



AT DAWN.

pause upon the threshold of this day in which my tempted soul will yield to which I stand unwilling yet to enter in. Where only God has been, and rudely lay. Upon his blessed work my hands of clay. Defacing hours that beautiful have been. Fair future hours—till now. Must I begin to sultry them while yet the morn is gray?

Not one of all the days through which my feet have passed has been at eventide still. And each was, like this morning, pure and sweet. Until my stumbling footsteps echoed there. Here I must pause before I enter in. Ah, God! that we should spoil thy days with sin! —[Mary M. Currier, in Will Carleton's Magazine, Every Where, for December.]

IF WISHING.

If wishing were being, we'd all be beautiful. Healthy and wealthy, wise and dutiful. If wishing were having—what pleasures untold. With a heartful of joy and a purseful of gold. But wishes, alas! are but empty bubbles. And the longing heart must wait with troubles. So idle wishing is vain, forsooth. As the endless search for the fountain of youth. But work that holds wealth may be for the taking. Though it may not bring health 'tis a balm for heart-aching. And study makes wise, and love, people say. Gives the beauty that's truest, which lasts for aye. Then away with longing and hoi for labor! And hoi for love—each one for his neighbor! For a life of labor and study and love is the life that fits for the joy above.

NOTES.

Hamlin Garland's novel, "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop," since its publication in London, has struck the fancy of the English critics. They seem to be more alive to the significance of the American writers, and they refer especially to the book's correct moral attitude towards "the little peoples of the earth." One of them went so far as to say, in the Birmingham Gazette: "We read of the annexation of fresh territories to the British crown, and congratulate ourselves upon our power to civilize the world. Such stories as Mr. Garland's suggest another view of civilization's march." This is surely significant as a British view of so thoroughly American a novel as this one.

Richard Le Gallienne, poet, novelist, journalist, whose new romance, "An Old Country House," the Harpers' publication, started life in the prosaic office of a firm of chartered accountants in Liverpool. But he did not remain long in an atmosphere so ungenial. He has become secretary to Wilson Barrett, the actor, and only relinquished this work when ill-health compelled him to return to Liverpool, the place of his birth. Mr. Le Gallienne then devoted himself seriously to writing books, and, after a few years, in 1901 he went to London and joined the staff of the Star as literary critic, writing also for the Daily Chronicle and numerous other papers and periodicals. He is now a resident of New York City.

For an English paper like the Academy to say of any humorous book that it "can claim some kinship with the 'Pickwick' Papers" is high and surprising praise. In its issue of Nov. 1 the Academy thus describes a new book for which some critics prophesy a big popular success. It is "The Adventures of M. d'Haricot," by E. R. Clouston, just published by the Harpers. "It proves," says the Academy, "that a writer of much humor and shrewdness is at work, and who has, we think, a future." Another critic is surprised to find a book which really makes him laugh about a book being of the most rare sort to be had. Monsieur d'Haricot, however, with his unquenchable good-humor and indestructible sangfroid, is unique.

The Bowen-Merrill company has prepared handsome new editions of some of its conspicuously successful fiction. This series, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "The Redemption of David Greystoke," "Alice of Old Vincennes," "Lazarus," "The Strollers," "The Mississippi Bubble" and "Hearts Courageous" have been bound in limp leather covers and have been printed in a fine quality of this paper. Illustrations in these books are noteworthy, being the work of such well-known artists as F. C. Yohn, Andre Bataigne, A. B. Wenzell, Everett Ruess, Henry Hunt, Harrison Fisher, and Howard Chandler Christy.

"I have been on the stage since my nineteenth year; that is, for thirty-five years," says Mme. Lilli Lehmann in her book "How to Sing," which the

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stant recognition, has received several letters from unknown readers asking if the stories, which they read in Harper's Magazine, were to be issued in book form, as, if not, they meant to bind them privately. The book has made an unusual record in the matter of reviews, not a single unfavorable notice having been received by the Harpers,

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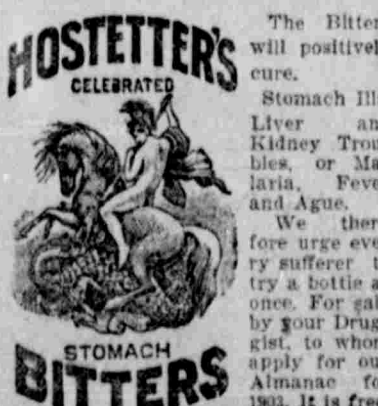
There are many pages in George Meredith and in Henry James, acute beyond belief, subtle to the point of exciting our wondering admiration, and yet certainly overcautious, perverse, and in the end pointless and ineffective. It is true enough that fiction, like poetry, may normally undertake to criticize life, but this criticism must be refined to the point of being refined away. It is often it fails to move either the reader's interest or his sympathy; it transports us into the laboratory, the dissecting-room, the study, but it fails to give us the image of palpitating, radiant life.—Eliza Perry in "A Study of Prose Fiction."

How many short stories are published in American magazines in one year? The statistics have been investigated, and it is found that American magazines devote much more space to this form of fiction than the English. The leading American illustrated magazines were then examined as to the number of short stories each had published in 1902, and the following results were obtained: Harper's Magazine, 10; Century Magazine, 6; Scribner's Magazine, 48. This makes a total of 215 short stories alone in the leading illustrated monthlies, and when it is remembered that many other periodicals there are, all containing more or less short stories, the extent of the popular taste for this form of fiction would seem to be unmistakable.

"A tall, graceful figure, steady, smiling eyes, dark hair (touched with gray) waving down each side of an intellectual, attractive face—and yet there is something austere about Mary Ward," writes Mrs. Humphry Ward in her description of a London writer who aptly adds that she is of "the type of womanhood which accepts the responsibilities of life, which sees both the nobility of motherhood and the nobility of knowledge." Mrs. Ward never met her herself, but she can scarcely avoid being written about. She has apparently excited more popular interest since the appearance of her new serial, "Lady Rose's Daughter," than ever before.

Among the popular six novels of 1902 selected by the London Academy, and published in its annual Fiction Supplement, are two which have been big successes in America—Anthony Hope's "The Intrusion of Peggy and Gilbert Parker's 'The Right of Way.' After this selected half-dozen follow eight 'popular and prize-winning novels,' of which one, 'The Vultures,' by Ward S. Merriman, has been very successful in this country. Mr. Robert W. Chambers, author of 'Cardigan' and 'The Mail-at-Arms,' is, as is well known, a thorough sportsman as well as novelist. He returned home the other day from a hunting trip, and, being in the mood to write, he sat at his desk without ridding himself of his hunting outfit, and began pulling the burrs from the tail of his Blue Belton setter. As he removed the burrs and incidentally considerable hair from the setter's tail, he dropped the bunches into the waste-paper basket. The last time he mistook the basket and dropped the burrs on the floor. To his astonishment and the setter's pick-me-up and burrs in his mouth and himself dropped them into the basket. In telling the story Mr. Chambers said he did not expect to be believed, but that nevertheless this is a true incident, and no more remarkable than others he has observed in his long association with hunting dogs.

Roy Rolfe Gilson, whose book of stories in the Morning Glow has met in



Two Centuries has just been published, was on his way to the hall in which he was to lecture and read some of his own poems that evening. He had told the committee that they need not call for him at his hotel; that he wanted a little 'think' by himself, on the way over.

Hotel and hall were quite a distance apart, and Carlton was in so much of a hurry as to be almost in danger of losing his way, when he was overtaken and accosted by a blithe little Hebrew clothing-dealer, who, evidently not knowing him and his habits of thought, struck up a friendly, general sort of conversation.

"Good evening," he said. "Was you a-going to hear Carlton?" "I was," replied the poet, sadly and truthfully. "Am I in time to get there before he begins?"

"Oh, sure! you haf lakess-full of time," replied the other. "Haf you efer heard him?"

"Yes," replied Carlton, mournfully. "Several times."

"Do you know him personal?" "No, very well," replied Carlton, sadly. "Do you?"

"Sure!" replied the clothing-store man. "I haf had some hot times with him in New York. He is a high-roller, now, I tell you. He owes me for a suit of clothes now, but I do not press the bill."

"You will never get it," replied Carlton. "Well, it is all right if I don't," replied the Hebrew. "We owe something to the poet. Haf you a sense him?"

"Why, no," replied the lecturer. "I thought it would be easy enough to secure one when I got there."

"You will not," replied the other. "They are all sold. But you seem to be a high-roller, and you may haf mine, if you only buy the admission fee. I know the manager, and he will put me somewhere."

The lecturer promised to avail himself, if necessary, of the other's generosity, and they went in together. It is said that the Jew's face was a study when he saw his "high-roller" companion throw off his overcoat and mount the platform.

BOOKS.

There is no more popular entertainer on the American lecture platform than Fred Emerson Brooks, and his popularity is due entirely to the recital of his own poems. Therefore, it is not surprising that his first book, "Pickett's Charge and Other Poems," has had an immense circulation and his admirers have demanded another volume from him. This new collection, containing 80 of his later poems, covers a wide range of themes. It includes "Do Good for Nothing's Sake," "The Deacon's Drive," "Hans Little Baby," and other equally pleasing verse in dialect, which Mr. Brooks uses with rare effectiveness. There are rhymes for children, including "The Whistling Boy" and "Doll Baby Town." No poet has so successfully described as many heroes and great events of the civil war, and he is a favorite with its veterans, both the blue and the gray. This volume contains, besides his masterly "Pickett's Charge," "Stonewall Jackson" and "General Hancock." Then there are many beautiful poems reciting the joys and sorrows of everyday life, such as "Conductor Sammie," "Mother Knows I'm Comin' Home," and "The Marble-Cutter's Chat."

The high praise bestowed on Brooks' work by eminent men and critics is assurance of the excellence of this book. The poems sparkle with wit and humor and they will be enjoyed by all, whether read in the parlor or heard from the public platform.

The book is handsomely made and has an excellent portrait of the author. For sale by all booksellers or sent postpaid by the publishers.—Forbes & Co., Boston, Mass.

The power of narration, which is one of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' rare endowments is present in full measure in her latest novel, "Avery" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It is the story of man and wife, of a beautiful love, of a passing act of neglect and its tremendous consequences, and of a physician's almost superhuman skill and heroism. All Marshall Avery asked for was another chance. Few men ever suffer so much as Avery, as was his, yet his unexpected outcome of it all is stimulating and satisfying. This story recently appeared in serial form under the title of "His Wife." There is an attractive picture illustration by Albert E. Sterner.

MAGAZINES.

The Christmas number of the Youth's Companion is out with a holiday design for its cover of a great Christmas tree with toys, and the title in red, while the contents are made up chiefly of Christmas material, presenting an exceptionally attractive number. The coming new year promises new writers to this journal, which easily keeps its rank as the foremost youth's periodical in America.—Perry Mason Co., Boston.

A timely suggestion. This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is certain to be needed before the winter is over, and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system. It is a sure remedy in a severe cold may be ward off by taking this remedy freely as soon as the first indication of the cold appears. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no harmful substance. It is pleasant to the taste, adults and children like it. Buy it and you will get the best. It always cures. For sale by all druggists.

H. S. Merriman, author of The Vultures, is said to be totally indifferent to fame. He lives quietly, says little, and writes much. He has never cared for sport, even in his earlier years, and on account of threatened ill-health has taken many sea voyages and journeys, in the course of which he secretly wrote romances. When his father placed him in business in London, his continued delicacy of constitution sent him frequently abroad, where he wrote stories and concealed all knowledge of them from his family and the world, publishing them anonymously. After the death of his father, he was appointed director of the London Graphic, he avowed his authorship, and devoted himself entirely to novel writing. His books are among the most popular stories of the day. The Harpers, who publish The Vultures, are making a new edition.

Israel Zangwill, author of The Mantle of Elijah, has been traveling in-out-of-the-way places in Italy in the interests of Harper's Magazine. Mr. Zangwill was accompanied by the painter Louis Loch and the result of their wanderings will appear in Harper's in 1903. Mr. Zangwill has now returned to his home in St. John's Wood, that semi-rural suburb of London, where writers and artists congregate, and which is famous as having once been the residence of George Eliot, Bret Hart, Alphonse Daudet, Landseer, and many other celebrities.

One evening, at Alliance, Ohio, Will Carlton, the poet, whose Songs of

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