## THE COURIER.

## THE PASSING SHOW

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I wish Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins would hold himself under a pump long enough to check his bewildering productiveness. This year he has published at least half a dozen novels and he is writing for every periodical under the sun. He is an awfully clever fellow, but really, his reputation can't stand antics of that sort. And he is only one of a hundred men whoare doing the same thing. Really, its terrible to think of, the mass of fiction that is thrust upon us every year, whether we will or no. The congessional records are not in it at all any more. If it keeps up I don't really quite see what will become of English literature. No one ever thinks of taking time to write histories or essays or poetry, and what is worse no one ever thinks of reading them. There was a time when people read Carlyle and Emerson, but nowadays if one pretends to half way keep up with current fiction he has absolutely no time for anything else. If you did a thorough job of it you would not have time to sleep. And the worst of it is that most of these thousands of novels are good and none of them excellent. Perfection seems to have ceased to be a standard even to be dreamed of. Today an author knows that one good chapter will save his book. Formerly he knew that one weak one would damn it. Its a strange thing, this descent of literature. I picked up an old American periodical last week. Among the contributors were Dickens, Thackary, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow and Hawthorne. Heavens, what names to stir the hearts of men! Now we have Kipling, Hope, Weyman, Hamlin, Garland, Zangwill, Richard Harding Davis and Mrs. Burton Harrison. Our essays are never anything heavier than the pleasant little paragraphs of that Idle Fellow, Jerome and as subtle as the music of Mozart. K. Jerome. As to poetry, no one ever attempts anything loftier than the errotic There is a new Paderewski story. A tyrannical and never satisfied God, my servant." and are dancing a frolicsome two-step about the golden diety in the valley.

and his "Dusk of the Nations." It is like Anacreon who when the women told him he was growing old and that his locks were white beneath his crown of roses, said, "The nearer I draw unto the gates of the grave, the more will I dance, and my lyre shall ever ring of love until I tune it to the mournful numbers of the choir below."

Their mania for careless and hasty work is not confined to the lesser men. Howells' and Hardy have gone with the crowd. Now that Stevenson is dead I can think of but one English speaking author who is really keeping his self-respect and sticking for perfection. Of course I refer to that mighty master of language and keen student of human actions and motives, Henry James. In the last four years he has published, I believe, just two small volumes, "The Lesson of the Master" and "Terminations.," and in those two little volumes of short stories he who will may find out something of what it means to be really an artist. The framework is perfect and the polish is absolutely without flaw. They are sometimes a little hard, always calculating and dispassionate, but they are perfect. wish James would write about modern society, about "degeneracy" and the new woman and all the rest of it. Not that he would throw any light on it. He seldom does; but he would say such awfully clever things about it, and turn on so many side-lights. And then his sentences! If his character novels were all wrong one could read him forever for the mere beauty of his sentences. He never lets his phrases run away with him. They are never dull and never too brilliant. He subjects them to the general tone of his sentence and has his whole paragraph partake of the same predominating color. You are never startled, never surprised, never thrilled or never enraptured; always delighted by that masterly prose chats of Andrew Lang or the "smart" that is as correct, as classical, as calm

verses after the style of Bliss Carmen. much smitten society lady went to call The Wagnerian flashes and thunders on the divine Ignace. He was not at and tempests of Carlyle and the lofty home, but on his writing table she found repose and magnificent tranquility of a cherry seed. She slipped it in her Emerson seem to have gone out of the glove and took it to a jeweler's and had language. In all the literature of the it set in gold. When next she met the last ten years I have not found one capillary Ignace Jan she showed it to burning conviction, one new and really him and told him that all her caskets confident truth wrested from the con- of jewels were not worth to her that one cealing elements. All our makers of poor relic of a cherry that his artistic literature are asleep or playful. They life had crushed. "But, Madame," rehave all with one accord come down monstrated the heartless Ignace, "I from smoking Sinai with its jealous, never eat cherries. It must have been

They say that the intermezzo in Mas-To dance is easier than to play, and Cagni's new opera, "Silvano," is just they do it. All our literateurs are as beautiful and as new and strange as frolicing and doing the kindergarten the one in "Cavalleria." That is enRIPANS TABULES.

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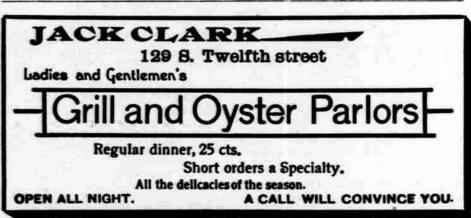
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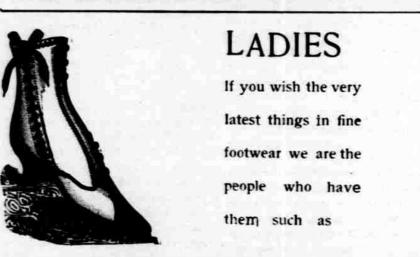
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ter all the spiritual warfare of the cenold time mirth of Fielding or Smollett Hymen.

act. Frolicksome literature was all very couraging, and it's really quite worth

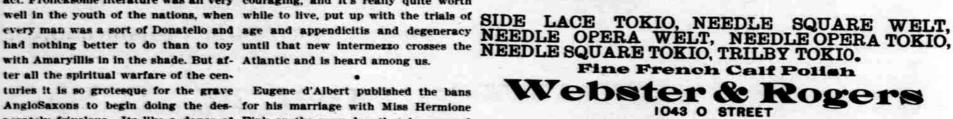
turies it is so grotesque for the grave Eugene d'Albert published the bans AngloSaxons to begin doing the des- for his marriage with Miss Hermione perately frivolous. Its like a dance of Fink on the very day that he secured the gnomes. And the dire thing about his divorce from Taressa Carreno. This all this frivolity and froth is that it is is d'Albert's third attempt to secure so sad. There is not a gleam of the happiness at the treacherous hands of

in it. It makes one think of Nordau Col. Gustave Pabst has begun suit



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