

worthy record of the real life of the people. Just why the novel has been given the place of honor above the drama, above poetry, above all forms of didactic writing historical or critical not even the novelists themselves or the essayists know. Spielhagen says that the tendency of the age towards science is so over-powering, so threatening to the emotional and spiritual that the growth of the novel is a measure of defence against materialism. Marion Crawford's theory is that the French Revolution introduced an emotional phase in social history, to which may be attributed many of our tastes and fashions. With it began the novel in France, and in England it took a fresh start and a new form. Sidney Lanier ascribes the supremacy of the novel to the development of personality or individuality. He thought that the emerging of the individual from the mass so that today each stands by himself, has brought about complexities of relations, that the older forms of literary expression were inadequate to interpret. Mrs. Wilson thinks that "among the multitude of forces which have contributed to the life and thought of the century, two can be distinguished as responsible for the development of modern 'fiction' viz.; science and democracy." Realism in fiction is the outgrowth of the scientific spirit, whose shibboleth is fact, while democracy is one of the new forces that has given a new dignity to the individual, a new meaning and significance to the human soul; and it is this apotheosis of humanity that constitutes the chief tenet of the gospel of realism.

The novelist of today spends about as much time explaining the merits of his own school and attacking that of others as he spends in writing novels. Underlying all schools are the principles of realism and idealism. "The supreme idealism of the art of Phidias becomes realism in the Pergamon marbles, which illustrate what art becomes, when there ceases to be a selection of beautiful ideal types, when there is a minute copying of the unimportant and the ignoble, and a reproduction of the shocking aspects of life." "Idealism sees man and nature through the imagination of the poet and insists upon postulating an unconditional truth and beauty. In fiction this idealizing tendency becomes romanticism, when the novelist chooses for his themes only transcendental experiences and supreme moments. Realism attempts to interpret life as it really is; to discover the heroism that is latent in the humblest human soul. It endeavors to detect moral worth and spiritual beauty, whether hidden under the peasant's blouse or beneath the robes of royalty. In the works of Zola and his school realism attempts to bring fiction into the realms of science. Zola in his discussion of what he calls "The Experimental Novel," (*Le Roman Experimental*) claims science, so long the avowed enemy of the imagination, as the guide and ally of the realistic novel. Exactly the same methods are to be adopted by the novelist that are used by the physician in his study of physiology. So far as possible, the human soul is to be vivisected, the human passions are to be subjected, in the chemist's retort, to the action of solvents and reagents. The scientific method of observation and experiment must be applied to the study of life and character and the experimental novel will then become the most powerful agent in the reformation of the world. In his work as observer and experimentalist he will search out the determinism of social phenomena, and this will enable sociologists and legislators to reform the world. Zola says "Compare with ours the work of idealistic writers who rely upon the irrational and the supernatural and whose every flight upward is followed by a downfall into

metaphysical chaos. We (the realists) are the ones who possess strength and morality." But the world does not accept Zola's view and his works are on the proscribed lists of our libraries, shunned and condemned as immoral.

According to his theory the experimental novelist must trace every inherited tendency, must observe and analyze the influence of constantly changing environment, dissect every action and motive to find its cause and effect; then he can give accurately the life of a man in all the changes that mark the successive stages of his moral degeneracy; for all of Zola's characters are degenerates. But what place has the imagination, the creative power, the artistic conception in this scheme of the novel? The experimental novel has been described as making the novelist enter the service of science as police reporter for the information of sociology, and Zola says "We novelists are the examining magistrates of men and their passions." He confesses that a novelist must possess individual temperament; he must both produce and direct phenomena. And here is the stumbling block of his theory. Zola attempts the impossible when he says the novelist must modify nature without departing from nature. How can he apply the method of observation and experiment upon creatures of his own scientific imagination. The novelist must observe and what novelist, whether idealist or realist, does not observe? But can he in the true sense of the term perform experiments on the human soul as the chemist analyzes the pancreatic fluid?

Passing from Zola's theories to his works, we find in them masses of facts, great and small, in which everything is given the same prominence and consideration. There is a constant exaggeration of environment, and this is what constitutes naturalism distinguished as a species of realism. But it is what Zola and his school write about, rather than the way they write, that interests the world. These same theories in the novels of Howells and James give us works of purity and refinement. Zola goes to the slums and the gutters for his *morceau du rue* and no theory or method will redeem them since they violate the first principles of art; they disgust and depress rather than delight and inspire.

Dr. Sherman defines the novel as "a veracious study of life to the end of interpreting such beauty and truth of character as fairly warrant interpretation." This view of the novel includes romanticism and realism but finds no place for naturalism.

But whatever the theory every novelist knows that the first essential of his novel must be to interest. To be literature it must be a work of art in form, treatment and composition. Although, when the moral of a tale is intruded it can not have a place in literature nothing that lasts is without moral teaching. Since the novel is a truthful portrait of life it can not omit the most pervasive feature of life. With the artistic temperament of Shakespeare, Hawthorne or Stevenson the author will not label his moral as E. P. Roe has done in his novels.

"Esthetics rather than ethics must be the standard by which a novel is judged and the reader must be permitted to discover for himself the ethical truths and their application."

The influence of the novel upon conduct and character illustrates the truth that literature reflects life no more certainly or truly than it influences life. When we consider that from seventy to eighty per cent of the books drawn from the circulating libraries of England, with a slightly smaller per cent in America are books of fiction, we can appreciate the vast field of the novelist." Mrs. Wilson thinks that no subject should be proscribed to the novelist.

"It is not the subject but the manner of treating it that gives offense. Anna Karenina, *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Cup of Trembling* and Zola's *Nana* series treat of the same subject. The difference is in the treatment.

The short story epitomizes the compressed tragedies of the nineteenth century Poe and DeMaupassant were masters of the art. The rules which the former gave for its construction must be followed by the successful short story writer which now threatens the two volume novel as the novel menaced the drama.

"What shall this novel of the future be and what shall it contribute to life and to human thought? We complain of pessimism, the sordid character of the realistic fiction of to-day. But does not this mean that there is much that is sordid and depressing in the social conditions of the century? The supreme beauty of Greek art was but a reflection of the beauty the artist saw every where in the real life about him. When society has solved the complex problems of our civilization and eliminated the evils that cast their shadows over the realistic fiction of the day, then there will come a new and transfigured realism that will not be content with revealing the transitory and the superficial. This new and dominating realism will not only seek to give the actual, social realities of the moment but will come into the kingdom of the universal experiences of the race. The novel of today fails in its purpose when it emphasizes the materialistic and utilitarian spirit of the age and its greatest opportunity lies in the direction of quickening our sympathies, stimulating our ideals and in opening up new visions of spiritual truth and beauty. To do this, the novelist must unite to the truth of the realist the vision of the poet, who sees life stripped of the meaningless and transfigured through the real

Fashions of the Day.

The times are changed and we are changed with them, wrote the philosopher, only he put his idea into the Latin tongue, which is not now the court language of the world. But his idea was forcibly brought home to me yesterday when paying a visit of ceremony as well as curiosity to the bureau office of the Bureau of Social requirements, presided over by Mrs. Ledyard Stevens, at 19 West Forty-second street.

It is not so many years ago that the avenues open to a woman desirous of turning an honest penny were limited to two or three of the heavier drudgeries of life, which ordinary servants are both too ignorant and too sensible to take up. Now we find gentlewomen entering the lists in certain lines of business wherein their taste and tact have an opportunity to come into play, boldly throwing down the gauntlet to the lords of creation, and carrying off the substantial prizes of success.

Mrs. Stevens, born in the purple (or as near an approach to it as our pseudo-republicanism will admit to its social dye-vats), and connected by blood and marriage with about all of "old" New York, had an original idea, and the energy and business ability to put it into execution.

Every one knows that, in even old-established houses, social emergencies sometimes arise which tax severely the knowledge and resources of both mistress and servants—both perhaps with a lifelong training in their duties and responsibilities. The desire to entertain is frequently nipped in the bud by the conviction that a small staff of untrained servants renders it impossible. Then, too—and this is a matter that must only be mentioned in whispers—there are in our overgrown society and on its borders people, very worthy

people in themselves, who have plenty of money, but are wanting in the *savoir faire*, not to speak of the *je ne sais quoi*, to enable them to achieve social success and to unlock the social gates with even a golden key. Their entertainments are magnificent—but barbaric. There is too much of the "clink of gold."

Then there are the lazy folk, the matrons who know just what they want but don't like the bother of overseeing matters themselves, and don't exactly trust the ordinary hired housekeeper. There are mothers who want teachers for their daughters, who can give them the cachet of high breeding; in brief, there are a thousand wants and needs, really urgent ones, covered by the term "Social Requirements," and all of these Mrs. Stevens stands ready to fill for her patrons, whether in or out of town, residents of New York or in any city of the union.

With all the apparently inconsequential vagaries of that incorporeal something which or who dictates our modes, there is yet generally to be found in them that little lump of the leaven of reason that leaveneth the whole mass. Nothing in all the range of color tones is cooler than gray, and so the dictums of grays for July is most appropriate, for nothing can be hotter than July unless it be July and August. These grays run in all the varying tints, from stone to dove gray. They are delicate and very susceptible to untoward impressions from foreign substances, but on the other hand are easily cleaned and hold their color very well. Gray serge, cashmere, cloths and taffeta skirts are displacing the black and old waists that have served their time, yet appear to freshen up and renew their youth when worn with soft-toned skirt. It is a color that blends well with every shade, a veritable peacemaker in the chromatic brawls that have disgraced our spring and early summer toilettes. Waists of chiffon, in white, cream, pink, blue or lilac, combine admirably with it. A late wrinkle is the gray feather boa to take the place so long held by the black. A substantial recommendation it has is that it does not crock. The grays, however, are not to be worn by everybody with advantage or even impunity. They make sad wrecks of some complexions, although the gayety of the fashionable trimmings to a certain extent offsets their pallor.

Trimmings on skirts and bodices are growing more and more elaborate, and by the fall the plain skirt will rank with the dodo as a recently but thoroughly extinct species.

Very smart and fetching are the little neckties of net, mull and silk. Linens trimmed with lace applique are much worn, even with wool gowns, and with a happy effect.

All the latest waists are of lace, but to be up to date they must be draped over chiffon, which produces a soft becoming result. The bolero still reigns, the latest being the bolero back.

The fascinating absorbing game of golf is responsible for a school of dressing all its own, and many of the summer's outing toilettes, if not directly the work of golf, are at least under golf influence. In this, as in all things, I council common sense—light, soft material for the fierce heat; tweeds, flannels and serges for autumn.

Linnen frocks are much affected for misses and children as well as their elders. One linen costume I saw, trimmed with black cluny lace, was very smart. The latest sleeve pattern from over the sea is out in only one piece, two plaits at the elbow, and fitting like a glove.

Here's a gown for a matron which struck me as both handsome and in correct taste. A black net, rather coarse mesh, over a white taffeta silk petticoat bands of cut jet and steel, a combination