

BY HOWELLS

The Distinguished Critic and the Master of Modern Slang.

HAT most enthusiastic literary man, and militant American patriot, William Dean Howells, contributes to the North American Review for May a paper upon "Certain of the Chicago School of Fiction," the greater part of the paper being devoted to George Ade and Finley Peter Dunne. The entire paper is in the author's most characteristic vein. He finds George Ade's work typically American, and his enjoyment of Mr. Dunne's "Dooley Letters" is at once great and analytical. It is when considering Mr. Dooley that the critic writes:

"When I read a fable beginning, 'Once there was a gun-chewer named Tesse, who ironed up her white dress and bouffant even yards of ribbon and went on a picnic given by the ladies auxiliary of the Horse-shoers' union, I am calmly glad in the security of a fully foreseen passage of life. When I read a Dooley paper I try to prepare myself for the delicious surprises which Dooley has in store for Mr. Dunne, but I know that it is of the last effect of subtle irony, and could not be better if it had been meant from the first."

The greater part of the pages dealing with Mr. Ade's literary art is reprinted here, and those readers interested in the world of today, and its expression in the literature of today, will find it worth while to turn to the article itself.

After several pages devoted to "True Love," a romance by Edith Wyatt, Mr. Howells turns to Mr. Ade.

"In Mr. George Ade the American spirit arrives; arrives, puts down its grip, looks around, takes a chair and makes itself at home. It has no questions to ask and no answers to give. There it is, with its hat pushed back, its hands in its pockets, and its outstretched feet that whole vast, droll American world, essentially alike in Maine and Oregon and all the hustling regions between, speaking one slang, living one life, meaning one thing."

"It is, I think, Mr. Ade's instinct of our solidarity and the courage of his instinct which has enabled him to go straighter to the heart of our mystery than any former humorist. He has lost no time, he has made no mistake from the beginning, so far as one knows his beginning. I myself knew it in his 'Artie,' which I hailed, with what noise I could, as a masterpiece in a sort as new as it was captivating. In that very surprising study of the kind of common young American who is never commonplace, there was a touch as absolute as the material was novel. Both touch and material were as authentic and genuine as 'Phuck' and 'the portrait of a Chicago post-bellum negro, as western conditions have differed from the southern and earlier type; and again, one felt the fresh air in one's face, and the untrodden ground under one's feet in approaching the group at the Alifalfa hotel, with that masterly figure of 'Doc Horne' to welcome one with his courteous and friendly lies. Of course, this is not saying the thing, not giving the character which so richly abounds without stopping into caricature in these pictures of an unerringly ascertained average of American life. No cataloguing of the excellencies of these books could give a notion of their people so frankly, so boldly and yet so delicately defined, so unmistakably shown, so undeniably true."

"The level struck is low; the level of the street, which seems not depressed in the basement barber shop, but rather polished, polished, or lifted in the office where Artie talks to his friend and evolves himself and his simple love story. It is the same level in the entrance floor of the Alifalfa, where Doc Horne sits, that very surprising study of the kind of common young American who is never commonplace, there was a touch as absolute as the material was novel. Both touch and material were as authentic and genuine as 'Phuck' and 'the portrait of a Chicago post-bellum negro, as western conditions have differed from the southern and earlier type; and again, one felt the fresh air in one's face, and the untrodden ground under one's feet in approaching the group at the Alifalfa hotel, with that masterly figure of 'Doc Horne' to welcome one with his courteous and friendly lies. Of course, this is not saying the thing, not giving the character which so richly abounds without stopping into caricature in these pictures of an unerringly ascertained average of American life. No cataloguing of the excellencies of these books could give a notion of their people so frankly, so boldly and yet so delicately defined, so unmistakably shown, so undeniably true."

here, his perfect control in dealing with the American as the American knows himself. He does not prepare his specimens, or arrange a point of view for you. There the characters are, as they have walked in and out of the sun, and they could not imagine your not being pleased to meet them. But you will make a great mistake if you fancy they are without refinement of their own, their point of honor. Artie is essentially as fine as he is frank. In the best things of a gentleman he is a gentleman. He is a fountain of slang, but his thought is as pure as any that flows from wells of English undefiled.

"Doc Horne is a lovable type of the older-fashioned American with the elderly ideals of politeness, of civility, of personal dignity, which I do not believe even race suicide can obliterate in our nation, and his fellow lodgers at the Alifalfa are worthy of his suave and gentle society; even the insufferable 'Freckled Horne,' even the wretched Huxler who swindles Doc Horne into a guiltless complicity in his swindling scheme. But what dreadful things am I saying? That these frail fellow mortals are of the great American family in which we are all one. Pink Marsh is the colored brother in this family, and I love him like the rest."

"If we come to the Fables in Slang, as I am coming, we have now four volumes and several hundreds of them forming a splendid triumph on terms which might well have warranted defeat after the first twenty or thirty. But our life, our good, kind, droll, ridiculous American life is really inexhaustible, and Mr. Ade, who knows its breadths and depths as few others have known them, drops his net into it anywhere and pulls it up full of the queer fish which abound in it. There seems no doubt of a catch in his mind, and so far there has been no failure. The form of these fables helps itself out with capital letters such as the nouns and other chief words of the old printings of Aesop used to wear, and there is a mock moral tagged to each, but each is really a little satire, expressing itself in the richest and freshest slang, but of a keenness which no most polished satire

has surpassed, and of a candid complicity with the thing satirized—our common American civilization, namely—which satire has never confessed before. I am trying to get round to saying a thing I find difficult, that is, how the author posits his varying people in their varying situations without a word of excuse or palliation for either, in the full confidence that so far as you are truly American you will know yourself of their breed and more or less of their experience. I will not load up this slight paper with any statement or analysis of them; everybody has read them, and knows what they are, and how, while they deal with any or every phase of our motley yet homogeneous existence, they deal chiefly with its chief interest, as it is, or as it has been, which the author calls The Girl Proposition.

"He gives that name to his latest volume of fables, but it is the nature of nearly all. Somehow, more or less, they center in it. Sometimes it is the old girl proposition, the relation of husbands and wives in marriage or divorce, but mainly it is the young girl proposition, as it should be in a republic pastured as ours, where the innocent love-making, innocent however vulgar, of youthful unmarried people is the national romance. He divines that this was the great national concern, or else he has recognized it as such without being at the pains of any previous inspiration, and he has made it the fascinating theme of his fables, as he had made it the theme of those earlier stories of his which one type of folly that he deals with, even when depicting the guiltlessly famished and helplessly fond phases of the girl proposition which are more characteristic of our civilization than of any other. It is the note (the word insists again, as if it had not already had its inning) so much of the position, as seen in the humbler walks of our life, if any of our walks are humble, that we should be the sadder if Mr. Ade's gaiety with it should abate the ingenuousness of so much American love-making."

involves that more intimately or less intimately—the other great interest of our life enters into the scheme of Mr. Ade's literature. I mean the financial interest, which occupies us, never indeed exclusively of the girl proposition, but antecedently and subsequently and concurrently. We are still, in spite of our multiplicity of millionaires, almost as universally concerned in getting on as we are in getting married or unmarried, and Mr. Ade, and this is as he knows so much about us, without making any noise over his facts.

"It would be interesting to know, but perhaps we never shall know—women are so reticent!—how much it most interests itself, pleases the sex with which itself, but I am obliged to believe that he must possess an honest acceptance by the largest reading sex to the production of some unblushing romance where he shall paint women the heroine who really knows herself to be, even when she chews gum, and wears corsets that give the fashionable shape, and a picture that that it is a pity should ever have escaped from the picture."

"Nothing could be more mistaken than a criticism that gave the notion of satire in Mr. Ade's mind, as satire used to be. He is without any sort of literary pose. It is very caustic mirth; it is sarcasm of the frankest sort; but suspect he would not count it gain if his laughter, the folly in the world, Folly, I fancy, he does not think such very bad thing, and it is always the more or less innocent types of folly that he deals with, even when depicting the guiltlessly famished and helplessly fond phases of the girl proposition which are more characteristic of our civilization than of any other. It is the note (the word insists again, as if it had not already had its inning) so much of the position, as seen in the humbler walks of our life, if any of our walks are humble, that we should be the sadder if Mr. Ade's gaiety with it should abate the ingenuousness of so much American love-making."

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

All notices for this column must be handed in by noon Saturday.

Methodist.

First Methodist Episcopal, 33 East Third South—Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; morning service, a review of the work of the past year; evening service, brief sermon by the pastor, with fine musical program; Sunday school, 10 a. m.; class meeting, 12:30; Epworth League, 7 p. m.; Monday evening at 8 o'clock, adjourned session; Tuesday, 7:30; Wednesday evening, 7:45; midweek prayer service; Thursday, 8 p. m., opening of annual conference, with Bishop Earl Cranston, D. D., LL.D., in the chair. Cordial invitation to all these services. Seats free.

Sunday morning Mr. Larson will sing "Angels Serenade" (Braga), with violin obligato by Professor Nottelmann; Sunday evening, orchestra, "O Give Thanks Unto the Lord"; Mozart; flute and violin duet, "Serenade"; Heister, Mrs. Emma Muller and Mr. Nettleson; vocal solo, "Ave Maria" (from Cavalleria Rusticana), Massacini; Miss Emily Larson, violin solo; "Legend," Wienlanski, Professor Claude J. Nettleson; orchestra, "Londing," Leonard; orchestra, "Helmweh," Jaugman.

Hill M. E. church, First South and Ninth East; D. M. Belmick, pastor—Sunday school at 9:45 a. m.; preaching at 11 o'clock by the pastor; "The Christian's Assurance," special music; Epworth League, 7 p. m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. You are invited to these services.

Scandinavian M. E. Church—Emil E. Mork, pastor, 158 South Second East street—Services and communion in the Scandinavian language; Sunday, 10 a. m.; gospel services at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited to all of these services.

Congregational.

First Congregational church—Public service at 11 o'clock. Sermon by Howard Briggs of New Jersey, who will occupy this pulpit during August. Sunday school at 12:30; Young People's meeting at 6:30.

The Rev. Howard Briggs will preach at the First Congregational church this morning. The church will observe the "Lord's Day" by Harry Lincoln Case, and Miss Dwyer will render a solo, "Morning Land," by Dudley Buck.

Lutheran.

Our Savior's Evangelical Lutheran church, Fourth and Broadway—Fourth and Fifth South—Divine services at 10:30 a. m. every Sunday in the English language. You are cordially invited to attend. A. G. H. Overn, pastor.

German Lutheran—Evangelical Lutheran services in German every Sunday at 7 p. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m. at the church, corner Second South and Fourth East streets. You are most cordially invited. Rev. G. A. Grabner, pastor, 363 South Second street.

Christian.

Central Christian church, corner Third East and Fourth South streets—Regular communion service at 11 a. m., followed by the Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m.; prayer service Wednesday evening at 8:15 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

German Evangelical.

German Evangelical services at the East Side Baptist church, corner Third South and Seventh East—Preaching, 9:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m. Our Sunday school picnic will be held Monday, Aug. 12, in the afternoon at Liberty park. All our German friends, single and children, are cordially invited. Rev. G. A. Zimmer, pastor, residence, 825 East Second South.

Scientist.

Church of Christ, Scientist, 358 East Third South street—Sunday school at 10 a. m.; church service, 11 a. m.; subject, "Soul." Each Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock a meeting is held to listen to the testimonials of healing of both sin and sickness. All are welcome to these services. Free reading room open daily from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. in rooms 607-8 Scott-strevel building, 158 Main street. Take the elevator.

Presbyterian.

Westminster Presbyterian church, 132 South Fourth West street—Sunday, Aug. 9, 1903; Rev. John Michelsen, pastor—11 a. m., preaching by the pastor; 7:30 p. m., Sabbath school; 1:30 p. m., Endeavor; Sunday school; Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor; no evening service; Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 8 p. m.

First Presbyterian church, corner Second East and Second South streets; W. M. Padon, D. D., pastor; John C. Lincoln, assistant—Morning service, 11 a. m., "The Consecrating Love of Christ"; Sunday school, 12:30 p. m.; Christian Endeavor society, 6:30 p. m.; evening service, 7:45 p. m. The public is cordially invited to all services.

Southwest Mission, Second West and Mead streets—Sunday school, 4 p. m.

Episcopal.

St. Mark's cathedral, Right Rev. Abiel Leonard, S. T. D., bishop; Very Rev. James R. Egan, D. D., dean; ninth Sunday after Trinity; Aug. 9, 1903, 11 a. m., holy communion; 9:45 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon. The public is cordially invited to attend the services. Free seats.

St. John's Episcopal mission, Perkins addition; Rev. R. H. Barnes, minister in charge—Sunday school, 10 a. m.; evening prayer, 8 p. m.; B. W. E. Tenness, lay reader.

St. Peter's Episcopal mission, Fifth South and Fifth West; Rev. R. H. Barnes, minister in charge—Sunday school, 3 p. m.; evening prayer, 4 p. m.

St. Paul's Church—Main and Fourth South streets, Rev. Charles E. Perkins, R. D., rector, Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m.; visitors are cordially welcome. All are free. Rev. John W. Hyslop, formerly of Salt Lake, will officiate.

Baptist.

First Baptist church, corner Second South and Second West; Rev. D. H. Brown, pastor—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Rev. W. J. Binns, of Frisco, will preach in the morning and the Rev. William C. Taylor, D. D., of Indianapolis, Ind., will preach in the evening. Sunday

school at 12:15; F. J. Lucas, superintendent; R. Y. P. U. at 7 p. m.; subject lesson from Paul, "How We May Get his Spirit"; "How We May Get his Spirit," Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock; the Darke Young Men's club, regular midweek prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. A welcome to all.

Burlington chapel, corner Indiana avenue and Navajo street—Sunday school at 10 a. m., G. J. Badertscher, superintendent; Friday evening services at 8 o'clock.

Rio Grande chapel, Second South, between Ninth and Tenth—Sunday school at 10 a. m., Miss Bertha F. Moore, superintendent.

East Side Baptist church, corner Third South and Seventh East; F. Barnett, pastor—Regular services at 11 a. m. and at 8 p. m.; the pastor will preach; Sunday school at 12:15 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 6:45 p. m.; general prayer meeting of the church on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

HOW MANY DO YOU KNOW.

Average Man of Fair Education Has Vocabulary of 50,000 Words.

The Indianapolis Journal tackles the old legend that the vocabulary of the average man is limited to a few hundred words, and it has no difficulty in proving it wrong. It has a dictionary, that the words at the command of any person of fair intelligence run far up into the thousands.

This is a matter that anyone can easily test for himself. Open a dictionary at random and you will find many familiar words you find on the first page you strike. Here is a page with fifty-three words:

The majority of them would be understood by any tolerably well-read person, and a reader of the most ordinary intelligence would understand at least these ten: "Barren, barren, barricade, barrier, barrister, barrow, baritone, bass, sail and base." This excludes all proper nouns, all compounds like "barroom" and "bartender," and all derivatives, such as "barrenly" and "barrenness."

Take another—"snatch, sneak, sneer, sneeze, snicker, snip, snivel, snob"—and you have more. There are 161 pages in all, and at ten words on each we should have 1,610 words familiar to the man on the street.

There is hardly a page on which more than five such words are not to be found, but even an average five would give more than 8,000 in all. Including compounds and derivatives the number would be much more than doubled.

Shakespeare is said to have used 15,000 words and Milton 8,000. The estimate of the Indianapolis Journal that the modern well-read person of fair ability and education understands about 50,000 is not at all excessive.

In the first two stanzas of that familiar classic, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," out of forty-two words, excluded proper names, only six are repeated in any form. Thirty are entirely distinct.

If the average man had a vocabulary of only a few hundred words he could not read Mother Goose without a dictionary.

Marshall, a direct descendant of the great chief justice, was one of the most exciting figures of the past century. He was a lawyer, a statesman, a patriot, a reformer, a philosopher, a poet, a dramatist, a humorist, a man of letters, a man of action, a man of genius. He was a man of many parts, a man of many talents, a man of many virtues. He was a man of the people, a man of the world, a man of the future.

Reorganized.

Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Services in mission chapel, 23 East Second South street, as follows: Sabbath school at 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m.; general conference at 4 p. m. The theme will be "Why We Do Not Believe in the Doctrines of Brigham Young." There will be preaching on the street at 7 p. m.

BLACKBURN FOUGHT HIS WAY.

(Kansas City Star.)

Senator J. C. S. Blackburn of Kentucky now one of the most placid and least excitable men in public life, literally fought his way to fame and influence. His last bitter exploit was pulling the ear of ex-Senator William Chandler of New Hampshire in a committee room of the senate at Washington. Since then the erstwhile fiery Kentuckian has either not had cause or inclination to assault anybody. He says that his fighting days are over, and that he wants to live "at peace with the world and mankind."

Blackburn won his first honor as a statesman by "licking" the republican member of the Kentucky legislature every time he came in with an audacity to engage in a debate with a democrat. The senator, then Captain Blackburn, or "Cap'n Joe," as they called him at Frankfort, had not then been long out of the confederate army. He was full of fire and dash and one of the handsomest men in the country, just such a man as the volatile Kentuckians of thirty years ago believed was destined to high state and great achievements.

John D. White, the pertinacious republican with whom he so often came in violent contact, was his exact antithesis in temperament and appearance. White, a man of build and shrill of voice, was elected to congress by severing things by his mountain constituents because he had the hardihood not only to stand up in the Kentucky legislature and teach republicanism at a time when that population in the south, but afterwards to stand his ground whenever "Cap'n Joe" saw fit to assault upon the street or in the legislative corridors for language used in debate. Nearly every debate in that session of White's was followed by a combat participated in which White was victorious. White's unpopularity with the democrats was so great that every "licking" administered to him by Blackburn meant increased fame and popularity to the latter. Every fight between the two in the Kentucky legislature and in the papers of the state almost as elaborately as contests in the prize ring are now reported.

By the time the session of the legislature had expired Blackburn's fame had been dimmed into the seats of ex-Kentuckians. His Woodford county constituents were so proud of him that they turned out to welcome his return home. With equal pride White's home constituents welcomed him.

As further testimony of their gratitude and confidence, White's followers nominated him for congress in what was then the only safe republican district in Kentucky. This suggestion was warmly administered the advisability of sending him to congress to "hold down" White. The Ashland district which at that time embraced all the counties that comprise the air-famed blue grass region of the state, had been represented by Washington by such men as Clay, Crittenden, the elder Breckinridge and Beck. The latter had just been sent to the senate and Humphreys Marshall, then whom Kentucky had produced no greater orator, was slated to succeed him.

He was predicted even by many who had abandoned Blackburn's prowess in congratulating John D. White that he would be no match on the stump for the eloquent

Have Hard Teeth.

(Washington Post.)

"A remarkable thing—and one which very few people know—is that the teeth of an Indian are much harder and in every way stronger than the average white man's teeth," remarked a downtown dentist, "and I had a most interesting case one morning last week, to test and almost destroy every instrument in my shop."

"A red man came in and wanted me to extract a tooth which was much up in general. So I proceeded to work, and

after a half-hour of the hardest sort of work and breaking my strongest forceps, I managed to pull the aching molar. Another thing I discovered was that the Indian's vaulted stoicism to pain is a myth. This fellow behaved worse than an infant of 5 years, and I was about to tell him to consult another dentist when he pitiously begged me to complete the job, as he had been refused by many dentists to do the work."

"Of course I finished the job, though before I got through I had turned the edges of fifteen or twenty drills. I have often heard of the hardness of the Indian's tooth, but never before did I actually experience the ordeal, both for him and myself, of working upon them, and in the future I'm of the opinion that I will shirk the responsibility of working upon them with ordinary tools."

Failed to Qualify.

(Chicago News.)

"Are you good at figures?" asked the theatrical manager of the applicant for a job as stage manager.

"Not very," admitted the applicant.

"Then you won't do," replied the t. m.

From Missouri, of Course.

In a Platte county graveyard is a tomb bearing the following epitaph:

The home of a good man.

No claims for us.

He's passed beyond.

Poor absent Gus.

To heaven, of course.

This is understood.

Good-bye, dear Gus.

Good-bye, be good.

Gardner Sunday Store News. Gardner Sunday Store News.

TEN DOLLAR SUIT SALE.

BEGINS MONDAY MORNING, AUGUST TENTH.



The season has passed the money-making stage for us. It is now a matter of forcing out the summer stock without a thought of profit. And we go about it in a most fearless manner, determined to clear out all broken lines before fall goods arrive. We have gone to the very extreme in making this sale-cutting prices more than is really necessary. But our object is to move these suits and we have made a price that will move them quickly. We want to make it an inducement for you to buy now. And Ten Dollars for such values is certainly inducement enough. If you don't need a suit now it will pay you to buy for future—even for next season. To fully convince yourself of the greatness of this offer, be here tomorrow morning. We'll leave it to you whether you buy or not.



MENS

\$15.00

\$18.00

\$20.00

\$25.00

—AND—

\$28.00

SUITS



MENS

\$15.00

\$18.00

\$20.00

\$25.00

—AND—

\$28.00

SUITS

We have been through every nook and corner of our enormous suit stock and have massed together about five hundred suits that formerly sold at \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 and \$28.00. Cassimeres, chevots, homespuns and worsteds. Some of the best we ever had at the former prices. One, two, or maybe three suits of a kind left—a fact that shows they have been good sellers throughout the season. To you any suit in the lot is well worth every cent of the original price, being made of fashionable materials and cut in the newest style. To us it is an odd suit and not to be carried over till next year. There is your size in dozens of different patterns, and every one is a gem even at regular price. Think what you'll save if you get one for Ten Dollars!

SALE BEGINS MONDAY MORNING, AUGUST TENTH, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

ONE PRICE

J. P. GARDNER

136-138 S. MAIN STREET