument

to the times and the life that are past. The new house is the mansion-like residence of Edwards Whitaker, in Westmoreland place, which has been completed in the last year of the century. There is grace and finish and greatness to it; there is strength which will withstand the attacks of centuries to come. There is art in its design and in its construction; there is richness

in its embellishments. Little danger is there that at the close of the Twentieth Century, it will be only a gaunt skeleton of former times; for it is built of stone and marble that will endure. Thus do these two guide posts show how rapid has been the march of St. Louis in the hundred years that are just ending.

Ancient Origin of Modern Marriage Customs.

June and November the Favorite Months for Weddings.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
Dian Cupid is a tireless worker; his feet and hands are ever busy sending out his darts, and gives himself no rest from one New Year to another. If it can be said that he has a busy season, that season is undoubtedly the months of June, July and August. In these months every one, even the "average" man and woman, finds a little time for "sweet illness" and bids him away to mountain, lake and seashore, and thus increases the labors of the little god.

It has been proved by statistics that June and November are the favorite months for weddings, and that more marriages are solemnized in November than in June, which shows that Cupid gets in his best work in the summer time. However, these months do not have a monopoly of marriages, as each of the twelve has its share, but, after the two mentioned, perhaps the holiday season ranks next as the favorite time to wed; then all the world is young and in love, and many like to begin the new life of the new year. By all precedents there will be many brides and bridegrooms. Whether they intend to marry in "gloss of satin and shimmer of pearls" or in a smart traveling gown gray as the silver mist, or brown as the robin's wing, each and every one will be interested in any and everything connected with this important ceremony.

In the days of the modern rhyme—Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health, Wednesday for the best day of all, Thursday for success, Friday for losses, Saturday no luck at all—Thursdays are very good days for weddings, for the ancients, very wise men in their way, believed that those mated on Thursdays were assured of happiness and peace. The Jews, however, considered the fourth day of the week an unlucky day for maidens to wed, and the fifth for widows. The Romans believed it was unfortunate to marry in February or May, especially the latter month, which was thought to be under the influence of spirits inimical to happy households. In China marriages in May are prohibited. It has always been thought unlucky to marry in Lent, even by people outside the established church, and an old line runs: "Marry in Lent and you'll live to repent. But, no matter what the day or the month of your wedding, rejoice to see the sun shine brightly, for 'tis said a bride will live to weep as many tears as raindrops fall upon her bridal morn."

Omens for marriages are almost numberless, and every era and country has its superstition. For instance in the Middle Ages, it was considered ill luck if the bride party, in going to the church, met a monk, a priest, a dog, a cat, a hare, a lizard, or a serpent; while all would be well if a wolf, a spider, or a toad were seen. In Scotland it is held to be a very unhappy omen if the couple are disappointed in marrying on the date first fixed upon. In England it is considered unlucky for a bride to look in the glass after she is completely dressed, before she goes to the church; therefore, a bride usually dons a glove or a shoe after she has taken the last look in the mirror. In Yorkshire it is thought the height of ill luck for a person to go in at one door and out at another before and after the ceremony. In other parts of England it is believed that, to insure fertility, the newly wedded pair must be driven from the church by gray horses. In the Isle of Man no bride or bridegroom would go to the altar without a pinch of salt in her or his pocket.

The pretty veil, which only enhances a bride's beauty, making her look like a rose wreathed in mist, had its origin with our Saxon ancestors. But the Saxon maiden's veil was no such filmy thing as adorns a bride to-day, but was a heavy cloth held by four stalwart men, in front of the bridegroom and bride, in order to conceal the bride's blushes, which, no doubt, it effectu-

Unpublished Letters of Longfellow—Versatility of Booth Tarkington—Maurice Thompson's Career—News About Authors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
The biography of Emma Marshall, the English story writer, which will be brought out in this country early in the new year, contains some hitherto unpublished letters of Longfellow's, both interesting and delightfully characteristic of the poet. Mrs. Marshall's acquaintance with him began when she was very young—it was the result of a letter expressing her admiration for his poems and ripened into a friendship which lasted until his death. They corresponded with more or less regularity up to the time of her marriage and occasionally thereafter. In a letter written in 1832 Longfellow had this to say about one of his most famous poems:

"I am glad to know that you find something to like in the 'Golden Legend.' I have endeavored to show in it, among other things, that through the darkness and corruption of the Middle Ages ran a bright, deep stream of faith, strong enough for all the exigencies of life and death. In order to do this I had to introduce some portion of the darkness and corruption as a background. You will be glad to know that the main germ in it is entirely my own invention. The worst passage in it is from a sermon of Fra. Gabriel Barletta, an Italian preacher of the Fifteenth Century. The miracle play is founded on the apocryphal Gospels of James and the infancy of Christ. Both this and the sermon show how sacred themes were handled in the 'days of long ago.'" In another letter, written two years later, is exhibited that gentle side of his nature which lives in so many of his poems. It was the last time he wrote before her marriage, and he ended thus:

"When the wedding guests are gone, and the wedding year is over, and you are sitting quietly by your own fireside and that uninvited and rather intrusive company of friends called the cares of life—friends, let us call them since they will come—has not yet begun to knock at your door, I pray you to find time to tell me how happy you are, and to be always sure of the sympathy of your friend the ever 'Longfellow.'" Mrs. Marshall died two years ago, and the record of her life is the work of her daughter, Beatrice Marshall.

The Versatile Booth Tarkington.
The author of "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Gentleman from Indiana" is a young man of varied talents. Besides being a writer of books he is a singer of songs, an illustrator and a capital story-teller. When he goes to New York and wanders into the club, above which floats a flag of black and yellow—he was graduated from Princeton in '95—he is rarely allowed to leave without singing at least one song. That song is nearly always "Daddy Deever," which he gives in a manner and voice suggestive of the deep-toned Burghon, and it has never been known to lack an encore. His work as an illustrator is not so widely known as his books, but it is one of his chief pleasures, and he says the happiest time of his life was when a friend who had started a little magazine in New York offered to use all the drawings he would send. "I accepted the offer," he adds, "and the magazine died!" As has been the case with many—I am tempted to say most—writers who have finally succeeded in gaining smiles from success, Mr. Tarkington lived a long time on "returned with thanks." For five years after he left college he received no other acknowledgments—not even a letter of "regret." Then the manuscript of "Monsieur Beaucaire" fell into the hands of a publisher, who at once asked to see all the books he had written, and—"you know the rest in the books you have read." Just now he is working on three novels, one of which will probably be finished in time for publication in 1901. It will deal with a phase of American life of the present. A shorter story of earlier times will be published in two parts in a magazine early in the year.

Mr. Tarkington lives in Indianapolis—in the State which seems to be enjoying the literary talent of the nation at present.

Mr. Beard Interrupted a Revolution!
Wolcott Le Clear Beard, whose recent volume of short stories, "Sand and Cactus," depicting life in the Far West, has been very successful, returned the other day from Ecuador, whither he went with a friend to engineer an American enterprise through the Senate of that country. While there he had an experience which he will not soon forget, even though he may not make use of it in his forthcoming writings. One of the rebellious revolutions was in progress, and Mr. Beard and his friend were traveling by rail from a small town to the capital. As the train neared an open stretch of ground many shots were heard in the distance, and the passengers became rather uneasy, not without cause, either for investigation showed that they would pass between two lines of skirmishers who

were firing on each other. The opposing forces were not more than half a hundred feet from the track on either side, so the prospect was not altogether pleasing, and most of the seats were suddenly deserted in favor of the floor. The American writer took another course, however. Going to the rear platform, he leaned far out and frantically waved his hat at the sharpshooters. Just what they may have thought this meant, or just why they interpreted its true meaning may never be known, but at any rate, the firing ceased immediately and the train passed through in safety. And South American revolutionists do not customarily allow a train to stand in their way!

An Untold Story About "Ben Hur"
The announcement that a young man named Hudavortoglu is negotiating with General Lew Wallace for translating "Ben Hur" into modern Greek recalls a story concerning the acceptance of that famous book, which came to me from a source not to be doubted. When the manuscript was received by the publishers who finally brought out the work, it was given to a reader, who returned it in a few days with the opinion that it was not an unusually good story, though parts of it were interesting. It was then landed to a second reader. He pronounced it a good story, but was sure it would not sell if printed. For some reason one of the heads of the house took the manuscript home to his wife. She read it, and said that whether or not it would sell, it ought to be published. Her husband evidently had more respect for her judgment than for the mere in this case,

and it is interesting to know that with the success of this book, which has sold hundreds of thousands of copies and been translated into most of the modern languages, including Turkish, two women had much to do, for Mrs. Wallace corrected the manuscript, as is her custom with all of General Wallace's writings.

How One Girl Outwitted a Publisher.
An author, who is now as widely known as he was then unknown, his sister, and a publisher of note are the characters of this little story. The first had sent a certain manuscript—a very popular book—to several publishers and it was returned by each. The second was coming to New York for a visit, and she decided to bring the manuscript with her and offer it to the third, to whom she had a letter of introduction. When she called the publisher was out, so she left the manuscript. A week later she went back, and a critical-looking person handed her the story and said it would be a "fine thing" if there were not so many descriptive passages in it. Now it happened that she knew there were no descriptive passages in it, but she did not take issue with the critical-looking man on that point. Instead she asked him how he liked the verses that preceded each chapter. He said they were excellent, most apt and well chosen.

"Well, since there are not any verses at the chapter heads, I guess you haven't read it so thoroughly as you might have, and I'll be much obliged if you'll just leave it on Mr. M.'s desk." He did as requested.

From Desk and Drawers.
Edward Safford Martin, who makes "This Busy World" a good world to read about in Harper's Weekly, and whose attractive style is easily detected in some of "Life's" editorials, is gathering together the verse he has written and will bring it out in a little volume next year. Mr. Martin's verse is full of action and at times his rhythm and rhyme remind one of the Great Versifier across the sea. His latest book, "Lullaby Intervals," which contains some of his best essays, has been out about six weeks and is selling well.

The family of the late Senator Ingalls of Kansas will collect many of his letters and private writings and bring them out in book form. Commenting on the writers of the Sunflower State recently, William Allen White had this to say of Ingalls: "If he had led politics alone he would have been a great American essayist; he was a word architect; he has built a few beautiful structures that will be slow to crumble, and the literature of the language will suffer if these are not collected in a slender volume and preserved for posterity."

John Preston True recently received the following opinion regarding his latest book: "Dear Mr. True—I thank you very much for 'Scouting for Washington.' I think it's Jim dandy. It was as interesting that I read it through in about three days. I think that it served Tarleton right to be beaten."

"The Spanish Settlements Within the Present Limits of the United States," which is soon to be published, will be followed by another historical work from the same writer, Woodberry Lowery, which will deal with the period between 1601 and 1603, and will be called "The First Settlers."

"A Pillar of Salt" is the title of a novel of New England country life which Jennette Esther Singleton is the author of. The book stands, and the real life E. D. North has just finished. It will be published next spring.

The first exhaustive work about American furniture will soon be brought out. Miss Esther Singleton is the author and the critical descriptions of the plates will be written by Russell Sturges.

George Ade, who wrote "Artie" and "Pink Marsh" and whose contributions to contemporary literature take the form of "Fables in Slong," is at work on a new long story which will have to do with circus life and circus people. In order to get "at-squashers," Mr. Ade, who is of Chicago, traveled a while with a circus last season. The novel will appear some time during the coming year.

These are merry days in the retail department at Scribner's, with "Senator North" and "Dr. North and His Friends" on the book stands, and the real life E. D. North at his desk over in the corner, beside the old and rare volumes. When one stops to think how easy it is to confuse the title of a book, one may imagine how often "E. D." is called for when it is Gertrude Atherton's or Doctor S. Weir Mitchell's that is actually wanted! LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.



MISS JEANNE LANGTRY, Daughter of Mrs. Hugo de Bathe Langtry, soon to be married.



FOR A THREE-YEAR-OLD.
Kilt suit for a little man of three. It is built of light brown cloth and has a tan collar and vest which are trimmed with many rows of brown braid. Smoked pearl buttons close the blouse and a scarf of tan silk passes beneath the collar and is knotted in front.