

THE BARRIERS OF ETIQUETTE

An Incident of Romantic Friendship Commencing with a Gift of Two Roses.

UGLY FEATURES OF CONVENTIONALITY

Grace Hines Moralizes on the Unwritten Edicts of Dame Grady—Some Charming South American Beauties—Feminine Facts and Fancies.

In a Farnam street car the other day sat two pretty girls side by side. They were evidently strangers, for they scrutinized each other after the usual feminine fashion.

One of them was fastened to her cape three beautiful pink roses. The other, a Jolly, good looking damsel, with laughing blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, who was clad in a last year's jacket, cast such admiring glances at the pink roses that the wearer thereof detached two, and, holding them toward her neighbor, smilingly asked: "Do you like roses?"

"Oh! I adore them; thank you so much," was the happy reply, and then followed a rapid acquaintance, and when they left the car together at Fourteenth and Farnam they were chatting gaily, as if they had known one another all their lives.

It was quite refreshing in this suspicious and cynical age to see their innocent mutual admiration. And I do not believe that evil will follow from that kindly formed friendship introduced by the gift of two roses. The rule prevailing in our society not to recognize strangers without a proper introduction is no doubt a perfectly safe one which to not follow is to invite disaster. I have known many a young man who never upon any occasion ventures from the beaten paths pointed out for them by conventional etiquette, and lift their eyebrows in well-bred surprise if only a puzzled fellow mortal inquire the direction of a street.

Have you never met upon the public thoroughfare, or on the crowded street car, a kindly, familiar face, whose possessor you longed to know, and have ceased by a smile or glance of the eye that the attraction was mutual, as mutual as that of the magnet for the pole? And had you not been taught and drilled against the impulse, degrading to be considered rude and impertinent, would not willingly have cast conventionality aside and entered into conversation, dispensing with a formal introduction, just as the pretty girl did who carried the roses in her elegant forbade. Especially is it most stringent when the attraction is between the opposite sex.

We are told that in the beautiful city of Prague if a young man meets a strange lady walking alone he may, if so inclined, with her permission accompany her to her door and no offense.

It cannot be gainsaid that such freedom would never do in our large cities, nor should we rail against the wisdom of those social or rather unsocial laws which no doubt often protect the innocent from impostors and which insist that the attraction be regarded with indifference until presented by some person already known.

But in that, as in all other matters, a happy medium can be adopted, and people of fair judgment may trust as a safe guide good common sense.

It is but indicative of a suspicious nature to carry an absurd reserve too far. There are those who forget that all men are brothers, all women sisters and all people members of one great human family.

It is the unexpected pleasant things that make upon our lives the deepest impressions, and the most delightful and lasting friendships are sometimes formed by chance.

Friendship was ever word more abused more misapplied, more often used as a cloak to hide the secret sting of thought, unkind or covert words that tell against fair fame.

To these truths we can all bear witness, for not a man or woman lives who has not felt the sharp, dew-drops of the knife dealt him by the three card hand whose outward seeming above the smiling guise of friendship.

Such like philosophers we should endure those trials patiently, for our lives would hardly be worth living if we went moping around, suspecting every human being of treason and deceit on account of the few who refuse to prove "true blue."

Poor philosophy it would be to fail to act upon because we had found one rotten at the core, or to avoid the acquaintance of a rose because the last one we inhaled shook from its drab, perfumed petals a poisonous insect. Or, to shut our eyes to the glorious sunshine today because yesterday it was hidden behind a cloud.

Better by far to be deceived time without number than to be deceived by a single, miserably honest friend, and for the want of it allow one's heart to shrivel like a dried herring.

Human nature is much the same in all ages and in every clime, and friendship as generous as that told in the beautiful story about David and Jonathan has lived over and over again, and will continue to be enacted around us, if we would but open our selfish eyes and see things not "as through a glass darkly," but as they are, against that hackneyed phrase, "old friends are the best." Why should that be true? Are there not as good fish in the sea as were ever caught on the hook, and as good roses to claim we shall not find new friends as worthy as the old? Narrow, indeed must be the mind which cannot, widely indulged must be the heart, which will not appreciate the value of the roses which have been admitted within its circle a new one now and then.

No life should be complete without its "circle of friends" to be "old" over again and again with increased delight, seeing not the flaws which even the purest diamond may possess, but in the total eclipse and vivacious charm which won a place in our esteem.

GRACE HINES.

The manifold charms of the Portenas, as the native ladies of Argentina are called, have been celebrated in song and story, and the truth may be that they are remarkably like those of the same style of beauty that prevails in Cadiz and Seville, with possibly a little more of the Moorish feature and less of brilliant color. The face is a beautiful of the Latin race is a slight mixture of Saxon blood, particularly that of the Irish, as noticed in Chili, Lima and Montevideo, where there are many of the same type. The world are found, writes Fanny Ward to the Chicago Inter Ocean. The very best word picture of an Argentine girl that I have seen, true to life, though rather flowery, is as follows:

Imagine a brunette of 15 or 16, developed to a proportionate height, with a face of medium height but splendidly proportioned, with a bust that would make Lord Lytton's flat-chested heroines green with envy, a proud and graceful carriage, a face of perfect oval, spotless complexion, with a slight tinge of apple blood that imparts to the cheeks the hue of a damask rose. The eyes are large, dark and lustrous, fringed by long silken lashes and overarched by brows which, with the "light of her hair," make the will arches look like alabaster, small and delicately chiseled nostrils that dilate nervously at every inspiration, teeth so white and regular that to touch them is to feel them through the arch of a smile, is to wonder at nature's perfection—the only fault of the beautiful face the sensuous lines that surround the eyes, the fullness of the lips, the passionate nature. Imagine this face in its frame of soft black hair, surmounted by a white hat of the most coquettish fashion, on which rest flowers of living and perfumed gleam, and that luscious figure attracted in a dress of some soft texture and delicate tints, and you have the complete portrait of an Argentine girl.

But, with all these charms that dazzle the eye and captivate admiration, there seems to be something lacking on closer acquaintance—perhaps because the voluptuous style does not appear to the eye like the more spiritual beauty of the Saxon maiden—that where the senses only are fed they become satiated after a time, like one on a steady diet of sweets. Unfortunately, these charming creatures are universally addicted to the rouzpot and powder-puff to such an extent that the real woman of the world is in total eclipse under drifts of white and dabs of red. And, as with the gentler sex in all southern countries,

their beauty wanes at an early age. While women of colder climates and calmer temperatures are at their prime at 35 or 40, the former's golden age is between the years of 15 and 17. At 25, or sooner if married, she is quite passive and metaphorically laid upon "the shelf." As a rule, the complacency is encouraged by indolent habits and excessive indulgence in the fleshpots, and at middle age many of them have developed prominent appendages that vary in size and shape, and which, if not removed, are a source of mortification. The standard tests of a "fine woman" in Argentina seems to be in her weight, and, judged by the criterion of pounds avoirdupois, the country abounds in extraordinarily fine specimens.

And then that subtle charm, the voice! As the majority of my country-women are afflicted with thin, high-pitched tones that somehow remind one of a cracked bell—owing in part to the climate and partly to lack of chest development—the voices of Argentine ladies are mostly discordant and rasping. It is the same way with the men, and, notwithstanding their native eloquence, it is almost impossible to listen to some of them, a rich and manly voice being as rare as a sweet-toned female one. Fancy a horly senator delivering his fiery speech in the speaking room of a court or a delicate woman emitting the harsh tones of a buzz saw! The ruling passion of the Argentine girl is music, and the same one of her Argentine plans, a string of lovers, and a smattering of the French language, in pursuit of which coveted objects she is zealous and persistent. Her tastes are for music, and her linguistics among them, and no lack of excellent professors to teach them.

It is doubtful if the world will ever read another novel from the pen of Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. Not that her creative and fertile brain lacks the strong vitality of invention and theme, but when a record of eighty novels is considered, the crowning novel of seventy-four years gives right to claim, not only a record, but a record. Mrs. Southworth, who passed her 74th birthday quietly at her charming home, Prospect Cottage, in Georgetown, on the 26th of December last, has left behind her a record of her loving friends add a return of better health than has been hers for the past two years. Here, attended by her son, Dr. Southworth, and his charming wife, the venerable novelist lives out her pleasant days, with miles of the bright Potomac at her feet, and daily pictures, which no human hand can equal, of the golden sun setting behind the gray Virginia hills. It is a home in which she lives—no room which does not bear the clear signs of daily life, no window from whose clear eyes some human eye does not daily gaze.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the impress of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism, however, have been ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Here were the novels of her need and ideal. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, not even extending Zola, who has written the most popular and circulating through fiction, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circumstance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them true to life in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought. No other writer has so long and so powerfully written for the people, and in which the reader is made to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised as the people whose lives are wrought.

For the first time in two years Mrs. Southworth consented to give an interview. A strong, pure face presents itself, the placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when for her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability.