Of and About the Makers of Books.

Notices of Recent Interesting Volumes and Chats Concerning Literary Men and Womes

acters portrayed rather than in the fundamental standards of the portrayal. Both aim to hold a mirror up to actualities. Both eschew the liberties which the imagination is bound to take with the writer and with the reader of conventional romance. But Mr. Howell's actualities are for the greater part tame and subdued; while the actualities focused by Mr. Garland's lens are stark naked and primevally robust In the one case the men and women whom the author dresses with the fine drapery of his rhetoric are carefully selected types; in the other, they are just men and women, and the rhetoric is less of a consideration than the fact. But perhaps the best way to establish our point is by illustration, and to this method we shall adhere in the present notice of Mr. Garland's latest work. "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," which has recently been issued by the enterprising Chicago firm of Stone & Kimball.

I.-What Mon Call Death.

There is something almost biographiesl and yet withal quite touching in the way in which Mr. Garland begins with his heroine almost at the moment of her birth, and parent-like, follows her every deed and thought through the varying episodes of infancy, childhood and school girlhood up to the moment when potential womanhood suddenly ceases to be a potentiality merely, and bedaughter of a plain and silent Wisconsin farmer, and at the age of five, her mother died, leaving father and daughter alone on the old homestead. There is an effective reference to this unexpected deprivation:

pected deprivation:

Rose got up the next morning after her mother's last kiss and went into the room where the body lay. A gnomish little figure the child was, for at that time her head was large and her cropped hair bristled until she seemed a sort of brownle. Her lonely child-life had given her quaint, grave ways.

She knew her mother was dead, and that death was a kind of sleep which lasted longer than common sleep, that was all the difference; so she went in and stood by the bed and tried to see her mother's face. It was carly in the morning and the curtains being drawn it was dark, in the room, but Rose had no fear, for mother was there.

She talked softly to herself a little while, as there. She talked softly to herself a little while,

then went over to the window and pulled on the string of the curtain till it rolled up. Then she went back and looked at her mother. She grew tired of waiting

Mamma," she called, "wake up. Can't "Mamma," she called, "wake up, Can't you wake up, mamma?"
She patted the cold, rigid checks with her rough brown little palms. Then she blew in the dead face, gravely. Then she thought if she could only open mamma's eyes, she'd be awake. So she took her finger and thumb and tried to lift the lashes, and when she did she was frightened by the took of the set faded gray eyes. Then the terrible vague shadow of the Unknown settled upon her and she cried convulsively: "Mamma! mamma, I want you!" Thus she met death, carly in her life.

II .- The Instinct of Interrogation.

John Dutcher was not a talker, and the questions of his motherless daughter, asked him in childish prattle, because Rose had none other to address were seldom answered. And yet this silent man, this seemingly indifferent plougher of the prairie soil, was by no means a clown or a clod. We are told

that:

Often at night, as he saw her lying seleep, her long lashes upon her roughened, sun-burned skin, his heart went out to her in a great gush of tenderness. His throat achei and his eyes grew wet as he thought how unresponsive he had been that day. His remorseful memory went back over her eager questions to which he had not replied. Dear, sweet, restless little heart! And then he vowed never to lose patience with her again. And sometimes standing there beside her bed, his arms closed around the little mound under the quilts, and his lips touched the round, sleep-enraptured face. At such times his needy soul went out in a cry to his dead wife for help to care for his child.

John Dutcher had many a trial be-John Dutcher had many a trial because of Rose's questioning. By and by the child's queries took hold of deep confronted with the duty which even mothers sometimes shirk. Says the

author:

He saw that the day of petty fictions had gone by. The child knew that little lambs, and calves and kittens did not grow down in the woods. She knew that bables were not brought by the doctor, and that they did not come from heaven. "Good Lord!" groaned her father one day, after an unusually persistent attack from her, caused by the appearance of a little colt out in the barn, "I wish your mother was here, or some woman."

There were moments of pathos, too, in the young girl's loneliness. Once they went to the railroad station, and the long lines of steel reaching out into the unknown impressed Rose with a new sense of the immensity of the world about her. It was after that that she asked her father to take her to the top

of a hill near by.

They climbed slowly up the steep, grassy slope and stood at last on the flat rock which topped the blun. Rose stood there, dizty, out of breath, with her hair blown across her check and looked away, at the curving valley and the river, gleaming here and there through the willows and elders. It was like looking over an unexplored world to the child. Her eyes expanded, and her heart filled with the same ashe which came into it when she looked down along the curving railroad, the turned suddenly and fell sobbing against her father.

III .- The Assertion of Sex. Very interesting, too, are the chap-

THE EVOLUTION OF A WOMAN.

The distinguishing feature of Mr. Hamlin Gariand's art is its fidelity to the commonplace. As a veritist he deals with verities, but with the common and familiar ones rather than with those which lie in the depths. If a difference may be detected between Mr. Gariand's fiction and the realism of Mr. Howells, with which comparison seems natural, it is a difference in the vitality and in the temperament of the characters portrayed rather than in the duty of motherhood in respect to the proper guidance of the child mind and the child life. There is a chapter con-cerning an incident of the school period which teaches a lesson, and gives a new point to the carelessness of the average rural school system.

point to the carelessness of the average rural school system.

The winter Rose was H years of age she had for a teacher a girl whose beautiful presence brought a curse with it. She was small and graceful, with a face full of sudden tears and laughter, and dreams of desire. She fascinated the children, and the larger boys woke to a sudden savagery of rivalry over her, which ho one understood. The older boys fought over her smiles and her low-voiced words of praise. The girls grew vaguely jealous or were abject slaves to her whims. The school became farcical in session, with ever-increasing play hours, and ever-shortening recitations, and yet such was the teacher's power over the students that they did not report her. She gathered the larger girls around her as she flitted with the young men, until children like Carl and Rose became a part of it all.

At night the young men of the neighborhood flocked about her boarding-place, absolutely fighting in her very fpresence for the promise which she withheld, out of coquettish perversity. She herself became a victim of the storm of passion which swept over the neighborhood. She went out to parties and dances every night, and came languidly to school each morning. Most of the men of the district laughed, but the women began to talk excitedly about the stories they heard. At school the moat dangerous practices were winked at. The older boys did not scruple to put their arms about the teacher's wasts as they stood by her side. All the reserve and purity which is organic in the intercourse of most country girls and boys seemed lost, and parties and sleighrides left remorse and guilt behind. There was something feverish and unwholesome in the air.

Do not think that this bold scene is over-colored. It is to our knowledge

Do not think that this bold scene over-colored. It is to our knowledge true in many country districts, especialtrue in many country districts, especially in the west, where parents are so much occupied with the care of cattle or crops that they have no time left for the care of their children, and shunt the whole duty over without compunction on to the shoulders of the indifferently-paid school ma'am. The character of this school ma'am is determined mainly by change, rarely is it a subject of carey chance; rarely is it a subject of care ful advance inquiry. If good, well and good; if bad, heaven help her pupils! In such scenes as this Mr. Garland sharply differentiates his theory of art from the more anaemic and lifeless realism of the Howells cult. No doubt his boldness will in some quarters be pronounced shocking; but like the lightning's shock

IV .- First Glimmorings of Romance.

One day this school-now emancipated from its thralldom to Delllah-was thrown into paroxysms through the riding past of a courier in a gilded box, who, as he went, scattered gaudy bills proclaiming the coming of a circus.

who, as he went, scattered gaudy bills proclaiming the coming of a circus.

The children read eyery word of those high sounding posters, standing in knots by the roadsfee. It was the mightiest event of their lives. The whole country awoke to the significance of the event and began preparations and plans. At school and at church it was talked of. The whole population awoke to pathetic, absorbing interest in the quality of the posters and the probable truth of the foreword. The circus was the mightlest contrast to their slow and lonely lives that could be imagined. It came in trailing clouds of glorified dust and grouped itself under vast tents whose lift and fall had more majesty than summer clouds, and its streamers had more significance than the lightning. It brought the throb of drum, and scream of fife, and roar of wild beast. For one day each hum drum town was filled with romance, like the Arabian Nights; with helmeted horsemen, glittering war maidens on welrdly spotted horses; elephants with howdahs and head-plates of armor, with lions dreadful, sorrowful, sedate and savage; with tigers and hyenas in unmanageable ferocity pacing up and down their glided dens while their impassive keepers, dressed in red, sat in awful silence amids them. There was something remote and splendid in the ladies who rode haughtily through the streets on prancing horses, covered with red, and gold trappings. splendid in the ladies who rode haughtily through the streets on prancing horses, covered with red and gold trappings. There was something heroic, something of splendid art, in the pose of the athletes in the ring. From the dust and drudgery of their farms the farm boys dreamed and dreamed of the power and splender of the pageantry. The girls planned their dreases and their hats, and the lunch they were to take. Everything was arranged weeks ahead.

Rose went with her first hear Coal

Rose went with her first beau. Carl. There is an exquisite realism in the description which Mr. Garland vouch-safes to this eventful episode in his heroine's maidenhood. The daylight start, with its preliminary of a wakeful anticipatory night; the entry into Tyre with the first dinner ever eaten at a real hotel; the procession to the tent, past the alluring prospectuses of the ubiquitous side shows; the passing scrutiny of the wild beasts in the menagerie, and finally the open-mouthed oc-cupancy of tiered seats in the circus amphitheater—these are touches which carry the most blase of amusement-lovers back to the gala day of child-hood. But passing all that, we come to the scene which follows: the scene which follows:

the scene which follows:

Rose sat in a dream of delight as the band began to play. It was an ambitious band, and played operatic selections with modulations, and it seemed to Rose to be the most splendid music in the world. It shook her like a stallion's neigh and soothed her like the coo of a dove on the barn roof. At last the band blared an announcing note, and the uniformed attendants filed into the ring and took positions at set points like sentries. Then the music struck into a splendid gallop, and out from the curtained mysteries beyond, the knights and ladies darted, two and two, in glory of crimson and gold and green and silver. At their head rode the man with the brown mustache—her hero.

He wore blue and silver, and on his breast was a rosette. He looked a god to her. His naked limbs, his proud neck, the lofty carriage of his head, made her shiver with emotion. They all came to her lit by the white radiance: they were not naked, they were beautiful, but he was something more. She had seen naked

boys, and her own companions occasionally showed themselves naked and cowering before her, but these men stood there, proud and splendid. They invested their nakedness with something which exalted them. They became objects of luminous beauty to her, although she knew nothing of art. As she grew clearer-eyed, she waw that one was a little too short, another too lean, but he of the rosette was perfect.

she saw that one was a little too short, another too lean, but he of the rosette was perfect. ** * * Once more he came back, leading a woman by the hand. Something new seized upon Rose's heart, a cold contraction that she had never felt, and her teeth pressed together. She wondered if the woman were his wife. The woman seized a rope with her right arm and was drawn to the tent roof. He took a strap in his mouth and was drawn to his trapeze, also. There, in mid-air, they performed their dangerous evolutions. It was all marvelous and incredible to the country girl.

She heard him clap his hands, then his glorious volce rang above the music, and the lithe figure of his companion launched itself through the air, was caught by the shoulders in his great hands, thence with a twist he tossed her, and hooked her by the hands. Each time the blood surged into Rose's throat, as if to suffocate her. A horrible fear that was a pleasure, some way rose and fell in her. She could not turn away her head. She must look. She was a powerful girl, and the idea of fainting had never come to her, but when at the conclusion, he dropped in a revolving ball into the net, far beneath, she turned sick and her eyes seemed to whir! in their sockets. Then as he leaped to the ground, bowing and smilling, the blood rushed back to her face, and the perspiration stood out like rain.

V .- What Romance Will Do. Mr. Garland, as a veritist whose creed n part at least is that the age of great comance belongs now to history, comes near to confounding his own dicta in the pages whereon he traces the conse-quences of Rose Dutcher's first dip into the intoxication of romanticism. Coming home from that memorable circus Elysium, she undergoes a nota-

circus Elysium, she undergoes a notable transformation.

When she rose the next day she was changed. She began to live for him, her ideal. She set him on high as a being to be worshipped, as a man fit to be her judge. In the days and weeks which followed, she asked herself, "Would he like me to do this?" And every night when she went to sleep it was with the radiant figure in blue and silver before her eyes. When the sunset was very beautiful, she thought of him. When the stars seemed larger in the sky, she could see the star on his grand breast. In all the talk of the circus which followed among her companions, she took no part because she feared she might be obliged to mention his name. When others spoke his name she could feel a hot flush surge up all over her body and she trembled for fear some one might discover her adoration of him. Vast ambitions began in her. She determined to be a great scholar. She would be something great for his sake. In short, she consecrated herself to him as to a king, and selzed upon every chance to educate herself to be worthy of him. Every effort was deeply pathetic, no maiter how absurd to others. She took no counsel, allowed no confidents. She lived alone among her playmates.

This ideal came in her romantic and perfervid period, and it did her unmeasurable good. It lifted her and developed her. It enabled her to escape the clutch of mere brute passion, which selzes so many boys and girls at that age, and leads to destructive early marriages. It kept her out of reach of the young men of the neighborhood.

These were the days of formless imaginates and earlest to see a contentions.

neighborhood.

These were the days of formless imag-nings and ambitions. "I will do! I will io!" was her ceaseless cry to herself, but what could she do? What should she do? what could she do? What should she, do? She could be wise; that she would be. So she read. She got little out of her reading that she could make a show of, but still it developed her. It made her dream great things, impossible things, but she had moments when she tried to live these things.

VI .- Reaching Woman's Estate.

One day a fatherly physician owning a fine practice and an elegant home in Madison, Dr. Thatcher by name, visited Madison, Dr. Thatcher by name, visited the district school, heard Rose recite, was impressed with her reserve powers and by some indefinable quality which seemed to mark her out as a being superior to her surroundings; and ended by calling on her father and persuading him to send the daughter to Madison, to the university. The half-dozen chapters which describe the girl's uncluding under the more wholesome infolding under the more wholesome in-fluences of a university center possess exceeding interest, but we must hasten forward, pausing to make but one quotation. the university epoch she came near to falling in love. In both instances her favor was primarily won by the phy-sical excellence of the object of her regard. The first young man, however, revealed himself as narrow of mind, a circumstance which proved fatal to his wooing, and the doom of the second was brought about as follows:

was brought about as follows:

Once he took her to the theater. There was his mistake! The pizy was one which pretended, at least, to show New York and London life. Men in claw-hammer coats came and went, with strange accents and with cabalistic motions of hats and gloves, and women moved about with mystle swagger. The theme of the play filled Rose with strange new thoughts. A husband discovers his wife to have been a lover and a mother in her childhood, and in a tempest of self-righteous passion flings her to the ground in scorn and horror.

She clings to his feet (in approved stage fashion), pleading for mercy: "I was so young."

She clings to his feet (in approved stage fashion), pleading for mercy: "I was so young."

He would not listen.

While Rose burned with shame and indignation the outraged woman on the stage grew white and stern. "Who are you to condemn me so?" she asked in key calm. "Are you the saint you profess to be? Will one offence contain your crime against me?"

"What do you mean," thundered the man and husband.

"You know what I mean. In my weakness I was stained, ineffaceably; I admit it—but you, in your strength, have you not preyed on weak women? The law allows you to escape disgrace—nature and law force me to suffer with mine."

The self-sufficient young man beside Rose said as the curtain fell:

"There was nothing else for her husband to do but just fire her out."

Rose heard him but did not reply. She felt a sharp revulsion of feeling toward him for his coarse, hard tone. When he leid his hand on her she shook it off, and when he asked a question of her she did not reply. " That night put her girlhood far from her. In her heart she knew that the drama was a lie. A woman can set her foot above her dead self as well as a man. She grew five years older in the weeks that followed.

But she did not marry the second But she did not marry the second

young man. VII.-Different Points of View. the problem of a career. A proud man was old John Dutcher as he drove Rose home, home to the old farm and to the brand new house which he had built as a surprise for her. It was the honest farmer's idea that schooling now being over, Rose would return to live with him, assume the place which her mother's death had vacated, and perchance, in

the course of time, marry a sturdy rustic who would help work the old farm on shares. But the inevitable impossibility of such a destiny soon became manifest to this girl of great powers and even greater ambitions. For months she fought in silence to bring herself down to compilance with the parental wish. She, in her way, loved her crude old father, but even that love, deep and passionate though it was, could not obscure the truth that she and the limited horizon of the farm career were elementally incompatible. Very touching is the scene wherein she shatters John Dutcher's modest ideal:

His heart was big with pride and affec-

touching is the scene wherein she shatters John Dutcher's modest ideal:

His heart was big with pride and affection when this splendid girl came over and put her arms about his neck, and put her forehead down on his shoulder.

"O pappa John, you're so good to me—I'm ashamed—I don't deserve this new house."

"O yes y' do, daughter." His voice when he said "daughter" always made her cry, it was deep and tender like the music of water. It stood for him in the place of "dear" and "darling," and he very, very seldom spoke it. All this made it harder for her to go on.

"No, I don't, father—O, father, I can't stay here—I can't stay here now."

"Why not, Rosie."

"O because it's so lonesome for me. There is nobody for me to talk to" (she had to use phrases he could understand) "and I want to go on with my studies."

John considered a moment.

"But Rosie, seems to me you've got enough; you're graduated."

Rose saw the hopelessness of making him understand that, so she went back.

"It's so lonesome for me here, pappa John."

He considered again. "I 'spose it is.

ohn."

He considered again. "I 'spose it is, 'ell, you can go to the Siding every day you want to. Hitch up old Doll every

Well, you can go to the Siding every day."

"I don't care for the Siding; it's just as lonesome there for me. I want to go to Chicago."

"I want to study pappa. I want to go on with my work. I'll come home summers just the same, I'll come home chrismas if you want me to. It won't cast much, I'll live just as cheap as I can."

"Tain't that, 'tain't that, Rose," he said. Then he lifted his head and looked around.

She read his thought and the tears came to her eyes in a bilinding rush.

"I know, pappa. It's terrible to go now, when you've built this nice home for me, but what can I do? I thought maybe I'd get used to it, but it gets worse. I can't stay here this winter. You must to be an artist, I want to see great people. I can't stay here, pappa John."

The terrible carnestness of every sentence stabbed John Dutcher's heart like a poniard thrust. He put her away and rose stiffly.

"Well, well, Rosie, if you want to go—He did not finish, but turned trembling ly and walked out. She renatined on thior near his chair and waterhed him go, her heart sick with wretchedness. Why was it that all her high thoughts, was it that all her high thoughts, was it that all her high thoughts, here deams, her ambitions, her longings, seemed to carry her Turther away from lim?

Alone, in the meadow, among the bees, John Dutcher wrestled with his trouble.

It was the bitierest moment of his life. His eyes were epened to his fate; he saw what he had done; he had educated his daughter out of his world. Never again would she be cantent in the cooily beside him. He saw how foolish he had been all these years, to suppose he could educated had hee her. For a moment he flame and keep he

him?

Alone, in the meadow, among the bees, John Dutcher wrestled with his trouble.

It was the bitterest moment of his life. His eyes were opened to his fate; he saw what he had done; he had educated his daughter out of his world. Never again would she be content in the coolly beside him. He saw how foolish he had been all these years, to suppose he could educate and keep her. For a moment he flamed with resentment and said to himself:

"I wish she had never seen a book."

Then he grew tender. He saw her again in her little blue apron with its pockets fuil of wheat—he saw her blowing hair, her sunny face; he heard again the wind-tossed chatter of her cuming lips. He ran swiftly over her development—how tall she had grown and how submidd she was now, the hand-somest girl in the coolly, and he roftened. She was right.

So he rose to a conception which had never come to him before, and even now it was formlessly wast; he felt the power of the outside world, and receded to a divination of the fatality of it all. It had to be, for it was a part of progress. He was old and bent and dell. She was young, gloriously young. The old must give way to

for it was a part of progress. He was old and bent and dell. She was young, glo-riously young. The old must give way to the young. She was queen and he was subject.

Rose's conquest of Chicago was brilliant and rapid-perhaps just a bit too rapid to be altogether in keeping with the requirements of plausibility. She Rose in course of time became | calls with a letter of introduction upon very beautiful, with a beauty which came from a thoroughly vitalized and developed physical organism held in subjection to a searching mind of constantly growing power; and twice in somewhat staggering speed to impress herself upon it. Two or three men long hardened to the wiles of conventional womankind succumb to her untutored graces and assertive individuality, but there is only one who succeeds in arousing her deepest interest—who, in short, compels her love. Singularly enough he is an editor, in whose extraordinary mentality and complex sweep of sympathies and of eccentricities Mr. Gar-land embodies a signal if not alto-

gether a convincing tribute to the Fourth Estate. It is this omniscient journalist, Warren Mason by name, who teaches Rose Dutcher what creative authorship im-plies—what breadth of knowledge and of sympathies, what discarding of con-ventional molds and models, what burn-ing and painful fidelity to self-mastered truth. We should like, had we the space and time, to give our readers an insight into Mason's original make-up. To do that would take pages, so elab-orately has Mr. Garland portrayed him. It must suffice us to reproduce only a few of his views concerning marriage— views that are expressed during Mason's reported talks with an engaged bachelor confidant. This friend had asked Mason why he had never married. This was the reply:

asked Mason why he had never married. This was the reply:

"For ten years I've been trying to marry, and I've been conscientious and thorough in my heart, too,"

"What seems to be the matter?"

"For one thing, I suppose I've gone too far in my knowledge of women. I've gone beyond the capability of being bamboozied. I've seen too much of the ropes and props that sustain the pasteboard resetree."

"That is flat blasphemy," put in Sanborn. "I know more about women than you do, and—"

"I don't mean to say that women deceive in a base way—often they are not intentionally deceptive; but hereditarily-transmitted, necessarily defensive wiles lead them to turn their best side toward men. I know perfectly well what any young woman would do if I called upon her tomorrow. She would take a seat so that the softest shadow would fall over her face. If she had good teeth she would smile often. If hey teeth were poor, she would be grave. If her arms were fair, her sleeves would be loose; if they were thin, she would wear ruffles. If she had a fine bosom her dress would be open a little at the neck—"

"O look here, Mason," Sanborn interrupted, "I can't listen to such calumny without protest."

"I don't mean to say that all this would be conscious. As a matter of fact it is innodent and unintentional. A woman dow not deliberately say: I have a dimple, therefore I will smile. She in-

herited the dimples and the smile from a long line of coqueties. Women are painfully alike from generation to generation. It's all moonshine and misty sky about their infinite variety."

"Suppose I grant that—who's to blame? Mind you I don't grant it—but suppose I do, for argument."

"You are g lover and a fortunate man. You have in Isabel a woman of character. Mark you! These wiles and seductions on the part of women were forced upon them. I admit that they have been forced to use them in defense for a million years. Had they been our physical superiors unquestionably the lying graces would have been ours. At the same time it doesn't help me. I can't trust such past-masters in deceit, albeit they deceive me to my good."

But Mason is brought into close asso-

But Mason is brought into close asse ciation with Rose, and being a man of naturally fine instincts albeit turned cynical, he comes to regard with unsus-pected admiration her extraordinary imagination and regal potentiality of character. It was after this acquaintance with its new revelations had taken hold of him that Mason, talking again to the same friend upon the same theme, soliloquized rather than argued:

"I manage to live here and support this fire, which is my only extravagance. I keep the establishment going, and a little more. I'll anticipate the usual arguments. Suppose, for a little while, it would not increase expenses. It would not do to bring a woman here, it would not be right. When children came-and I should have oring a woman here, it would not be right. When children came—and I should hope for children—they should have a home in the suburbs; I don't believe in raising children in a flat. That would mean an establishment which would take every cent I could hook onto, and it would mean that the whole glittering fabric would be built on my own personal palm." on my own personal palm."
'But she might earn something—you say

and the:
"What then?"
"It would be all ro with the first women." he said with a gravity of tone
of which the words gave no hint. Still further on, Mason says:

"The woman in my thought is moving

such a glorious creature pass him, unharmed and free?"

"Why, yes, certainly. But the world of art will not satisfy that girl. She's sure to marry—she must marry—and she is entitled to more consideration. You've got to look ahead to the time when she regrets the lack of husband and children."

"Ah, but it's a frightful thing, Sanborn to arrest that girl. to make her a wife and mother, to watch her grow distorted, stiffened, heavy with child-bearing. I prefer to see her cass me, in order that I may remember her. lithe, radiant, moving like music and light."

"That's fine, Mason. I honer you for that spirit," said Sanborn, deeply moved. "But you must remember that the woman's nature moves on from this beautiful state you've described so well, not merely willingly, but eagerly. Half the girl's joy, which we men see in her face is the smalle of anticipated metabashed."

sirl's joy, which we men see in her face, is the smile of anticipated motherhood. If the cirl knew she was to be always young and childish, her youth and heauty would be of no value to her—it is the untried pains and pleasures of other years conditions which make the beauty so diant now."
'All of which merely means she makes

All of watch merely means she makes the best of an irresistible and tragic im-bulse, a force which she does not orig-inate and connot control. Therefore I say it is a sorrowful business to bew down a temple or tear a lily to pieces."

IX.-The Conquered. So much for the man's view. Now

for the woman's:

As the winter deepened Rose narrowed the circle of conquest. She no longer thought of conquering the world; it came to the question of winning the approbation of one human soul. That is, she wished to win the approbation of the world in order that Warren Mason might smile and say, "Well done."

She did not reach this state of mind smoothly and easily. On the contrary, she had moments when she rebelled at the thought of any man's opinion being the greatest good in the world to her. She rebelled at the implied inferiority of her position in relation to him and also at the obysical bondage implied. In the morning when she was strong, in the midst of some social success, when people swarmed about her and men bent defernatially, then she held herself like a soldier on a tower defying capture. But at night when the lights were all out, when she felt her essential longliness and weakness and need—when the world seemed sal if the sweetest thing in the universe would be to have him open his arms and say "Come!"

What was inevitable of course befel, Mason proposed and Rose Dutcher ac-cepted, but the proposal and acceptance were both unique. The former came by mail and it read:

mail and it read:

This letter may be considered an offer of marriage. It is well to say that now, and then all the things which come after will be given their proper weight. Let me state the debit side of the account first, and if you feel that is too heavy you can put the letter down and write me a very short answer, and the matter will be ended.

First, I say to you: Whoso weds me weds sorrow. I do not promise to make you happy, though I hope my influence

will not be always untoward. I cannot promise any of the things husbands are supposed to bring. I cannot promise a home. My own living is precarious, dependent upon my daily grind of newspaper work. For though I hope to achieve success with my novel, great successes with novels do not mean much money. I do not feel, either, that I shall ever be free from money cares; luxury and I are to continue strangers.

I cannot promise to be faithful to you unways, nor to bow to your wishes, though I will try to do so. I cannot promise to assume cordial relations with your relatives, nor accept your friendships as binding upon me.

I cannot promise to be faithful to you until death, but I shall be faithful so long as I fill the relation of husband to you. I shall not lead a double life or conceal from you any change in my regard toward you. If at any time I find a woman whom I feel I should live with, rather than with you I shall tell you of her with perfect frankness. I think I shall find you all-safficient, but I do not know. Mea and women change, grow weary of things, of bonds, of duties, It may be that I shall become and continue the most devoted of husbands, but I cannot promise it. Long years of association develop intolerable traits in men and women, very often.

On the other hand, let me say I exact nothing from you. I do not require you to cook for me, nor to keep house for me. You are mistress of yourself, to come and you are not without accounting to me. You are at liberty to cease your association with me at any time, and consider yourself perfectly free to leave me whenever any other man comes with power to make you happier than I.

I want you as comrade and lover, not as subject or servant or unwilling wife. I do not claim any rights over you at all. I want you as comrade and lover, not as

I want you as comrade and lover, not as subject or servant or unwilling wife. I do not claim any rights over you at all. You can bear me children or not just as you please. You are a human soul like myself, and I shall expect you to be as free and sovereign as I, to follow any profession or to do any work which pleases you. It is but just to say that I have never been a man of loose habits. No woman has any claim on me for deed or word. I have thought at various times that I could marry this woman or that woman, but I have never before made a proposition of marriage to any woman.

have never before made a proposition of marriage to any woman.

I have written you in good, set terms what you may expect from me. I am not a demonstrative man by nature, and my training from childhood has made me saving of words of endearment. My love for you must be taken largely for granted after it is once stated, for I regard the word "love" as a jewel not to be carclessly tossed from hand to hand.

I have written frankly because I believed it would prejudice you in my favor. Had I believed otherwise, doubtless I should have written in terms of flattery and deceit, for of such is man when seeking woman in marriage.

As for the acceptance, it went by tele-

graph, and it said simply "Yes!"

XI. - In Conclusion.

Unfortunately for the value of this interesting novel as a sociological study, the record here comes to an ab-rupt end. What follows is left wholly rupt end. What follows is left wholly to conjecture. In so odd a courtship of so "new" a couple there is bred the curlosity to peer ahead into future years. Did they live happily? Did children come? Did the "possible man" or the "possible woman" ever step forward to mar the harmony and to feed the divorce courts? Mr. Garland should remember the dictum of Howells that the real verities of life occur after, not prior to, marriage. But for all that not prior to, marriage. But for all that we should not quarrel with him. He has given us a bold and an original book, with merit that stands out despite a certain carclessness of grammar and of diction.

MINOR FICTION.

"The woman in my thought is moving past me like a queen—spleadid, supple, a smile of conscious power on her lips, the light of success in her eyes, it's a terrible temptation. I admit, this power to stretch out my hand and stay her. It makes my blood leap, but my sense of justice will not bermit it. I shall let her pass on, beautiful and rapt."

"To marry some confounded plan-head, who will make her a domestic animal, and degrade her into 'my wife, gents," "Possibly. However, my respoisibility ends when I say good-bye."

"Don't shirk—don't shirk."

Mason turned on him. His voice lost a little of its coldness.
"Is a man to have no credit for letting such a glorious creature pass him, unbarmed and free?"

"Why, yes, certainly. But the world of "why, yes, certainly, the world of the marries a respectable white, bears a child and dies leaving her infant to

two principals in it are for a time great-ly incensed at the summary way in which they are moved as pawns on the matrimonial board of Bonaparte's am-bition; but ere long they learn to love each other and in the end are unex-pectedly happy. The story presents the great emperor in a characteristic light and is a really creditable addition to Napoleonania.

A MAN OF TWO MINDS. By Francis T. Buck, Cloth, 12 mo. New York: The Merriam Co.

This double-minded man himself to marry a lovely girl in the country, comes back to town, meets a handsome married woman whose husband is abroad and is soon neck deep in a physically innocent but morally guilty liaison with her. In the end, though, he returns to his first flame, who is hardly to be congratulated. The story is not specially noteworthy.

AN OLD FOGY. By Mrs. J. A. Walworth. Cloth, 12 mo., \$1.25. New York: The Merriam Co. A picture of a real old-style Southern gentleman, noble, chivalrous and brave

An admirable story. THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH. By Capel

THE KING OF ANDAMAN, A Saviour of Society. By I. McLaren Cobban. Numbers in D. Appleton & Co's favor-ite Town and Country Library; inter-esting novels, both presenting careful and original studies of contemporary

social problems. NEW MAGAZINES.

The January Cosmopolitan looks rad-iant in a bright new lithographed cover lant in a bright new lithographed cover representing the full length portrait of a beautiful woman gazing afar in a mystical way. A poem by Arthur Hardy, a paper on "Amateur Photography of Today", a story by Maurice Thompson and a discussion by Mrs. Rennselaer Cruger of the question "Was George Elliot a Hypocrite?" are some of the interesting new features. The of the interesting new features... The Stevenson and James Lane Allen serials are continued, each gaining in interest. If it be worthy of so dignified a name."

The addition of artistic color painting

The January Godey's is a "woman's number" and it treats in readable fashion nearly every phase of the current "woman's movement." There are papers explaining what the new woman has selved and what the new woman has selved. has achieved and what she promises to achieve in education, philanthropy, politics, business and the fine arts. The number is decidedly original and also decidedly instructive.

As for the January St. Nicholas' opin-As for the January St. Nicholas opin-ions will differ, but for our part we think the Samoan letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to a boy, another in-stalment of which appears in this issue, the most interesting single feature. Still, the whole number is full of good things, that must be read to be appreciated. that must be rend to be appreclated.

Number three of the Pocket Maga-Number three of the Pocket Magazine offers as its piece de resistance Kipling's quaint sea tale, "The Devil and the Deep Sea," with which our readers are already familiar. In it Kipling at least exhibits his versatility. Other famous contributors to the January number of this new periodical are Gilbert Parker, Frank R. Stockton, Louise Chandler Moulton, Opic Reed.

The venture is said to be meeting with very encouraging success.

The December Looker-On eulogizes Mme. Saville's new Juliette, discourses upon the mirnetle genius of Miss Olga Nethersole, criticises Irving and Terry in Macbeth, contains a paper on Shake-speare's dramatic construction, traces the influence of poets on music, prints the influence of poets of music, prints a dramatic story of a Virginia romance by Gertrude Blake Stanton which in places suggests Amelie Rives ex-Chan-ler, and has finally another charming "Olive-branch Observation," this time On the Departing Woman, which is so apt and so apropos that, which so apt and so apropos that, with the Looker-On's consent, we intend soon to republish portions of it in our Woman's department. As we have here-tofore said, the Looker-On is a journal which restricts itself to the higher forms of criticism and comment con-cerning music, letters and the stage. Had I believed otherwise, doubtless I trepresents in our judgment really the only exclusive exponent of artistic cutture deceil. for of such is man when seeking woman in marriage.

As for the acceptance, it went by tele-

LITERARY GOSSIP.

To the younger generation of book lovers a great deal of interest and not a little curiosity have lately been excited by the achievements of that new stellar light in the twinkling dome of American letters, Mr. Stephen Crane. Their introduction to him has been recent. Some poetry that, while violating with screne self-confidence well-nigh all the traditions and conventions of versification, nevertheless

In these two works, and especially in the prose one, there existed a quality which, among the curious, courted investigation. To those who knew that these strong, strange writings, these bold reachings into the deaths of nature and of truth, were the schlevements of a how scarcely beyond his the deaths of nature and of truin, were the achievements of a boy scarcely beyond his insjority—of a lad who at 17 had placed pen upon paper with the confidence and in some degree with the warrant of well-seasoned maturity—they amounted to a piquant challenge. Some there were who felt it a duty to extend the hand of fraternal recognition; and a pleasure to make felt it a duty to extend the hand of fraternal recognition; and a pleasure to make of this duty a chance for personal scrutiny and for study at short range. No doubt it was this motive which inspired the Society of the Philistines, an organization of bright newspaper and literary workers which has its axis about East Aurora. N. Y., the home of H. P. Taber, Elbert Hubbard and "The Philistine" magazine, to scheme the emprise of a dinner to Mr. Crane, the consummation of which was preasantly commemorated at the Genesee hotel, in Buffalo, eight days ago last night. The dinner itself was an exquisite effect in artistic gustatation; but it was chiefly notable as an incident in the early career of a possible immortal, and perchance as a refutation of the dietum that no good thing can come out of Judea. There were present at it representative bright minds in letters, in journalism, in medicine, in the law, in architecture, and in the art which speaks through colors, not to mention a liberal sprinkling of men who practice the less ethereal art of practical business; and these men, one and all, extelled what Mr. Crane had done, wreed that he remain true to the best instincts within him, and pleaded for room and recognition for the newer generation of writers who aim to speak a true thought in a way not cramped by the archaic conventions.

In this personal age, to speak of an achievement inevitably incurs the complementary duty of exploiting a personality. There is little to be said of Stephen Crane, the individual, further than that he is a vonthful-locking, modest person, with a face that suggests at once strong mentality and supersensitive nerves; and with a minner that shows no signs of shouling. He is now 24 years of age, although he looks a year or two older. The "Red Badge of Courage" was begun ere he was 18 and finished before its author had become a voter. An oracular English reviewer of it the other day, in a pretentious Anglican quarterly, expatiated at some length upon the book's internal evidence that the writer of it hed expressed his own emotions as a soldier bearing arms; whereas, Mr. Crane had probably never smelled even the gunpowder of sham hattle brior to the took's acceptance by the Appleton's. Mr. Crane has been at intervals in active newsuaper harness. Ho is one of the craft, and is thoroughly one with it in its sympathies and ideals. Two years ago, upon an assignment for Meclure's magazine, he visited Scranton, and made a study of mining and its social problems. If I mistake not he has relatives in this city. Although the temptation is before him to work fast and carelessly, in order that the financial crop of his nonularity may be harvested at its seeming riceness are sustaining him in it. The "Red Badges of Courage" has fascinated England. The critics are wild over it, and the English edition has been purchased with a widity. Mr. Crane has letters from the most prominent of English rights to all of his future productions; but the young suthor refuses to be hurried. "I write whet is in me," he said, at Buffalo, "and it will be enough to follow with obedience the promptines of their inspiration, if it be worthy of so dignified a name,"

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Wholesale.

BANKS. Lackawarms Trust and Safe Deposit Co. Merchants' and Mechanics', 429 Lacka. Traders' National, 234 Lackawanna. West Side Bank, 198 N. Main. Scranton Savings, 122 Wyoming.

BEDDING, CARPET CLEANING, ETC. The Scranton Bedding Co., Lacks. Robinson, E. Bons, 435 N. Seventh. Robinson, Mina, Cedar, cor. Alder.

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MILLINERY & FURNISHING GOODS. Brown's Bee Hive, 224 Lucka. City and Suburban.

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Cowles, W. C., 1907 N. Main. WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, Rogers, A. E., 215 Lankawanna. BOOTS AND SHOES.

Goodman's Shoe Store, 432 Lackawanna. FURNITURE. Barbour's Home Credit House, 425 Lacks. CARPETS AND WALL PAPER.

Inglis, J. Scott, 419 Lackawanna. GENERAL MERCHANDISE terhout, N. P., 110 W. Market, rdan, James, Olyphant, rthold, E. J., Olyphant.

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER Snook, S. M., Olyphant.

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FLORAL DESIGNS. Clark, G. R. & Co., 201 Washington. CATERER. Huntington, J. C., 308 N. Washington,

GROCERIES. Pirie, J. J., 427 Lackawanna, UNDERTAKER AND LIVERY. Raub, A. R., 425 Spruce.

DRUGGISTS. McGarrah & Thomas, 209 Lackawanna. Lorents, C., 418 Lacka; Linden & Wash. Davis, G. W., Main and Market. Bloca, W. S., Peckyille, Davies, John J., 106 S. Main.

CARRIAGES AND HARNESS. Simwell, V. A., 515 Linden.

Green, Joseph, 107 Lackawanna. CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE Harding, J. L., 215 Lackswanns.

BROKER AND JEWELER Radin Bros., 123 Penn. DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, Kresky, E. H. & Co., 114 S. Main,

CREAMERY Stone Bros., 308 Spruce. BICYCLES, GUNS, ETC. Parker, E. R., 321 Spruce.

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Benjamin & Benjamin, Franklin & Spruce. MERCHANT TAILOR Roberts, J. W., 126 N. Main. PIANOS AND ORGANS

Stelle, J. Lawrence, 303 Spruce. DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES,

Mulley, Ambrose, triple stores, Providence,