

LITERARY NOTES.

The publishers of *The Youth's Companion* have sent us a handsome Souvenir with the announcements of authors and articles for the next year's volume. It has seven illuminated pages, one for every day in the week, very quaint in style, the whole forming a "Book of Days," and each page illustrating a line of the old rhyme:

"Monday for Health,
Tuesday for Wealth,
Wednesday the Best Day of all;
Thursday for Losses,
Friday for Crosses,
Saturday No Luck at all;
Sunday the Day that is Best
With Heavenly Peace and Rest."

This novel and unique Calendar is sent free to all New Subscribers to *The Companion* who send \$1.75 for a year's subscription and request it at the time they subscribe.

The Companion will also be sent to January, 1891, free, and for a full year from that date, including the Five Double Holiday Numbers and all the Illustrated Weekly Supplements. *The Companion* is already a favorite in half a million homes, and old as well as young enjoy its weekly visits.

The December *Arena* celebrated the opening of its third volume by appearing in a handsome new cover of pearl gray background, printed in deep blue and silver. The effect, while rich and striking, is in good taste and highly artistic. The table of contents will delight all intelligent readers. It is strong, thought-provoking and entertaining. Indeed of late each issue of *The Arena* has seemed to surpass its predecessors, and the December number is no exception. The frontispiece is a remarkably fine portrait of Count Tolstoi made from a photograph taken from a life size painting of the Count. It is a striking picture, and will be greatly prized by admirers of the great Russian author. The opening paper is on "The Christian Doctrine of Non-resistance," and embodies the views of Count Tolstoi and Rev. Adin Ballou as set forth in an extensive correspondence carried on during this year by these two great modern apostles of the doctrine of non-resistance. Rev. Minot J. Savage contributes a delightful paper entitled "Then and Now," which will be enjoyed by every reader whether grave or gay, as it contains profound philosophy while it is written in a bright entertaining vein. Prof. N. S. Shaler appears in a strong paper on "The Nature of the Negro." This is one of the most valuable essays on the race problem which has yet appeared, in that it gives us an insight into the nature and possibilities of the negro and the Afro-American. Professor Shaler is followed by a broad-spirited and able paper by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, the well-known pastor of Plymouth Church, on "What is Christianity?" Helen H. Gardener appears in a splendid contribution entitled "Thrown in with the City's Dead." It is a narrative of the manner in which New York treated her mentally, morally, and physically dead; a frightful picture, the portrayal of which should do much good. A full-page photograph of Miss Gardener accompanies this essay. Hamlin Garland contributes a story of remarkable merit entitled "A Private's Return." Among the other contributors are Gen. Marcus J. Wright, Mabel Hayden, T. T. Tertune, and Victor Yarros. The usual department of editorial notes contains short papers on "A Transition Period," "Fronting the Future," and "Conservatism and Sensualism, an Unhallowed Alliance," the last paper being a scathing criticism of the pseudo moralists, who seek to film over the social ulcers of fashionable life. The publishers announce that the first edition of the December *Arena* is thirty thousand copies, which indicates how strongly this review has taken hold of public favor, in the brief space of one year.

The Christmas edition of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* is one hundred thousand copies. The order, as originally given to the printers, was for 85,000 copies, but while on the press it was thought advisable to increase the number to 100,000. It contains a feature never before attempted by any magazine, consisting of 123 cartoons from the brush of Dan Beard, the now famous artist, who did such wonderful illustrations in Mark Twain's book, "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." These cartoons are placed at the bottom of each page of the magazine, and take for their subject, "Christmas during the Eighteen Centuries of the Christian Era," with variations, showing the way in which we modern Christians carry out some of the chief texts of the Christian Gospel. Above, and at each side of the page is a quaint border, the whole effect being novel and extremely pleasing, and with the unusually varied table of contents, will make such a Christmas number as is worthy to go into more than 100,000 households. The frontispieces of the *Cosmopolitan* have of late become noted for their beauty, some of them

having as much as four printings. That for Christmas, while in but two printings, is not behind anything that has preceded it in artistic merit. An excellently illustrated article is one on teapots, by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. Literary Boston is treated with numerous portraits, and an article which comes with the nineteenth birthday of Von Moltke, sketches the life of the great Field-Marshal in an interesting way, and is by Gen. James Grant Wilson. Elizabeth Bland has one of her charming articles. *The Christmas issue contains 228 illustrations, nearly double the number that have ever appeared in any illustrated magazine.*

The bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1890 is in no respect inferior to its predecessors, either in the excellence of its reading matter or the beauty of its illustrations. Among the list of contributors to this volume we notice the names of William Dean Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Margaret E. Sangster, Richard Malcolm Johnston, William Hamilton Gibson, Dora Read Goodale, Howard Pyle, and many other favorite American writers. The pictures are by such artists as Gibson, Farny, Smedley, Rogers, Dielman, Thulstrup, Pyle, Rosina Emmett Sherwood, and many others equally famous. The volume is issued in good time for the holiday season.

Mary E. Wilkins contributes to the Thanksgiving number of *Harper's Young People*, published November 25th, a story appropriate to the season, entitled "Thankful." Edgar A. Poe, Captain of the Princeton College Eleven, writes about "Foot-ball" for the same number.

The first instalment of a new serial by Thomas Hardy, entitled "A Group of Noble Dames" appears in *Harper's Weekly*, published November 26th.

Scribner's Magazine for December is a holiday number (with a special bronze cover) containing seven illustrated articles, in which a remarkable list of artists is represented, including Robert Blum, Domenico Morelli, Harry Furniss, Howard Pyle, A. F. Jacassay, C. D. Gibson, W. L. Taylor, and W. L. Metcalf. Among the contributions are Sir Edwin Arnold's first paper on Japan; Humphry Ward's description of the famous London picture salesroom, known as "Christie's"; W. H. Rideing's picturesque account of Amy Robsart's country; A. F. Jacassay's article on a great contemporary artist—Domenico Morelli; and three short stories, which in feeling and motive are especially suited to the Christmas season. Their authors—Octave Thanet, Richard Harding Davis, and George A. Hibbard—are well known to the readers of *Scribner's* in which for the most part their work appears. The poems of the issue include Helen Leah Reed's Sargent prize translation of Horace, Book III., Ode XXIX, (won by her over sixteen male competitors in Harvard University); and contributions by Richard Henry Stoddard, Duncan Campbell Scott, and James Herbert Morse. A unique feature in magazine illustration is "A Pastoral Without Words," twelve drawings by Howard Pyle, which tell their own story without the aid of text. They have been delicately engraved. *Scribner's* closes the year high in the estimation of the public, and as the prospectus for 1890 promises even greater achievements than those of the past a largely increased sale for the coming year will certainly result.

Captain Charles King, U. S. A., contributes the complete novel to the December number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is entitled "An Army Portia," and is characterized by that dash and breezy style which make all of Captain King's stories such entertaining reading. Several of the characters of one of the author's former successful novels, "Two Soldiers," make their reappearance in this new story. The "Army Portia" is a charming young girl who rescues her lover from the coils of a designing villain, and, by showing that certain evidence was manufactured, clears him before a court-martial when everything points to his speedy conviction. The manner in which the public press is apt to malign army officers without sufficient investigation into the charges preferred is brought out in startling colors. The "Army Portia" is one of the very strongest stories that its prolific author has yet written, and bids fair to be one of the successes of the season.

No publications for home and young folks are more popular than those of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. We have received the 1891 announcements of those sterling magazines, *Babylonia*, *Little Men and Women*, and *Pansy*, and we are surprised and delighted at the variety of the attractions promised. No home should be without all three of these beautiful periodicals. *Babylonia* and *Little Men and Women* are each fifty cents a year, and *Pansy* one dollar. Send to publishers for sample copy.

The Christmas number of *St. Nicholas* surpasses all other efforts in this direction, and this is saying a good deal, seeing that each issue of this excellent periodical is so nearly perfect. Besides several Christmas stories, the second instalment of "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," and "The Boy Settlers," is given. These stories will be looked for with increasing interest from month to month. *St. Nicholas* has now entered upon its eighteenth year, and will continue to occupy the high place it has reached in juvenile literature.

A high order of stories, poems, articles and pictures fill the Christmas *Wide Awake* from cover to cover, while brilliant new type and the discardment of columns give the pages a very fresh and attractive look, and we learn that the Magazine is permanently enlarged to one hundred pages. Leading attractions include a new Leppers serial by Margaret Sidney, the promised railroad serial, "Cab and Caboose," by Kirk Munroe, "Drawing the Child-Figure," the first of twelve pictorial drawing-lesson papers (with monthly prizes) by Miss Caroline Rimmer, daughter of Dr. Rimmer the art-anatomist and sculptor, and "Marietta's Good Times," an Italian serial by a well-known Italian woman in Boston. The short stories, papers and poems (and there is a full treasury of them, making a Christmas-stocking book in fact) are by Sallie Pratt McLean Greene, Emma Sherwood Chester, Graham R. Tomson, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Charlotte M. Vail, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, Rev. George Whyte, Miss Hawley, John C. Carpenter, Margaret Eytting, Miss Poulsson, Mrs. Claffin and Prof. Otis T. Mason. A special feature is the fac-simile reproduction of Mrs. Hemans's original manuscript of "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," which was brought to America by James T. Fields. The price of *Wide Awake* will remain at \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

Voices.

I knew it must be her child, for she had her mother's voice.

We speak of eyes as the "seat of the soul," of the lips as the "door of the heart." We say that "beauty's ensign is crimson in the lips and in the cheeks;" we praise the graceful figure.

For of the soul the bodie form doth take
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make.
But we do not give so much heed to the human voice, the "music of humanity," yet it is an all-important member. How a beautiful voice redeems a coarse, harsh-featured face. "What plea so tainted and corrupt but, being seasoned with a gracious voice, obscures the show of evil?" How a harsh or a discordant voice mars the perfections of a lovely face, as much, if not more, than an evil expression or a want of expression obscures the best features and degrades them into a mere well-chiseled mask.

Voices are often hereditary, and they often run in families. Daughters will sometimes speak so like their mothers that it is difficult to distinguish between them, or a set of sisters will have so exactly the same quality, quantity, and tone of voice that it is much the same as if one spoke for all.

Sometimes, though very rarely, a whole family are endowed with a clear, musical voice, the very sound of which in ordinary conversation is sweetly pleasant to the ear. Even when raised in eager argument or enthusiastic debate it never grows shrill, hard, or discordant.

Other voices, on the contrary, and unfortunately, they are also, and far oftener, propagated by whole family likenesses, are just the opposite of pleasing. They are always pitched so high as to give one an unhappy feeling that a very little more strain would snap their vocal chord; the quality of their voice is thin and shrill and untuneful, causing an unpleasant tickling sensation in the throat of those who listen to them. They may be justly called the peacocks of the human race, and their voice is as unmusical and as ear-piercing as that of those beautiful birds and ugly singers.

A beautiful, hearty, natural laugh is twin-brother to a beautiful voice, yet even rarer. And, as it is impossible to create a beautiful voice, so it is impossible to create a natural beautiful laugh. It must come by nature or it will not come at all. There are many artificial imitations, but the true ring of the beautiful laugh is different to them all, and incapable of imitation. We have heard it burst forth spontaneously at the age of seventy, fresh and vigorous, in a roomful of people, and carry them all away by the sheer force of its own irresistible merriment.

Jinks—"What a fellow Baggs is for filling up his inner nan." Hanks—"I should say so! He often gives his inner man such a jag he carry that his outer man staggers under the load."

Women and Veils.

Few women, young or old, who wear veils, have any notion that they are perpetuating a barbarous custom which had its origin in the desire of semi-savage man to hide away and seclude the woman of his choice.

In the early stage of society, women were regarded in the light of property. A usual way of procuring one was to knock her down with a club, and it was necessary to prevent her being stolen by using the same sort of safeguards as were adopted for the protection of other valuables. As a matter of course, the husband could not be always at hand, owing to exigencies of war or the chase, and so his only available plan was to hide his wife in a secure place, as he might have done with any other possession that he was anxious to retain.

It is a survival of this custom of hiding the women that is found to this day in many Eastern countries. Chinese ladies are never seen abroad any more than are women of condition among the Hindoos. In Persia, Turkey, Egypt, and other lands similar habits are observed. Among some of these peoples, however, the custom of seclusion has taken on another phase. The women, when permitted to go out, carry their hiding with them in the shape of a veil. At the beginning this is an opaque cloth wrapped around and around the face and body, 10 or more yards often being used for the purpose in the Orient.

The Tartars seclude their women, but they do it by wrapping them up, because they are a moving people and must carry the seraglio with them. In Africa the Moors disguise the ladies of their harems in like manner when the latter venture abroad, while in Syria women wear long veils which are elevated above the tops of their heads by what might be called horns of paper or wood attached to the crown. It is to this custom that the Bible refers when it speaks of having one's horn exalted. The higher the horn, of course the greater the appearance of dignity. Among the ancient Jews the veil was but little affected, the custom being for women to consort freely with men.

For ages past it has been the fashion for women to seclude themselves in times of mourning—more particularly when the mourning was for a departed husband. The Hindoo widow to-day is secluded for life. In the mourning veil worn by widows among our own people is to be found a survival of this ancient mode.

From being intended for the purpose of hiding the woman, the veil was modified among the old Romans and Greeks so as to become an article of graceful drapery flowing from the back of the head. Nowadays a further stage in its evolution has transformed it into a mere shadowy protection for the face, designed as a preservative of beauty. Oculists say, that even in this shape, it is most destructive to the eyesight.

God Only Knows.

Whither we are going with hurrying feet
Forms that are passing to-night on the street
Faces all sunny and faces all sad,
Hearts that are weary and hearts that are glad,
Eyes that are heavy with sorrow and strife
Eyes that are gleaming with beauty and life;
Pictures of pleasure and crosses of care,
Going, all going, God only knows where!

Hands that have earnestly striven for bread,
Hands that are soiled with dishonor instead;
Hearts that are tuned to a purpose sublime,
Hearts all discordant and jangled with crime,
Souls that are pure and as white as the snow,
Souls that are black as the midnight of woe,
Gay in their gladness or drunk in despair,
Going, all going, God only knows where.

Some to the feast where the richest red wine
And the rarest of jewels will sparkle and shine
Some in their hunger will wander and some
Will sleep nor awaken when morning shall come.

The robed and the ragged, the foe and the friend,
All of them hurrying onto the end;

Nearing the grave with curse or a prayer,
Going, all going, God only knows where!

The Phonograph.

Electricity has certainly done wonders as a means of saving labour. The telephone has nearly done away with the message boy, and now the phonograph threatens to supplant the stenographer. If the typewriter could be so manipulated as to do away with the constant strain upon the nerves and muscles of the young ladies that at present have to bear the brunt of the battle in the war for wealth, what a boon to the gentle sex it would be; but as it is the constant bending over the machine, frequently in a close office, is apt to destroy the free action of the lungs. Nothing prevents this better than a pure wool underwear next to the skin, the health brand as recommended by the leading members of the medical faculty. No woman ought to be without it. The genuine is marked "Health," and are obtainable at any first class dry goods house.