# "LITERATURE IS THE SOUL REACHING OUT TO THE HOLY OF HOLIES" SWING.

**Basis of Railway Rates, and Private vs. Governmental Management of Railroads,** by Marshall M. Kirkman. The World Railway Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

No more speculative problem is before the public today than injurious discrimination in railroad rates, and the question of governmental control of railroads as against the rule of a ruthless railroad pool. President Roosevelt has given notice that this subject is to receive his early attention.

Mr. Kirkman's book of 259 pages fairly bristles with hard, cold facts—from his point of view, which is generally the railroad's point of view. No railroad president could write more fervently for vested rights than Mr. Kirkman. At the same time he cannot be accused of deliberate unfairness. It is only a matter of vision, after all. But at the same time, Mr. Kirkman does not present a middle-of-the-road policy, as he sometimes strives to conciliate two apparently hostile camps. Here is an example of his cautious method of reasoning:

If I were asked when Government ownership and management of railways would be advisable, I should reply, when the self-interest and experience of individuals cease to be safe guides for men to follow in commercial matters. Government control can never be justified on the ground of the greatest good to the greatest number, from the standpoint of effective and economical management, or material prosperity. Government control is advisable when private property is not accorded protection; when the spirit of a nation is agrarian; when it does not afford justice and fair treatment to the owners of railroads. Then, undoubtedly, state ownership is preferable. Security in such a country is at best precarious. Mob rule, if not present, is near. Under such circumstances property is safer (if anything can be safe) under governmental supervision and control, than under private management. In a country thus cursed the owners of railroads should sell to the state, lest their whole investment be confiscated. Let them make the best terms they can and with the proceeds seek a more favored land. Neither personal liberty nor property can long be safe in such a country. The subversion of both is only a question of time.

Mr. Kirkman is a believer in pools, and says that in every country except the United States pooling is recognized as an essential element, a necessity concomitant of railways. He thinks it will soon be again recognized here, and that, failing this, we shall sooner or later see a practical consolidation of all our railroads. Listen to his defense of railroad pools:

The purpose of a pool is not to make rates high, but to maintain reasonable rates; to preserve the revenues of the carrier that he needs in improving and operating his property. There can be no possible objection to a pool save in the possible instance where it covers a monopoly of a product, including all its substitutes. Such an instance is improbable. Pooling is in accordance with good business usage and the conservative instincts of trade. It prevents foolish extravagance and materially lessens cost of operation. To prevent it, it is unfair to the carrier and generally unfair to the community. Oppression could hardly be carried further. It can only be excused on the ground of public misapprehension, or public delusion. Its prevention is contrary to the customs of every enlightened country save ours.

Very frank, indeed. Quite a multitude of Mr. Kirkman's countrymen do not agre with him. Those who own blocks of railroad stock, of course, would subscribe to the Kirkman idea. We had been taught that "competition is the life of trade." Mr. Kirkman says: "Competition is not the 'life' of trade, but is the balance wheel or regulator. Trade cannot be vigorous or healthy where it does not exist. Supply and demand are the 'life' of trade."

This is a sensible conclusion: "Superiority of private management over that of government is not due to any natural superiority of the employes of the former over the latter, but to the fact that the former are impregnated with the spirit of the owner, and are subject to his commanding presence, practical experience and exacting methods." Granting that the United States has been the Utopia of railroads, he thinks that its low rates, commercial prosperity and colossal development ("the result of government abstention") teach the lesson that the less railroad properties are interfered with by governments, the better. What is a uniform rate? Mr. Kirkman thinks it is a delusion, the Utopia of theorists, the hiding-place of those who seek through it to destroy or confiscate the capital of others.

Some railroad companies are disguised like the wolf in "Little Red Ridinghood," and thoughtful persons—who do not own blocks of railroad stock—have reached the sane, unalterable conclusion that the time now is when the strong arm of the law should tench haughty railroad barons who have grown rich trading on public franchises, for which they have not paid the people one cent, that they do not own all the people all the time. Mr. Kirkman's volume is timely. He has stated the case very ably for his side. We are doubly armed when placed in possession of our opponents' arguments.

**A Twentieth Century Idealist,** by Henry Pettit. $1.50. Illustrated. The Grafton Press, New York.

A peculiar novel built on poetic, metaphysical line. Very few stranger love stories have been written. The book will not appeal to the multitude, but to well-read, educated people. The principal characters are: Professor and Mrs. Cultus and their daughter, Adele, the idealist; Miss Winchester, a literary woman; Dr. Wise, a dreamer, and Paul Warder, a college graduate. They start on a world's tour, during which time Adele Cultus and Paul Warder discover they are in love with each other. In their case it is a union of souls. At the supreme moment of betrothal, Adele says: "A betrothal is truth in words. Marriage is truth in deeds." Then:

Paul held her hand as if it were very precious to him, that to touch her were a great privilege. Never before had she felt realizing sense so intense of that manly virtue which she then recognized in her future husband; and for the first time she noticed he used a new expression.

"Adele, I love you with all my soul and strength." Then he bowed his head as if overcome. From that moment Adele knew he was her husband both in spirt and in truth.

Of course such an original pair of lovers could not be married in a mundane way. No, they were married in the most majestic natural cathedral on earth, a grassy hill side amid the awsome stillness of the Himalayas. The bridegroom's costume is sketched as follows: "Paul wore a spotless suit of white flannels, with an inner white waistcoat for the occasion. His necktie which was of light blue suited his complexion admirably. Verily, new garments in one sense but such as preserved his own sense of freedom just when he wanted it most. Some cigars had peeped out of one of his pockets just before he came forward, but the Doctor concealed them at the last moment. The bride was arrayed in 'fine linen pure and white.'" Some people have odd tastes!

Life on board an ocean steamer and travel in the Occident are attractively presented, along with religious discussion. Rapid changes are made from the mental to the spiritual, and the reader is carried along before he knows it from ordinary circumstances to the deepest depths. It is a study of life. The novel will be an acceptable present to young women of the Blessed Damozel type.

**The Rubaiyat of the Tourist,** by Frank T. Searight. The Unique Book Magazine Publishing Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

One of the cleverest take-offs on the rhymes of Omar, as done into English by Fitzgerald, is "The Rubaiyat of the Tourist." Frank T. Searight, the young author, is a Los Angeles newspaper man. Los Angeles being a tourist center, it is fitting that the tourist's rubaiyat should emanate therefrom. Mr. Searight has written but 100 stanzas, instead of the conventional 101, leaving off the last stanza so that the incautious reader may not laugh himself to death. That the writer of these rollicking rhymes knows his tourist, likewise his tour, the following four-liners, taken at random from the book, will show:

The Family in the Section next to Us
Is worse than any Full-grown Octopus.
They place their Food on Seats and Windowsills
And it Upsets and makes an Awful Muss.

A Dashing Blonde, who travels Chair Car style,
Was captivated by Our Baby's Smile,
And sat and Fondled it. I goo-gooed Her
Before the Train had gone another Mile.

El Paso is the Swellest place I've found.
Its Plaza is a Real Pleasure ground.
When you have Walked around and seen It All,
You turn and Walk the other way Around.

San Bernardino is a name that You
Will hear pronounced, more Often, San Ber-doo.
They call it that for short, and, I Presume,
Some people Shorter still have traveled through.

I wonder at the Folks who spend their Cash
Along the Way for Beads and other Trash.
I bought a Lemon Tree today, Instead.
I spend as Much, but I am never Rash.

The little book is bound in burnt leather and is a fitting souvenir of any tourist's trip. It is on sale here by B. B. Rich.

**Foolish Finance,** by Gideon Wurdz. Illustrated by Wallace Goldsmith. John W. Luce & Co., Boston.

It is impossible to read this little book of 130 pages without a grin. Humor is written all over it, and it's a good friend for an idle hour, or when you feel grouchy. Mr. Wurdz gravely says his book is "a beginner's primer in the absorbing science of acquisitiveness, as practiced in the leadnig lucre laboratories of Wall street in the United States, and containing all the rules and regulations for the greatest amusement of the age "goldbrix," a parlor game for plutocrats."

In a mock-serious vein, the author gives "tips" on finance, and generally how to invest money. The style and illustrations are admirable, and are the work of a practiced hand. The mock-sermons are gems.

Hear ye:

The rules for foolish finance are very simple. First, select your fool. Second, locate his finances. Third, subtract the second from the first, which gives you the difference—in checks, bills, or coin, as preferred. This difference is known as capital.

The Parable of the Six Gas Magnates: The Kingdom of Success may be likened unto Six Gas Magnates which took their Books and went forth to meet the Underwriter. And three of them were wise and three were foolish. They that were foolish took their Books, but had no Standard Oil with them. But the wise had Oil on their Books along with the Water. And while the Underwriter pondered, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, "Behold the Underwriter cometh. Go ye in to meet him." Then all the Magnates arose and flushed their Books. And the foolish said to the Wise: "Give us of your Oil, or our Books go out." But the Wise answered, saying: "Not so. Lest there be not enough for us and for you. But go ye rather to Twenty-six Broadway and buy for yourselves." And while they went to buy, the Underwriter came; and they that were ready went in with him on the Ground Floor; and the door was shut. Afterward there also came the other Magnates, saying: "Underwriter, Banker, Villain, open unto us." But he answered and said: "Verily I say unto you, I know you not." Watch therefore for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein ye will need Standard Oil for your troubled finance!

**Truths Leaf-by-Leaf Sermons by Rev. David Swing,** edited by Sophie Burt Kimball. $1.50. Published at 80 Maple street, Chicago, Ill.

Long ago Shakespeare wrote:

This our life exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything!

It is not impious to say that the average volume of sermons must be received with caution, for many of them are frankly disappointing, representing as they do a hide-bound school of theology or a creed that cannot be lived up to. Here and there you come across sermons that serve as a beckoning star to service, forever pointing upward. Such a volume is that edited by Sophie Burt Kimball, containing selected addresses and sermons by the late Rev. David Swing, of Chicago, Ill. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis gives a characterization, and Dr. Frank Wakeley Gunsaulus an introduction and also a poem.

The volume of 237 pages is well bound in green cloth, the paper is excellent and the black print does not tire the eye. The contents are a message, a boon, a revelation. It is like drinking from a well in the desert after a march over the hot sand, to meet with such liberality of thought, loving kindness and brotherhood from a poet-priest. Professor Swing was greater than his kind. He discovered the etical side of beauty and preached it. The altitude of his mind was that of the Greek, rather than that of the Hebrew, and his utterances bear a remarkable resemblance now and then to those of Emerson, Beecher and Phillips Brooks. He could not be called a shouting reformer, for he embodied in himself the mission of the Christian scholar, was a teacher in the pulpit, a philosopher in literature, and one to whom life always appeared as a vision and a duty.

Dr. Hillis wisely says: "God's best gift to this people has been the gift of great men like Lincoln and Grant in statecraft; like Beecher, Brooks and Swing in religion. And today it is a source of joy and gratitude unspeakable that here in this new, rude bustling city, Providence sent one who seems like some Plato lifted out of his Athenian groves, and set down in the midst of our booths and markets to build for us a temple with pure Ionic lines; to light upon its altar the sacred Hebrew flame." In speaking of the whole movement of theology in the past century being a reuttering of what is known as the Greek spirit, Dr. Gunsaulus writes: "Augustine, Athanasius and Cyril of Jerusalem, have yielded to Origen, Chrysostom and Clement of Alexandria." The Origen here referred to is the Christian writer of that name who flourished in Alexandria 186-253.

In the 27 sermons here presented, it is a profit to read each one. Here is a sample of Professor Swing's style:

No one knows what it is to live until one has reached the power to thank each little bird for singing; each butterfly for the down and the color on its wings; the power to thank each friend for a "Good Morning"; each manly heart for its manly love; the rainbow for its arch; the sky for its blue; the violet for coming in the Spring; the gentian for coming in the Fall; the power to thank his country for its liberty and its progress; the beautiful for their beauty; the good for their goodness; the power deeply to bless the memory of the dead generations for what they did for us, their children; to bless the names of the heroes and martyrs whose fears of long ago have been changed into our joy; the power to thank Christ Jesus for each step he took in Palestine, and for those words that compose our philosophy and for the moral beauty that entrances our world. When the human heart thus bursts with thankfulness, then it is joy and heaven to live.

Jesus of Nazareth was not the obsequious friend of the man with the gold ring. He was the friend of the man with common apparel, and was so fervent that his ideas became a glowing life. Socrates was intellectual and loved to argue over abstract ideas. Jesus to a more perfect moral philosophy added an incessant action. The century plant blooms once in each hundred years. The Son of Man was not the day of the first planting, but the day of the full bloom. The long century of waiting ran out in him. He was the blooming day of the past.

Alas for the day when religion shall wholly cease to mingle its undertone with the poetry of our great, brilliant world. Blessed will this planet be so long as it shall say of the dead, "They sleep" in God!

Captain Kidd's pirates may have been hard workers, but their work was not inspirational. The work of value is that done in the name of man's highest nature. The pursuit of riches may involve mental life and yet be an industry that stops short of civilization.

Washington possessed more zeal over a few distracted colonies than most Americans now living possess over a vast nation of more than 40 separate republics. He was more deeply moved by the little coast settlements than we are by the grand tramp of 70,000,000.

With many millions the Sunday and the hour at church are the largest item of the whole week. Often the hymn is more powerful than the sermon. Often the sunny day and some bright faces met at church surpass in effect both sermon and hymn, and the heart goes home touched with the beauty of the human race and the wisdom and goodness of God.

Reason came and lifted up sunken centuries. It changed dialects into languages. It took all the Agnesses and Augustines to Heaven and issued a call for men to come who could write the truths of humanity. Europe in its rags and poverty said: "I will arise and go to my father."

The specialist can add to civilization, but he cannot make it.

Just as beauty is a part of sublimity, is akin to it, worship is attended by emotions that are near of kin. Worship is a star that is attended by satellites—a sun in the midst of a system.

Man needs the vision of immensity.

As the painter paints for the sentiments, the sculptor carves what society loves. As music works wholly for men's delight and tears, so literature utters all its eloquence to the heart.

When modern critics in the church and out of it are enlarging upon the mistakes and upon the historical childishness of the Bible, they should not forget to tell us that there ran through the whole Bible period a something that was no mistake—and that something was worship!

America is the great outdoor nation passing along in an outdoor century.

Religion has become simplified because the age asks of religion what it asks of the tariff and of gold and silver—its relation to daily life. Religion is an emotion, not a wisdom. Utility must interpret and guide religion.

There is a call for the outdoor philosophy that shall save the hundred as well as the one.

What most perplexes the free nations is the difficulty of finding the best paths for the multitude.

Man does not know how great is his soul until he has sat for an hour under the spell of some great music. Music would be the most useful of the arts could we only have it always near us to come at our call.

The genius of Hindooism is repose. The genius of Christianity is action, and this tells us that it is a religion of the future.

There could only be one improvement to the volume before us, and that is a biographical sketch of the great Chicago teacher. Most of us who are well read know who Professor Swing was. But his environments, the events that made his daily life, surely these would make a helpful story.

**An Equal Opportunity,** a plea for individualism, by W. Dennis Marks. Buckram, octavo 354 pages. $1 net. Patterson & White Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

This is a book that has for its object the political and industrial reformation of society. Attempts to reform humankind through the mediumship of works of fiction are almost as numerous as legislative enactments with the same end in view, among the different political subdivisions of humanity. That neither of these methods has ever proven entirely reliable, or even satisfactory, is best seen from the fact that the adequacy of all that has been done in that direction is daily contested by new schemes, while, in the matter of legislative enactments along lines of reform, it is but a common thing to find in each proposed plan or scheme only an attempt to undo the reform work of predecessors.

The chief reform the author is trying to introduce into the social fabric is that of abrogation of our present laws of inheritance of property. Such an economic revolution he considers as justly and as necessary as that of the abolition of the lands of entail and of primogeniture, as well as of descent of title. Through this scheme the reversion of all property to the state upon the successive death of property-owners is to be brought about, and it is also to do away with taxation upon property. Of course he also proposes a new monetary system, based directly upon labor values, and a nonpartisan scheme of annual elections, and numerous other things calculated to insure peace and prosperity to the governed.

Whether one is inclined to agree with the scheme proposed or not, those interested in social and economic reforms will find the book interesting reading. G.

**The Girl and the Deal,** by Karl Edwin Harriman. With illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner, George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

When you feel that you must take a railroad trip and wonder what you can do to pass the time—for there's a tameness in magazines and it's dull work staring from car windows, a germ thought within you pleads for a connected story. Such an one is "The Girl and the Deal," which, by the way, could have been called "A Railroad Courtship," seeing that it mostly relates to a love story on board railroad cars from Boston to San Francisco. It is well told, but the style lacks maturity. The novel breathes of vacation time.

Aeons ago, it was distressing to read romances where everybody was desperately poor, where the heroine was a dressmaker's apprentice, her mother taking in washing, and the girl's lover a poor lawyer's clerk or farmer's drudge. The style is changing, thank goodness. Our 1905 heroes are millionaire's sons, and though they are a bit foolish they always manage to get a girl of patrician blood to give them ideas. Scott's young men were brave enough fighters, but their fathers made the sons appear to be so idiotic that it is a wonder the young women would have anything to do with them. A case in point occurs here with Sibyl Anstruther and her young man, Harold Mason. True, he was a Harvard graduate and a millionaire's son, but he was as clay in the hands of the potter, Sibyl. The proposal of marriage is told in a cut-and-dried way, but the acceptance is novel and original.

The book excels in bright, descriptive writing. Here are a few examples:

Have you ever thought what would happen to you if it were not for the West? In the first place you wouldn't have a roof to cover you, for nowadays all your lumber comes from out there. And so you'd have to live in a hole in that rock-ribbed Atlantic Coast. The clothes you have on—unless they came from London—and I don't think they did, because they fit you too well—are made of wool that not long ago was covering the back of a lambkin out in New Mexico or Nevada or Wyoming. And you'd have nothing to eat—you will see where your beefsteaks come from when we get to Kansas and a corner of Colorado.

Chicago is one great, throbbing symbol of money. Its money is the magic of Chicago. When I first visited there I thought it was money I smelled in the air until my friends told me it was the stockyards. It is quite the proper thing for the rest of the country to poke fun at Chicago.

San Francisco might have developed if it had been left to itself. That is, if it had remained absolutely American. But it couldn't. The Oriental, the Asiatic, influence came in and the people succumbed. San Francisco is the most fascinating city in America, and, I believe, the wickedest.

The Grand Canyon: What he beheld was, in all its sublime crudity, a piece of God's unfinished work, the rough moulds wherein he cast the mountains. And the moulds were of myriad forms. Across a sea of peaks rose the perfect dome of a Titanic temple gilded by the sinking sun. About it were thrones suited to the gods that dwelt on high Olympus, backed by granite arras painted like a tapestry. The varied colors of the rocks were so merged and melted by the lowering sun as to form what seemed a frozen rainbow. The shadows were deepening. Above, the light still played. Off to the east an immeasurable distance, the purple of evening was rising; straight across the ragged chasm lay a bar of silver light, reflected from a western peak. In the further west the sun poised like a great wafer on a mountaintop. The whites, the pinks, the reds, the greens—all the colors in the abounding rock seemed to take on a luminary of their own, combining to produce an orgy of color that was suffused, permeated and glorified by a cast of pale-rose light.

**The Memoirs of an American Citizen,** by Robert Herrick. Cloth, 12mo. $1.50. The Macmillan Company, New York.

What is this novel about, and what is its distinguishing mark? $ $ $ $.

Just plain dollars, and millions of them, made in the Chicago packing trade and frenzied finance. The hero is E. V. Harrington, an Indiana boy who first reached Chicago in 1876 with a few cents in his pockets and quit the city over 20 years later as the principal owner of the American Meats Product Company, multi-millionaire, stock gambler, briber, law-breaker and United States Senator for Illinois.

The best part of this really interesting novel is where the "American," the penniless country boy, fairly seizes Chicago by the throat and makes it give him a living. These were Harrington's pure and best days.

Then Harrington commences to wallow in gold in his packing business, secures secret rebates from railroad companies, ruins business rivals by making them sell out to him so that he can gobble their esterprises and make the latter part of his packers' trust, juggles with lawbreakers and yet contrives to keep out of the penitentiary, bribes a Judge, and yet comes out of the mess a United States Senator. The tale reeks with sharp practice, bribery and success, and yet, the end is a happy one. The teaching in the novel is bad and is a merciless satire on the making of a King in finance. Humble virtue is nowhere. It's honest people are poor and sharp thieves are rich. Harrington is a sharp steel trap, that's all. The Haymarket riots in Chicago in 1877 are briefly referred to, and Harrington figures as one of the jurymen. Mrs. Jane Dround, wife of a Chicago packer, is skilfully drawn. She says: "It takes most men years to know the woman they marry—if they ever do. . . . Happiness is hard to get in this world and you pass it by in odd corners and never know it." Here is Harrington's opinion of women and clergy: "Women and clergy, they are both alike—made for some other earth than this. I was made for just this earth, good and bad as it is, and must go my way to my end." Harrington's sister-in-law has the true ring.

You don't know any longer the difference between black and white. And you are so wise and strong you think you can break through all laws because laws are made for small people. You and your kind are Napoleons. You talk as if you were a part of God's destiny. I say, you are the devil's instrument. You and those like you—and there are a good many of them—are just plain, big rascals, only the laws can't get hold of you.

The book is worth reading, take it all in all, and is profusely illustrated.

**A Modern Utopia,** by H. G. Wells. With illustrations by E. J. Sullivan. Cloth, octavo, 393 pages. $1.50 net. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

One more book dealing with social organization. The author informs us that this book is, in all probability, the last of a series of writings on sociological matters, and that it was written in order to settle accounts with a number of issues left over or opened up by his preceding efforts along lines of book-writing. In this last effort are to be found certain sections reflecting upon the established methods of sociological and economic science.

His "Modern Utopia" is not static, but kinetic, wherein change and development are not dammed up, as in the Utopias of old, but these factors are fully utilized as a means leading to a long ascent of onward progress. He therefore accepts this world of conflict, adopts no attitude of renunciation toward it, faces it in no ascetic spirit, but in a mood of the Western peoples striving to survive and overcome. Outside of this, the reader will find in this "Modern Utopia" the cardinal assumptions of all Utopian speculations old and new—a complete emancipation of humankind from tradition, from habits, from legal bonds and that subtler servitude possessions entail.

In this respect our author builds his Utopia just as Plato built his republic; More, his Utopia; Howells, his Altruria; Bellamy, his future Boston; Comte, his Western republic; Hertzka, his Freeland; Cabet, his Icaria, and Campanella, his City of the Sun. The book is well made, clear type, good quality paper, and substantially bound. All of which makes it so much the more readable. G.

**Sir Guy of Warwick,** by Gordon Hall Gerould. Rand, McNally & Co., New York.

A tale of gallant knighthood in Saxon England, well told. The illustrations are by B. J. Olsson-Nordfeldt and Ben Cohen. It is just the story a young boy would delight in reading. The lives of Sir Guy and his wife, Felice La Belle, are sketched with literary skill. But, poor Lady Warwick. She was a heroine, and very few moderns would live the self-sacrificing career she resolutely mapped out. The warlike lines reminds one of Conan Doyle's meritorious "The White Company."

## IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

Arthur Henry, author of the original and successful books, "The House in the Woods" and "An Island Cabin," is to complete his trilogy with a new book, "Lodgings in Town," which will be published in the early Fall with many illustrations of scenes in New York.

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Jack London's new boxing novel, "The Game," is to be dramatized, and it is hoped that the dramatic version may appear during the Winter.

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The Minnesota State Library Board has selected and recommended 40 of A. S. Barnes & Co.'s recent books for use in the public school libraries of Minnesota.

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The short stories contributed by O. Henry to various Sunday newspapers are to be collected and published in book form by McClure, Phillips & Co. in the Fall.

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The July number of Medical Talk for the Home is filled with helpful information, and the selected matter is well worth reading. The notable articles are "The Fashionable Home" and "Give Nature a Chance."

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The popular writer of boys' stories, Captain Ralph Bonehill, is to publish this Fall, "The Winning Run; or, The Baseball Boys of Lakeport." The second story in his Outdoor series, of which the first volume, "An Island Camp," appeared last year.

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With the September issue Leslie's Monthly will change its name to American Illustrated Magazine. This periodical was established in 1875 as Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. Its sane and hopeful Americanism makes the new name peculiarly fitting.

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"The Woman of Tomorrow" is the title of a new book by Helen M. Winslow. In this work Miss Winslow has attempted to point out the weak spots in the woman of today, and to tell the woman of today what to do in order to become a more able woman of tomorrow.

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In Germany last year 28,378 books were published. Of this number only 2354 volumes were ranked as "belles lettres." Fiction was included under this head. The output is not so astonishing as it seems, for pamphlets and university leaflets are reckoned as books in the list.

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Alfred Henry Lewis, whose novel, "The Boss," proved so popular in Australia as well as in this country, seems to be a constant favorite with Antipodean readers, judging from the fact that a large Australian edition of his new book, "The Sunset Trail," has just been arranged for.

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"London to the Nore" is the title of a volume full of colored illustrations about to be published by the Macmillan Company in their series of color books. Sixty of W. L. Wyllie's best marine paintings have been produced in colors for this volume, of which Mrs. Wyllie has contributed the text.

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The recognized fact that many an American woman cannot resist a title is the basis for Anne O'Hagan's entertaining tale called "Lady Alice at Ile de Ete," in the August number of Lippincott's Magazine. The locale is placed on an island off the Maine coast and deals with a jewel robbery.

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"Minerva's Maneuvers," Charles Battle Loomis' first novel, will be published about the third week in August. The illustrations will be by F. R. Gruger. This is "the cheerful tale of a 'return to Nature'," and it is understood that the popular humorist gently satirizes the "nature study" craze while proving his own devotion to Nature itself.

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"Henry the Third and the Church: A Study of His Ecclesiastical Policy and of the Relations Between England and Rome," by Abbot Gasquet, D. D., has just been published in this country. The book gives an account of an epoch in church history in England by one of the most eminent Roman Catholic historians of the present day.

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The sale of 100,000 copies of a book has a various significance, depending on circumstances, says Puck. If it is compassed in six months, the chances are that the public has simply had its curiosity uncommonly inflamed by the arts of the merchandiser; if in ten years, a favorable presumption it is raised; if in a hundred years, the book is a classic.

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Professor Paul Monroe, of the Teachers' College, has written a "Textbook in the History of Education," which The Macmillan Company will publish shortly. The conception of the history of education adopted as a working basis is said to be radically different from that of similar works, and the volume will contain from three to four times the material found in any other English book on the subject.

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Volume VII of the edition of "The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D. D.," edited by Temple Scott, contains the "Historical and Political Tracts—Irish." It will be welcome news to the owners of the volumes of this edition to know that of the two volumes that have not yet appeared, volumes XI and XII, both are so far under way that their publication may be looked for during the present year.

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It is said that few books are so packed with valuable lore, worked over and digested, as the volume by the late George W. Stow, F. G. S., F. R. G. S., on "The Native Races of South Africa." This volume, which is fully and richly illustrated in colors and black-and-white, is further described in the sub-title as "A History of the Intrusion of the Hottentots and Bantu into the Hunting-Grounds of the Bushmen, the Aborigines of the Country."

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Since the death of the late Secretary of State, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. report that there has been a large demand for "The Poems of John Hay" and his "Castilian Days." It is said that Emperor William of Germany is a great admirer of John Hay's poems and carries his well-worn copy with him even when he goes off on yachting trips. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. recently published a new holiday edition of "Castilian Days," with many illustrations from sketches by Joseph Pennell.

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For publication in the early Fall, Frederick A. Stokes Company announce Anthony Hope's new novel, "A Servant of the Public," and a book of stories, "The Black Spaniel," by Robert Hichens, author of "The Garden of Allah." These two important works head a list of fiction which will include new books by Robert Barr and Agnes and Egerton Castle. "The Garden of Allah," now in its seventh large printing, continues to gain in popular favor, and "Rose of the World" is now in its fourth printing.

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"Fenris, the Wolf," the poetic tragedy by Percy MacKaye lately published by the Macmillan Company, was written as a commission for E. H. Sothern. Owing to his subsequent contract to act Shakesperean plays with Miss Marlowe, the staging of "Fenris" was postponed. It is Mr. Sothern's intention, however, to produce Mr. MacKaye's tragedy at the expiration of his Shakespeare contract and he is already taking preliminary steps for its production.

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The Macmillan Company are hastening through the press new printings of Hunter's "Poverty," Ghent's "Mass and Class," and Brooks' "The Social Unrest." The popular interest in books of a sociological character like those above mentioned is growing by leaps and bounds—keeping pace, in fact, with the growth of socialist magazines and socialist literature in general. It is noteworthy also that while the cloth editions of the above-mentioned volumes and works of a similar nature never "boom," there are a steady and unintermittent demand year after year.

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Ralph Barton Perry, the author of "The Approach of Philosophy," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is a graduate of Princeton in the class of '96, and has recently been appointed assistant professor of philosophy at Harvard. He was well known as a debater in college, and was one of the Princeton team in the debate with Yale in 1895 and in 1896. Besides debating, his principal activity in college was as an editor of The Tiger, the Princeton comic paper. He has taught both in Williams and at Smith College, and he studied as a graduate student at Harvard before teaching there.

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In his forthcoming volume on the 'Government Regulation of Railway Rates,' Professor Hugo Richard Meyer, of the University of Chicago, points out the respective advantages and disadvantages of the two opposing policies—the foreign policy of equality of charges for equal services, and the American policy of charging what the traffic will bear. Professor Meyer's sources are authoritative, his details are explicit, and his statements are clear and concise. His book, which The Macmillan Company will publish at once, draws special interest at the present time from the discussion concerning railroads and the Government.

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Philip Verrill Mighels, whose latest novel, "The Ultimate Passion," was published recently by the Harpers, has the creative or inventive faculty developed to such a degree that it cannot be confined to the mere plots or incidents of novel, short story, or dramatic writing, but holds what he terms "overflow seances" with innumerable things mechanical. Unlike many inventors, however, Mr. Mighels spends no money to speak of on his mechanical creations, his hobby being satisfied when he tinkers with drills, files, chisels and other implements to work out his wood or iron models. He has invented valve gears for engines, a complete new gas engine, a musical top that plays tunes, a new monkey wrench, an oil burner, a toy cannon, a pneumatic substitute for automobile tires, an electromagnetic transmission clutch, and a number of other devices, all "equally expensive and useless," as he says himself, over which he spends his leisure time. He encourages the faculty, and is never without some new mechanical problem over which to work, believing that all such labors tend to increase his capacity for literary invention. And in support of this contention he claims to have more plots worked out, ready for execution in fiction, than any man could pen in several years.

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Henry S. Haines, in his forthcoming book on "Restrictive Railway Legislation," has endeavored to follow the growth of railroad legislation corresponding with the development of our National railroad system in its several fields of activity; in railroad incorporation finance, construction, operation and traffic. Chapters are devoted to ratemaking, theoretical and practical; to the regulation of rates by pooling associations and by state commissions; also to the actual working of the interstate commerce act. Considerable space is given to a discussion of the bills now before Congress for the amendment of that act, and to the general question of state control of corporations engaged in a public service.

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Many people will be surprised to learn that there is such a thing still in existence as a horserace run as a religious ceremony, in which the horses receive the blessing of the priests at their parish churches before taking part in the race, while the jockeys not only ride to win, but are expected to assail one another fiercely with their heavy riding whips during the race. Such, in fact, are some of the conditions of the curious survival of mediæval customs known as the Pallo of Siena. This extraordinary horserace takes place twice every year, July 2 and August 16, and is the occasion of a gorgeous revival of ancient pageantry. The Pallo is described with quaint and curious illustration in the August magazine number of The Outlook.

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The leading fictional feature of the Midsummer Holiday Number of the Metropolitan will be a strongly wrought and intensely interesting tale by A. T. Quiller-Couch (Q.), who by many discerning critics is considered one of the legitimate successors of Robert Louis Stevenson. This author has achieved nothing so striking since his "Dead Man's Rock" and "The Delectable Duchy." His story in the Metropolitan he calls "A Jest of Ambialet." It is superbly illustrated by Herman C. Wall, one of the ablest of Howard Pyle's pupils. Pictorially, the magazine is notable for the high quality of its offerings. Here is the list of illustrators: A. B. Frost, George Gibbs, Fernand Lungren, N. C. Wyeth, Frank Tenney Johnson, Peter Newell, A. C. Machefert, Henry Hutt, H. C. Wall, F. D. Steele, Blendon Campbell, C. D. Hubbard, F. Strothmann and Garth Jones.

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Anthon Chekhov, whose novel "The Duel," translated from the Russian by Herman Bernstein, appears in the current number of Tales, apparently had a high opinion of contemporary literature, or rather of the technique of contemporary writers. "Everybody writes beautifully nowadays. There are no bad writers," he said. "And that is why it is so hard to make a name. And do you know who brought about this state of affairs? De Maupassant. As a literary artist he set up such a high standard that it is altogether impossible to write in the old-fashioned way. Try to read over some of our classics, Pisemsky or Ostrovsky, for instance, and you will see how old and commonplace they are. But take, on the other hand, some of our decadents. They are only pretending to be sickly and mad—in reality they are healthy peasants. But they write beautifully."

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The Dundee (Scotland) Advertiser alludes to a poem contributed 40 years ago to Blackwood's Magazine by the late Lord Neaves—"the last humorist Judge of the Court of Session"—on "How to be a popular novelist":

Never mind your plot,
"Tisn't worth the trouble;
Throw into the pot
What will boil and bubble.
Character's a jest,
What's the use of study?
All will stand the test
That's black enough and bloody.

"Here's the 'Newgate Guide,
Here's the 'Causes Celebres,'
Tumble in beside
Pistol, gun and sabre.
These police reports
Those Old Bailey trials,
Horrors of all sorts
To match the Seven Vials."

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The announcement of Miss Ethel Barrymore's engagement to Captain Harry Graham recalls the story that went the rounds several years ago when Miss Barrymore was reported engaged to a titled Englishman. Wishing to share the happy news quickly, she cabled her father, Maurice Barrymore, who sent back the one word, "Congratulations." A few days later Miss Ethel decided she did not want the title as badly as she had thought, and so cabled her father that it was all off. Maurice, with characteristic wit and brevity, replied as before, "Congratulations." Were he here now to share in his daughter's happiness he would no doubt prefix "sincere" to his laconic cablegram, for Captain Graham, besides being a soldier and a diplomat, is an author and a wit himself. His latest humorous verse is announced to appear in the August number of The Reader. It is entitled "Robert Burns" and with its illustrations occupies four pages in the magazine. Captain Graham's facility for rhyming is quite equal to that of his more famous fellow-countryman, W. S. Gilbert.

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"There won't be any French revolution in Russia, because the country is too vast and too heterogeneous," says Alfred Calton, the author of the novel, "The White Terror and the Red." "The Russian sailor is usually a little more advanced than the soldier. A very active propaganda has been going on among the sailors for the last three years. Some officers are members of the revolutionary organization. Undoubtedly the revolutionary party controlled this ship through representatives on board. In my novel, 'The White Terror and the Red,' I describe a dynamite mine laid under a street for Alexander II in case he came that way, although as a matter of fact, he went another way and was killed by bombs. It is not generally known that the dynamite was supplied from the Kronstadt Navy-yard by a naval officer."

"Will the autocracy be forced to yield?"

"I think it will. The reactionary element is represented by Boulygin, Minister of the Interior, and General Trepoff, Minister of Police. At present the reactionaries seem cowed. The press of Russia today is printing things which would have sent the editors to Siberia ten years ago. It is almost free. The 'underground press' which is described in 'The White Terror and the Red' is not much more radical than the regular papers. Even the conservative papers denounce the advisers of the Czar. What is likely to happen is that the Czar will yield, that the Zemstvoi representatives will be allowed to meet and will practically dictate terms for a representative government, free speech and amnesty for political offenders.

"Boulygin's constitution will be discarded and a more liberal constitution adopted. The mob will be quieted by the Zemstvoi representatives who are in touch with the peasants and by the revolutionists who can influence the working people. But unless this is done promptly there will be an epidemic of bomb-throwing and many violent deaths."

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In writing to a London periodical correcting a misinterpretation of his motive in writing "The Tyranny of the Dark," recently published by the Harpers, Hamlin Garland states his position as follows: "I have no 'vehement contempt' for psychological research; on the contrary, I believe it to be the duty of scientific men—that is to say, men who pride themselves on their method, penetration and balance—to take up the study of these most puzzling phenomena. I worked patiently, and, so far as possible, without passion or prejudice, as a member of the executive board of the American Psychical Society in Boston some years ago, and I learned a great many rules of the game—one of which is, 'Don't rush and don't assume to know it all.' It is not possible to club these elusive facts into the particular bag the investigator happens to hold. However, I must also say that 'The Tyranny of the Dark' is a novel and only 'fragmentary discussion' is permissible in after-dinner talk these days. The old-fashioned monologist is out of key. The man who really knows the most of the subject in hand is quite likely to be the quiet fellow in the corner. Those who complain of me for only 'hitting the high places' are forgetting that my story is, after all, intended to be diverting rather than informing. It is a study of life as 'H