

## WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.

[From The Mirror, of St. Louis.]

There is noticeable and singular of a tendency in weekly publications to take the form of monthly periodicals. The Outlook first made the change. The Independent is following suit and the Critic, too, is to be a monthly. That phenomenally banal "literary giant," Mr. Frank A. Munsey, has declared that the weekly is dead, because he has made a fortune through the metamorphosis of a bad weekly into a worse monthly. But the weekly, that is the high-class weekly, will not die. It always will appeal to the people who want thought and information, as distinct from the thrill of daily sensationalism and the kindergarten appeal of pictures. One might find confirmation of Mr. Munsey's opinion in the collapse of the Arkell enterprises, but it seems to me that the Arkell papers failed because they were conducted without regard to anything but commercialism. They did not come up to the demand of the many for mere amusement, and they had neither the dignity of attitude or the quality of thought, which the more reasonable people demand. Arkell ran his papers with the literary and artistic features as considerations inferior to politics and profit. Leslie's Weekly and Judge were regarded as hopelessly perfunctory in their attempt to gratify any aesthetic instinct in the public. Puck has deteriorated dimly since the deaths of Keppler, the cartoonist, and the lovable Bunner, the editor. I note, however, that Life, a gentleman's paper, is prosperous. Collier's Weekly has come to the front because of its literary qualities and its special illustrations by the best artists. Harper's Weekly remains a standard publication and so does the Bazar, and both are giving no evidence of falling out of the public regard. The Nation still holds its own as a very high-toned, if somewhat pessimistic, journal of comment upon the higher things of life. The Argonaut, of San Francisco is a weekly that has long had a powerful influence among people who can appreciate good reading and want the opinion of people of authority on the issues of the day.

Low Topics, though a journal of society, is not losing readers, because it is a weekly in which can always be found sound criticism, the best of the lighter work of the young poets and paragraphers, and the only specimens of the American type of the peculiarly Frenchy short story.

The Mirror is another weekly that has no cause to complain of lack of patronage, because it eschews illustrations. The Mirror, like all the weeklies I have mentioned as not justifying the theory that the weekly is effete, makes appeal to a necessary limited class of thinking people, and it commands advertising by reason of the fact that its readers have time to read, and the money with which to buy things advertised in its columns. I observe, too, that the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, which has been purchased by the Curtis Publishing Company, is, under the strong and dignified editorship of Mr. William George Jordan, taking rank as a literary weekly, with fine illustrations, stories at once clean and clever, and comment that is not designed to do more than give readers the view of events that is held by decent, undemagogic, self-contained Americans. It is to be remembered that there is a great deal of mere noise about the successes of the cheaper magazines. They are touched with the taint of Baxter street that we find in the self-exploitation of the yellow journals. They are in vogue, but the vogue will pass. Advertisements are packed into these magazines so thickly that most of them represent wasted money. And the same advertisements appear in all

the magazines, so that one does not look at the advertising department because of its foreknowledge of its monotony. The advertiser eventually will find this out, just as he is finding out that Sunday papers are so big an advertisement is lost in them, and that if he would catch the public he must make his bid on some other day. The good weekly will outlive the Sunday paper and the cheaper magazine. The dignified weekly will hold the respect of the people when all the "fads" pass away and when the picture craze in particular has had its day. The daily papers will give the news. The magazine will cater to the curiosity of the public and to the taste for the literature that is usually insipid, because of the evisceration thereof. The better class of weeklies will continue to present opinions in condensed form and to stimulate thought in the country among those people who are not swept off their feet by the ravings of the demagogues. The weeklies are the only educators of the people upon public questions, because no one reads the editorials in the dailies. The daily is powerful only through coloring news. The people have no faith in the editorials of organs that will color the news. The weeklies are the only papers that have individuality, and individuality, after all, is the thing which tells in the world. The weeklies may not attain to circulation in such quantities as the daily papers or the magazine, but the quality is superior. The weeklies have more influence with the people who lead the way, and they offer to the advertiser the attention of those who buy only first-class goods.

## EASTWARD BOUND.

A radiating star of baldness crowned his head and down the sides of his cheeks ran a few tufts of grayish hair. He stroked his chin nervously from time to time and cast deep, penetrating, ferreting glances first here, then there. Certainly he must be a professional man.

A baby across the way gave a short dry cough. He looked up quickly.

"Baby had the whooping cough, madam?"

"Yes," said a funny voice. Then an inaudible explanation.

"Oh, but whooping cough is a contraction of the muscles of the throat," he said severely.

She lowered her eyes slightly, gave a frightened cough.

"But, you see—," the rest not heard.

"Ah, that may be, may be," he replied, in a tone slightly less despotic and turned to fix his eyes upon his sun-bronzed neighbor.

"Been in California, you said?"

"Yes, six months. Great country, isn't it?"

"Splendid. I was out there two years ago."

"Go to Los Angeles?" said the doctor.

"Yes, beautiful place. Did you go to Bellevedere? That's the place."

"No, I didn't go there."

"Well," said the other man, "lots of wealth there. Mostly widows too, a good item to keep."

"Yes," said the doctor, "a thing to remember. Mostly widows," and he stroked his chin.

"It's quite a place for rich men who are broken down. They go out there for their health and die."

"And the widows remain?"

"Yes," said the other man, and he smiled.

"A good thing to remember," said the doctor, and he stroked his chin.

HELEN C. HARWOOD.

Jack Potts—Are you giving up poker-playing?

Luke Pleasant—I am always giving up when I'm poker playing.

## CLUBS.

## THE LAND OF CLUBS.

Clubland hath lain in mist since spring;  
The all-enfolding summer's breath  
With labyrinth of flower and leaf,  
About its hidden portals cling.

Somewhere within a dreamy bower  
Its hurried life finds sure repose,  
While nature can once more disclose  
The deeper truths of bird and flower.

At frost's first gentle, glittering trace,  
Forth spring's a spirit clothed in might;  
More powerful grown, with keener sight  
Its faults and errors to efface.

Rest! then, club spirit! 'neath the flowers;  
Wind-swept by Zephyr-gathered thought;  
While fragrant beauty, now unsought,  
Distils her essence in your bowers.

—Annie L. Miller.

It is safe to say that during the whole Biennial there were no addresses looked forward to with more eagerness and listened to with more interest than those given by Miss Jane Addams of Hull House fame. Miss Addams occupies the unique and important place at the top round on the ladder of philanthropic fame. Her first address at the "Great Biennial" was to the children at Broadway theatre Sunday afternoon. A delightful program had been arranged for the younger folks which was another inspiration of that wonderful committee of arrangements. Miss Addams told of the little Italian children of Chicago. Mrs. S. W. Kendrick of Philadelphia, who is president of the "Good Citizenship League" of that city, told them of some of the requisites of good citizenship and of the importance of cultivating high ideals and principles while still children.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart read extracts from "The Plantation" and captured her child audience, and some who were not children, listened with breathless attention to the tale of Uncle Tim and Little Tim and their copartner-ship barjo. Mrs. Stuart was compelled to respond to two encores and recited "My Yellow Tiger Lily" and "The Rose." Prof. W. J. Whiteman gave an illustration, with a trained class, of his method used in the public schools in Denver in teaching voice culture to the pupils. He teaches them chords, scales and precision in time from the very beginning. The results as shown by this class were a revelation to the audience and elicited much applause. Some very delightful music rendered by the "Junior Chorus" of the Woman's club, composed of forty young ladies, all daughters of members of that club, closed one of the most pleasant and successful sessions of the convention.

I started to tell you of Jane Addams, but that delightful afternoon grows so fast when one becomes reminiscent that it will not requiescat in pace until it is told.

The meeting was called together by Mrs. Platt, who told the children that they had been especially invited, that they were wanted there to hear the good advice and kind words that leading women of the Biennial had come prepared to impart. She told them that Miss Jane Addams of Chicago, who believes it is nice to live in firehouses and have fine clothes, has instead taken up her home with many poor children to help them to be good. "A lady met me in the theatre lobby yesterday," said Mrs. Platt, "and asked me to point out Miss Addams to her. Just then Miss Addams passed. The woman exclaimed, 'Why, is she no bigger than that?' Now boys and girls, in her work she is as big as this theatre, as tall as Pike's Peak and of a great deal more importance in the world than either."

After being introduced Miss Addams, who is a little body, with a sweet face filled with yearning to do good for

others, told in simple, pleasant language what Hull House has done and is doing for the poor children of Chicago. She explained in detail the methods used to cure Italian boys of the habit of picking up, promiscuously, articles of small value, which is an inherited habit of their far away homes in Sicily and Italy. No boy who heard her plea for the Italian waif that afternoon but will treat him more kindly in the future. Miss Addams' great talk was Sabbath evening when she spoke on the "Spiritual Significance of Organization." She possesses in an unusual degree the power to carry her audience with her on all questions. But when she talks from the standpoint of her life work for the common working people of the land to whose cause she is devoting her life and her energies in her gentle, earnest way she seems inspired and it is little wonder that she was listened to with greater interest perhaps than any other woman at that great convention. In her remarks she praised labor unions for the work they had accomplished in securing better laws. The applause that followed the close of her address was long continued. Her eloquent endorsement of trades unionism evidently touched a responsive chord in her audience.

Naming the child is not always an easy task. There is more importance attached to results than appears at first thought. Now that every street, every town and country neighborhood produces a member of the great club family, there are names that have grown monotonous by frequent adoption, says the Kansas City Star. Of the 600 organizations in the great general federation list, 104 of these are designated simply as the Woman's club. Scores are saved only by the specification of Literary or Reading, Educational or Industrial, which gives to the Woman's club a specific aim. The name in itself is a grand one—no better—but its frequent use cloy and the woman in quest of something new in the way of a club appellation is to be commended. The Fortnightly is one of the most popular of club names and Sorosis has a number of representatives east and west. The day of the week upon which the club meets is incorporated in the names of a number of study classes, with Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday leading the list. Several clubs escape the difficulty of selection by announcing themselves as "No Name." Shakespeare clubs are almost universal, that of Colorado Springs making itself more specific by prefixing the name of Anne Hathaway. Friends in Council organizations in various localities are merely branches of a mother council, founded by Louisa M. Alcott. St. Cecilia flourishes in musical societies and the word Civics is conspicuous in reform clubs. There are some names in the federation sufficiently quaint to attract attention.

Georgetown, Col., has "The House Boat Club on the Mountain Top." Denver its "Sphinx Club," "Aprender," "Columbine Reading circle," and "The Four O'clock" in its list of twenty.

Moscow, Idaho, has a department club, the Pleiades, and Wallace of the same state a Coeur d'Alene, Treble Clef, Alaho. Lend-a-Hand of Chicago is quaintly significant. "Over the Teacups," suggestive of cozy exchange of sentiment, is the name of clubs in Indianapolis, Ind. and in Spartanburg S. C., and also of one in Missouri. Cando, F. D., has a Fleur-de-Lis society. Washington, D. C., and Youngstown, O., have clubs named Wimodaughsis, coined from the words wife, mother, daughter and sister. The Thimble club of Nevada, with a name that suggests domesticity, is intensely literary in its objects, and is this year acquainting itself with the works and lives of "Eminent Women in America." The practical trend of one of the clubs of Salem, Mass., is evidenced