

Of and About the Makers of Books.

Some of the Latest Volumes To Issue from the Press.

Two weeks ago mention was made of a serial publication by the J. B. Millet Co., Boston, entitled "Famous Composers and Their Works." Of the thirty parts of that pretentious undertaking, ten lie before us and call for notice of their scope and quality of authorship.

Several portraits of Gluck and Haydn adorn the third part, which is notable also for a tall piece of most artistic design, representing the fresco in the Vienna Opera house which depicts Gluck's "Armide." Parts four, five and six are notably rich in illustrations, beginning with a tall piece from the "Niemeis" fresco illustrating Haydn's oratorio of "The Creation," and running through the pre-eminently interesting biographies of Mozart and Beethoven.

upon Mr. Thomas' editing of the music numbers is that from an embarrassing superabundance he has emerged with creditable selections.

The Napoleonic revival continues to supply a large proportion of the contents of our leading magazines. The Century, St. Nicholas and McClure's for March are instances in evidence. In the former, Sloan's excellent life of Napoleon is continued in the second, there is an instalment of Elbridge S. Brooks' lively serial, "A Boy of the First Empire," and in the latter, Ida M. Tarbell describes "Napoleon at the Height of His Power." On the other hand, the Cosmopolitan has had compositively little to say about the great Corsican, in which particular it resembles Harper's. As an offset to the Napoleonic craze, McClure's intends to print a series of autobiographical papers by men who were eminent during our civil war; and Scribner's has arranged for the publication of a serial, "History of Our Own Day," to be written by President Andrews, of Brown University.

The Century for March contains in addition to its Napoleonic literature and miscellany, three notable studies of great men—H. E. Krebsler's paper on the religious revival, Engage's essay, Thomas Commerford Martin's study of Professor von Helmholtz and an instalment of Noah Brooks' readable series of recollections concerning ante-bellum and war-time politics. We perhaps should mention a fourth article, in recognition of the recently newly awakened among Scritonians by reason of W. Hudson Shaw's lectures on Venice—Mrs. Harriet Weston Preston's illustrated letters of travel entitled "Beyond the Adriatic," which take one to Ischia, the one-time home of the Venetian palatine, and the lagoon republic's first territorial acquisition, and to other places invested with unique historic and artistic interest. With respect to its illustrations, the March Century seems even better than usual, which for this journal, is a commendable compliment.

sketch of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Brander Matthews.

The March Cosmopolitan leans somewhat heavily toward European themes. The most of honor is given to a profusely illustrated article descriptive of Mont-Saint-Michel. Then Fr. Th. Sisson occupies a number of pages with a running narrative of biography and gossip about the famous models of France, next to that, Ernest Daudet, under the title "A President of France," adds to the now rapid apotheosis of the assassinated executive, M. Sadi Carnot. An elaborate article on the Observatory of the Vatican, with another concerning "A Portrait in Bruges" carries the European theme to an unusual extreme. These various translations subjects are good enough, in their way; and the literary and pictorial charm connected with their exploitation goes far to reconcile one to the expatriation. But are there no longer any topics of interest in America? The "Immortal Lesseps," Jules Lemaître is a candidate.

A citizen of Constantinople has been banished for life to an oasis in the desert of Sahara, for translating into Turkish a portion of Scripture referring to the coming of the kingdom of Christ. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, "The Story of Bessie Caldwell," deals with an episode of village life in one of the English shires, and the serial publication will be begun in the May number of the Cornhill Magazine. The Nation says that the statement that Bryce's "Commonwealth" is under the name of a student in Russia is untrue. "The fact is that the work was translated and published there, in 189 and 1890, in three volumes, the edition consisting of 1,300 copies." "Gullity, a Parody on Trollope," by Mary Kyle Dulles, is perpetrated by the American. The "three marketeers" of Du Maurier's story are here metamorphosed into the Gracie, the Lady of Shalott and Little Boats, new names who fall in love with the wonderful toes of the male Bility. Instead of England having vanquished Scotland, Calcutta seems to have conquered Alton. Since the days of Scott, Dr. Johnson's hand of outland has sent London many of her great heroes. The late Robert Louis Stevenson was followed by Barrie, of Thrums, next by Minister Crockett, of Galway, and then Rev. Ian MacLaren Watson. The latest is John Davidson, who has been styled "the Poet Laureate of London."

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS:

Georges Ohnet's new novel bears the title of "The Woman in Gray." R. L. Stevenson's posthumous novel, "St. Ives," is to be published by Stone & Kimball.

Count Tolstol has finished another work which is called "Priceless Wealth and All the Trouble Attached to It."

Hermann Sudermann's novel, "The Wish," has been translated for the Appletons. Sudermann is the German dramatist.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner will spend the winter at Florence, Italy, where they will be the guests of Professor Fiske.

The late Sir John Seeley left at his death sufficient material for a volume to be entitled "The History of English Foreign Policy."

Howells says that if it were not for Anthony Trollope's absence of humor, he would "otherwise make bold to declare him the greatest of English novelists."

Paul Bourget will be received into the French Academie in April. The "Immortals" will also elect successors to Duruy and Lesseps, Jules Lemaître is a candidate.

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Woman's Claim for The Right to Vote.

Arguments in Favor of the Extension of the Suffrage to Women.

At the last semi-annual convention of the Luzerne and Lackawanna county Woman's Christian Temperance union, held at West Pittston, Feb. 14, Mrs. Francis T. Sufrage, which has elicited much praiseworthy comment. The text of that paper is subjoined:

When the lonely mariner has been tossed weary hours on the foaming billows of the deep, the first appearance of clear sky is greeted by an effort to ascertain his whereabouts and bearings. Let us in like manner endeavor, by a few minutes' study of our government, to ascertain our position as women on the troubled sea of the present political sea. Looking back over the history of the world we find that whenever evil has reigned until corruption has reached an extreme point some new force has arisen to uproot it. Everywhere in the political realm we find corruption, spoils and bribery, extortion and fraud, impurity and false standards, justice and the subtle forms of tyranny.

Politics, instead of being a science, has become a game of chance—a gambling table in the hands of an unscrupulous and designing few. Intemperance and other evils prevail to an alarming extent, and patriotism seems about to expire. The present condition of our country demands a new era of government in politics. It needs purification and if this cannot be had by the introduction of the refining and elevating influence of women, then our republic will shortly be a thing of the past.

God's reserves are the home-guards. Woman with her irresistible vitalizing and regenerating power, sounds the trumpet for the nation's redemption through her ballot, but the world puts up its hands in amazement. She pleads with the "powers that be" to place in her hands the weapons with which to combat existing evils. For years woman has been slowly developing her enlarged responsibilities consequent upon the progressive steps of our national civilization toward the standard of God-given equality of man and woman. The wider opportunities given to women have undoubtedly changed woman's position. There is no use learning the facts, under penalty of financial loss, the very existence of the business forebids public improvement. Men who read poor newspapers today will want to read better ones tomorrow. There is no such thing as standing still in America.

Home is the first thought of wife and mother. All things are secondary to that, only as they bear direct influence upon the home. Out of the home the smaller makes the larger, the larger reacts upon the smaller. And when through the misuse of professed Christian men public evils are rampant, the woman sees and feels its effect upon the home life, and then she realizes that there is a limit to her influence, but none to a licensed evil. The question of this day is not equal rights, but equal duty, and every one of them is in politics. Hence, every woman who enters upon reform work of any kind becomes, as a rule, a suffragist. For she soon sees that laws have been enacted that woman in her righteous efforts to keep home sacred and pure. They prevent her from performing her greatest duty to God, to her family and mankind.

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The mother tries to teach her boy that he must be pure and temperate and honorable. That boy goes out from his mother, and the first thing he meets with is a teacher who gives the lie to all his mother's teachings. He says to himself, "Why, mother says so and so," but he finds men in high places violating those teachings, and he begins to conclude that his mother does not know much about it. From that minute that boy discounts his mother's judgment, and though she must still have a hold on his affections, she does not have a hold upon him in any other way. There is where you wrong us, gentlemen, and cripple us in training men who will make the statement of his nation.

Other Distinguished Testimony. Solomon says: "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Solomon knew that a mother's training was limited and a child, no matter how well trained and how well disciplined by its mother, would in nine cases out of ten, if not better, be a failure as a father does. But when he is old and the harvesting time comes he naturally turns to God and mother. "Woman," Vincent also says, "Woman, through the eyes of men, has every right to which she is entitled." In order to be able to judge just what right we are entitled to, we must suppose that the mother's training was the transmission of the soul, and that in some unknown past (perhaps the dark ages) she was once a woman with all her attributes of an experienced man and woman who have labored for years to secure present improved laws for women are not found declaring that women get everything they ought to have. We have tried to get it, but we can't vote, ladies, you can't vote.

Every interest of society and of the individual will in the end be better shielded if mothers especially have the franchise. It is a more prominent in our platform than any other—an equal standard of morals for both sexes. The common sense of the civilized world is working round to woman's suffrage. Dr. Buckley seems to have more fear of the excitement connected with political work upon woman than the possibility of her doing it. He has a very definite outline. He forgets that the women of the Methodist church are the most active and take a livelier interest in the affairs of the nation than any other class, and that they will not venture any amount of it and come out clear-headed.

Gladstone says: "Woman will lose her dignity if in power." E. A. Mearns, with his approval, presides over a woman's club whose chief object is the promotion of the Liberal party. Women Greatly Misunderstood. We are greatly misunderstood because we are in a position to be regarded by conservatives, among our own sex, and most of the male contingent, as aggressive creatures, devoid of all those divine qualities which constitute woman's glory. What a terrible mistake. Many suffragists are the dearest blots of femininity your eyes ever beheld. Such Lucy Stone was, and Rachel Foster Lewis. Their efforts will allow a woman coarse, vulgar or masculine.

Here are some "clear-cut, rifle-shot" sentences from "The reasons for belief in equal rights." We need the ballot—so as to be able to do our part in municipal house cleaning. We need it to close the saloons, the gambling dens, the houses of infamy. Nothing will so protect our boys as the ballot in our hands. We need it to build walls of protection around our girls; to keep them from the infamous age of consent from 12 to 15 years. We ought to have it because brewers antagonize it and prohibitionists stand by it. How significant!

Because men establish saloons and dens of vice, and perpetuate them with their ballots, and it is time we had something to counteract it. Because it is only simple justice that we should have a voice in the laws by which we are governed and by which we are punished. When a man asks me if I do not represent his wife at the ballot box, I answer him, "What if she has lost her identity that he could be hung in her stead if she committed murder and if she must attempt to enter heaven on his passport?" Because men have the right to depend upon man it would be very slim. All you need to prove it is to attend prayer meetings.

Because we would take the sceptre of power from the hands of politicians and place it in that of patriots. Because men know everything except that which women know better. Because laws of marriage and divorce are made by men. Because no law bearing outrageously upon the moral well-being of women and girls was ever changed by men except the laws now used by men and women. Because it would protect us mentally, morally and materially.

Woman now is rising. Roll out, ready, strong. With earnest hope, help solve life's darkest problem. Make some new rule, old law. In which so many stumble. So many go astray. Our faith, so broad and cheering. Makes darkest paths seem bright. Its hope and joy, its gladness, its light. We would impart its spirit. To all along life's journey. Its blessing, its peace, its joy. Thus honor this, our day. Watches Instead of Medals. Swiss firms have a contract with the Japanese war office to supply a sufficient number of watches for one to be given to every soldier who has served in the campaign. The watch is reviewed, his victorious troops at the close of the war. The watches, which will take the place of war medals, are to cost \$1.50 apiece.

THE WORLD OF LABOR. New York has 9,238 saloons. Paris supports 32,000 bar-rooms. African railroads cover 21,887 miles. Rockefeller's daily income is \$41,000. London has 10,000 professional musicians. Rubber was little used, except for erasing, until 1850. 300 years after its discovery. The canal connecting the Baltic with the North sea, fifty-nine miles in length, is now finished, except a few minor details. Bread as a daily article of food is used by only about one-third of the 1,500,000,000 that constitute the present population of the earth. From 60,000 to 70,000 tons of ice have been harvested at Neenah, Wis., the largest quantity ever harvested in the history of the earth. Twenty-four years ago electricity as a mechanical power was unknown. Now \$300,000,000 are invested in various kinds of electrical machinery. Indiana's natural gas supply will be exhausted in less than four years, according to the annual report just made by the state gas inspector. He estimates that at least \$25,000,000 worth of gas has been wasted in Indiana alone.

Saturday Reflections.

There is no reflection more discouraging to the conscientious writer for newspapers than that his work, as well as his efforts, are to all appearances, doomed to less than five hours' life. I hope this time to be pardoned for "stalking sheep" to those not employed in my kind of shop; for I fancy that what I shall have to say is not so wholly devoid of interest, even to laymen. It will not be my argument that the making of a newspaper requires a better quality of brains than that it exacts a larger measure of preparation than go to make the successful sermon, the successful store or the successful conduct of a law case or a disease. Too often, the equipment of the newspaper worker is notably inferior to the equipment of the preacher, the merchant, the lawyer or the physician. The one point which I am fond of emphasizing is that, whether well or ill-fitted for his task, the man who helps to make a newspaper puts his labor into a thing that lives less than one-fourth of a single day. Can we wonder that sometimes, in a mood of discouragement which even the incessant velocity of the chase for news and novelties cannot forever ward off, the writer for the press for the moment loses faith in his vocation, and lets slip a chance to cast the best thoughts within him before the stampeding throng?

There are journals which believe in leisure and encourage wholesome thinking as a prerequisite to writing. These journals, when printed daily, perhaps live longer than five hours per day. At a stretch, we may say that they live seven. But the extra two hours a poor offset to the fact that five persons read the five-hour paper where only one reads the seven-hour paper. It would be just as satisfactory to the publisher, who is usually a business mechanism, to print a seven-hour paper as to print one of the five-hour type, if the profits were as large. But in this country, they are not. The profitable American newspaper, from the standpoint of the investor, is not that which uses the best brains under the best conditions so as to get the best intelligence results. It is the paper which most consistently feeds the mob, plays to the galleries, and "catches on." There are incidental, or rather accidental, exceptions; but they only prove the rule. The Imperial American public editors the

same as it hesses congresses and presidents. It knows what it wants, and it takes measures to get it. Sometimes, when considering the kind of newspaper that it most energetically demands, I am led to believe that the quickness of the newspaper's death is not an unmixed evil. That it is a poor consolation for the men whose labor goes down in the daily chaos. There is a brighter side to this gloomy picture. To the conscientious newspaper worker it fully balances the account. While the conditions of the business keep that business from overshooting the heads of the masses, under penalty of financial loss, the very existence of the business forebids public improvement. Men who read poor newspapers today will want to read better ones tomorrow. There is no such thing as standing still in America. Besides, in an individual sense, the writer who daily addresses ten of thousands, even if he is compelled by the circumstances of the case to do so imperfectly, wields, if he be an honest man, an air-grease temporary influence in excess of the most popular pulpit. He controls one of the irresistible forces of the day. It is a force which would to some extent disappear if the paper would cease to be printed every time the sun rises. But for all that, it is an imperial force, incomparably the greatest in the land, and the very consciousness that one has something to do with its wielding constitutes, to the true newspaper man, golden repayment for the innumerable "slings and arrows" of his otherwise "outrageous fortune." For at least five hours each day he is the king in his own domain, the ruler of the kingdom of the republic. America—often ill-fated, not infrequently ill-treated, but still a king, whose anonymous scepter sways the destiny of nations. The intoxication of authority is his ever accessible balm for bruised self-esteem.

There is but ONE and only One True Blood Purifier Prominently In the Public Eye Today and that One Is Hood's Sarsaparilla

These letters tell of Wonderful Cures by Purified Blood.

The world has never seen such marvelous cures accomplished by any medicine but Hood's Sarsaparilla. The secret of its success is that it is the best blood purifier ever produced. It is king over all forms of scrofula, salt rheum and all other blood diseases. It is the only medicine of which can be said: IT CURES by making pure, rich red blood. Read these letters:

Saved Her Sight. Another Wonder Performed by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "My little girl Hazel is now four years old. Two years ago she had the grip. After recovery her eyes grew inflamed and suppurated. For over 7 months she had to have her eyes bandaged and stay in a dark room. The family doctor and an oculist did everything possible. She did not improve and even grew worse. She lasted for six months he gave us the discouraging opinion that the cornea of one eye was destroyed and Sight Entirely Gone. That it was doubtful if she would ever be able to see any with therapy, as the sight was rapidly being destroyed in that also.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Purifies Peculiar Blood To Itself

Do not be induced to buy any other. Insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla.