FRISCO SYSTEM

FAMILY EXCURSION, SUNDAY, AUG. 30,

To Meramec and Gasconade River fishing resorts—Moselle, St. Clair, Stanton, Sullivan, Bourbon, Leasburg, Cuba, Steelville, Boss, Cooks, Salem, St. James, Rolla, Newburg, Arlington and Jerome.

ROUND TRIP RATES, 75c to $1.50

Train leaves 8:00 a. m.; returning, arrives at 10:30 p. m. Stops both ways at Tower Grove. Tickets, Eighth and Olive streets, Union Station and Tower Grove.

Hot-weather comforts as well as the necessities appeal to all. Full supplies for every want, whether at home or abroad, are displayed at that comprehensive retail dry goods house, Barr's. Special values and exceedingly low prices prevail.

THE WEATHER.

Official Forecast Announced for To-Day and To-Morrow.

Washington, Aug. 28.—Forecast for Saturday and Sunday:

Missouri—Fair and cooler Saturday. Sunday fair; warmer.

Illinois—Generally fair Saturday; cooler in south portion. Sunday fair; warmer in southern portion; fresh north winds.

Kansas—Fair Saturday and Sunday.

Eastern Texas—Generally fair Saturday and Sunday; light to fresh south winds on the coast.

Western Texas—Fair Saturday, except showers in extreme west portion; cooler in Panhandle. Sunday fair; warmer in extreme west portion.

Oklahoma and Indian Territory—Fair and warmer Saturday. Sunday fair.

Arkansas—Showers Saturday, followed by clearing. Sunday fair.

Local Report.

St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 28, 1903.

	7 a. m.	7 p. m.
Thermometer, degrees	70	80
Relative humidity	85	50
Direction of wind	SW	N
Velocity of wind	12	4
Rainfall, inches	.03	0

Weather at 7 a. m., cloudy; at 7 p. m., clear. Maximum temperature, 85; minimum temperature, 69.

L. H. DAINGERFIELD, Temporarily in Charge.

Government Report.

Department of Agriculture, Weather Bureau—Meteorological observations received at St. Louis, August 28, 1903, at 6:59 p. m. local time and 8 p. m. seventy-fifth meridian time. Observations made at the same moment of time at all stations.

Stations.	Dir.	Tp.	Mx.	Rain.	Weather.
Abilene	S	92	96	....	Clear
Amarillo	N	82	92	....	Clear
Atlanta	W	84	92	....	Clear
Bismarck	N	58	58	.01	Cloudy
Buffalo	E	60	62	.30	Rain
Charlotte	SW	86	94	....	Clear
Cairo	SW	84	90	*	Clear
Chicago	SE	72	74	....	Fair
Cincinnati	W	82	88	....	Fair
Chattanooga	SW	88	92	....	Clear
Cheyenne	N	48	70	....	Clear
Chicago	NE	66	68	.02	Clear
Concordia	NW	74	82	....	Clear
Cleveland	N	66	72	.08	Cloudy
Columbus	W	80	86	....	Fair
Davenport	S	74	80	.14	Fair
Denver	W	76	78	....	Clear
Des Moines	W	68	78	*	Clear
Dodge City	N	68	84	....	Clear
Dubuque	SW	66	78	.14	Rain
Duluth	NE	60	70	.04	Rain
El Paso	SW	78	92	.32	Cloudy
†Fort Smith	SE	84	90	.01	Cloudy
Galveston	S	84	88	....	Clear
Grand Rapids	NW	78	90	.24	Cloudy
Grand Junction	W	78	80	....	Clear
Havre	W	74	78	....	Clear
Helena	E	76	78	....	Clear
Indianola	W	76	80	....	Clear
Huron	N	60	64	.01	Cloudy
Kansas City	NW	80	90	....	Clear
Lander	NE	72	74	....	Clear
Louisville	W	84	92	....	Fair
Marquette	E	56	58	.12	Rain
Memphis	E	82	90	....	Fair
Montgomery	W	88	96	....	Clear
Nashville	SW	78	86	.01	Cloudy
New York	E	60	64	1.06	Rain
New Orleans	SW	84	90	....	Clear
North Platte	NW	66	74	....	Clear
Norfolk	SE	84	94	....	Clear
Oklahoma	N	76	94	.01	Cloudy
Pueblo	NW	66	76	....	Clear
Palestine	S	86	90	....	Clear
Parkersburg	S	80	92	*	Fair
†Pittsburg	NW	78	88	.42	Clear
Philadelphia	E	64	68	.58	Cloudy
Pueblo	E	72	82	....	Clear
Q'Appelle		60	60	....	Cloudy
St. Louis	N	80	84	....	Clear
Santa Fe	W	78	80	....	Clear
San Antonio	SE	84	90	....	Clear
Shreveport	SW	82	94	....	Clear
St. Paul	E	64	68	.02	Cloudy
Springfield, Ill	SW	76	82	....	Clear
Springfield, Mo	S	82	86	....	Clear
Salt Lake City	NW	70	80	....	Clear
Valentine	N	60	68	*	Cloudy
Vicksburg	SW	86	90	....	Clear
†Washington	NW	72	90	*	Rain
Wichita	NW	80	88	*	Clear

*Precipitation inappreciable. †Thunderstorm.

L. H. DAINGERFIELD, Temporarily in Charge.

Forest Park Band Concert.

Kaltenthaler's Band will give the concert in Forest Park to-morrow afternoon from 4 to 7. The programme is as follows:

March—Pennsylvania University ..... Reits
Overture—Stradella ..... Flotow
Waltz suite—Italian Nights ..... Toban
Grand selection—Carmen ..... Bizet
(a) The Birds at the Brook ..... Stultz
(b) Hiawatha ..... Moret
Scenes from The Fortune Teller. ..... Herbert

INTERMISSION.

Overture—Orpheus ..... Offenbach
Selection—Il Trovatore ..... Verdi
Including the famous "Miserere."
Gems of ..... Stephan Foster
(a) Song—Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming—Old Dog Tray—Ring de Banjo—My Old Kentucky Home—Beautiful Dreamer—Glendy Burk—Willie, We Have Missed You—Nellie Was a Lady—Hard Times Again No More—Old Folks at Home.
Popular songs ..... Mackie
Gems from The Mikado ..... Sullivan
Fine Little Land ..... St. Clair

Wabash Line—Change of Time.

On and after Sunday, August 30, Toledo and Jacksonville local Express will leave St. Louis Union Station daily at 7:16 a. m. instead of 7:24 a. m. as heretofore.

Charter for Pole Company.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Guthrie, Ok., Aug. 28.—A charter was granted to-day to the Weather Sectional Pole Company, with headquarters at Guthrie, Ok. The capital stock is $100,000. The company will utilize a new patent for making creosoted telephone, telegraph and electric-light poles in sections. The directors are E. R. Brooks, D. G. Niblack, W. B. Crossland, E. Cook, W. B. Crossland, William Barringer and Doctor Hamil, all of Guthrie.

SPECIALTIES.

FUNERAL FLOWERS

and designs of all kinds—wreaths, pillows, crosses, etc.; also artificial emblems. Loose cut flowers. Eden Floral Co., 1726 Olive st.

DEATHS.

CUNNINGHAM—On Thursday, August 27, 1903, at Camp Reliance, Texas, J. Wilton Cunningham, aged 25 years.
Notice of funeral later.

FARRIS—Rev. Robt. P., at his residence, in Lewis Park, Friday, Aug. 28, at 12:40 p. m., in the seventy-seventh year of his age.
Funeral Monday, Aug. 31, at 3 p. m., from Grand Ave. Presbyterian Church. Interment private. Please omit flowers.

HAASE—Died suddenly, Jeanette Haase, relict of the late Edward Haase and mother of Doctor E. K. Haase, at No. 4363 Pine street.
Funeral Sunday, 9 a. m. Interment private.

LYONS—On Friday, August 28, 1903, at 7 a. m., Alice Lyons, beloved wife of William J. Lyons, and mother of Miss Mattie Walsh and sister of Mrs. Nellie Doran and Mrs. Margaret Walsh.
Funeral will take place from residence, No. 2934 Clark avenue, Sunday, August 30, at 2 p. m., to Calvary Cemetery. Friends of family invited to attend.

McELROY—Entered into rest August 27, 1903, Ida McElroy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McElroy.
Funeral services will be held Saturday, August 29, at 3 p. m., from her father's residence in Kirkwood, Mo. Interment private.

MULDERIG—On Friday, August 28, 1903, at 9:45 a. m., John J. Mulderig, youngest child of John and Ellen Mulderig (nee Gannon), aged 5 years.
Funeral Saturday, August 29, at 2:30 p. m., from family residence, No. 2214 O'Fallon street, to Calvary Cemetery. Friends are invited to attend.

MURNELLY—Passed away peacefully, Friday, August 28, 1903, at 10:30 p. m., Mrs. Mary A. Murnelly, aged 81 years, dearly beloved mother of Mrs. Katie McCall and the late Mrs. A. O'Brien, and our dear grandmother.
Notice of funeral will be given. Residence, 2916 Famous avenue.

SCHNEIDER—Entered into rest, suddenly, on Thursday, August 27, 1903, at 8 o'clock p. m., Joseph Wm. Schneider, beloved son of Dora Schneider (Seibert) and the late Frank Schneider, aged [illegible] months.
Funeral will take place Sunday, August 30, at 2:30 p. m., from the residence, No. 1311 Kennerly avenue, to SS. Peter and Paul's Cemetery. Friends invited to attend.

WITT—Suddenly, on Thursday morning, August 27, 1903, Mary E., widow of the late Charles H. Witt.
Funeral from residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Long, No. 5339 Cook avenue. Interment private.

ALLEN'S PROBLEM NOVEL---FICTION IN LIGHT VEIN---CHAT AND COMMENT.

"THE METTLE OF THE PASTURE."

One comes to the reading of James Lane Allen's newest effort with a mild prejudice. The information has been somehow spread in advance that it is a problem novel, and there is resentment that the exquisite and chaste, yet strong and impassioned, prose poet and painter should lend his art as a vehicle for a problem; there is fear lest he should be found to have cheapened himself. These suggestions enter into the impression with which one opens the covers.

Momentarily the impression is dispelled. The author seems to revel in a warmth of color painting, in a glowing picture of beauty and love and expectancy, touched with his characteristic hand in a spirit of genuineness and full accord; and the canvas growing and brightening under that hand enlists sympathy both for the art and the subject—a sympathy which instantly begets fear for the integrity of the piece. Will the high motive be sustained, will the harmony proceed? Undoubtedly it is art—this preparation of the reader's emotions for the jarring note which is soon to follow.

But the jarring note, the interpolation of the "problem," is too warmly resented. It seems to come like the insertion of an advertiser's name unexpectedly in the midst of a creation in oils. And afterwards harmony is never quite restored. When Isabel, under the flush of the evening sky, in the fragrant garden, turns at the sound of Rowan's step on the gravel, and comes fond and radiant for his embrace only to meet the pale, cold face of a lover who wills to shatter her dreams and her soul with the confession of a youthful liaison, it is the climax. It is an emotional height to which the book never subsequently reaches, and it occurs in the first chapter. To the reader it seems carnificial, inexcusable. Yet it is necessary; it is the foundation; it is the problem. Thenceforward the theme is occupied with illustrating and discussing, if not answering, the question: Is it right for the man who has erred to burden his wife, or his intended wife, with the ugly story of his past? Must he be truthful to the point of brutal frankness?

The author—how does he answer it? He is an inscrutable Sphinx. Each individual must gather his own idea of Mr. Allen's "answer." Probably no two individuals will agree. Mr. Allen has very deftly shifted his responsibility. He nicely balances the argument until the last and then seems to wiggle out of the difficulty by way of a moral—an eternal morality, which, of course, is implied throughout, namely, that man should not err in the first place, and then he would have no uncomfortable and discomforting truths to tell. It may be that by concluding the question thus the author relieves himself of the charge of having attempted to write a "catchy" problem novel. It may be that he intended it for a purpose-novel; that his object was simply to illuminate one of the eternal verities.

But the reader is entitled to his own impression of the motive. From the first obtrusion of the problem, the reader as it were, lays the author under the burden of overcoming the disagreeable suggestion that "The Mettle of the Pasture" is a mere dressing up of a sex motive for popular purposes. It seems almost like sacrilege to utter it in Mr. Allen's case, but the suggestion constantly recurs that he had one eye on his canvas and the other on his bank account. If this is indeed sacrilege or is putting it too bluntly then it may be fairer to say that he seemed to have imbibed a good deal of the publisher spirit. It is possible that no man is above suspicion. Surely Mr. Allen ought to be, and is, as far above it as any man.

On the other hand, it should be recognized in perfect fairness to an author of his brilliant achievement and attainment that no man is capable of evenly sustained quality, and that a lapse in quality should not of itself give rise to presumptions of less admirable motive. Much may be forgiven the author of "Sister Dolorosa," "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath."

Yet much is expected of a man with a good measure of classic ability. Having established a standard, he is held to rigid adherence. Criticism of "The Mettle of the Pasture" is relative. Compared to his best writings, this one is inferior in diction, in coloring, in atmosphere, in character delineation, and especially in construction. It lacks the clear pencilling so pronounced in earlier pieces, and, except in the opening scene, is wanting in the vivid and rich pictorial quality of his best descriptions. Somehow there is a striking absence of the warmth and red which you expect in James Lane Allen—the cardinal's feather, the bright wing, the strawberry's tint, the quick flush of a woman's cheek, the crimson of a pouting lip, the burnished heaven.

Apparently Mr. Allen's theme is simple and would not seem to require a great wealth of plot and incident for its development—the woman scorns the man who tells; then her resentment is allowed to burn itself out; her heart's passion for him reasserts itself to dominate her course, and she turns her face toward him again. But Mr. Allen seems to have overreached himself in the abundance of secondary character and incident and movement introduced to carry his theme. It should be the aim of the novelist to develop his main or dominant purpose consistently and gradually, ever moving forward, ever keeping the end in view. This is the great cardinal principle of art in fiction, and Mr. Allen has observed it on other occasions. That which does not assist toward the end is superfluous and must be rejected. Of course, in developing his theme and portraying the character and motives of his leading personages the novelist is not held to direct narrative or flat statement; he is allowed great latitude of means; he need not describe, but may indicate, hinting the transitions and changes of emotions, may suggest, may show his characters by contrast and comparison and reflection, may display them in a variety of situations and relationships; and for these purposes may introduce a wealth of minor character and incident and detail. But this should be a means, always subordinate. After reading Mr. Allen's book the impression is inevitable that the end has been too frequently subordinated to that which is secondary.

There are numerous incidents which contribute nothing to the story's movement—which, indeed, needlessly retard it—and several characters, of no special individual interest, whose doings and dialogues tend to obscure rather than illumine. Of course, a wealth of minor character, dialogue, description and incident has another purpose and an important one, which is to give life and breath and verisimilitude to the scene—in a word, "atmosphere." If it serves to provide atmosphere and reality, then it cannot be adjudged superfluous. Mr. Allen's secondary matter does not serve either purpose well. An atmosphere which does not lay hold upon the reader, an unconvincing atmosphere, is the result. It is an artificial atmosphere, constructed evidently laboriously. It does not make itself felt, as, for instance, the scene and the atmosphere in "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky." In "A Summer in Arcady"—simpler themes with none of the elaborate accessories of "The Mettle of the Pasture."

Further, as to construction, the story seems disconnected at times; links seem wanting between the chapters, so that the reader is now and then nonplused with a sense of having lost the thread of things. One element of good art, however, is most effectively employed—that of sustained interest. The reader's curiosity once enlisted is impelled forward; possibly it is sharpened by the sense of bewilderment mentioned. Not only does the reader's interest itch for the denouement; it is engaged in the mystery concerning the lover's youthful liaison, the truth of which is withheld from the reader until the finale. This mystery is greatly augmented by the clever introduction of coincidental circumstances.

"The Mettle of the Pasture" is by no means a dull book. It contains much that is good, but little that is Mr. Allen's best. As compared with the bulk of current fiction, it is good enough. It will interest many readers (a desideratum), but, from the author's own standpoint, and by his own rule of excellence, it would hardly seem to be worth his while. Reserving for the last the best that can be said of it, it is sound in morals and chaste in treatment and altogether unobjectionable even as to suggestion, being something of an anomaly in the way of a sex-problem novel. Published by Macmillan Company.

MOSTLY IN LIGHT VEIN.

"The Gentleman From Jay," by Mr. George William Louthitt, portrays the experiences of an old-fashioned farmer, a good deal on the "Reub" order, who is elected to the State Legislature. At the outset the good man resolves to avoid the snares of boodlers and lobbyists and to expose their actions on the floor. He is very much "ugin" the trusts. A political rival makes it hot for him, inciting the White Caps to enmity against him on the pretext that in reality he favors the trusts. There is no lack of action. The bucolic hero, of course, is an original and humorous character, and has the necessary quaint ways and homespun philosophy. There is a love story woven about his daughter and involving strenuous rivalry between a farm hand and the village attorney. Published by Dillingham.

Allen Kelly, a journalist, tells some rattling, corking, bang-up bear stories in "Bears I Have Met—and Others." As the title suggests, some of them are genuine and some fictitious, the genuine being absorbingly entertaining and the fictitious highly amusing. The story of "Monarch" relates the journalist's experiences when a reporter for a San Francisco paper. He was "assigned" to go out in the mountains and capture a Grizzly—just any old Grizzly. He went out and searched waste places and after two moths his editor got tired of waiting for the big sensation and ordered him home. Kelly refused to give up the hunt and the editor fired him by wire. He started anew at his own expense. After many weeks he located Monarch, the king of the Sierras. How he captured Monarch and brought him alive to Frisco is alone "worth the price of admission." And there are others. Illustrated by Seton Thompson, Loomis, McDougall, Charles Nelan, W. Hofacker, Will Chopin and the author. Published by Drexel Biddle.

When the exterior of a book pictures four bloody hearts, each pierced by a bloody arrow, what are the contents? The obvious answer is a harrowing account of travail in love, and the obvious answer is the correct answer. The book is "The Middle Course"; the author, Mrs. Poultney Bigelow.

There is a hero, an artist, who subsists for fifteen years on the memory of an old love. Intellectual, charming and fascinating women one after the other throw themselves at his head, but he says in effect: "Avaunt, I love another; she threw me overboard, but I love her still."

And there you have it. Incidentally there is plenty of action; some scandal and a bit of tragedy included. Mrs. Bigelow is possessed of a certain flashy style of writing. It is readable and rather attractive. The description of one of her heroines serves for a sample: "She was dressed in the fashion of the day-after-to-morrow—for which she did not mean to pay till the day after that." Smart Set Publishing Company.

"John Henry's" latest perversions of the English tongue are denominated "Out For the Coin." To the thousands of the faithful who have followed him through four volumes he expresses the hope that they will be patient with the fifth and friends to the finish. If one desires to be put woozy to all the hunches in the mad gallop after the mezuma, otherwise known as the cush, he will do well to amble along after John Henry, subscribing to his tape, as it were. What John doesn't know about good and bad financial steers is not contained in this book. He butts into Wall street, mixes with horse trainers, souse things, sure things, skates, dippy boys and other incomprehensible things ad lib. If it has just one wee little bit of a fault, and 'twere no unkindness to mention it, "Out For the Coin" is just faintly reminiscent of "Checkers." Dillingham Company.

"The Man In the Camlet Cloak," by Carlen Bateson, adds impetus to the Aaron Burr revival, being a narrative—and a very live narrative—of the Burr conspiracy. The book has a deal of individuality, both as to matter and manner, and need not be confused with other late efforts dealing with the same subject. It may be remarked that the size of the Aaron Burr revival has not proved to be half so great as was threatened—the number of Burr novels promised about a year ago indicated that Napoleon revivals would be as nothing. Only one or two of them materialized, however, for which the public and Mr. Bateson may be duly thankful. Saalfield Publishing Company.

Doctor Mary Wood-Allen's "Teaching Truth" is a book for parents. It is written in a spirit of reverence for childhood, and is designed to aid parents in their efforts to teach their children reverently the mystery of life and birth. A word of the introduction suggests the nature of its contents: "It is given to the world in the hope that it will be a contribution to the cause of purity, and by its influence, though small it may be, may tend to produce more elevated thoughts regarding God's great gift of fatherhood and motherhood." Wood-Allen Pub. Co., Ann Arbor, Mich.

"Bachelor Bigotries" is alleged to have been compiled by an old maid, approved by an old bachelor, illustrated by an ex-bachelor, and published by a young married man. It is addressed to bachelors contented, bachelors in doubt, and all who sympathize with or revile bachelors. If the book, which is a compilation of everybody's opinions about single cussedness and married blessedness, reaches the wide circle to which it addresses itself, it will be "the biggest seller of the year."—Paul Elder & Co., publishers.

A PLEA FOR TO-DAY.

Americans of the pleasure-loving generation are not given to regard the writings of the time with deep seriousness. This is due in some measure to the fact that at this day reading has come to be numbered among the chiefest and most general diversions. Of course, it passes without mention that no very philosophical considerations will be bestowed upon that which is mere pastime by the mass of people of any country or age. Americans, however, without reference to any especial cause, are unique in their lack or lightness of regard for present American "literature"—the quotation marks perhaps serve to suggest that its literary quality is accepted with some doubt or qualification. The "great reading public," it is true, holds its "popular" authors in some esteem and a measure of affection. But the American opinion, into which enters not only the verdict of the general public, but the special verdict of criticism, refuses to concede a profound importance to the contributions of the period.

A strong contrast is seen in the attitude of the Germans toward their literature. Taking themselves seriously always, they view their works seriously, whether scientific, philosophical or romantic. The result is the fixed ideal, unalterable standard and genuine earnestness of purpose which characterizes German letters. In France likewise is the contrast marked. There art has its heroes and its patriots, as it were, whose enthusiastic judgments are one with affections. In England, though less striking, the contrast is clear. There is, if not the German fixity of ideal and standard and the German seriousness, at least the sincerity; and there is the strong pride in English achievements.

Certainly these comparisons are not fair to the American people. America is a young country, and age is essential to the development of a national art and pride in art. But the contrasts are illustrative, throwing into relief the chaotic spirit, absence of traditional fixivity of temper and careless appreciation characterizing America, and Americans with respect to native literary effort—especially at this time.

A generation ago, and two generations ago, there was exhibited in this country, if not a stronger literary tendency and aspiration, at least a more thoughtful appreciation. Writers, taken as a whole, perhaps accomplished no more in the "Knickerbocker" era, but the people and the critics accorded them a more serious attention. Poe and his contemporaries were elevated to something like the station of national representatives of letters. As late as his time there were "volbes" in America audible to Americans. There was a priesthood of letters.

The fact that there are few, if any, voices audible now may be due somewhat to the singers themselves, but it is probably due also to the inattention of an audience which lacks real interest. Not that substantial encouragement is wanting. The American people are willing enough to grant any aspirant a hearing—they will buy the books, for instance—but they fall of that intelligent, signal and inspiring approval upon which good works depend for present vitality.

It has become the fashion of late years to regard this as an "age of commercialism" and to accept the stereotyped conclusions which appear so frequently, that "commercialism is the death of art" and that we "contribute nothing to literature." Undoubtedly if we are to accept these phrases unreasoningly art may as well give up. There isn't much to stimulate or inspire genius, when, for instance, we persist in harking back to Hawthorne's time, insisting that "no good novel has come out of America since then." In the American public just now there is too much of the rebuffing, discouraging spirit suggested by the lines:

O little booke, thou art so unconning;
How darst thou put thyself in press for dreda?

Surely not much encouragement there.

The spirit of levity, amusement, sneers and intolerance is wrong. There is abundant reason and abundant need for a finer spirit of reception and a more serious and deeper appreciation of American literature. Plenty of evidence and argument exist to combat the idea that we contribute nothing to literature. A consideration of what is "literature" and of the standards to be applied to the books of the day justifies the opposite conclusion.

The American literature of the day frankly means prose fiction. More creative genius, not only in this, but in other countries, is expended in the novel than in any other form of literature. And it is the book which is read by everybody, learned or otherwise, scholar or idler, all conditions of men. Being "light" literature, the novel cannot be the greatest literature, but it enjoys the greatest influence—far greater than poetry or the drama. It is literature in its most benign form. "Wherever," says Macaulay, "literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fall with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep—there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens."

The novel which is "literature" must combine elevation, strength and catholicity of thought with aptness, purity and grace of style, and must be constructed or put together in artistic manner. The novel which is "literature" must be great in theme and in treatment.

The contributions of the present are pictures of life, transcripts of experience. They have—the best of them—purity of tone, breadth of view. They render the varied phases of complex Twentieth Century life. They show "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure," indispensably, as nothing else could. We contribute to literature the story of this age. If our books speak true, they possess the great virtue of good literature which marks the writings of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and our own Hawthorne. If they lack in some measure the "substance" of great standard novels, they are by no means lacking in form, in construction and technique. Compare Fielding, who, in the opinion of many critics, ranks with Thackeray foremost of English novelists—compare Fielding with the merest trashy production of 1903, and, as to form, Fielding will have the worst of it. We add to the "literature" of fiction as we refine and improve the technique. We contribute value as we add to the fictional history of the world, life, manners and customs. We contribute as we give a new experience and a new development to literature. Doubtless we shall discover a group of immortals, or, rather develop a group of immortals revealable, if not to ourselves, at least to subsequent times. In so far as we fail to recognize and appreciate the spirit and genius of our own books and writers we commit a crime. It must be confessed that it is a crime more or less common to all peoples and all ties, but we seem to be, just now, guiltier than any other people.

CHAT AND COMMENT.

George Ade's own account of how he came to write the fables that have made him famous, of which the latest are included in his "People You Know" (Harpers), is given as follows in the Boston Literary World: "In 1890," writes Mr. Ade, "having risen to a weekly income of $15, I lit out for Chicago, where I got a job on the Morning News, later the Record, as a reporter. The following year I had pretty good assignments, and in 1893 I did special World's Fair stories. When the Fair closed up I became the father of a department in the paper, called 'Stories of the Street.' I had to fill two columns every day, which, with a cut or two, meant from 1,500 to 2,000 words. My stuff was next to Eugene Field's 'Sharps and Flats.' When Field died I got his desk. I used to get desperate for ideas sometimes. One lucky day I wrote a story on a church entertainment, in which Artie was the spokesman. That was in 1896. I heard from that story so much that Artie was given a show once a week. In 1898 I ran up against the fable of the old seriocomic form. I had learned from writing my department that all people, and especially women, are more or less fond of parlor slang. In cold blood I began writing the fables to make my department go, but I had no idea that those fantastic things would catch on as they have. My first one was entitled 'The Blond Girl Who Married a Bucket-Shop Man.' Some other papers asked permission to copy the fables, and then to share them with the Record, and by and by a publisher collected them and made up a copyrighted book. There you have the whole thing in a nutshell."

Our idiom—the something that is wholly our own—is not merely an idiosyncrasy, and our pride in it is not mere caprice; it is a part of our patriotism, of our national sensibility, a factor of our destiny as a people. The figure we cut in comparative literature, in so far as it is an original figure, is a very homely one, but it has that indefinable but inviolable dignity which belongs to all things native—a kind of autochthonous aristocracy. Our grasshopper ornament is as dear to us as it was to the oldest of the Athenians. Perhaps we cherish the distinctive American traits in our literature all the more because it is their inevitable tendency to be lost in a wider perspective, to become things of the past—the antics of our national repository.

In the largest perspective there can be but one literature of the English-speaking race, with no separate limbo to be styled American. In literature, as in commerce, all barriers between peoples speaking the same language and having the same destiny in the world's affairs are destined to vanish. The finest future product of American fiction could not, in any proper sense, be called "the great American novel."—Editor's Study, Harper's.

In reading over the Congressional Record one rarely finds any of the bright flashes of wit that Reed was accredited with making, and it frequently happened that after some particularly apt remark had made its way eastward from Chicago, the correspondents of the New York dailies would be sharply called to account for having failed to note these witty flashes.

To these peevish complaints the unimaginative New York correspondents invariably realized that Alfred Henry Lewis was adsort, but they were never able to make these denials coming from Reed. He realized that Alfred Henry Lewis was aiding him to maintain a reputation that would have irked him to sustain by himself.

It was Lewis who printed in Chicago the witticism which has always been accredited to Reed, when the latter was trying to get several of the New York Representatives to Washington to aid in making a quorum without having to vex the Democrats by counting them whether they voted or not. Bennett of New York wired from Trenton, explaining his delay:

"Washout on the line. Will be delayed."

To which Reed, according to Lewis, replied:

"Buy another shirt and come on."

There is great excitement in Iceland at this moment. Hall Caine is on his way there equipped with a large novel-producing plant, including cameras, sheep shears, filing cabinets, blank forms of affidavit, a hectograph, ten stenographers and a barrel of ink. He will learn the language on shipboard, so that no time may be lost. The matter is urgent, for punctually on the morning of August 1, 1904, there is due from him a novel of the great primitive passions, strong, deep, fresh and true, of which the scene must be laid in Iceland. It will be written with terrific force throughout, and with abundance of first-hand impressions. Types studied on the spot, actual events in the life of the people, their very words, a background of ice, snow, Arctic twilight, penguins and walruses, a foreground of fierce primitive hate and equally fierce joy, all to be first seen, then snap-shotted, then dictated, then carefully revised, read back, punctuated, and filed—it will be a busy and fruitful fortnight. But he will not fail. The elements will be there as per invoice on the morning of August 1.—September Bookman.

A beautiful tribute has been paid by English authors to the splendid and enduring work which the late Sir Walter Besant performed as historian of the city of London. The inscription upon the bronze bas-relief recently placed in St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of the author of "London in the Eighteenth Century" runs as follows:

SIR WALTER BESANT,
Novelist,
Historian of London,
Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund,
Originator of the People's Palace
and
Founder of the Society of Authors.
This Monument is erected
by
His Grateful Brethren in Literature.

An edition of Mr. George Horace Lorimer's "Letters From a Self-made Merchant to His Son" is soon to be published printed in raised letters for the use of the blind. Owing to the expense of manufacture and the comparatively small circulation of books of this class, the list of titles thus published is necessarily very small and is limited to the most important books. Consequently this edition will be a genuine tribute to the high rank which this book has taken as a masterpiece of American humor and sound sense.

Edward MacDowell, the American composer, was talking not long ago with a friend who had just come from a concert given by the students of a conservatory of music—affairs which are usually avoided by the musically judicious.

"I have just heard," remarked the friend, "one of the pupils, a little girl of 8, play your 'To a Wild Rose.'"

The composed sighed dejectedly.

"I suppose," he said, "she pulled it up by the roots?"—Harper's Weekly.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following books have been received by The Republic this week for review:

"New Harlem—Past and Present." The story of an amazing civic wrong now at last to be righted. By Carl Horton Pierce. With a review of the principles of law involved in the recovery of the Harlem lands. By William Pennington Toler and Harmon De Paw Nutting, members of the New York bar. Profusely illustrated. The New Harlem Publishing Company, New York.

"The Motor Book." Illustrated. By A. J. Mecredy. John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York.

"The Language of Color." Elisabeth Earl Jones, Hackney and Moale Company, Asheville, N. C.

"Bachelor's Bigotries." Compiled by an old maid and approved by a young bachelor. Illustrated by an ex-bachelor. Published by a young married man. Paul Elder Co., San Francisco. Price, $1, net.

"The Monarch Billionaire." By Morrison I. Swift. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York.

"Technique of Musical Expression." A text book for singers. Albert Gerard-Thiery. Theodore Rebia Publishing Company, New York.

"The Constitution of Man." By S. L. Dohoney. The Reed Publishing Company, Denver, Colo.

"Teaching Truth." By Mary Wood-Allen, M. D. Wood-Allen Publishing Company, Ann Arbor, Mich.

"Memoirs of A. W. Snyder." By John Francis Snyder, M. D. H. W. Rokker Company, Springfield, Ill. Price, $1.25.

"The Widow in the South." A series of letters by Teresa Dunn. "The Widow" of the Town Topics editorial staff. The Smart Set Publishing Co., New York.

"Bears I Have Met—and Others." By Allen Kelly. Illustrations by Ernest Thompson Seton, W. H. Loomis, Homer Davenport, Walt. McDougall, Charles Nelan, W. Hofacker, Will Chapin and the author. Drexel Biddle Company, Philadelphia.

"Johanna." A novel. By B. M. Croker. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

"A Daughter of Thespis." A novel. By John D. Barry. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Price, $1.50.

"Prince Hagan." A phantasy. By Upton Sinclair. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Price, $1.50.

"The Silent Maid." Being the story of Stille Maegth, her strange bewitchment and her wondrous song, and how she came to love a mortal man. By Frederic Werden Pangborn. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Price, $1.

"The Golden Kingdom." By Andrew Balfour. Drawings by G. K. Green. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Price, $1.50.

"The Interference of Patricia." By Lilian Bell. With a frontispiece by Frank T. Merritt. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Price, $1.

"Out for the Coin." By Hugh McHugh. Illustrations by Gordon H. Grant. George W. Dillingham Co., New York. Price, 75 cents.

"The Gentleman From Jay." A novel. By George William Louttit. Illustrations by Louis P. Grant. George W. Dillingham Co., New York. Price, $1.25.

$2.50 Round Trip

to

Evansville, Ind. 11 p. m. Saturday, September 5, Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

Estate of Mrs. Bechtold.

An inventory of the estate of Sarah Bechtold, filed in probate yesterday, describes property fronting 50 feet on Garfield avenue, in city block No. 2655.

John Lowell's Estate.

An inventory of the estate of John Lowell, filed in probate yesterday, describes two pieces of real estate and a personal estate of $59,132.97, of which $47,632.16 is cash.

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