

Recently, in accordance with a general policy of occasional change of posts among the higher officers, the Commander and his wife were recalled by General Booth from their leadership in America. It is not necessary to detail the unfortunate complications, arising from this recall, which led Ballington and Mrs. Booth to withdraw from the great field in which their sowings have borne so fruitful a harvest. Commissioner Eva Booth, a sister of Ballington Booth, was made temporary commander of the army in the United States, and Commissioner Booth-Tucker and

his wife, of India, have been appointed to the command. The ex-Commander and Mrs. Booth have formed a new organization, which has been joined by many of those who labored with them in the Salvation Army. The new army will appeal to wage earners who are without religious faith rather than to slum classes. The blatant drums and tambourines will be discarded for good music, and the uniforms will be less conspicuous than those of the other organization

W. H. J.



FIRST EFFORTS FOR SUCCESS.

SEVERAL FAMOUS PERSONS TELL DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE OF THEIR EARLY STRUGGLES AND THE GUIDING PRINCIPALS OF THEIR CAREERS.

AN AUTHORESS AT EIGHT.

HOW ELLA WHEELER WILCOX WROTE HER FIRST BOOK,
AND LONG AFTERWARD BECAME A SUCCESSFUL
POETESS.

I PLUNGED boldly into literature at the age of eight. Of course it was a romance that I wrote, and it was a very thrilling one,—I thought then. Its title was: "Minnie Tighthand and Mrs. Dimley; an Eloquent Novel," written by Miss Ella Wheeler. And for the preface I wrote: "The following novel is a true story. I suppose the reader will doubt it, but it is true. It was a scene I witnessed while living in England, and after I came to America I published it. The reader may believe it now."

This was quite brief and to the point, you see. I did not make the mistake of some other authors, of writing a long preamble to my story. It was a narration of lost children and cruel stepmothers. I had a good deal of difficulty with my penmanship in those days, but I did not let small obstacles like that interfere with my work. When I grew tired writing the letters I printed them, which was easier, because I was more accustomed to it. The manuscript was made up of scraps of waste paper, and was carefully bound by pieces of blue wall-paper sewed together with white thread. I often opened a chapter with an original verse. I think the first of these was my earliest attempt at rhyme. On this account I give it:

Head covered with pretty curls,
Face white as snow,—
Her teeth look like handsome pearls,
She's tall and merry, too.

I still have that queer little book, and I am very fond of it. It is not without its uses. If anybody accuses me of literary indiscretions, isn't it irrefutable proof that I began when I was too young to know any better? It was my first step, moreover, toward a career that I, at least, do not regret, although there are some special things in it I wish were undone. For example, when I was about eighteen years old and editors began to accept almost all of my poems, I thought nothing of writing four or five a day. Of course most of them were trash, yet they supplied necessities which were wanting in my mother's house. That is my only excuse for writing them. I sacrificed art to pay doctors' bills, and to carpet my

mother's room, and to buy clothing for myself. I was a passionate lover of dancing in those days, and once when I noticed after an evening at a party that I had danced through my slippers, I sat down and wrote four bad poems, and with the proceeds bought myself a new pair of slippers and a pair of gloves.

I am not at all proud of these achievements, and I should certainly advise no young writer to attempt to duplicate them. Indeed, such attempts would not meet with much success nowadays, for the reason that a great many more people are writing, and the standard of literary production is higher. But even in those days I was not always successful. I had many trials and disappointments. After my first successes there were whole seasons when nothing of mine was accepted. As I grew older and began to learn something of life and human nature and myself, I realized that I had not yet achieved a place in literature. I began to see the necessity of hard work and study, and despaired of any sudden literary success. When my "Poems of Passion" was published I was astonished at the sensation it made and at some of the criticisms. I had not realized that I was saying unusual things. My whole purpose was merely to express strong emotions strongly and truthfully. During the last four years I have written little; but this spring and summer I expect to publish three



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new books. One of these is a novel, although I once made up my mind that I had no gift for prose story-writing and would never attempt it again. The others are books of poems, one for children and the other a long dramatic story in verse, which I am striving to make better than anything I have yet written. My methods of composing have undergone a great change since I was a girl. I consider ten lines a very good day's work now, and there are days when I do not write more than two. On the other hand, I have written as many as forty, but only when I feel inspiration and am in the best possible condition.

I am often asked by ardent girls, full of enthusiasm and vitality and ideas that they can succeed in literature,

whether they shall adopt it as a profession. This is a very serious question. If the girl has undoubted talent, and is patient and persistent, and strong enough to bear many disappointments without becoming discouraged, I tell her to go ahead. She will probably succeed if she waits long enough, and has the spirit of a young friend of mine. For her the road was very hard and rough for a long time, but when asked one day what she was doing she replied, "I am doing everything but stopping." She has succeeded.

And yet, as far as happiness goes, I think the woman is most happy who is the wife of a good man and the mother of children, and who devotes herself to them and to her home.

THE HARDSHIPS OF STAGE LIFE.

ROSE COGLAN, ONE OF OUR MOST EXPERIENCED ACTRESSES, ADVISES SENSITIVE GIRLS NOT TO BECOME STAGE-STRUCK.

I WAS a very little girl when I made my first appearance on the stage. It was in "Fanchon," and I played the part of Cupid in a then popular play. It seems a long time ago when I think of the ups and downs, the disappointments, and the hard work of my life since. When I look back and remember these things I become very cautious about advising girls to go on the stage, even if they have great talent. More than talent is required to succeed. It is a curious world, ours of the stage. There are no more kindly and generous and good-hearted people on earth than those in the dramatic profession. One is always ready to help another in any way in his or her power, when once away from the foot-lights. But when it comes to questions of relative prominence in a play, jealousy is rampant; there are many heartburnings, and some of our profession, unfortunately, are willing to go to almost any lengths to attain their objects. A girl must be strong in will and character to resist the pernicious influences which are brought to bear upon her. She must cover herself with a sort of adamantine crust, so that the hard knocks she is sure to get will not hurt her very much. She should have, moreover, a certain amount of push, and a good deal of self-confidence, because theatrical managers do not usually trouble themselves to discover talent; it must be brought to their attention, and if a girl doesn't believe in herself very few other people will. Of course, it is only the very young and unsophisticated who believe that a stage career is nothing but glitter and music and applause;

yet very few realize how really hard it is, and how much they must give up when they enter upon it. It is the most difficult of all careers for a woman. If she is ambitious,—and I need hardly say that she won't succeed unless she is,—the labor of a theatrical life is endless. No, I certainly should not advise a sensitive girl to enter upon a dramatic career, unless driven by necessity to support herself.

Even if successful, what does she gain? A good income, it is true, and applause and fame. But these latter add but little to her happiness; they are like soap-bubbles in her hand. And to counterbalance them she lives constantly in an artificial atmosphere, and loses completely the home life, which is, after all, I think, the thing dearest to the heart of woman.



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A MOMENT OF SUPREME HAPPINESS.

SARA BERNHARDT, THE EMINENT FRENCH TRAGEDIENNE, TELLS OF THE RAPTURE OF HER FIRST SUCCESS.

VERY vividly I remember the evening. It was at the Odéon, in Paris, in 1869, and I, a girl brimful of the enthusiasm and vitality of youth, was about to play a part in "La Passant," a little one-act play by François Coppée. Mine was the part of a page, and I, a novice and unknown, was given it because I was much more slender and therefore looked better in the costume than the actress who was to have played the rôle. There were only two characters in the play, so I would be very prominent. I was graduated from the Imperial Conservatoire, where I had taken the first prize in tragedy and a *medal d'honneur* in comedy, and should have felt, I suppose, some confidence in myself; but when the time to appear came, I was about ready to faint from nervousness. Even after these years I can see the theatre and the rows of upturned faces almost as vividly as I saw them that night when I stepped out upon the stage. Everything seemed startlingly distinct. My voice sounded loud and strange in my own ears. But I had only uttered a few words when I forgot my nervousness, forgot everything but the part I was playing. When it was all over, the people shouted "Brava! Brava!" and thronged around the stage door and cheered me on my way home.



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Providence has been kind to me; I have had many pleasures in my life, but never since have I felt such an intoxication of joy as I experienced that night. All doubts were at an end. The public had agreed with me that I could act, and my future seemed assured. I have had much greater triumphs since then, but they have not taught me that a woman can find her happiness on the stage. If she has genius for acting she must act; she must give vent in that way to something within her that will not let her rest, that is always spurring her on. In this case, of course, she will succeed. But many young girls mistake a mere craze for genius. Most of them, fortunately, never get as far as acting on the professional stage. They marry and become good wives and mothers. But a few of the mistaken ones do really get parts in plays. They adopt the stage as a profession, and they regret it, almost invariably. The lives of some of them, indeed, are deeper tragedies than playwrights have ever written.

A REMARKABLE FIRST SUCCESS.

STEPHEN CRANE, THE YOUNG NEW YORK WRITER WHOSE FIRST NOVEL, "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE," IS HAVING PHENOMENAL SUCCESS IN LONDON, TALKS ABOUT HIS WORK.

I HAVE heard a great deal about genius lately, but genius is a very vague word; and as far as I am concerned I do not think it has been rightly used. Whatever success I have had has been the result simply of imagination coupled with great application and concentration. It has been a theory of mine ever since I began to write, which was eight years ago, when I was sixteen, that the most artistic and the most enduring literature was that which reflected life accurately. Therefore I have tried to observe closely, and to set down what I have seen in the

simplest and most concise way. I have been very careful not to let any theories or pet ideas of my own be seen in my writing. Preaching is fatal to art in literature. I try to give to readers a slice out of life; and if there is any moral or lesson in it I do not point it out. I let the reader find it for himself. As Emerson said, "There should be a long logic beneath the story, but it should be kept carefully out of sight."

Before "The Red Badge of Courage" was published I often found it difficult to make both ends meet. The book was written during this period. It was an effort born of pain, and I believe that this was beneficial to it as a piece of literature. It seems a pity that this should be so,—that art should be a child of suffering; and yet such seems to be the case. Of course there are fine writers

who have good incomes and live comfortably and contentedly; but if the conditions of their lives were harder, I believe that their work would be better.

Personally, I like my little book of poems, "The Black Riders," better than I do "The Red Badge of Courage." The reason is, I suppose, that the former is the more ambitious effort. In it I aim to give my ideas of life as a whole, so far as I know it, and the latter is a mere episode,—an amplification. Now that I have reached the goal for which I have been working ever since I began to write, I suppose I ought to be contented; but I am not. I was happier in the old days when I was always dreaming of the thing I have now attained. I am disappointed with success. Like many things we strive for, it proves when obtained to be an empty and a fleeting joy

SOCIETY FADS.

A CHARMING and remarkable series of ladies' luncheons have been given this spring by a novelty-loving woman who is, as well, rather poorly off for extra dimes and dollars with which to shine among her rich and fashionable friends, yet she is an inveterately hospitable soul, and a housekeeper of the first water. Taking all these drawbacks and inducements into consideration she invited ten congenial feminine souls to luncheon. The table was daintily laid as to silver, china, glass, and napery, but the food was a wonder. There were six courses in all, with the requisite *hors d'œuvres* and relishes, but at every plate lay a prettily decorated menu-card showing, in an itemized list, exactly what the hostess had spent in providing for every plate. Mrs. Goldbonds' eyes fairly goggled to see that she was lurching off nine cents' worth of oysters, sixteen cents' worth of lobster, two cents' worth of bread, half a cent's worth of pepper, two cents' worth of butter, and so on down the list, and that, when every atom and ingredient was carefully accounted for, her delicious meal had cost, all told, but sixty-nine cents. Her admiration, envy, and amazement at this culinary achievement was shared by the nine other equally rich guests; and if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then this little hostess has been a well-complimented woman. Not only all her personal friends, but the smartest women in town, are giving what they call "marked down" luncheons,—feasts that cost per plate ever and ever so much less than ordinarily. Some of the housekeepers have contrived to get up excellent little banquets for ten cents less than the first woman managed; and Mrs. Goldbonds says the proudest moment of her social career was the day she regally lunched twelve friends at forty cents a plate. It's true it took her nearly a week to study receipts and market prices of meat, vegetables, etc.; but then it's the trying to work out the puzzle that supplies the chief fun in the entertaining, and incidentally it is teaching the wealthy women a good deal they didn't know of plain, valuable domestic economy.

SPRING fashions, let me tell you in time, have not come exclusively from Paris this year. The women who lead in the modish world have grown a-weary of following the laws set down by the Parisian dictators, and the popular young artists have come to their rescue. Before going to the dressmakers, young women with their season's outfit to be made up consult painters versed in the science of colors, draperies, etc., and have a scheme of costume worked out. That is, for a consideration, the portrait-maker will

study and decide exactly what colors suit an applicant's complexion, hair, and eyes; what draperies best become her figure; whether for her cut of features a wide or narrow brimmed hat would be most suitable; and even the tints of parasols, the shape of shoes, and the glint of jewels are studied out. Now everybody knows that blue and parchment color are the tone selections for the season, according to Parisian decision; but the modish girl leaves the slavish following of these dictums to commonplace folk. She will turn up at the next afternoon tea, may be, in a long, close-clinging gown of violet-colored wool, with a delicate little cape of white muslin over her shoulders, and her sleekly combed head covered with a wide, black hat, embowered in snow-white plumes. The Parisian potentates in Fashion's world would shudder at the very sight of this; but the free-born American girl says she will wear what best becomes her, and nothing else. Some women have learned that their eyes and complexion admit only of their wearing certain shades of green, and in green will they defiantly appear while others wear white; and another woman will meekly put off her jewels if the new arbiters of the mode, the portrait painters, say so. There are numbers of conservative women who still, of course, are loyal to the presiding geniuses of the dressmaker's sanctum; but they carry their schemes of color or drapery with them, engraft the new ideas on Parisian models, and the effect is, usually, very good indeed.

IN that interval between the actual breaking up of winter festivities and the departure for the country, in place of conventional dancing and dinner parties a great many idle fashionable people have been amusing themselves with "phantom" evenings. Everyone invited to such a dubious festivity must come provided with a thrilling ghost-story, not to last in the telling over twenty minutes. The women all wear white gowns, and in the dressing-rooms are the appliances for making up one's face after a ghostly likeness. The hostess receives in white, her face penciled and powdered to produce a lugubrious effect, and the drawing-rooms are very dark, except for lights winking through the eyes of skull-shaped candle-shades. No one is allowed to speak above a hoarse whisper; and for a time the guests are entertained by a lecture on spirits that walk by night, or some hideous tale of a walking haunt, all illustrated with lantern slides. The slides of course represent skeletons, graveyards, haunted rooms, and grinning spectres. After this the guests tell their short stories. At one such entertainment famous histor-