

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

FIRST NORTHERN NOVEL, "BYLOW HILL," BY GEORGE W. CABLE—OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

George W. Cable has written a New England story, and it is a good story. "Bylow Hill" is its title, taken from the eighteenth residence spot in a village which may be situated in Vermont or New Hampshire—the state and the particular locality are not given. One who has enjoyed "The Cavalier," "John March, Southerner," "Bonaventure," "Dr. Geary," "The Grandfather" and the shorter Louisiana stories all of which have an indefinable Southern charm, will take up with minglings a romance by Mr. Cable whose scenes are laid in a bleak region. Let fears on that score be dismissed. Mr. Cable has most skillfully transferred to New England an atmosphere redolent with magnolia. There is gentle speech, marked courtesy to women, family pride, much old-fashioned hospitality. The author could not have created this Southern atmosphere around Vermonters except by introducing Southerners. He did it by bringing a widow and her daughter, born and brought up south of Mason and Dixon's line, to live in close proximity to two families in that exclusive and aristocratic neighborhood, Bylow Hill. Mr. Cable sets his story thus:

Behind, on the west, those gardens drooped softly over a street, from the farther shore of which rose the great wooded hill whose shelter from the bitter northwest had invited the old Puritan founders to choose the site for their village. In one street, with a Byington and a Winslow for their first town officers. In civilian's dress, and with only his sea-browned face and the polished air of a first gun to tell he was of the Navy, Lieutenant Godfrey Winslow was slowly crossing the rural way with Ruth Byington at his side. He had the look of, say, 25, and she was some four years his junior.

They are all very gentle people in the story, and it moves with a delicious languor reminiscent of Augustus Thomas' stage idyll, "Alabama." Then comes a tragedy. Isabel Morris, the Southern girl, ought to have married Leonard Byington, a lawyer with brains and ambition who had courted her, but she chose Arthur Winslow, the rector of All Angels. He grew jealous of Byington and became almost mad. There was no means about Arthur. He tried to do the right thing, but he lived on his moribund until he was poisoned in every vein. Fortunately he dies.

Isabel is supported in her great trial by sympathy from every one of a strict gun to hand. Herein is one charm of "Bylow Hill." Mr. Cable puts in bits of comedy, the actor being Martin Kelly, pious Irishman and outdoor factotum of the Byington place. There is a gem after the tragedy and Martin closes the narrative.

So by and by the Winslow pair went to live in the Winslow house, and the Byington pair in the Byington house; and if you listen well you may hear the aged voice, a voice with a brogue saying:

"Ay! there's a Linnard Winslow now, and there's a Godfrey Byington. And there's still an Isabel Winslow and an Arthur Byington. But the mother of Ruth Byington is she that we call Isabel Winslow, my gracious and the mother of Isabel Winslow is she that we call Ruth Byington. And there's a girl in the house and an Isabel in the other; and there's a Ruth in the was house and a Ruth in the other, my gracious; and there's an Arthur in the other."

Six illustrations in color by F. C. Yohn adorn the book. Nothing more beautiful or delicate in the way of pictures is to be found. Typographically, "Bylow Hill" is up to the highest standard. (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Valley of Decision." Interested observers of that wonderful American reception of "The Valley of Decision" will take pleasure in the equally distinguished reception that Edith Wharton's novel is now receiving in London, where it has just been published by John Murray. If the superlatives be fewer in the English reviews, the spirit of sincere discriminating admiration is, if that be possible, even more abundant. For instance, speaks the London Times:

"The promise of earlier work is more than fulfilled in 'The Valley of Decision.' The style is raised and chastened. It is as if a sculptor, with a beautiful but an uncertain ear, had trained himself at last to sing clear in tune. If there is little scope for humor in the picture of decadent Italy that she draws, there is room and to spare for her exquisite sense of beauty, and she sets her flashing descriptions like gems upon that woman country.

There is no plot at all; there is no heroine; and we had almost said there is no hero; for the hero, the son of a royal house, does not survive his wild, enchanted childhood, and only as a name does he wander through the scenes and emotions of the brilliant pageant of 18th-century existence. As in 'Wilhelm Meister,' of the planless charm of which we are often reminded, there are endless episodes, and these are so delightful that we forget the hero altogether.

The fascinating tale of Mirandolina might you a gentleman to forget his dinner and a lady her afternoon tea.

The little ducal court, the monsigneur ecclesiastic, the persecuted Liberals, the Jesuit, the popular stage, the merry nuns of Venice—all these are studied, and studied with the most delicate of pens. We could be happy with any one of them: We would say to every one of them: "Ray, thou art fair!" but they will never satisfy; they melt into each other like the dissolving views in a magic lantern, and at last, tired and bewildered in a world of rainbows, we long to be left alone with the story. The period is the hero.

Victor Hugo, the Novelist. Professor Morris' review in the June Forum, of the great interest in Victor Hugo's novels is due to many features. Before all else there is revealed in them a brilliant imagination, a faculty that reveals strongly to nearly all classes of readers. Man ever desires to rise on the wings of reverie and enthusiasm into the fairland of speculation. It is the imagination that makes the philosopher ponder over the problems of matter, existence, and it is the imagination that creates the divine, "mystic, unfathomable" songs of Dante. To Hugo's imagination the world offered a series of problems, which, according to the power of the poet to solve: the visible forms of the universe hide spiritual meanings which he can disclose. By virtue of that power, Hugo constantly endeavored to show the spiritual content of every bodily form; and after years of practice he was enabled to read the unseen behind the seen as readily as the greatest mathematician reads the symbols of his science. It is true the interpretation is that of an imaginative writer, not that of a man of science; and the power revealed, the remarkable vision of Victor Hugo, is one of the most surprising facts to be met with in the history of all literature.

By far the most striking feature in connection with Hugo's imagination is the intensity of the emotions depicted in his novels. This great power is primarily due to his qualities as a lyric poet. So true is this that his novels may be called prose poems. But there are other causes for this power of calling forth emotions, chief of which is his dwelling habitually upon the dark side of life. In the world that Hugo has created in his novels life is a great tragedy. The few rays of sunlight that fall upon man's existence are but calculated to bring out all the more sharply the darkness of his misery. It seems that Hugo's gloomy impression, instead of being a prominent

trait of his character, was rather a voluntary artificial device by means of which he was enabled to obtain the highest effect. He had gathered from experience that a skillful portrayal of the sorrows and sufferings and disappointments of mankind—much more than their joys and hopes—is capable of stirring the deepest emotions in men's hearts. Hugo's power of emotion for emotion is such that at times we feel our very souls harrowed by the touches of his magic hand. We seem to be in a trance, overcome by a nightmare.

Carnegie on Twisted Spelling. What do you think is the latest book in which the man who is founding libraries all over the United States has become interested? It is a First Reader. Mr. Carnegie sees in the first book put into the hands of a child probably the most important volume that he will ever read, since it gives the best which his limited attention and understanding are capable of taking through all his subsequent life. Mr. Carnegie is particularly taken with the beginnings of spelling reform introduced in the Standard First Reader by its distinguished author, Wagnall Company. He writes:

"I am much pleased with this Reader. By the introduction of the scientific alphabet for pronunciation it will help prepare the way for the simplification of spelling. . . . I know of few fields where so much real good can be done as in the simplification of our spelling. It seems to me that the best plan is to begin by an agreement among writers that they will change all of the worst twists, such as the 'gh's and 'ph's."

King Oscar as a Poet. A sensational as well as an illustrious debut into French literature has just been made by a no less personage than his Majesty the King of Sweden, who presents a book of his poems to the French public under the friendly auspices of the celebrated French poet, Sully Prudhomme, and Jules Gréville. The former figure in the preface with a charming poem dedicated to his Majesty, while the latter has written the preface itself—an excellent recommendation even for a King.

The work is issued by the Swedish publisher Per Lamm, who is established in Paris, and considered quite like a French publisher. It is beautifully illustrated by the great Scandinavian painter, August Hagberg. The King signs the work, "Prince Oscar Frederik, actually Oscar II., King of Norway and Sweden."

The poems are full of charm and emotion, and combine the mystic fascination of the North with the style and grace of the French race.

There is published with flattering empressment, and the grandson of Bernadotte bids fair to be as popular with his poetry as he is as King—for no royal visitor is more thoroughly liked by all classes of French people than Oscar II., King of Norway and Sweden.

DEW BATH FOR THE COMPLEXION

THIS IS THE NEWEST FAD WITH CHICAGO WOMEN



CHICAGO has a new fad which for genuine novelty and originality seems likely to stand unrivaled in a little class of its own for some time to come says the Tribune. In years gone by Chicago has imported more of its really successful fads from the East and across the Atlantic, but this one grew and blossomed on native Illinois soil, and as soon as society gives it vogue it is sure to leap into instantaneous popularity; for society's approval is all that is necessary to the success of a fad.

This absolutely new thing in fads is the morning dew bath for the complexion, and it threatens to outclass even the beauty doctors themselves. Some morning, if you happen to be up in time to commune with the sun as it slips up across the lake, and, looking over your back fence you behold a woman, young or old, kneeling in the center of a grass plot with her face in close proximity to the earth, don't call the police. This is the fad.

As a complexion producer it is said to surpass anything in the squeegee line yet introduced, and the best thing about the new complexion producer is that it is easily within the reach of every woman who can find a grass plot large enough to envelop her face.

These morning dew baths for the complexion were something of a secret until recently. The idea was such a capital and original one that those who made the unique discovery that green grass, freshened by morning dew, contains the skin invigorating ingredients for which the beauty doctors charge money, held their tongues with considerable persistency. But the truth leaked out in Elgin, Ill. Miss Evangeline Brusk, a young woman residing in that place, has enjoyed some local fame on account of the beauty of her face in close proximity to the earth, the envy of her friends on account of this supposedly rich gift of nature.

The expose, however, came one morning not long ago, when a neighbor arose early to catch a train out of Elgin. He lives next door to the Brusk home, and as he was passing down his back steps he was considerably surprised to see the young woman crouching on the lawn and gesticulating in unseemly fashion at though saluting the sun. She would run her hands across the grass, and then bury her face in them and go through all the motions of washing. It was a new one on the Elgin

Norway and Sweden. His visits are frequent and he is always warmly acclaimed. Two of the best poems are "La Ballade" and "Un Chant." The former is a fine descriptive address to the sea, while the latter is a passionate series of verses, in which a song for each strong sentiment is demanded. An ordinary mortal might well be proud of the new book of poems of which Oscar II. is author, but royal aspirations may, perhaps, be much higher.

King Oscar is said to have declared he would rather be remembered as a poet than as King, and it was not without pride that he accepted recently the justly merited laurel wreath bestowed upon him by a Swedish literary academy in recognition of his literary work. As early as 1835 he won the prize of the Swedish Academy, and in 1876 he was elected a corresponding member of the Frankfurt Academy of Sciences, one of his official translations, Goethe's "Faust." His "Poems and Leaflets From My Journal," published in 1880, is but one of his several volumes of original poetry, and his translations are numerous. The King is now 72 years old.

Literary Notes. Little, Brown & Co. will bring out a three-volume edition of Daniel Webster's hitherto uncollected speeches and writings, in the Fall.

"A Maid of Bar Harbor," by Henrietta G. Rowe, will be published by Little, Brown & Co., some time this month. It is a story of Mount Desert before and after society took possession of the island.

Helen Hunt Jackson's "Glimpses of California and the Missions," hitherto published only with her European travel sketches, will be published in a separate volume with numerous illustrations, by Henry Sandham, illustrator of "Ramona," by Little, Brown & Co., in the Fall.

Interest in Edgar Allan Poe remains a fixed and positive quantity. A recent editorial in the New York Times Saturday Review charged Poe with provincialism and partiality to the South in his critical and editorial capacity. To this a reader of the Times replied in that paper by citing unpublished letters of Poe, which vindicate him from this charge. The letters in question, together with many critiques not hitherto collected, may be found in the new, definite edition of Poe's works, now in the press of Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Booth Tarkington's new novel begins serial publication in the June McClure's. "The Two Vaurevels" (with the accent on the second syllable) is the title, though the author might well have called it "The Two Gentlemen From Indiana," for it is another Indiana story, and so immediately suggests comparison with "The Gentlemen From Indiana," Tarkington's first success. The new novel is, however, laid some two generations back of the old one, in the early forties, when the Mexican War was beginning to be talked about, and when to declare oneself an Abolitionist was, even in Indiana, to risk social disgrace, and even physical violence.

Commencing next month the Forum will be published quarterly, instead of monthly. It will be conducted in new departments, each in charge of a qualified editor.

For Reading Ahead. The following titles of books have been submitted in answer to "A Grateful Reader."

"Flirtation as a Game. Girls Should Adopt Poker Rules to Make It Successful." "Flirtation is a game played with which the Summer season is served up." says Dorothy Dix. "In Winter love-making is a pastime that is apt to end in serious consequences at the altar, and a man talks sentiment at his peril. In Summer it is merely one of those long, soft drinks that tickle the palate and add zest to the hour without going to the head or stimulating the heart action unduly."

"The first important point in the Summer flirtation game is to begin right. Examine your cards, and see what sort of a hand fate has dealt you. If you are a radiant beautiful you can afford to stand pat and take the chances. Otherwise you will need to draw to your one good quality all the charms the rules of the game allow. Never forget that a built-up hand frequently takes the pot, and that the girl who supplements a low complexion and a carrot half with winning ways has before now frozen out a beauty who was too busy contemplating her own perfections to admire a man's."

"Play fair. Give the other girls a show. Don't try to monopolize the one man at the Summer resort. Don't inveigle him off into long, solitary rambles and tete-a-tetes. He is the priggish kind of a girl who, when she does capture a Summer man, wouldn't let wild horses drag her into introducing him to another girl. A man always sets down to mean jealousy and selfishness. Besides, it bores him. No one woman is the whole show in life to any man, and unless she is strong enough to win out against the counter attractions, she had best lay down her hand and drop out of the game."

"Put up a good stiff bluff now and then. It generally goes with men. If you want to be well liked and admired, and have men falling over one another to pay your attention, act as if you were used to it. No man was ever known to admire a woman that no other man admired. Whether they lack confidence in their own taste and judgment, or need one another's opinion to brace them up, nobody knows, but you will observe that in every community there are girls who monopolize the attentions of all the men in the neighborhood, while other girls just as pretty, just as attractive, just as desirable, sit at home sacking their thumbs. When it comes to the admiration of women men are not Columbus. They are sheep."

"Learn when to hedge. Never keep a conversation going for the sake of it. Without replying, the young woman jumped to her feet and fled to the house. But this was enough, for it was in reality the beginning of the new beauty fad, which seems likely to outdo anything in the way of novelty for women's faces that ever has been imported even from Paris, New York or London.

There really is nothing to the dew complexion bath but dew and grass, yet in addition to its complexion-giving properties the early morning contact with nature is said to be exhilarating. In the first place, to derive the full benefits a young woman must be up and out before the world is astir, as dew will not wait for her to finish a morning nap. This in itself is one step in the direction of a good complexion and when a dip in the cool, refreshing grass and is taken into consideration, it appears that there is more to the dew bath than is evident.

But it isn't a big hit with the beauty doctors and complexion specialists. "Dew baths for the complexion!" said one of them when the fad was mentioned to him. "I never heard of anything half so silly. The idea of washing one's face in green grass to improve one's complexion! O my! What an idea! Ridiculous! Dew baths with some such treatment as we give might be all right, but I haven't much faith in green grass as an effective beautifier. Preposterous!"

and send him off, and he will return because he will not be afraid of getting stuck. The only way to keep a man is to let him go.

"Also be the first to withdraw from the little flirtation. Any woman who lets a man break an engagement is too big a chump to live. Before he ever sees his courage to telling her he is tired of her he has shown it in a thousand unmentionable ways. She has lost the day, but if she lets him tell her so she is like a defeated general who stays on the battlefield and takes a thrashing while he had the opportunity of retreating with flags flying and drums beating and all the outward show of victory.

"Be a game lover. Don't knock other women. It is proclaiming your own failure. The girl who is always accusing other girls of wearing hand-made-complexions and running after men, and being artful and deceitful, hurts no one but herself. We all recognize it for envy and spite.

"When you win don't boast of your triumphs. If a man loves you it is unprincipled to parade his affections before others. If he is merely flirting your conquest is no more than certain poor game a sportsman may knock over, but never counts.

"In the Summer flirtation one should play fair—go gently if in luck—pay up, own up, and shut up, if beaten, and unless a girl can play it on those lines she should stay out of the game."

KINKS OF KNOWLEDGE. Odd Ways in Which Children Interpret Instruction. Christian Endeavor World. The result of the untiring efforts of teachers to inculcate knowledge often finds expression in various grotesque forms. The following are some of information after being filtered through the minds of children from 12 to 15 years old:

One of the greatest things that Columbus discovered was, that he had not the faintest idea that he had discovered America. Washington said to the soldiers at Valley Forge that they that are whole need not a physician. The Chesapeake attacked the Shannon and drove her up the Shannonh Valley; then the Shannon attacked the Chesapeake and the war ended in a battle.

At the battle of New Orleans three of the British officers were killed, one of them generally. There were many lives lost, including wounded, dead and dying. The Romans left the Britons low-spirited and crestfallen. The Parthenon was used as a powder magazine during the Trojan war.

The outline of Greece is very rugged, surrounding all the country, or nearly all. The Persians hurried across the Hellespont, burning it behind them. The Phoenicians were never a very noted sex. The art of the Assyrians was noted for wings. The Brits shared their glory alone. Charles II. didn't bother himself much with women, as most kings did in those days.

Bathos expresses a great deal of emotion, as "A Daniel come to Judgment." Hawthorne could not live upon his pen. A great many of our authors were born there. Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the battle of Concord. Dickens married, but not successfully. Tompkins, born in a seaport town, married a Boston girl, died at Stratford-on-Avon.

The chief elements of English are Anglo and Saxon. The three great literary works of the Hebrews were the translation of the Old Testament into the New and several great histories; these were written on papyrus paper made from that weed. The great works of Hebrew literature are the Meams (Mishna) and the Psalms of David.

The small kingdom of Judas was ruled by a diverse character of eighteen kings. Adhere—here—ad (again) here again. Example: He will adhere the story. Cognate—born together. Example: Cats are cognate. Apprehend—to the raft. They buried him without prayer-book or songs, which was not proper in those days.

Venice is the brightest and nearest constellation to the moon. She returned his affection as much as she thought prudent, considering the temper of her brother's affection. The president of the society was unanimously elected. The ball increased in magnanimity. The man showed his indignation when put to the test. An oiled paper is a piece of transcendental.

God tempests the wind to the short-horned character of eighteen kings. "A swan-like end." This refers to the neck of the swan; it means a long end.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

Table with columns: UNION DEPOT, Leave, Arrive. Lists train schedules for Chicago-Portland, Spokane Flyer, Atlantic Express, and Ocean and River Schedule.

PORTLAND & ASIATIC STEAMSHIP CO. For Yokohama and Shanghai, calling at San Francisco, Honolulu, and other ports.

EAST VIA SOUTHERN PACIFIC. SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. Lists routes to various destinations.

Table with columns: Leave, Depot, 5th and Hoyt Sts., Arrive. Lists steamship schedules for various routes.

Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co. LEAVES Astoria, Oregon, for Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and other ports.

DOMINION LINE. FOUR SEPARATE AND DISTINCT SERVICES. Fast Twin-Screw Passenger Steamers sailing regularly from Boston, Portland and Montreal to Liverpool, also Boston to Mediterranean ports.

Willamette River Route. STEAMER POMONA, for Salem, Independence, and other ports on the Willamette River.

COOK REMEDY COMPANY. 1533 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL. MEN No Cure No Pay. THE MODERN APPLIANCE—A positive way to perfect manhood.

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