

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

The January "Wide Awake." The January number is the second beautiful holiday issue of *Wide Awake* for the season. It opens with a charming social novelty for the winter evenings, a violin recitation entitled "The Cricket Fiddler." The words for recitation are by Clara Doty Bates, the music with each verse for the violin is by Julius Eichberg, and the funny little orchestral crickets are by L. J. Bridgman. The opening story, full of the Christmas-tide spirit, is by Hezekiah Butterworth, entitled "Good Luck." Another Christmas story, "Such a Little Thing," is by the popular English writer, Mrs. L. B. Walford. Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont has a sketch of early California, called "My Grizzly Bear." The serial stories are very readable, as one might expect from the reputation of the authors, J. T. Trowbridge and Margaret Sidney. "The Legend of William Tell," "Fire Building," "A Queer Bundle of Sticks," "The Orloff" and "Minty-Malvina's Santa Claus" are titles of other attractive prose articles, and there are poems by Mrs. Whiton-Stone, Margaret Eytinge, Faith Lee and others.—Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price, \$2.40 a year; 20 cents a number.

"Das Kapital."

Students of political economy will be interested to know that *Capital*—a book that has been somewhat irreverently termed, "The Socialists' Bible" and "The Gospel According to Karl Marx"—has just been issued in a new edition, under the editorship of Frederick Engels. The translators, Samuel Moore and Dr. Edward Aveling, have happily been mindful of the example set them by the French translator, and the result is that Marx's robust thought is here expressed for the first time in readable English. For that matter, the old London edition, in two volumes, which sold for \$7, will be found inferior in every other respect to this new one, which contains nearly 900 pages, is printed from large type on heavy paper, and is sold for \$3.—New York: The Labor News Co., No. 25 East Fourth street.

"Lend a Hand Monthly."

With the January number of Dr. Hale's excellent magazine, certain mechanical improvements begin to be effected, and the editorial field is broadened by the co-operation of the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Good Citizenship. The leading article deals with "The State and the Citizen." Mr. Kercheval's serial is continued, and Miss Palfrey's story, "Bread and Cake," is concluded. Rev. J. H. Crooker writes interestingly of "The Origin of Scientific Charity in Hamburg." There is a striking statement of "The Old South Work in the West," and the departments give much cheering news of the systematic advance in humanitarian work.—Boston: J. Stillman Smith & Co. Price, \$2 a year, 20 cents a number.

"The Writer."

With the January number, *The Writer* makes a promising beginning of its third volume. "Writing for Young People," by Wolstan Dixey, "Mental Dyspepsia," by S. A. Adams and "Shortland in Composition," by H. M. Hoke are its best features, but other articles are instructive and interesting and the departments are, as usual, helpful. *The Writer* deserves well of every man who has to do with literature and its low price brings it within the reach of all.—Boston: P. O. Box 1905. Price, \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.

"The Collector."

If there are in Canada or elsewhere any collectors of autographs who have never made the acquaintance of Mr. Walter R. Benjamin, No. 28 West 23d street, New York—the largest dealer in the United States,—they should send him 10 cents for a copy of his magazine, *The Collector*. It has already taken its place among the indispensables.

Notes and Announcements.

Miss Sallie MacLean's *Cape Cod Folks* is in its 25th edition. There is a movement on foot to raise a memorial to Christopher Marlowe in his native city of Canterbury. Roberts Bros. will soon issue a new book by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, made up of articles in the *Portfolio*, the magazine he edits. It will contain a portrait of Hamerton by M. Manerse, a French etcher. Miss Oliver Schreiner, as the readers of *The Story of an African Farm* will not be surprised to know, is an admirer and, to some extent, a disciple of Mary Wollstonecraft, whose biography she has written. *The Open Door* is the title of Miss Blanche Willis Howard's new novel which is to be published shortly by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is said that the price paid for the copyright by the publishers was \$3,000 in cash, and 15 per cent royalty on the sales. There is to be a new series, entitled *English Men of Action*. Mr. Marion Crawford is to write for it the life of Sir John Hawleywood, the English military adventurer, who was the leader of a band of outlaws that entered Italy about 1360, and who was hired by the Florentines to fight in their interests. George Meredith's home at Box Hill, according to a writer in the *Boston Advertiser*, is a modest establishment of five or six rooms, presided over by his daughter. Here simplicity and hospitality go hand in

hand. Mr. Meredith himself occupies, for the most part, a cottage in the rear, which insures him greater retirement.

There is to be a new volume of stories by Sydney Lusk. Cassell will publish it. M. Guy de Maupassant is in Algeria writing a new novel. *Strong as Death* is its title.

The *Saturday Review* says, apropos of the Beecher biographies: "His wit was that of dissenting tea parties, his sentiment was that of the pawling, sprawling order, which is almost repulsive to a healthy mind." But Mr. Beecher's courage in identifying himself with unpopular causes is recognized.

Current Literature is authority for the statement that "Rider Haggard wrote *She* in six weeks at a time when he was busy as reporter for the *London Times*. It paid him, it is said, \$50,000," and that "James Payn, the well-known English novelist, has turned out in 30 years over 100 volumes, mainly fiction."

In Oscar Wilde's article on London models he tells of one beautiful girl who married an ice cream man. The artist who employed her sent her a beautiful wedding present. In return the grateful girl wrote back: "Never eat green ices!" Another, coming to a new employer was asked what she posed for. "Anything you like, sir. Landscape, if necessary."

A Hartford dispatch says that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe continues to improve in health and spirits, and is physically and mentally quite as well as before her very serious illness of last summer. She is about the house every day and ventures out in pleasant weather. She has recently written several letters and her intellect seems to be as keen and bright as it was a dozen years ago.

Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the new president of the Nineteenth Century club and author of the *Problem of Evil*, is about to publish shortly, through Longmans, Green & Co., an inquiry into the fundamental principles of social ethics and a discussion of the trend of social evolution. *Social Progress* is to be the title of the work, the outcome of which appears to be that Mr. Thompson believes that social progress can only be attained through the perfection of social liberty.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Just as Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., is preparing to make a New York debut as Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*, comes the news that Mr. J. G. B., jr. has effected his first appearance in a new role at Waterville, Me. He has gone into the Maine Central railway repair shops as an apprentice.

The young woman who took the ill-advised step of attaching herself to the scion of the house of Blaine retired from the stage to wed him. It was a grave responsibility that she assumed, for she had to marry the whole family. The tombstone over the grave of her affection bears the legend, "Died of too much mother-in-law."

I imagine that she will be able to take up her career at the prosperous point where she dropped it, for she has beauty and brains and, as Mr. Sparkler would say, there is no begod nonsense about her. I hope her guardian husband will succeed in his new role, of Bread-winner, for if he doesn't he may starve. He can't live on his father's reputation; that isn't such a succulent morsel as some people fancy.

Messrs. Abbey and Schoeffel couldn't have found a better site for their new Boston theatre than the corner of Tremont and Mason streets will be. A new theatre couldn't find better managers than these. They have shown Raymond, Florence, Bernhardt, Irving, Patti, Coquelin and Hading to the theatregoers of the United States; and they have done better service still, in showing the rest of the world what American managers can do, when their watchword is "Hustle."

I saw it noted, the other day, that the fire-fiend and Kate Claxton have dissolved partnership. I congratulate her. For years after the Brooklyn theatre "horror"—as it was picturesquely called—that unfortunate woman bore the smell of smoke upon her garments. Conflagrations seemed to attend upon her as regularly as though they were a part of the show. When she was advertised to play, a good many fools, who didn't believe in cremation, stayed away from the theatre. Other fools went, however, and if a gas-jet blazed too high or an actor lighted a cigarette and forgot to stamp out the match, they did yeoman service in stirring up a panic. All this did the fools no harm, but it hurt business.

In course of time, Miss Claxton herself began to think she was hoodooed, and then, for a while, she led a very hard life. Somewhere about 1879, I remember, she was playing an engagement at the old Portland Museum, when, one evening, the fire bells rang. The fire was a half-mile away, but distances are variable when people are excited, and the call-boy whom the actress sent out to investigate, rushed in upon her with the story that it was in the next block. She uttered an inarticulate cry of despair and terror, sank into a chair and burst into tears.

I am glad that a better day has dawned for the winsome actress. It was only the

irony of fate that caused her persecution; for there have been tears enough shed over her impersonation of Louise in *The Two Orphans*, to drown out the fire that swept St. John.

I have taken a good deal of pains to keep track of the criticisms of Mrs. James Potter's production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, and I find sweet satisfaction in the conclusion to which they lead me. The "society star"—what a world of meanings that covers!—appeared before the "best people" in the first city in America. Posing there against a historic background, what do you suppose she put forward as the feature of her presentation? You could never guess. It was a lavish display of her person and her clothing! And beyond a few whispered suggestions of indelicacy, only two of the critics of the "great dailies" had a word to say.

The truth is that a New York audience has no concern for art, and with the exception of the *Sun* and *Tribune* men, the New York critics have no knowledge of it. On the other hand, a Boston audience freezes the actor or actress who has not a carefully-conceived, closely-studied impersonation to offer, and a Boston critic never hesitates to rend the wretched women of the Potter school. With certain modifications, I might say the same of other of our smaller American cities. In these places, theatre-going is an intellectual amusement. In New York it is socially "the thing" to be seen at certain houses, regardless of who or what holds the stage. That's the difference.

Some of our country cousins still cling to the idea that New York announces the verdict for the whole country, on a theatrical effort. It doesn't. It couldn't. It starved Booth when he tried to show it the ideal *Julius Caesar* and it pays its last cent to drink in Ned Hanigan's sloop. It hadn't years ago, it hasn't today, the brains to recognize unpuffed merit or the intellectual honesty to stand by it.

If any of the first-nighters at that performance of *Antony and Cleopatra* had been true lovers of the mighty master who wrote the play—not in collaboration with Mr. Kyrle Bellew, either,—they would have made an effort to preserve the eternal fitness of things. They would have fought for the introduction of a real barge in the barge scene, and after the play was over they would have rowed the star down to Ward's island. That's where the other lunatics live.

In the meantime, let us all be thankful that Shakespeare is dead. LEON.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Facts, Submitted Without Comment to the Evangelical Alliance.

Last Sunday was a delightful day. The air was clear, cold and bracing. Anybody comfortably clad could not but enjoy the invigorating atmosphere. It was a glorious day for open-air skating. Hundreds of people thought so.

Late Sunday dinners were hardly eaten before parties of two and three, and sometimes as many as half a dozen, were seen walking briskly in the direction of Lily lake. They were bent on pleasure. Anybody in doubt as to their intentions had but to look at their hands or under their arms. All carried skates. The skates were not done up in paper or tucked beneath coats. This mode of carrying skates has apparently gone out of fashion.

Early in the afternoon the lake was dotted with skaters. In the middle of the afternoon the lake was black with them. There were bunches here and there, and fast skaters attracted attention as they scudded by in places where the road was clear.

On one part of the lake a rink was formed, around which the festive juniors went like the wind. They were racing. The friends of the competitors cheered, and everybody enjoyed himself.

It was a merry carnival, one worth seeing. A great many people thought so, for they availed themselves of the opportunity. Crowds walked the banks and gazed at the skaters. When the Sunday schools were out the crowd of spectators was noticeably increased. A large number of the fair sex viewed the merry-makers, but the number of these who took part with them was remarkably small.

Reluctantly, at length, the spectators turned their backs on the scene and walked briskly toward the city, for the air was getting cold. Groups of skaters hastened to the shore, and with half frozen fingers unloosed their skates and danced to keep their feet warm. The crowd on the ice grew smaller, and at supper time the place was almost deserted.

Thus ended a glorious Sunday afternoon.

Many Will Mourn Him.

Death ended, Monday night, the long sickness of Mr. Edward McAleer, of Sydney street, than whom few citizens were more widely or more favorably known among local business men. Mr. McAleer was one of the "old school" of thorough, conscientious mechanics, and his straightforwardness, integrity and kindly nature earned him sincere respect and liking.

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A COMING BERNHARDT.

Mary Ann Ragan's Dramatic Powers, as Shown at the Rehearsal.

"Were yez to the rah-lursal, Mary Ann?" asked Mrs. Ragan, as her daughter came home one evening.

"I was that same."

"An' did yez have a nice toime?"

"Illigant, but o'im afraid it will be a long toime before the club'll be in trim to play Moik Beth, as they've started out to."

"Phwat's the trouble wid 'em?"

"Well, Patsy Flynn is goin' to play Moike and Dennis Dolan, the ghosht, says that phwativer moight be said agin Moike Beth he worn't knock-kneed, and nayther did he shquint. That led to a little misunderstanding, dooin' which Patsy broke two av the swords and Dennis got several dints in his tin clothes."

"An' how do the ladies get along?"

"Beautiful, barrin' the black ove that Katie Ginnity got for saying that Bridget Donnelly naden't make up a bit when she went as one of the witches. O'im Lady Moike Beth meself, and if I do say it, it's moighty illigant I look when o' come out in a robe de nweat and say, 'out damned spot.' That's whin the awjence is 'parlyzed.'"

"Yis," said Mrs. Ragan, "it's very foine, though I can't help saying that some av it sounds loike swearing. But av course it's in the play."

And the old lady bestowed a proud look on her daughter and went to bed.—*Merchant Traveller*.

If you want to Let your House, Advertise in "Progress".

A Woman's Queer Occupation.

Mrs. Mary Hall, a middle-aged lady of Pasadena, Cal., who passed through the city last night, has probably the most singular calling of any person in America. She makes a business of accompanying the bodies of persons who die in the Eastern, California to their homes in the south, according to her own story, has found it very lucrative. "I have been at the business about two years," said she, "and I find that it is not ungenial, and pays better than anything else that I can do. How much do I get for a trip? Different prices; generally from \$3 to \$5 per day, my railroad fare and travelling expenses. You see, the class of people who come to California in search of health generally have plenty of money, and many of them put off their visits too long. After a patient has been here about five weeks he generally dies or gets strong again. The change is so great in the climate that it soon makes itself felt. Now it costs double first-class express rates to send a body from California to the Missouri River, which amounts to about \$300; consequently it is cheaper to hire me, pay my expenses and feel sure that the corpse will go through safely. The number of invalids who go to California is increasing every year, and my business is growing better.—*Kansas City Times*.

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

Read at the Unveiling of the Statue in Philadelphia.

How different now, old friend, the meeting! Thy form, thy face, they look the same— But where is now the kindly greeting? The voice of cheer, the shout of fame? There in thy grandeur, calm and splendid— God's grace on that imperial brow— Thou staidest, grief and trouble ended, And we are nothing and thou now.

Yet once again the air is cloven; With joyous tumult of acclaim; Once more the golden wreaths are woven Of love and honor for thy name; And round thee here, with tender longing, As oft they did in days of old, The comrades of thy soul come thronging, Who never knew thee stern or cold.

There's no high impulse, no revealing In all the glorious world of art, There's no sweet thought or noble feeling That throbbeth not in thy manly heart; There's no strong flight of aspiration, No reverent dream of bals divine, No pulse, no thrill, no proud exultation, Of God-like power that was not thine.

So stand forever, joyless, painless, Supreme alike o'er smiles and tears, Thou true man's image, strong and stainless, Unchanged through honour, all the changing years! While fame's blue crystal o'er thee bended, While honor's gems shall blaze and burn, And rose and lily round thee blended, Adorn and bless thy hallowed urn.

—*William Winter*.

Three Big Twos.

SEE as fine a variety of patterns in Hamburgs as could be desired, go to the "London House Retail," and your desire can be gratified, as our Hamburgs are the best that we have ever placed before the public.

BUY Table Damasks, Napkins and d'Oyleys in all the best makes, go to the "London House Retail," where you can get the newest designs, and save much trouble and expense by having them Hemmed Free of Charge.

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