

THE CHILHOWEE ECHO
 BY
 Mrs. W. C. Tatom and Mrs. Samuel McKinney.
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 KNOXVILLE, DECEMBER 9, 1899.

The English will hardly be able to cook the Dutch goose for Christmas.

A NUMBER of excellent writers have promised contributions for THE ECHO in the near future.

HAVING lost his wife's wardrobe Aguilado is doubtless running from his wife as well as from the American soldiers.

OWING to press of other matter President McKinney's message is crowded out this week. We trust our readers will pardon the omission.

W. D. HOWELLS is responsible for "I would rather read my own novels than read no novels at all." We must venture the assertion that in this he is in no wise dissimilar to the rest of the writing guild.

At the recent meeting of the Women's Press Club, Mrs. Samuel McKinney, one of the editors of this paper, was elected president for the ensuing year. We take advantage of her absence to say that she was voted the most beautiful and charming woman of the "press gang."

THE critics say that Lady Randolph Churchill's editorial venture is near akin to a failure so far as merit is concerned. Her second number of the Anglo-Saxon Review opens with a short story that is "so hopelessly bad that it would be unkind to insist upon the author's name." Mr. Stephen Phillips' poem and the exquisite binding are the only redeeming features.

THERE seems to be some dissatisfaction in England over the fact that Kipling is not post-laureate instead of Mr. Austin. His latest poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," has done more perhaps to create this feeling than anything else. The poem, with its splendid swing, its burning patriotism, and its earnest appeal for help for the families of the men of the reserve, has gone straight to the popular heart.

A BOLD critic, in a communicated article signed "X," on our first page, gives free expression to some rather warm criticisms. We do not necessarily object to the views expressed in the articles. We do not in this country, within bounds, our columns are open to healthful discussion and the expression of various views and opinions honestly entertained by intelligent and responsible persons who seek the truth and the public good. The columns of THE ECHO are open to those who have something to say.

"WOMAN'S WORK," published at Birmingham, is no longer a tottering infant, but a sturdy child of well-regulated habits, strong, lusty, full of brightness and growing strength. It is under the able management of Mrs. Geo. B. Edge and Mrs. R. H. Morrisette, with a fine staff of assistants. The "Golden Rod" edition, gotten out during the recent State fair, was a phenomenal success and would be a credit to any section of country. Although a monthly devoted to the affairs and interests of club women, it contains much to interest varied classes of the reading public. We are pleased to welcome it to the editorial table.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.
 Pride of ancestry is a pardonable pride. Those who have an illustrious ancestry or who have a strain of good blood in their veins are naturally proud of the fact. There is something in blood. There is as much difference in the breed of men as there is in the breed of horses. Those who are without racial pride are to be pitied. But some who boast of their blood and ancestry do not consider the fact that their boasting serves to call attention to their own degeneracy. The man who boasts that his father or grandfather was an illustrious man, who was distinguished for his great moral worth or power of mind, for his professional, literary, administrative or executive ability, who achieved distinction in any line in the wide field of endeavor—the man who boasts of such an ancestor or ancestors and who has himself shown only ordinary intellect or abilities should reflect that he is simply a degenerate. There are such men—and women, too. These may possibly be received in society on the strength of their ancestry, but not so in the great arena of human endeavor where men are measured for what they are. There the son of Somebody may be met and vanquished by the son of Nobody, who in time becomes Somebody and whose offspring may in turn be out-matched by a son of Nobody. The man who carves a name for himself has some right to feel proud of his achievement, but the man who has done nothing to honor the name of which he boasts—well, he ought not to boast. The shoot, from common stock, that promises fair fruitage is more to be esteemed than the decadent scion of a noble tree.

Book Reviews.

The Black Wolf's Breed.

It is good to fall upon such a bit of writing as "The Black Wolf's Breed," a book not yet through its first month's existence. It is better still to find that the majority of reading and writing critics find here metal worthy of their steel. "The Black Wolf's Breed" is not a book to be ignored; it must be judged either to commend or condemn. There can be no middle ground, and in this is shown the innate, dominant virility of the work. Mr. Dickson may well be proud of a first book that bears comparison with "A Gentleman of France." A more dramatic setting could not have been chosen for a semi-historical novel, nor a period more wisely pitched upon. The author selected an absolutely unworked field—lower Louisiana in the days of the corrupt Grand Monarch. With wonderful fidelity are pictured the vague, dim valley of the Mississippi and the parts played therein by those who stand out, silhouetted by the pen of genius, against the rich, strange background of tumultuous events.

It takes one's breath, this tale of intrigue, and fighting, and adventures such as have befallen no other hero of fiction, and like a silver ribbon run through dusky locks, a thread of love is woven in and out this woof of sombre, if stirring narrative. To make more valuable the praise meted out to Mr. Dickson's work, comes an occasional measure of criticism—some, it seems to us, just; much that is undeserved. That the author sometimes sacrifices smoothness, artistic finish, to the rush of action and intense dramatic recital, we must admit. But who would choose the former in place of what we win by exchange? Hear this: "Even in our mortal strife I marked the eternal harmony of the scene. Truly death had never stage more fitting whereon to play its last stern drama of dissolution. Hemmed in by four massive walls of granite, ghastly grim and desolately gray, we wrestled in a stifling stillness, while hell stood umpire at the game. No sound of trumpet, no warlike cry, no strains of martial music were there to thrill the nerves and taunt men on to glory. We fought to the scrape and scratch of shuffling feet, the labored gasp, the rattle in the throat, while echo hushed in silence and in fright."

Truly up from the South is come already a book that is great and we await the yet greater to follow, proud that we, too, are of the South, which is honored in claiming Mr. Dickson. A native of Vicksburg, Mississippi, Harris Dickson is of German descent. Quite young, a lawyer, there is an outlook of unusual brightness stretching before this new literary aspirant. THE ECHO extends the hand of congratulation and bids him "yet further." A. B. M.

Aylwin.
 One of the most popular books of the present day is "Aylwin," by Theodore Watts Denton. 'Tis said that "pity is near akin to love," and in this book is depicted a love story full of interest, movement and vigor. It begins with the pathetic story of a lonely, afflicted little child—Henry Aylwin, the hero of the book.

Quite a graphic description is given of gypsy life in Wales, of the wandering tribe among whom Aylwin wanders in his search for Winifred Wynne, whom he passionately loves. With an open air freshness and purity of thought sweet and refreshing as the mountain breezes that blow from their beloved Snowdon, is depicted the life of these people. A second heroine is Sini Lovell, the gypsy, an example of royal womanhood and of strong self-sacrificing love. In fact, to such an extent does she hold one's sympathy, so many noble grand qualities does she possess, that in some respects she even eclipses the beautiful, charming heroine. There is a vein of mysticism running through the entire story introduced by Aylwin's father. His wife is drowned before his very eyes, and though married again and seemingly content, his whole life is absorbed in his first love's life. Everything possessed by her, every place that she visited is spiritualized and held sacred by him. Chief among his possessions is a cross set with precious stones, their facets carved to catch and hold the moon's beams, so that at night it shone resplendent as in the day. He always wore it around his neck, the facets being down, and in their lacerations found keenest pleasure. He makes his son promise to see that this is buried with him. He then writes a curse in Hebrew and English upon any one who should dare take it from the grave. The terrible words of the curse were as follows: "Let there be no man to pity him, nor to have compassion upon his fatherless children. Let his children be vagabonds and beg their bread; let them seek it out of desolate places." The cross is stolen, and by the father of Winifred. That same night the father perishes and the curse begins to work upon Winifred, who fulfills it to the letter.

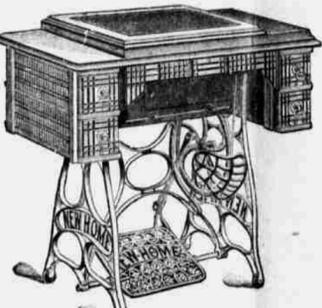
Janice Meredith.
 Mr. Paul Leicester Ford gave us in Peter Stirling a book of unique and powerful interest, holding as it does the post of semi-sentimental, semi-political novel. It was not an instantaneous suc-

cess. And the perfect furor of popularity which greeted it after a period of almost neglect, renders it difficult to account for its failure to receive immediate recognition. His second book, "Story of An Untold Love," was to the majority of readers a distinct disappointment. And now comes a third that possesses the merit of at least arousing discussion. There is a decided difference of opinion as to Janice Meredith. About the "Honorable Peter," when once the door of popular favor opened to him, there was never a dissenting voice. He received only unqualified praise. Whether this is altogether desirable is a matter of doubt. But whatever may be said of Janice, she was certainly a lovely thing, judging from her counterfeited presentment which, in the style of a paneled miniature, adorns the outside cover. It is a book difficult to relinquish for other interests when once dipped into. The style differs somewhat from that adopted in his first book. The word "adopted" is used advisedly, for never were three works from the same hand more widely divergent. The setting of the story could not be surpassed. One walks and talks, and curtsies and laughs and weeps with the pretty heroine, she is so life-like. A critical reader said the other day: "Yes, life-like, but what an inane character he has drawn for us! Bah! I've no patience with her, always falling in love and out—promising to marry one man, and then at a word from her irascible, unreasonable old father drops him and takes up another." But he must remember colonial maids were taught to live up to the full letter of biblical obedience to parental authority. Besides, this pretty maid was but bare fifteen. As a picture of colonial life Mr. Ford's latest book is well-nigh perfect—in our judgment far superior to Richard Carvel, though lacking the brilliant character-drawing where Mr. Churchill transports us to London and introduces us to the dissolute, if fascinating coterie in which Charles Fox was the central figure. His hero is well-drawn and immensely interesting, but he lacks definiteness. Despite all this, Janice Meredith is a book to absorb delightedly, to close at the end with a sigh for more.

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