

## BOOKS of the Hour....

A book of some strength and considerable art is "Diana Vicius," by Florence Converse. One says "art" advisedly, for a story that can sustain itself through four books, in all 362 pages, following the fortunes of two sets of lovers, and leaving both matrimony and a bona fide tragic ending out of its staid consideration, and which yet manages to keep the reader's close attention throughout its course and then leaves him not quite dissatisfied with its very unsatisfactory ending, is surely not without a vital sort of art in its make-up. The story, how-



W. T. Smedley

ever, is not even in its texture and threatens at times to become monotonous; indeed, the book holds its reader rather in spite of the plot than because of it. The novel's force is entirely the result of the clever character drawing and the psychological development of two people.

The greater part of the book has New Orleans and its winter festivities for its changing, brilliantly colored background, a French family, strangely composite, furnishes an animated little circle, and into its life are dropped two Northern girls, whose Boston lives had furnished them with no hint of what a more vivid, sensuous life may mean. These Boston women, younger than their twenty-eight years because of college idealism, beautiful and intellectual, with emotional possibilities only partially locked away by generations of repression, are very convincing, and beautiful in their friendship.

The way these girls look on their own lives suggests the cruellest element in woman's present position. The ordinary woman must not alone prove herself the ordinary man's equal, she must be his superior. Her father and brothers may have been content to go through college and be merely commonplace citizens afterwards, but she must distinguish herself in some way. Enid teaches and gains place as a lecturer. Sylvia is only convinced of her own salvation when she publishes a book! The Southern household is very charming. Jacques, a strenuous young Frenchman, is a clearly drawn figure that suggests a model in real life, his positiveness is the simple unit against which all the others are measured. The blind father is but sketchily handled, and yet the impression he leaves is complete; the step-mother is merely a pink and white nonentity, and the bright, singing little step-sister, Jeanne, whom Jacques would have happily made his wife had not love and fate intervened, is as sad as unconsciously gayety usually is. Jocelin, her brother of the beautiful voice, although not the most attractive figure in the book, one can not but believe that the book is written to delineate his helpless moral degeneracy, his loveliness, contemptuousness and self-pitying tears, his glorious voice, just failing to lift him above himself and his weak limitations, his unutterable failure out of which the woman who loved and despised him reaped her worldly and spiritual success.

"Diana Vicius," by Florence Converse, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25. For sale by E. W. Porter & Co.

Shakespeare's sonnets are again the subject of ingenious speculation. Sortously and lovingly Mr. Edwin James Dunning approaches the master, and his earnestness is such that one blames oneself and not him for the smile that his earnestness arouses. Mr. Dunning's theory of the sonnets is that Shakespeare in them addresses an ideal not a person, that the events of the sonnets is his higher self, and the mistress of the sonnets corresponds to the Queen of Love in "Venus and Adonis." The allegory is rather far-fetched, and the way through the many tangles and places dark and strange; that it finally lives to see the light of publication speak loudly for its vitality. This idea is really not less sensible than many other theories that have been seriously propounded to explain away some difficulties in the sonnets. But when one stops to think that the explanation is so much greater than the difficulties in the sonnets that in this choice of evils it is not hard to choose. We admit that we like to read Shakespeare's sonnets, as we like to read St. John's Revelations, without understanding the possible hidden meaning—fairly to luxuriate in the glowing imagery and certain debt, however, is due to any man who brings again before the pub-

lic eye the sonnets; even Shakespeare lovers are sometimes blind to the importance of this part of the master's work—an importance difficult to overstate—and if to give an allegorical meaning to the sonnets will make them any more popular we shall be glad to give it credence.

"The Genesis of Shakespeare's Art," by Edwin James Dunning, Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$2. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

The authorized edition of Marcel Prevost's "Letters of Women" is published by Meyer Brothers, of New York. The book is translated by Mr. Arthur Hornblow, who allows himself privileges with the original and, we believe, discreetly leaves out portions of it altogether. Even as the translation stands the book is likely to grate on Anglo-Saxon traditions of morality and dignity—with the true Anglo-Saxon one of these terms infers the other—and a very conservative



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reader, judging that which is left out by that which is left in, will be as grateful for the omissions as for the book itself. From a very slightly different point of view, however, it may be justly said that many of the American novels deal with just as delicate material and handle it with considerably less tact—but perhaps the tact is the very thing that Saxon readers look upon as questionable. The fragments of letters and diaries, clever and acute though they are at times, in their translated form have nothing very remarkable about them.

"Letters of Women," by Marcel Prevost. Translated by Arthur Hornblow. Meyer Bros. & Co., New York. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

The last book we shall have from William Hamilton Gibson has just been published by Harper & Brothers. It is a collection of magazine articles that gathered together under the name of "My Studio Neighbors." There are eight of these papers written and illustrated in the familiar way of one who is on intimate terms with his neighbors, whether or not he approves of their method of housekeeping, and the flowers and insects, as Mr. Gibson has described them, are the most fascinating, perhaps, because this is the last time we shall see them

through his happy, sympathetic eyes. The book is beautifully bound, and the cover design one cannot let go without comment—so dignified and exquisitely simple is it. The book is suggestive of the coming of the holiday season, when it will surely be among the books oftenest chosen for Christmas gifts.

"My Studio Neighbors," by William Hamilton Gibson. Harper & Bros., New York. \$2.50. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

The third volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" has been issued from the Macmillan press, edited by J. B. Bury, of the University, is the able editor of this edition, and as was stated in these columns when the first volume was received, the editing gives every proof of scholarship and an exact comprehension of the scope of Gibbon's work. The publishers have done their work in a like spirit of perfection. We know of no other edition of this famous work so fitted to meet the demands of taste and scholarship.

"The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon. Edited by J. B. Bury. \$2. Macmillan & Co., New York. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

"The Folly of Pen Harrington" is an end-of-the-century novel, by Julian Sturgis. The plot has some movement, the characters are volatile and shadowy, the atmosphere a trifle trite, but the novel is an independent, warm-hearted young woman, not as convincing to the reader as she might be, but very important in her own set. This set of hers is a very advanced and radical London clique—smart withal, and delightfully well groomed. Latch keys, clubs and labor problems are some of the important subjects close to the heroine's heart, and her followers—they are legion—make her interests theirs.

The book is not remarkable in any way, but will serve to spend a spare hour or two.

"The Folly of Pen Harrington," by Julian Sturgis. D. Appleton & Co., Town and Country Library. 50 cents. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

promise of its exterior, and grown-up young people will find in it much to interest them. The history of Japan is treated sketchily, the people and civilization are illustrated by quaint legends and modern instances. Pen and ink and half-tone pictures, suggestive in treatment of Japanese art, are generously scattered through the text.

"The Story of Japan," by R. Van Bergen. American Book company, Chicago. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

### Literary Notes.

Those who enjoyed the Lark will be interested to hear of a new journal under the guidance of Mr. G. L. Burgess, whose original "Vivisection" stories, colored and ranged, are now in press. This unconventional editor, with the co-operation of Mr. Oliver Herford, the clever illustrator, and Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, poet and humorist, will shortly startle the New York reading public with a four-page weekly sheet bearing the somewhat appalling title of "L'Enfant Terrible." The editorial nursery is a certain restaurant in this city where these nursery-men meet for a weekly dinner, and then and there produce the entire contents of the forthcoming number, verse, prose and pictures, which, we are told, will surpass all previous escapades of the kind.—Critic.

The November Century will contain what is practically the authoritative statement of the sultan of Turkey regarding the treatment of Armenians by his government. It is in the form of an interview with Hon. A. W. C. Terrell, lately United States minister at Constantinople. During a conversation, which lasted more than two hours, the sultan told the story of his relations with the Armenians, desiring that it should be made known to the people of the United States in accordance with that desire Mr. Terrell contributes this article to the November Century.

McClure's Magazine for November will contain three chapters from Mark Twain's forthcoming book on his recent journey round the world. They are the only portions that will be given to the public in advance of the book itself, and are said to have all of the old Mark Twain flavor. Something added. They have been very fully illustrated by McClure's by A. B. Frost and Peter Newell, who, for kindly, genuine and yet fanciful humor, hold much the same place among artists that Mark Twain himself holds among writers.

Still another evidence of F. Marion Crawford's great popularity as a novelist is to be found in the fact that three weeks before the day set for the publication of his new book "Coriaria," his publishers had received orders to twice the number of copies which they had ordered printed for the first edition, so that they were obliged to give an additional printing order; that is, practically to order the second edition of a book three weeks before a single copy of it had been delivered.

Walter A. Wyckoff's most interesting narrative of his experiences as a laboring man, describes in the November Scribner's his work as a "Farm Hand" in Pennsylvania. There is work of this kind for those who want it is evident.

"But surely," I said, "more men apply to you for work than you can possibly employ." He looked at me with some wonder at my ignorance. "For a long time I have been looking for a man to help me," he said. "I'm growing old, and I can't do the work that I once did; and if I could find the right man I'd keep him the year round and pay him good wages. But the best young fellows go to the cities, and the rest are mostly a worthless lot. There's hardly a day in the year when I haven't a job for any decent man who'll ask for it."

With the November number, St. Nicholas begins a new volume, and enters upon its twenty-fifth year. Two new series are begun, and others are promised for succeeding numbers. Frank R. Stockton has the first of a series of narrative sketches he will contribute to "The Buccaneers of Our Coast." Mr. Stockton writes this in a characteristic and humorous vein, dubbing Christopher Columbus a grand master in the gentle art of

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piety. He throws no glamor about the lives of these adventurous sea-rovers, but he tells of many of their exploits as they have been recorded by Bouqueland and other veracious historians. W. O. Stoddard, who wrote the favorite serial, "The Swordmaker's Son," a favorite serial, "The Black Prince." The number opens with a poem by James Whitcomb Riley, "Mister Toad," in his most characteristic manner.

### On Our Book Table.

From the St. Paul Book and Stationery company:

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston—"Aaron in the Wild Woods," by Joel Chandler Harris. \$2.00. "France Under Louis XV," by James Buck Perkins, 2 volumes, \$4.00. "The World Was Younger," by Miss M. E. Braden. \$1.25.

With the publishers:

Little, Brown & Co., New York—"The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green," by Cuthbert Bede. \$1.00. "Miss Beladonna," by Caroline Tickner. \$1.00. "Romance and Reality of Puritanism," by Edmund H. Garrett. \$2.00.

Robert S. Stone & Co., Chicago—"What Marple Knew," by Henry James. \$1.00. "Flag-

ships," by Horace Fletcher. \$1.00. "Eat Not Thy Heart," by Julien Gordon. \$1.25. "Gems of Schopenhauer," by Carl Gust. \$7 cents. "Natural Music Reader," by Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper. \$1. "Grammar School Arithmetic," by E. H. Moore. 50 cents. "Student's Manual of Physics," by Le Roy C. Cooley. \$1. "American Comprehensive Arithmetic," by James H. Smith. 50 cents. "The Modern Prometheus," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. 60 cents.

Laird & Lee, Chicago—"Hermann the Mystic," by H. J. Burlingame. \$1. Longmans, Green & Co., New York—"The Vege-Meat's Revenge," by Florence E. Upton. \$2. G. F. Putnam's Sons, New York—"The Fall of the Barrow," by M. C. Balfour. Paper, 50 cents.

Toronto, Ont.: Buffalo, N. Y.: The Soo Line will sell you through berth tickets to the W. C. T. U. Conventions. Tickets for Buffalo good for stopover at Toronto and Niagara Falls. For tickets and particulars call on Soo Line Agent, 338 Robert Street, Hotel Ryan.

## Pope Leo Very Feeble.

The Roman Catholic World Stirred Over Consideration of His Probable Successor.

ROME, Oct. 17.—The Reaper Death stands with upraised sickle at the side of Leo XIII., sublime pontiff, pope of Rome. This is the nineteenth year of the reign of this frail yet brilliant man, whose marvelous intellectual powers have enabled him during his entire incumbency of the papal throne to fulfill the multifarious duties of his kingly office while in a state of health which to most persons would have been a condition of almost chronic invalidism.

One hears the story of coming dissolution talked of upon Rome's streets discussed in the homes of the people and even whispered in the Vatican itself, where in one of the plainest of the 11,000 rooms of the great palace sits the childish form of the pope, carefully guarded at all times by Pio Contra, the man who served Leo well when he was known to the world as Cardinal Pacci. Every day the pope is a little weaker; only a very little, to be sure, but sufficient to make it a fact that when each sunset is over it is known that his vitality is not so great as when the orb of day rose.

Everywhere the health of the pope is a matter of exceeding interest, but one must be here, in the shadow of St. Peter's, to fully appreciate what the news of his death would really signify. It means an entire change for men who have for nearly twenty years been wedded to a given policy, to an established course, which, no matter how well it has served the church, must, with the advent of a new head thereof, be changed in various particulars, to adapt itself in some measure to the views of the new occupant of what was once the most powerful throne in the world knew.

It has been the case for centuries that the occupant of the papal throne has been an Italian. Heretofore it has rarely been thought of and never seriously suggested that a man of any other nationality should really aspire or be so bold as to even desire the great office. This time it is different. We hear two names, names which every Roman Catholic knows; those of Rampolla and Ledochowski. The first is that of the papal secretary of state, and the second the name of the head of the congregation of the Propaganda.

Mariano Rampolla is one of the most able men in the history of the Roman church. He is in his fiftieth year, tall,

broad-shouldered, erect and vigorous. His present position is due solely to his ability, learning and wisdom. To his influence, more than all else, is due the present rather democratic course pursued at the Vatican, and this fact has brought down upon his head what is known as the Reactionary party, composed of those who would not abate one jot or tittle of the methods which ruled at Rome centuries ago. Like all men of great mental strength he has many enemies, but those who have the advancement of the church closest at heart seem to favor him above all others.

Cardinal Ledochowski, the second in order of mention, is by birth a Pole, and for many years a resident of Rome. He is a man of unblemished character, majestic yet simple, straightforward and honest, anxious to receive light from all quarters in the fulfillment of his great charge and abundantly endowed with the good sense which recognizes that in dealing with the ecclesiastical affairs of a country common prudence suggests that all information should be obtained from those who are most competent to speak for the country in question.

Upon these two men rests at present a beam of the light that falls from the throne of kings, but, like the bee which flies from flower to flower without settling, the ray varies so greatly in its resting places that one can never become convinced that either Rampolla or Ledochowski have a distinct advantage. Still, it is the congregation of the Propaganda which will choose the successor of Leo XIII., when death claims him, and of this, as stated, Ledochowski is the head.

Early in the history of Rome has so great a proportion of the men who have made the present century history of the Roman church been assembled in the Eternal City. Rarely has there been an auspicious time for such an assemblage. The Roman Catholic world may rest assured that from the existence of this fact they may wisely believe that the successor of Leo, when the time comes, will be chosen with all the wisdom that an aggregation of men possessing rare acumen will render possible. Unless the situation experiences a tremendous change, the choice of the congregation of the Propaganda will fall upon either one of the two lieutenants of the present pontiff whose characters have been described.

Leo XIII. is now in his eighty-ninth year, and though his physical powers are steadily waning, as is often the case with men of extraordinary intellect, his mental powers seem to become brighter as the lamp of life burns low. Rarely, indeed, does he appear in public, and never unless it is to participate in some extraordinary ceremonial at St. Peter's, the pontifical cathedral. In the years that have gone forever he used to take part in the service, but now or rather at the last ceremonial he attended, he keeps utter silence, and with bowed head seems to be constantly absorbed in devotional thought.

The pope cannot wear the papal crown, so weak has he become, so that when, following the guardia noble and escorted by his personal guard of princes and nobles, he enters the cathedral, the famous triple crown, worth millions of dollars, and containing precious stones that are famous everywhere, is carried before him on a red cushion by some one of the nobility, who has been given permission to perform this service as a reward for some good deed performed either on behalf of humanity or in the interest of the church itself. During the ceremonies of later years the pontiff has walked with exceeding difficulty and has seemed greatly relieved when he gains his seat upon the pontifical throne of scarlet and gold which stands upon a platform carried by long poles upon the shoulders of the stalwart men who surround him to every visitor to the Vatican.

It is a most impressive sight, this visit of the pope to St. Peter's. Under the dome of this most famous of all cathedrals hundreds of thousands of persons may assemble. It is one of the greatest spectacles upon which human



BEST PORTRAIT OF POPE LEO XIII.

eyes may rest, to view the throng within the cathedral as the pontifical procession bursts into view. A low hum of greeting is heard as the throne of the pope appears, the canopy of gray and white silk supported by the sixteen chief canons of the church. On either side are carried the four celebrated ostrich feather fans, mounted in red and gold and embroidered with the papal coat of arms. Following this comes a band of musicians sounding silver trumpets, and then appears the college of the cardinals, the congregation of the Propaganda, gorgeous in scarlet robes, with paces bearing the trains that extend far behind, like the beautes of some rare bird of plumage.

To view the pope at a distance, which the majority of the spectators on such an occasion are forced to do, it seems almost like mummery, for the pontiff appears to the eye as but a child swathed in robes of state. About him is wrapped a gold embroidered white robe. From his shoulders falls a cloak of scarlet satin, lined with ermine, while upon the head of the pontiff rests the mitre that was presented by Emperor William, of Germany. A rare treat indeed would a simple survey of them be considered by the noblest consis-

seur of them all. First of all, shining upon the outside of the white gilded right hand is the pontifical ring, which for twenty-six generations has been worn by the pope of Rome. A cross of superb diamonds hangs upon the pope's breast, and the scepter which signifies his authority is a marvel of the jeweler's art. All this upon a form shrunken to childlike proportions, the form of an old, a very old man, who seems to be all in readiness to trust himself to the skill of Charon at any moment.

This is the ceremonial side of the life of Leo XIII. It is by no means representative of that which he leads from day to day. Simplicity is his watchword, and well does he observe it. He rises at 6 o'clock each morning and attends mass in his private chapel. He has a hearty second mass and occasionally one of his chaplains celebrates a mass of thanksgiving. When the hour of 7 arrives his simple breakfast is served him. This consists of milk, coffee and cold bread.

This meal at an end, the pope immediately devotes himself to the consideration of such correspondence as his secretary may have placed before him. He is system itself in method and movement and in this way manages to

accomplish far more than many people who are blessed with comparatively good health, and at no time does he seem or is he hurried. He is a firm believer in the maxim that haste makes waste and well does he live up to that belief. The consideration of business over, or rather such as has been submitted to him for settlement, the pope rests for a time.

As the clock strikes 10 each morning the secretary of state appears, and following him come such further attaches of the Vatican as the pope may consider it advisable to see. All these matters occupy the remainder of the morning, and it is not until 12 o'clock that he is free. He is great or few, the pontiff will only admit a certain number during a given period of time. Those whose business is least important must wait. Nothing is permitted to interfere with this programme.

At dinner the pope's almost ascetic abstinence of satiating the physical man is again apparent. Always soup—because that is so nourishing—there is besides, macaroni, which his Italian birth and surroundings have made indispensable, roast beef or mutton well done, and a vegetable. Then comes fruit, for the pope is a firm believer in the advisability of all persons, young

and old, supplying themselves freely with edibles of this nature.

The pontiff is by no means a teetotaler, although his consumption of stimulants is confined to a light red wine that comes to him from the South of France, where it is prepared by the nuns in a convent. Its flavor is delicious, and yet its effects are never deleterious nor does it stimulate to a degree that in the slightest unpleasantly affects the nervous system. It is during this hour, that of dinner, that the pope listens to the reading of the newspapers by one of his secretaries.

It is one of the rules governing the life of the pope of Rome that he must always dine alone. He can, if he chooses, have some one in the same room to converse with him, but never to dine. Even his own brother, the late Cardinal Pacci, of whom Leo XIII. was very fond, never took dinner with him because of this rigorous rule. It was Leo's predecessor who said: "What a pity it is that the pope cannot be as little of a human being as the church considers him."

Dinner at an end, and alone but for the presence of his faithful servant, Contra, the pope drops asleep some times for an hour, but never less than half an hour. The pope is not a teetotaler, although his consumption of stimulants is confined to a light red wine that comes to him from the South of France, where it is prepared by the nuns in a convent. Its flavor is delicious, and yet its effects are never deleterious nor does it stimulate to a degree that in the slightest unpleasantly affects the nervous system. It is during this hour, that of dinner, that the pope listens to the reading of the newspapers by one of his secretaries.

Few people know, and yet it is a fact, that outside the Vatican grounds the pope never goes. There is no papal law concerning such action on his part, but it is believed that the appearance of Leo in the streets of Rome would create a riot and perhaps a revolution. Feeling runs very high between the Catholic and anti-Catholic partisans, and therefore it is considered the part of wisdom chosen by the pontiff to remain in comparative seclusion.

Within the Vatican grounds is the drive of a mile, a winding carriage road, the carriage used being one that Pius IX. utilized. It is a great, old-

fashioned affair, drawn by two long-tailed black horses that amble about in as gentle a fashion as the greatest of invalids could desire. Presently the pope leaves the carriage and walks among the flowers and shrubs, of which he is extravagantly fond. If there ever was a pontiff more willing to nature's heart it is Leo XIII.

When the drive is over the pope returns to the Vatican, and presently to a glass of milk or a cup of broth with a cold roll and a glass of wine. It used to be the case that in the evening the pope would devote much of his time to writing, or the consideration of official matters, but now that the hand of old age rests so heavily upon him, he retires very early and one of his secretaries reads him to sleep. So runs the day of the head of the Roman Catholic church. An uneventful one perhaps, it seems, but yet always fraught with tremendous importance to some one.

Nowadays the pope seeks to carry out his programme, the one that he has followed for nineteen long years, but he does not always succeed. Contra picks him up and carries him about as if he were a child, and he is allowed to make no movement that would weaken him in the least provided human anatomy is able to act for him. It is doubtful if there has ever been a case where such tremendous effort has been put forth to prolong a human life. Every physical law is strictly obeyed. Everything is done that the pope may live. And yet, in the face of all this, there can be no doubt that Leo XIII. is slowly dying.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and seeing that it was really a cure, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 839 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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