

The Newest Books.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has the following review of the books of the week in the last issue of the Washington Saturday Evening Post:

In the latest book of his, *The Awkward Age*, Mr. James carries both his manner and his method to their utmost extreme. He turns his back on the curious experiments which have lately occupied him, and displays more richly than ever before those qualities of style and of construction which his readers expect of him. Moreover, as it seems to me, he makes such happy escape as he has never achieved before from the defects of those qualities; which is but another way of saying that I suspect this book of being a strong candidate for the position of his masterpiece.

I cannot speak of Mr. James' work as a quite impartial critic, because I am in the category of old-disappointed admirers. After giving us books which one could only praise with thanksgiving, he became, it seems to me, so enamored of his method, so intoxicated with his subtle analyses and his inimitable spinning of psychical cobwebs, that he neglected to provide raw material for his marvelous craftsmanship to work upon. The substance of his art became too tenuous. Moreover, in seeking a precision beyond preciseness his transparent phrases grew too long and let the attention slip. It became possible, even, to let a new book by Mr. James go unread in the faith that the one to follow it do just as well.

But now the master has aroused himself. Here, in these exquisite pages, every character reveals itself before us gradually, inevitably, as in ordinary life. The workmanship is astonishingly solid and sincere. There is no cheap artifice; there are no startling situations to force the leading actors to show their hands, as it were, and so suffer themselves to be conveniently labeled. On the contrary, each man, woman, child uncovers his heart unconsciously, under this wizard's sleepless eye. The consistency of the drawing, the delicacy of the shading, are beyond praise; and under this Meisnerian delineation of a brilliantly complex life we perceive little by little the essential simplicity of human motive.

How It Feels to be Young.

So admirable a book as the one just spoken of puts the reviewer in a good humor, and as a consequence I find myself unwilling to write of any of those new stories which mouth brings forward except such few as I can praise. Mr. Le Gallienne's venture to prophesy that it will be most plentifully misunderstood, and will be more knocks than nuts. It is so absolutely unpretentious, so absolutely simple, that the critics are more than likely to demand of it what it never gets to give. As a story it is quite the slightest thing imaginable. The acts and feelings—more particularly the feelings—of a very modest English household constitute the whole material. The Young Lives which focus the reader's interest upon themselves are those of the eldest son and daughter of the household and of their respective loves. The fortunes of these four are traced only through those few but ecstatic years when childhood is hastening to quench its hopes in experience.

The scene is laid in two adjoining commercial cities called Tyne and Sidon, which would seem, on fairly adequate evidence, to be Liverpool and Birkenhead. Not a great deal happens, at least from the point of view of a dull 'grown-up.' In fact, as one thinks the story over one wonders why it did not seem dull in the reading. Yet it held the interest from start to finish in a way that no mere delicacy of craftsmanship, no mere niceties of style and fancy could do for any length of time.

The story has very much the air of one of those *Prose Fancies* in which Mr. Le Gallienne has given us hitherto, perhaps, his most distinctive and permanent work. It has delicacy and adequacy, and a sort of radiant suggestiveness throughout, as have so many of the *Prose Fancies*. But it has much more. Sincerity, earnest and simple human feeling, and vivid presentation of character are not perhaps the most usual excellences of Mr. Le Gallienne's work; but they are markedly in evidence

APOL & STEEL'S PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES, Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocle, Purgative, etc.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from APOL & STEEL, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or Martin, Pharmaceutical Chemist, San Francisco, Cal.

Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

here, and they make this slender book a very noteworthy success.

There are some pungently transparent portraits of contemporaries, and there are grounds for suspicion that the work is nothing less than autobiography in disguise. But this, though heightening its interest, does not effect its importance as a piece of literature. Its most marked defect, I think, is one which too often shows itself in Mr. Gallienne's work—that of sentimentality. His sentiment is good; his sentimentality, when he falls into it, is not less unpleasant than that of less distinguished persons. Many of the pages which deal with the hero and his Angel are rather cloying to a robust taste.

A New Writer Worth Watching.

In the volume of short stories called *Men's Tragedies* I find qualities which seem to me very like those we associate with the word genius; but I find them mixed with great immaturity.

Such a task as that of *The Man Who Fell* could only be written out of a plentiful inexperience of life. The hero of it would be desperate funny if there were not a certain power lurking about every page and enforcing respect. There is a unity of motion and manner running through all the stories, and bringing them together in such a way that the book produces a definite effect and gains an air of bigness seldom achieved by a collection of short stories. The interest is sustained, in the main, by the intensity with which the author feels his situations. Though I have spoken of immaturity, there is little of this fault to be found in the style, which is almost always admirable. It continually shows the kind of excellence which comes not by taking thought, but by favor of the muse. It seems to me worth while to watch what Mr. Ristey may do next.

A Title That Tempts Critics.

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman shows courage in all his books; but surely it was sheer audacity in him to give his latest work such a title as *Dross*. It is tempting Providence, and the critics—which is, of course, much the same thing in the end. In fact, the story is rather light and cheap, for Mr. Merriman. It falls far below such a book as *The Sowers* in epigrammatic sparkle, in incisiveness, and in conscientious differentiation of character. Compared with this writer's very best it savors of pot boiling, as must be the despair of many a serious writer.

This story races through an ingenious plot to a surprise that does not miss fire, and plenty of bright things are said and done by the way. It is a book to read with pleasure, if time hangs heavy, and then to give away to some other unoccupied person.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

General Wallace is running out his long career as a soldier, statesman, diplomat and author peacefully and happily at Crawfordville, Indiana. The author of *Ben Hur* is not the first member of his line to be distinguished. His mother, who died recently, was revered among women club members the world over, and his father, who had served the Hoosier State as Governor and Congressman, was one of the foremost men of his time. The elder Wallace was a broad and liberal statesman with illimitable faith in the progress of the nation. It was owing to this faith that he lost his seat in Congress.

The Governor represented an Indiana district in the Congress to which Professor Morse's telegraph scheme first unsuccessfully appealed for aid. Among the chief advocates of the invention was Governor Wallace. He spoke and voted for the appropriation to carry out the work. After the session he found that the rural portions of his district were solidly arrayed against him. Even in the towns the business men were opposed to the expenditure of the public funds for such a chimerical scheme as the much-ridiculed plan of sending messages by electricity on simple wires, and the campaign was one of the most bitter in Hoosier politics.

"Don't vote for a man who wanted to give the Government's money away to an electric telegraph" was the opposition cry, and it won.

A few years later the telegraph had become a success. It did not send the

Governor back to Washington, but the telegraph company, in recognition of his services, sent to him and his family a frank during his lifetime. It was one of the first, and was certainly one of the most deserved privileges of the sort granted.

Mr. Cable's Hard-Earned Success.

For the past fifteen years George W. Cable has been a Northern man. In the year 1884 he gave up his home in New Orleans and took up his residence in Northampton, Massachusetts, where he is a prominent member of the scholastic colony founded by Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist.

Few authors have struggled against greater odds than the brilliant novelist of the Louisiana Creole. His father died when he was fourteen years old, and he was forced to earn his living as a clerk. In 1863, he enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army, and at the close of the war he returned to mercantile life. He was employed in a cotton broker's office when his *Old Creole Days* brought him fame and opened the magazines of the North to his stories. Since that time he has confined himself to literature and the reading of his stories in public.

His latest volume, *Strong Hearts*, contains three short stories which carry the reader back to the author's happiest vein as shown in his early efforts. They also exhibit the influence of his associations in Northampton. They have a distinct flavor of the pulpit. There are sermons—graceful and entertaining and charming—but sermons nevertheless.

When Nerve Saved Voorhees' Life.

Governor Foster Voorhees of New Jersey, has been described as a man devoid of nerve, and an incident of his recent campaign for election bears out this definition. The Governor was making a tour of the State, speaking to different audiences half a dozen times a day. On this occasion he was due at Morristown in the evening, and was obliged to meet a train bound for that city at a water station. In order to reach the cars he was forced to cross a labyrinth of tracks. He was piloted through the darkness by a brakeman carrying a lantern. They had crossed most of the tracks when the brakeman stopped and shouted, "Governor! At first the Governor did not hear him. The noise was too great and he was too intent on keeping his appointment. Thereupon the brakeman waved his lantern frantically, after the fashion of trainmen, which is the universal signal for 'down brakes,' and it means 'down brakes hard.' The tracks were filled with freight cars being pushed and hauled to and fro by puffing, snorting engines. Lights were flashing up and down the yard, but above the noise the Governor heard the rumble of an approaching train coming nearer and nearer every moment. With an instant's hesitation he stopped as if turned into stone, his body bent forward.

There was a whirl and an express train rushed by over the rails directly in front of the Governor. Another step and he would have been killed. As it was, the rim of his hat was caught by the cars and sent flying into space. As soon as the train had passed the Governor straightened up and said: "Bring your lantern over here, brakeman; I've lost my hat."

Twenty minutes later he was in Morristown making the most effective speech of his brilliant and successful campaign.

The Great-Granddaughter of George Washington.

Miss Mary Washington-Bond is not only the descendant of George Washington, but she is as well one of the most beautiful girls in New York society. At the Charity Ball last winter she was considered the most beautiful woman present.

Miss Washington-Bond is the great-granddaughter of George Washington, and the great-grand daughter of General Samuel Washington the brother of President Washington.

Miss Bond has some rare relics which once belonged to her illustrious great-granduncle, and has also many old portraits of the Washington family.

The fair descendant of the 'greatest American' is tall and slender and blonde, and in every way is worthy of her ancestors. Her miniature is in the famous collection of 'Beautiful American Women of Society' belonging to Peter Marie of New York.

Colonel Donnan Outrivalled.

Colonel Pat Donnan, the reputed author of Proctor Knott's famous Du'oth speech, in which that city is called "the Zenith City of the unaltered sea," is now in the State of Washington, where he is employed in writing 'literature' for the coast railway lines. Donnan possesses one of the richest vocabularies of any writer in the country. His ready choice of adjectives and his powers of exaggeration and in-

vestiture have made him famous all over the country.

There have been many imitations of the Colonel, but only one ever equaled him. He is ex-Congressman Fales, who several years ago wrote a poem on Donnan might have written it. It was composed on a wager at a social gathering in Washington. Here is one verse of it:

"Her snow, not frost are known within this land, The summer days are ever mild and bland; Unknown are storms, unknown these fumes of life Which press fear or are with danger rife. The lively lamb, the kid and sportive cat Play on the green, or browse within the hoth. The skies are clear, the fields are gay and dress A golden halo of peace and rest. It is the Springtime."

The Oxbow Springs, The unspeakable Oxbow Springs, War of the Oxbow to Oxbow Springs, The word-weaving, term-twining Donnan sings—Times as his spirit to proudly clings. Unemployed by polysyllabic stanzas—Stanzas, a hexameter proudly he sings. To the Springs."

Even Colonel Donnan was forced to admit that for once he was out-Donnanned.

Mr. Chase and His Youthful Sitters.

William M. Chase N. A. is quite as celebrated as a painter of children's portraits as he is in other lines of art work, and he tells of his youthful sitters. Here are two:

"One of my sitters," he said the other day, "once brought her little brother to keep her company. Now this was a very superior little boy. He didn't play with dolls, and he sat on the floor looking over some art magazines and listening to a fairy story I was telling, half pityingly."

"Oh Mr. Chase," interrupted my sifter "what would have happened if you had never been born? Who would have painted me?"

"Oh pshaw!" answered her brother. "Don't ask such foolish questions. Mr. Chase's little boy would have painted you to be sure."

"On another occasion a small boy who is now one of the young millionaires of New York was brought to my studio for a sitting. He was also a superior child, old beyond his years and disdainful dolls. Animals were more in his line, and he brought with him a china pig that he wanted me to include in the portrait. When the sitting was over he said, 'Mr. Chase, I like the picture of myself very much. I think it is the best picture I have ever seen. But I don't like the picture of the pig at all. I think it is just horrid!' 'I meekly painted it out and let the rest of the picture stand."

Putting Presidents on the Gridiron.

Dr. Edward Bedloe, of Philadelphia, United States Consul of Canton, is on his way home for a visit. He will probably pass through Paris in time to pay his respects to General Harrison, who sent him as Consul to Amoy, China, in 1889. If the two statements meet, probably the Doctor will recall the General's clever rebuke to him during his vacation when he was in office.

The Doctor was spending a month or two in Washington, and was largely in evidence in social and political circles. About this time the Gridiron Club gave a dinner, and both the gentlemen were guests. The Doctor told a few stories early in the evening, and later on the President made a speech.

"I was charmed," he said in his soft graceful way, "to hear the clever anecdotes from our distinguished Consul to—I mean from Amoy." Then he passed on to other topics, but the Doctor took the hint, and the next steamer carried him back to his post.

It was not the first time that Doctor Bedloe had experienced with Presidents at club dinners. Once President Cleveland was a guest at the celebrated Clover Club in Philadelphia, of which the Doctor is a famous wit. The Cloverites always interrupt their guests when they rise to speak. Knowing this, Mr. Cleveland began:

"Go on, gentlemen; I am prepared for the worst."

There came an instant's pause, and the Doctor cackled shrill:

"So are we."

Senator Culbertson's Wit.

A witty speaker will enliven the proceedings of the Senate when ex-Governor

Calbertson, of Texas, takes his seat. Not long ago, at a convention in the Lone Star State, ex-Senator Roger Q. Mills was the star of the occasion. Mr. Mills is what is known as a strong speaker. Eloquence is not altogether in his line. Senator Culbertson was in the audience. Mr. Mills had spoken for nearly two hours in his accustomed vein when Mr. Culbertson and his nearest neighbor caught each other yawning. Hiding his face with his hand, the Senator whispered into the other tired man's ear:

"I now know the meaning of Longfellow's immortal lines, 'Though the mills of the gods grind slowly, they grind exceeding small.'"

Hall Calise Defends Himself.

A letter has just been received, by a friend in New York, from Hall Calise, saying that the novelist intends to return to this country next season to look after his plays, and to lecture. This recalls a bit of pleasant memory between the author and the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. The Doctor, it is said, took exception to one of the things which Mr. Calise had wittily said about the Scotch.

The author smiled when he heard it and said: "Of course all that one hears about the Scotch is not true, and the same may apply to my people, the Manx. Why, only the other day, in a Western State where I was traveling, a little boy asked me whether it was really true that the Manxman had three legs, and whether the cats had no tails. I replied that such had been the common report for generations, but I believed it was not so."

Mr. Dooley's Ambition.

The latest story concerning Finley Peter Dunne comes from London, where the Author of Mr. Dooley is spending a well-earned vacation.

The subject of the new book, Mr. Dooley: In the Hearts of His Countrymen, was being discussed one evening by the author and some friends.

"By-the-way," queried one of the latter, "I expect your new book will hit the people hard. It will probably be the real thing won't it? You ought to be satisfied."

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer; "maybe if Dooley works hard and lets from alone he may be able some day to get from the hearts to the heads of his countrymen."

Mr. Sherman Needed no Help.

Congressman Sherman, of New York State, one of the leading contestants for the Speakership left vacant by Mr. Reed's retirement, has a ready wit. At a recent State Convention one of the ushers was vainly trying to open a pathway, through the crowd which blocked the aisle leading to Mr. Sherman's seat. Finally he called out, "Make way for Mr. Sherman."

"Never mind," shouted the Congressman, "Mr. Sherman can make his own way."

In the general laugh which followed he found his seat.

Smart, Very Smart.

A French journalist recently wrote a rather unfavorable criticism of the performance of an actress. The latter felt deeply wounded, and longed for a chance to average herself. One evening at the Varieties, where she was in company with a fast young aristocrat, she spied the journalist in question. She had a package for him, which she requested her friend to deliver in person. The dandy arose, and taking the package from the lady's hand, walked over to the journalist and presented it to him, saying:—

"Mademoiselle, who admires your talent, has requested me to present you with this as a souvenir from her."

The critic took the package and opened it before the curious eyes of about twenty persons who had heard the dandy's little speech. It contained about a dozen goose-quills. Smiles and suppressed laughter followed, but the scribe was equal to the occasion.

"Ah, my dear sir," said he to the dandy, "please give my best thanks to the lady for those pretty feathers! I was aware of the fact that she plucked her admirers, but I really didn't think that she did so on my account."

Not Specially Honored.

"I notice," said the low comedian on the hotel porch, "that somebody's been stealing the eggs from under the incubating swans in Central park."

"I don't know," said the leading man thoughtfully, "whether I'd feel especially honored by being hit with a swan's egg or not."

He Didn't Laugh.

Stranger—"You are the only gentleman in the room."

Guest—"In what way, sir?"

Stranger—"When I tripped in the dance and went sprawling on the floor, tarring my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh."

Guest—"The lady is my wife, and I paid for the dress."