

**THE PASSING SHOW**

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 a awfully clever fellow, but really, his reputation can't stand antics of that sort. And he is only one of a hundred men who are 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 congressional 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, Thackeray, 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 chats of Andrew Lang or the "smart" paragraphs of that Idle Fellow, Jerome K. Jerome. As to poetry, no one ever attempts anything loftier than the erotic verses after the style of Bliss Carmen. The Wagnerian flashes and thunders and tempests of Carlyle and the lofty repose and magnificent tranquillity of Emerson seem to have gone out of the language. In all the literature of the last ten years I have not found one burning conviction, one new and really confident truth wrested from the concealing elements. All our makers of literature are asleep or playful. They have all with one accord come down from smoking Sinai with its jealous, tyrannical and never satisfied God, and are dancing a frolicsome two-step about the golden diety in the valley. To dance is easier than to play, and they do it. All our literateurs are frolicing and doing the kindergarten act. Frolicsome literature was all very well in the youth of the nations, when every man was a sort of Donatello and had nothing better to do than to toy with Amaryllis in in the shade. But after all the spiritual warfare of the centuries it is so grotesque for the grave AngloSaxons to begin doing the desperately frivolous. Its like a dance of the gnomes. And the dire thing about all this frivolity and froth is that it is so sad. There is not a gleam of the old time mirth of Fielding or Smollett in it. It makes one think of Nordau

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. I 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 that is as correct, as classical, as calm and as subtle as the music of Mozart.

There is a new Paderewski story. A much smitten society lady went to call on the divine Ignace. He was not at home, but on his writing table she found a cherry seed. She slipped it in her glove and took it to a jeweler's and had it set in gold. When next she met the capillary Ignace Jan she showed it to him and told him that all her caskets of jewels were not worth to her that one poor relic of a cherry that his artistic life had crushed. "But, Madame," remonstrated the heartless Ignace, "I never eat cherries. It must have been my servant."

They say that the intermezzo in Mascagni's new opera, "Silvano," is just as beautiful and as new and strange as the one in "Cavalleria." That is encouraging, and it's really quite worth while to live, put up with the trials of age and appendicitis and degeneracy until that new intermezzo crosses the Atlantic and is heard among us.

Eugene d'Albert published the bans for his marriage with Miss Hermione Fink on the very day that he secured his divorce from Taressa Carreno. This is d'Albert's third attempt to secure happiness at the treacherous hands of Hymen.

Col. Gustave Pabst has begun suit

**RIPANS TABULES.**

Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you suffer from headache, dyspepsia, or indigestion..... **TAKE RIPANS TABULES**

If you are bilious, constipated or have a disordered liver..... **TAKE RIPANS TABULES**

If your complexion is sallow or you suffer distress in eating. **TAKE RIPANS TABULES**

For offensive breath and all disorders of the stomach..... **TAKE RIPANS TABULES**

Ripans Tabules act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; cure dyspepsia, and habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One Tabule at the first indication of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

Ripans Tabules are prepared from a prescription widely approved by modern science.

If given a fair trial Ripans Tabules are an infallible cure; they contain nothing injurious and are an economical remedy.

**ONE GIVES RELIEF**

A quarter-gross box will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of 50 cents by

**RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY**

10 SPRUCE ST, NEW YORK

Local druggists everywhere will supply the Tabules if requested to do so.

They are easy to take, quick to act and save many a doctor's bill.

**JACK CLARK**

129 S. Twelfth street

Ladies and Gentlemen's

**Grill and Oyster Parlors**

Regular dinner, 25 cts.

Short orders a Specialty.

All the delicacies of the season.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

A CALL WILL CONVINCCE YOU.



**LADIES**

If you wish the very latest things in fine footwear we are the people who have them such as

**SIDE LACE TOKIO, NEEDLE SQUARE WELT, NEEDLE OPERA WELT, NEEDLE OPERA TOKIO, NEEDLE SQUARE TOKIO, TRILBY TOKIO.**

Fine French Calf Polish

**Webster & Rogers**

1043 O STREET

**Fall Styles Of DUNLAP'S**

**Celebrated Hats**

Now on sale by

**J. A. SMITH, Sole agt**

**DIERKS LUMBER AND COAL CO**

Wholesale and Retail.

**Lumber & Coal**

Also Lime Cement, Plaster, etc.

TELEPHONES { Coal 35 Lumber 13 } 125 TO 149 SO., 8TH. STREET