world has lost by his early death—for he died in his thirty-fifth year. His mental activity was wonderful, and his character most winning. Though he made in a few years a great reputation, he was ever modest and gentle, always thinking of others more than of himself. Thus his letters are not only interesting scientifically, but also as giving bright glimpses of a truly noble nature. Seldom have the dreams of youth been so completely realised as in his case. His inventions brought him a fortune, which, however, in accordance with a long-cherished wish, he applied to the purpose of improving the condition of the toilers of the day, and I am glad to think that many a life has been gladdened by the results of his labours. It is not necessary to enter into an account of his discoveries. He not only showed how the phosphorus could be eliminated in the Bessemer converter, but also conferred a boon on agriculture by inventing a method of applying it to the land. In 1878 there was not even in existence any public record of successful dephosphorisation of pig-iron. In 1884, 864,000 tons of basic steel were produced. In 1890 the production was 2,603,083 tons. And in this last year, 623,000 tons of slag resulted from the manufacture of steel, most of which was used for fertilising purposes.

This is an age of booms, and there are distinct signs of the "Kipling boom" being superseded by a "Barrie boom." The laudatory epithets which are being employed in connection with his new book, "The Little Minister," and the qualities with which its author is being credited by his admirers, altogether eclipse anything that was said of Mr. Kipling. A book of genius, the novel of the year, wit, gaiety, charm, humour, abounding fulness, inevitable and delightful rightness, exquisite delicacy, a humanist, a satirist, a keen observer, beautiful, noble, genial radiance: such are a few of the things picked at random from the papers. And all this of a young novelist who is not Mr. Kipling. Sic transit gloria mundi! I will forward it to you when read.

Speaking lately at Liverpool, Mr. Irving remarked that, "I lately read, in the polite language of the writer of a book about what is called Ibsenism,' that our finished actors and actresses cannot play Ibsen, because they are ignoramuses. I thought that some of our younger actresses had played Ibsen rather well, though this, it seems, is because they are novices in art, but experienced in what is called the political and social movement. Outside this mysterious movement you find 'inevitably sentimental actresses,' we are



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