"READING IS THE PERFECTION OF PLEASURE"

MAGUIABECCHI

THE PARISIANS OUT OF DOORS" BY F. BERKELEY SMITH

Love's Cross Currents, a novel by Algernon Charles Swinburne. $1.50. Harper & Brothers, New York.

It is an eternal decree of wise Nature that all men at one and the same time cannot be a butcher, baker and candlestick maker.

And because the divine fire of poetry surges over a man's soul, can he become if he chooses a writer of novels? It is a striking exception where one man writes good poems and good novels, that will live as long as the English language is spoken. For instance, take the onse of Sir Walter Scott, the author of the peerless "Heart of Midlothian" and "Ivanhoe," but also the poet who created "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is not only an expert on neurasthenia but is an otherwise skillful physician, and a clever novel writer. William Ewart Gladstone gained celebrity not only as a statesman but as an orator, literary man and woodsman. Cardinal Newman was as good a theologian as he was poet. These are shining exceptions as well as examples of the literary sky.

Now comes along Algernon Charles Swinburne, whom many assert to be the greatest living English poet (Tennyson is dead), with the only novel he has ever written, "Love's Cross Currents." It is essentially Swinburnian, and consists of a series of one year's letters written by aristocratic persons to other aristocratic persons. It is a clever, merciless study of manners and idleness, lighted as with a lamp by gem epigrams. It will be recalled that in 1881 there appeared anonymously a volume of poetic parody entitled "Modern Heptalogia," which made a genuine sensation because of its marked originality and daring flights. Who was the author? People did not know, and he was for a short time the most-talked-of literary man in England. Then it began to be whispered that the author was none other than the celebrated Swinburne, although that individual made no official sign. The authorship is now by the unwritten law of public agreement a matter of common consent. It developed later that Swinburne wished to feel the pulse of his public, like the author of the Waverly novels. Doubtless, he recalled the hurricane of criticism aroused by his "Poems and Ballads," because he sang of themes hated by the middle class of Anglo-Saxon morality.

But this time Swinburne comes out in the open as the writer of a novel, evidently constructed during his literary youth. He admits as much in the preface to his friend Theodore Watts-Dunton, who in a measure is responsible for its resurrection. Before opening the novel it is well to remember that Swinburne was born in London, England, April 5, 1837, and that he is the son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne and Jane Henrietta, daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnam, that he was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, but did not take his degree there. Swinburne is a singer not of the masses but of a class. This is seen in his treatment of human things in this "Love's Cross Currents," which tell the story of the love affairs of four interesting people, as they play at cross purposes.

In choosing the epistolatory form as his beacon light, Swinburne points to the example of Sir Walter Scott in his "Redgauntlet," and to Balzac and Richardson. All of which is perfectly true. But there is no comparison between "Redgauntlet" and "Love's Cross Currents." The former lives and fairly glows with humor, romance, poetry. The latter is stilted but undeniably clever, lighted by epigrams, possesses a literary finish, and is Swinburnesque. The period chosen for action starts in England in 1861, and gives the letters of Lady Midhurst, Lady Cheyne, Mrs. Radworth, Francis Cheyne, Reginald Harewood and Edward Audley. Lady Midhurst is a veteran matchmaker, and her epistles are formal yet interesting, and shows a commendable knowledge of human character. The action of the story among these aristocrats runs along in even tenor, until one wonders if even a little storm is going to disturb the placidity of the pool. Suddenly, Lady Cheyne—a married woman—and Francis Cheyne discover that they love each other. Love letters pass between the two, and Lady Cheyne wavers as to leaving her husband for her lover. But no such vulgar affair as an elopement is within the bonds of Swinburne's creations. He cleverly drowns Lord Cheyne in a yachting party disaster, but the lovers curiously enough in after days, although opportunity is their own, stay apart.

Reginald Harewood is a poet who is also a lover, and in speaking of the lady of his heart he writes:

> She has a throat like a pearl color, with flower color over that; and a smell of blossom and honey in her hair. No one on earth is so infinitely good as she is. Her fingers leave the taste of violets on the lips. She is greater in her mind and spirit than men with great names. Only she never lets her greatness of heart out in words. I don't think now that her eyes are hazel. She has in her the royal scornful secret of a great silence. Her eyes and eyelashes change color in the sun. I shall never come to know all she thinks of. I believe she is doing good somewhere with her thoughts. She is a great angel and has charge of souls. She has clear, thick eyebrows that grow well down, coming full down upon the upper lid, with no gap such as there is above some women's eyes before you come to the brow. They have an inexplicable beauty of meaning in them, and the shape of the arch of them looks tender. She has charge of me, for one. I must have been a beast or a fool if there had not been such a face as that in the world. She has the texture and color of rose leaves crushed deep into the palms of her hands. She can forgive and understand and be angry at the right time—things that women can never do.

Swinburnian epigrams, also in this novel:

> Religion alone was wanting to complete a character almost painfully perfect.
>
> She brought him a daughter in the year 1838 and a son in 1840, and then, feeling no doubt that she had done all that could be looked for from a model wife, completed her good work by dying in 1841.
>
> People liked to hear her talk, and she was not unwilling to gratify them.
>
> If there came any arrow her way, she dropped down—so to speak—at the feet of it and bathed them in tears, till it took pity on her tender beauty and passed by on the other side without doing her much harm.
>
> My father flogs me sometimes. He can always draw blood at the third or fourth cut. It's just like a swarm of mad bees stinging you at once.
>
> Remember that tears on paper are merely blots. You cannot write them out gracefully.
>
> Never cry in public (that is, of course, irrepressibly) as your mother once did. And if you ever have children, don't put your arms around their necks and make scenes. It never did any good and people always get angry—for it makes them look like fools, and they give you an absurd reputation in the boiled-milk line.
>
> She is quite of Elizabethan, weakened by a dash of Mary Stuart.
>
> Lay in a stock of antidotes. I wish there was a penal colony for women who outlive a certain age, unless they could produce a certificate of innocuous imbecility.
>
> Stimulant drinks will intoxicate, and rain drench and fire singe. But not in any way can one person fascinate another. Avoid all folly. Accept no traditions. Take no sentiment on trust.
>
> Such a man is none the less a rascal because he has not yet found out the right way to be a rascal; or even because he never does find it out and dies a baffled, longing scoundrel with clean hands.
>
> It is a mercy that there is the escape valve of verse.
>
> A woman's opinion—We have our silly side, no doubt; but I do think we should be thankful we were not born males.
>
> We have no thought of marrying him—he is best unattached.
>
> We cannot live and lie.
>
> I wish to God I knew what to do that you would like done, or how to say what I do know—that I love you as no woman ever has been loved by any man.
>
> We were born to what we bear. I mean to bear things.
>
> As a crazy boy in the "salad days" of sentiment, you were alone blameworthy.
>
> To weep herself green is no widow's duty and no sign of ripeness.
>
> A lover's wish—I want you as a beggar wants bread to eat. I have the sort of desire after your face that wounded man must have after water. I wish there were some mark of you carved on me that I might look at.
>
> He calls aloud for an embalmer. She cries pitifully for an enameller.
>
> So shall thy praise be more than all it is,
> As thou are tender and of piteous fashion,
> Not that I bid thee stoop to pluck my kiss—
> Too pale a fruit for thy red mouth's compassion;
> But till love turn my soul's pale cheeks to red
> Let it not go down to the dusty dead.

The Millbank Case, by George Dyre Eldridge. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

An old-fashioned murder mystery of the Maine Woods, involving timber frauds, the loss of a proud family name, and showing the desperate straits to which big politicians found themselves because of the part they played in scandals of the Maine Public Land Office. The connecting evidence is presented like links on a steel chain, with commendable systemization, and finished literary skill. There are no dull pages in the novel, but no humor. Mr. Eldridge strikes straight at the mark, for he murders Theodore Wing, lawyer, in the very first chapter, and the identity of the actual murderer is a mystery until the 298th page, forming the second last chapter. Charles and Henry Matthewson, sons of Governor Matthewson, are big timber landowners, with business interests beyond the Canadian line, and at the opening of the story they fear Wing because he had in his possession papers purporting to impugn titles to $1,000,000 worth of land and $2,000,000 worth of stumpage, in which the Matthewson family were financially interested. Wing was a natural son of their mother, and as the plot thickens the inference is skillfully fostered that some one of the Matthewson family had committed the murder. Ultimately, when Detective Trafford lands the guilty man, the latter—a Matthewson henchman—takes his own life and cheats the gallows. The finale comes with surprising swiftness. The get-rich-at-any-price politicians are strongly sketched, and their avarice fittingly exposed. The story has a ring of the Anna Katherine Green idea.

The Celebrity, by Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Anything that Winston Churchill writes gets a respectful hearing, and this paper cover edition of one of his earlier novels is no exception to the usual rule. Peculiar in style, it has an odd beginning and an unexpected conclusion. Mr. Crocker, a lawyer, tells the story about a novelist—the Celebrity—whose books were so popular that he "became the hero of the young women of the country from Portland, Me., to Portland, Or., many of whom wrote him letters and asked for his photograph." Unfortunately for the Celebrity he assumed the name of Charles Wrexell Allen and too late finds out that the latter has embezzled $100,000 and that the police are after him. A series of amusing adventures are described, including a yachting cruise told in a breezy way that recalls the genius of William Black, the Scotch novelist. The love-making in the book and its young women are revelations. It's a pity that Mr. Churchill makes such a liberal use of brimstone words when other explosives would have better suited his purpose.

"Parisians Out of Doors," by F. Berkeley Smith. Illustrations by the author and other artists, and frontispiece by F. Hopkinson Smith. 12mo cloth, $1.50 net. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

The name of "Paris" suggests an atmosphere of glitter, gaiety, music, dancing, swish of silk skirts, "toot-oot-oot" of automobile horn, duels, Bohemianism. But here is Mr. Smith telling us that there is an athletic Frenchman who believes and practices outdoor sports. In telling his story, the author does so in a book that is a work of art. The illustrations and press work are worthy of the highest praise, yea to the 150th page.

Here is the sunny start:

> La Belle France is blue and gold this Spring day. Paris lies sparkling in the sun, a superbly cut jewel, in an Arcadian setting of feathery green woods veined by rivers, silver in the morning and golden at twilight; a setting of blossoming orchards and sunny, wavy fields gay in poppies, of kingly forests and terraced parks, studded with sculpture and embroidered with flowers. There are cosy sylvan nooks by the score to be merry in, and roads as white and as hard as a beach for one's automobile leading to them. This network of highways and byways, sentineled by sturdy rows of poplars, runs to the frontier or to the sea.

We learn that the French are instinctively an out-of-doors-loving people, and that life in the open-air to them means nine-tenths of the joy of living. Parisians, proverbially, never sleep with the windows of their rooms open. When they go in for automobiling, ballooning or athletics, they fly at their hobby with a fervor that is remarkable. Watch them at the race of the grand prix at Longchamps, or bathing a Trouville, the French Manhattan beach. In the hunting season, the railroad stations are crowded with hunters, guns and dogs. On these occasions one sees the fat messieurs so well portrayed in the gun catalogues. The Trouville express is like an animated milliners' shop. The Parisienne is always beautifully gowned, from her new hat to the tips of her shining patent-leather shoes. Even Moustique, her spaniel, has a new basket for the journey.

> "Good-bye, mademoiselle."
>
> "Au revoir, monsieur."
>
> "Les voyageurs en voiture!" roars an excited car conductor, looking like a general in action. The last good-byes are said. The doors of the cars are slammed shut. Little, gloved hands are waving farewells; a cloud of steam and they are gone. "Quel voyage" to go as far from beloved Paris as Trouville. Four hours on the train! It is nearly out of France. Moustique is asleep on the lap of his fair owner. He wears a tiny chest protector of gray suede kid, and beneath his nervous jowls is a tiny pocket, and within it is tucked a lace handkerchief embroidered with his monogram. His mistress has just moistened it with cologne. Monsieur is snoring.

It is interesting to be told by Mr. Smith that Paris does more for the enjoyment of her masses than any other city in the world. She not only provides them with a superb playground but the government keeps the people continually en fete, and with the utmost patience and generosity supplies gas, electricity, fireworks, music, and an intelligent police. Parisians, knowing that Paris belongs to them, are the first to guard their city against vandalism and ill-usage. If you doubt this, just visit Paris and snip a rose for your buttonhole in any of the public gardens in full view of the crowd, and see what will happen. Can't you "fix it" with the French policeman? Mr. Smith thinks not, and insists that the laws in France relative to the out-of-door life of the masses are made in the interest of the people.

This is a picture of a French racetrack, at Longchamps:

> The broad esplanade in front of the grandstand is ablaze with color, for half the latest creations in parasols are up-parasols of scarlet vermilion, of bright, parrot green, or mazarine blue, and of iridescent silk and white lace. The effect is dazzling. Among the people you scan are professional beauties, society women, opera singers, club men dilettantes, bankers, actors, merchants; the military and the Corps Diplomatique; racing Counts and gambling Barons; the best of staid French nobility and the most vicious Englishmen, Russians, Brazilians, Princes, potentates—are all there; and in the central box is seated, surrounded by his staff, the President of the Republique Francaise. Throughout the length and breadth of the assemblage, the crowd is as orderly and polite as if it had been invited. Good nature and thoughtful courtesy are apparent. This orderly crowd with its wealth of exquisite toilets, flowers, kid gloves, frock coats and silk hats, is an agreeable contrast to the beer-and-whisky rabble found in our racetracks in America.
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> Tang-a-lang-a-lang, clang! The bell is ringing for the fifth race. They are off. Instantly a roar surges through the crowd, as one mass it leans and follows with its eyes the great race for 200,000 francs. Ah, the horses have disappeared behind a low grove of woods. It is like dropping a theater curtain on the verge of a climax. Hurrah! Bretonville is in the lead. The crowd is screaming. Belle Chance, with delicate muscles of steel, leaps closer and closer to the leading mare. The jockey in the yellow blouse riding her is poised as lightly in his stirrups over the small saddle as if he rode on air. Hurrah! Belle Chance is in the lead, and Rob Roy, Millionaire and Babette are fighting for place.
>
> "Belle Chance," "Belle Chance!" shriek the multitude. She is like wet bronze in the sun as she leaps nearer and nearer to victory. Bretonville with a tremendous effort presses closer and closer to her shining flanks. A second. A second and five-eighths. A signal shoots up from the judges' stand. Bretonville has won the grand prix. It seems as if all France had suddenly gone insane. Hats and parasols are waving, the air is full of fluttering programmes, and men are jumping up and down, embracing each other. Mademoiselle, of the Opera Comique, who has won 10,000 francs, has sat down in a demoralized little heap. She is laughing and crying at the same time, then laughing and clapping her little gloved hands. Yes, it is joy after all. The Grand Prix is over.

There are eight chapters in the book, of equal merit: Some Parisian Sundays; out of Paris; high tide at Trouville; with some Parisians at Normandy; Bohemians at large; at St. Cloud; Monsieur Casse's chateau; flowers, sunshine, and baccarat; and Mone Carlo. Here is a word picture that will interest auto people:

> Far below me skirting the bottom of a mossy ravine winds a white road. A fog horn blasts threateningly beyond the crest of the ravine followed by a double report as savage as that of a six-shooter. Then a whining roar, and a big auto swings in sight. It is rushing down the white road below me, in the direction of Montigny. A glimpse of a fluffy green veil, of silk hoods inflated like toy balloons, and a crouching chauffeur, and they are gone! It is the sixth of its noisy kind that has rushed past me this morning. They are a pest in this sylvan solitude. Even my little friend, the woodpecker, would tell you so if you asked him.

Mr. Smith shows an intimate knowledge of the French people in their happy moods, and is a kindly critic. His book is a glimpse of sunshine, and is a charming contribution to the joys of this vacation season. It would be delightful to sit on a beach within roar of the ocean, with one's boots and socks removed, with feet buried in the sand, a big umbrella overhead to keep out some of the sun, and to read "Parisians Out of Doors."

Dolly, a Daughter of New England, by Ruth Louise Sheldon. Illustrated by Wilhelmina Frederick. $1.50. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O.

A well-printed book of 600 pages, an example where the outside of the book is of more value than the matter printed inside. Too bad that such labor is wasted. The heroine, Dolly, is a talking machine, and a vulgar, flippant, freakish girl, who does everything possible under the sun. She sings and plays the pipe organ divinely, and when the average man meets her he promptly falls in love. Dolly visits England, and of course Lord Hamilton, drunkard and gambler, marries her. They quarrel and on one occasion, when speaking of ancestors, she said: "Not more than half of my ancestors ran violently down a steep place to the sea, and I have heard all of yours did." Then Hamilton obligingly breaks his neck, dies, and rich Dolly marries her old lover. That is all.

The Heritage of Unrest, by Gwendolen Overton. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A paper cover edition of a deservedly admired novel that has run through several editions during the last four years. The woman in the case, Felipa, daughter of a drunken American soldier and an Apache squaw, is powerfully sketched, and she has a weird fascination about her that is interesting through the whole 229 pages. A natural horsewoman, a dead shot, she died as she had lived, fighting, fighting. Her first husband, an American cavalry officer, who grew to be a drunken sot, is mercifully killed in battle. In riding to save her second husband from outlaws, Felipa gets her death wound. Strong searchlight pictures are thrown on United States Army life and Indians in the Southwest. "The Heritage of Unrest" is a classic of its kind.

The Wheels of Chance, by H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York.

How odd it seems in this day and generation when the once despised horse and the automobile reign supreme, to turn to this paper-cover edition of a favorite novel and once again enjoy a bicycling romance. "The Wheels of Chance" is quite a new departure for the gifted author of "The First Man in the Moon," and "Mankind in the Making," it is where he comes down to earth and is human. If Mr. Hoopdriver, dry goods man, had been an American, he would have married Miss Jessie Milton, but as he allowed his environment to crush him, he was a weakling and goes out of the book like a drooping water lily. The novel is built on unusual lines, and is very entertaining.

Tucker Dan, by Charles Ross Jackson. 12mo, cloth, $1.25. Illustrations by Gordon H. Grant. G. W. Dillingham Company, New York.

A book of fun for boys, in which the hero is Tucker Dan Pills—commonly known as Tucker Dan—and his chum, Micky Connor. The scene of their operations is in a New England town, and their chief victim is Tucker's uncle Binny, who was robbed of his clothes by the two boys as he was taking a bath on the beach, and was forced to come across the harbor astride a log, and dressed only in his coat, shirt and shoes. The humor in the book is compelling, infectious, and laughter-making. Of course, Tucker and Mickey ought to have been spanked for the tricks they played on people—but boys will be boys. The little book is of the order of "Peck's Bad Boy."

A Trip Through Chinatown. Published by R. W. Steele and Seid Hack, Jr. A souvenior of the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

In a red cover, with a Chinese legend in gold, and interestingly illustrated, Portland's Chinatown, portions of Second street south of Taylor to Pine, are clearly pictured, and the many places to visit noticed. The little book advises that the services of an official Chinese guide be procured before the trip is undertaken, and this is sound advice for all tourist parties at this Exposition season. An interesting chapter is given on curious Chinese customs, the manner of grasping one's own hands instead of grasping a friend's hand; why Chinese women wear trousers, why Chinamen do not walk side by side, but in order of rank, etc. The little book will be in demand as a seasonable souvenir. It is well written and the choice of subjects good.

Early Poems and Sonnets, by William G. Martin. The Herald Press, Eugene.

Seventy-one pages of meritorious poems, some of them written when the poet was only 14 years old. It is a modest little volume, and in his preface the author says: "If within its covers you chance to find one single sentence to which you will be indebted for a smile or a kindlier feeling toward the affairs of life, the author will be repaid for the trouble and expense of publication." Mr. Martin's muse is a ready one, and he writes about a variety of subjects with skill and good taste. One of the best inspired of his poems is "The Evening Star," while the most ambitious is "A Fairy Queen," a school cantata. A welcome volume by an Oregon poet. He ought to write more.

In the Land of Benjamin. N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

In an imposing red cover, at first glance this little book looks like a sketch of Benjamin Franklin. And so it is, with its resume of the principal events of the great patriot's life, and pictures of memorable scenes in the town where his life work was accomplished, the town of William Penn. But the book is also an excellent advertisement for the advertising house of N. W. Ayer & Son. The letterpress work is unusually good.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

The first Red Saunders novel, "Plain Mary Smith," by Henry Wallace Phillips, will be brought out by The Century Company in the Autumn.

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Mrs. K. M. C. Meredith, author of "The Wing of Love," is spending the Summer in Europe. She is now in Baden Baden, and writes to her publishers that she has finished the first chapter of a new novel.

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Robert Lutz, of Leipsic, who bought the German rights of Burton E. Stevenson's "Holladay Case" from Henry Holt & Co., has just bought from them the rights of the same author's "Marathon Mystery."

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Miss Willa Sibert Cather, author of "The Troll Garden," has gone from Pittsburg, Pa., where she teaches, to her home in Red Cloud, Neb., to bring into final shape a novel which has for some time been lying practically completed.

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Mrs. Isobel Strong, author of "The Girl From Home," is spending the Summer in California. With Mrs. Frank Norris she is occupying the Robert Louis Stevenson cottage on one of the hills bordering the Santa Clara Valley.

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It is somewhat interesting to know that the Dowager Queen of Italy is an enthusiastic automobilist, and that Mrs. Waddington in her "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife" says that the Queen "read 'The Lightning Conductor' and was much amused with it."

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Henry Holt & Co. are printing the Williamson's automobile love story, "The Princess Passes" for the sixth time in four months. The book appears to please as much as its delightful predecessor, "The Lightning Conductor," and is generally conceded to have more of a plot.

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Melville E. Stone's fifth paper on "The Associated Press" in the August Century will tell, with plenty of anecdote, how the association works in war-time. Mr. Stone will also discuss in this installment the assertion, so often made, that the Associated Press is a monopoly.

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Henry James, the publication of whose novel "The Golden Bowl" by the Scribners has been celebrated by his contemporaries as an occasion of more than ordinary moment in his long and brilliant literary career, is perhaps the most talked of American novelist of today because of his recent public utterances.

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It is well known that elephants reach a remarkable age, and that therefore they are pretty young when "humans" would be considered old. All of which is apropos of the fact that the novel "Her Ladyship's Elephant," although seven years old, is still very active and has just been printed for the eighteenth time.

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McClure-Phillips are planning the publication in book form of a selection from the short stories which O. Henry has been contributing weekly to the Sunday newspapers. "Mr. Henry" is planning, moreover, a rest this Summer, during which to get down on paper a novel which he and his publishers have long had in mind.

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The Ridgeway-Thayer Company announces that about September 1 it will publish Thomas W. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance: The Crime of Amalgamated" in book form. Mr. Lawson's idea, shared by the Ridgeway-Thayer Company, is that the book should be offered to the public at $1.50 per copy. There will be a more expensive edition for those who desire it.

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Henry Holt & Co. in response to numerous demands will issue at once a low-priced, popular edition of their Lucas' "Book of Verses for Children." It is doubtful if there is any better anthology for the young people than this book of 200 poems from some 80 representative authors. It has steadily grown in favor, and this next edition will be the fourth printing.

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An unusually successful attempt at collaboration seems to be the verdict of the critics on Anna Chapin Ray's and Hamilton Brock Fuller's romance of the Boer war, entitled "On the Firing Line." The clever dialogue and character drawing of Miss Ray is deftly blended with the vivid military atmosphere of Mr. Fuller, who was one of the Canadian troopers in the war. A Canadian edition of this romance has already been issued.

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It is interesting to note that one of the last letters written by the late Secretary Hay was received by Colonel Clark E. Carr in reference to his book, "The Illini." Soon after the publication of this work Mr. Hay had written Colonel Carr congratulating him on the book, and it was in confirmation of some comments he then made that the second letter was sent. John Hay is one of the prominent characters in "The Illini," and the depiction of him in early life is noteworthy.

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George E. Burton's spirited book, "The Boys of Bob's Hill," is receiving flattering notices, some even comparing it with Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." In this connection the unique criticism that pleased its author most and came from a boy who is a stranger to him, may prove amusing: After the boy had devoured the story, he exclaimed: "This book is different from other books, isn't it?" And upon being asked in what respect, he said: "Why, somehow these boys do things just as real boys would."

* * *

Here is a doubtful compliment story: At a literary dinner two minor poets were heard in conversation.

"I saw your Spring poem in the Blank Magazine," said one.

"Did you?" said the other.

"Yes; and I heard rather a neat compliment passed on it by a young lady."

"What did she say?"

The first minor poet laughed.

"Why," he replied, "she wanted to know if I had written it."

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Samuel Hopkins Adams, of the editorial staff of McClure's Magazine, has just been elected a trustee of Hamilton College, where he graduated. This is a high honor to have been paid so young a man, and disproves for once the tradition that a "prophet" is without honor in his own "college." He takes the place of Theodore M. Pomeroy. Three of his co-trustees are John M. Beach, William C. Sanger and Elihu Root. The first Mr. Adams knew of his election was when being congratulated on it by Mr. Root at the recent reunion.

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William Barry, D. D., the author of the biographies of Ernest Renan and Cardinal Newman in the new Literary Lives series, published by the Scribners, is a Catholic priest and theologian, the rector of St. Birinus, Dorchester, England. Dr. Barry finds his recreation in traveling, writing and the study of languages. He has written stories of unusual dramatic power and his critical and historical essays are among the most important of contemporary works of their kind. He was born in London in April, 1849.

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The Century Company has in preparation for Fall publication a book on "Versailles and the Court under Louis XIV," by James Herbert Morgan, Professor in English literature at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and the author of "Essays on French History," "The Grande Mademoiselle," etc. Beginning with the inception of the plans for the palace and the laying out of the grounds, the author goes on to describe in detail the glories of the finished work and the daily life of the grand monarch and his court. The book will be very fully illustrated.

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Thomas F. Millard, who has been in nine campaigns, and has often written for Scribner's Magazine, has returned to the East for that magazine, and will have in the August number an article on "The Fruits of Japan's victory," which will be of special interest at this time, when the peace conference is about to assemble in the East. Mr. Millard has made a careful study of the best opinion in Japan, and presents in this paper the probable demands that the Japanese will urge at the conference.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Willard Brooks, the author of the novel, "As the World Goes By," was recently married to Professor Maximilian L. Kellner, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge. The bride was the widow of Rev. Arthur Brooks, late rector of the Church of the Incarnation, New York, a brother of Phillips Brooks. She is well known in social circles in New York and Cambridge. "As the World Goes By" has been favorably received as a fine philosophic novel with a dramatic and musical interest. The heroine is the daughter of an actress who has separated from her husband.

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Little, Brown & Co.'s novels for Summer reading include "The Breath of the Gods," by Sidney McCall, author of "Truth Dexter"; "The Master Mummer," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, author of "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," etc.; "Curty: A Tale of the Arizona Desert," by Roger Pocock; "The Weird Picture," by John R. Carling, author of "The Shadow of the Czar"; "My Lady Clancarty," by Mary Imlay Taylor; "Justh Wingate, Rancheman," by John H. Whitson, author of "The Rainbow Chasers," etc.; "A Knot of Blue," by William R. A. Wilson, author of "A Rose of Normandy"; "The Vision of Elijah Bert," by Frank L. Nason, and "A Prince of Lovers," by Sir William Magnay.

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E. P. Powell, having written "The Orchard and Fruit Garden," dealing with the choice and cultivation of all kinds of fruit, nuts, trees and bushes, finds that he is looked upon as a sort of information bureau. He receives many letters each day, most of them from farmers, asking for advice and suggestion on every variety of subject connected with fruit-raising. But these letters bring their reward in showing how far Mr. Powell's book has succeeded in arousing popular interest in careful and scientific cultivation of fruits and nuts. A farmer in Washington who wanted recently some information concerning hazel nuts began his request: "I have your book, 'The Orchard and Fruit Garden,' and must say that it is the most profitably spent money I ever invested."

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There is one author whose books have proven to be great favorites with the children, and each new story she writes is hailed with delight. She is Frances Trego Montgomery, author of the famous "Billy Whiskers Series," the third volume of which was placed on the market last year. She now has in preparation a story for older children, entitled "Frances and the Irrepressibles at Buena Vista Farm," in which is given an account of the many ways a party of boys and girls amused themselves one Summer while boarding at a farmhouse. The book is one which will appeal to boys and girls alike, and is unique in that it is handsomely illustrated with pictures of real children and their pets.

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Richard H. Wilson ("Richard Fisquill"), whose "Venus of Cadiz" has just been published, had an exciting adventure while exploring one of the remarkable Kentucky caves, in which interesting incidents of his novel occur. "Big Dick" Tallaferro, a noted moonshiner, supposed the young man who unexpectedly crawled into "The Den" was a revenue officer and shot twice at him, one bullet grazing his ear. Dr. Wilson, who is a fine athlete, succeeded in disarming Tallaferro after a hard fight and marched him four miles to police headquarters. Dr. Wilson's own researches in these caves have lately been continued by archaeologists from Andover College, and press dispatches state they have discovered partly petrified skeletons of a prehistoric race of giants.

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George A. Waggoner, who wrote "Stories of Old Oregon," is wearing a pleased smile these days. The reason is that his book, recently published, has won the commendation of President Roosevelt. Mr. Waggoner's friend, Homer Davenport, kindly brought the book to the President's notice, and this letter has been received in this city by Mr. Davenport, dated Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 12:

> "My Dear Mr. Davenport: Not only the boys, but the boys' father will be greatly interested in this volume. Will you thank Mr. Waggoner particularly for me, and say how much I appreciate his kindness? Now, my dear fellow, be sure to let me see you and Mrs. Davenport after your return East. Sincerely yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

The body of the letter is typewritten, but the President's signature is in his own handwriting.

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Mrs. K. M. C. Meredith, author of "The Wing of Love," has for many years been deeply interested in psychic phenomena. Her attention was called to the subject by some remarkable happenings in her own family, which were witnessed and attested by others than herself. Since that time she has made a serious study of the subject, and her psychic adventures have been remarkably impressive. Every unusual incident having a possible bearing on psychic matters she has had recorded and witnessed, as in the case of her first experience; and she has consequently a mass of authenticated and important data. Mrs. Meredith has a marked aptitude for writing fiction, as shown in "Drumsticks," "The Wings of Love," and it is said that the near future will see a volume from her hand embodying in story form much of her experience of occult phenomena.

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Matt. Stan. Kemp, A. M., has written a strong story in "Ande Trembath," to be published in the early Fall by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. The author's real name is Matthew Stanley Kemp, a descendant of Old England, and among his ancestors are numbered General Kemp, commander of the left wing of Wellington's army at Waterloo, and Chancellor Kemp, Prime Minister of England in the days of Henry VII, and also a bishop of Canterbury. Mr. Kemp at the present time holds the position as pastor of the Alpha Lutheran Church in Turtle Creek, a suburb of Pittsburg, Pa. Although Mr. Kemp has lived the greater part of his life in America, in his early boyhood days he spent much time traveling with his father through Europe, living some little time in Cornwall, his father's birthplace.

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Peter Kropotkin's valuable survey of "Russian Literature," bears, not obtrusively, yet unmistakably, the mark of his socialistic cast of mind. So many of the great Russian writers have been persecuted and forbidden expression of the breadth of their ideas, that a socialist like Kropotkin, as capable of expressing fine thoughts as he has proven himself in "Mutual Aid," is the best man possible to have understandingly written the book. Kropotkin is now engaged in abetting from the outside the socialistic insurrection in Russia. In acknowledging the other day the second $500 sent him by the Russian Jews of New York, he wrote: "Only a popular uprising all over the country, the appropriation of the land and all that can feed and shelter the people—that alone can save the beggared, the poverty-stricken people of Russia, raise it out of its needs and its poverty."

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Rex E. Beach, known in the literary circles as the author of "Pardners," is familiar among sportsmen for his prowess in swimming. He holds medals for prizes in many contests; captured the one-mile handicap swimming race at the Olympia games at the St. Louis Exposition, and is the present captain of the Chicago Athletic Club swimming team. His ability to swim fast Mr. Beach ascribes to his early training. When a little shaver living in Florida he spent naturally a good deal of his time in the water. He had wholesome fear of the alligator, and he early developed an astonishing faculty in getting through the water whenever he saw anything approaching that seemed like one. He had several real escapes from long jaws, and at one time had a race with a 'gator, dragging after him a small companion who was too frightened to be able to swim. He declares that on that occasion he broke any swimming record ever made.

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A suburban bookseller recently contributed his quota to a general discussion on the relation of the circulating library to the book trade. It had been objected that the tendency was to diminish the individual sales by making one book go very far. "On the contrary," said this bookseller, "the circulating library and the women's clubs are valuable auxiliary aids. Suppose some novel is being talked about. One of the women reads it as it comes her way, and speaks of it to her friends, who, not to be behindhand, purchase the volume at once, rather than wait their turns for it. In their clubs, too, the women like to be up-to-date, and keep pretty well abreast of the new books so that they can take their part in any discussion that may arise. A novel in which there is any distinct and novel ethical situation—such as there was in 'The Masquerader' and 'The Marriage of William Ashe'—is sure to be made the basis for papers and discussion in the women's clubs, and not to be 'up' in the latest book or fad is considered a dreadful thing in suburban circles."

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Readers of "Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis, will recall that the setting of the story is in the neighborhood of Santiago. Mr. Davis visited the place when a boy, and used his youthful memories as a background for the story. When he returned to Santiago it was as a correspondent with the Rough Riders, and his adventures during that campaign gave him material for his remarkable book of war correspondence. A few months ago he revisited the old scenes, and he will contribute to the August Scribner's an article on "The Passing of San Juan Hill," showing how the trail of battle is almost obliterated. A series of photographs, "before and after," accompany the article. Mr. Davis recently said: "The lack of knowledge and jealousy of those who are supposed to cherish it, with the help of the tropical undergrowth, are surely destroying the identity of San Juan Hill. It's a pity. The place where so many of our men fought and fell and still lie should not disappear; or, if it must, it seems as though it deserved a more honorable interment than Cuban pig-pens and kitchen gardens."

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Edwin Lefevre, in common with the majority of men, finds a good deal of comfort and inspiration in tobacco. An occasional smoke is a great assistance to him while writing. Just a month or so before the idea of "The Golden Flood" came to him he had rashly promised his better-half that he would swear off smoking entirely. The task was not so very difficult when he was not writing, but when the plot for "The Golden Flood" seized him and he got out his pen and paper to write the story the desire for the comforting weed came strongly back to him. He got part of the way through the first chapter and the thing balked. He looked over at his pipes, at his cigarette case and yearned. Then he set his jaw and tried to push on. But it was no go. This lasted for three or four days, and then, suddenly during working hours, Mr. Lefevre was found missing. Those in the secret knew that he was in an unused barn down at the end of his garden, with a packing box in front of him, a cigarette in one hand, a pen in the other, madly covering sheet after sheet, and keeping his eye on the path from his house, so as to have time to destroy all traces of his smoking in case the lady of the house discovered his hiding place.

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David H. Morris develops new ideas in regard to automobiles in his introduction to "The Book of the Automobile," by Robert T. Sloss, which was published last month. He writes: "Strange to say, the stanchest advocate of the automobile today is the farmer. He has appreciated much more quickly than the city man the advantages of the machine, probably because these advantages appeal to him in a peculiar way. He has been taken out of an otherwise enforced loneliness; farms which have hitherto been inaccessible, both for their occupants and for their products, have, by the introduction of the automobile, overcome space, and found new and near neighbors. Where it took a farmer all day to drive his horse to market, sell his goods and return home, he can now do it in a morning, besides carrying twice the load he did before. He likewise appreciates that in addition to their larger radius, automobiles have the further advantage of requiring neither to be fed nor cooled off, expensive and time-consuming processes." . . . Yes, but what about the automobiles that habitually break down, at least once every trip? A whip will drive a balky horse, but what can be done with a balky auto, and the nearest repair shop five miles away?

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Americans have the reputation of always being in a hurry. Professor Munsterberg believed this is undeserved. In his book, "The American," he says: "Superficial observers have often supposed the American to be always in a hurry, whereas the opposite is the case. The man who has to hurry has badly disposed of his time and therefore has not the necessary amount to finish any one piece of work. The American is never in a hurry, but he so disposes of his precious time that nothing shall be lost. He will not wait nor be a moment idle. One thing follows closely after another with admirable precision. Each task is finished in its turn. Appointments are made and kept on the minute; and the result is that not only no unseemly haste is necessary, but also there is time for everything. It is astonishing how well-known men in political, economic or intellectual life, who are loaded with a thousand responsibilities and an apparently unreasonable amount of work, can have by dint of the wonderful disposition of their own time and that of their assistants really enough for everything and even to spare. Among the many things for which the American has time by reason of his economical management of it are even some which seem unnecessary for the busy man. He expends, for example, an extraordinary large fraction of his time in attending to his costume and person