"MY LIBRARY IS A FRIEND OF A THOUSAND YEARS"

KYO-SYA

American Insects, by Professor Vernon L. Kellogg, of the department of entomology in Stanford University. With original illustrations by Mary Wellman. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

It is not given to every one of us to find a sermon in the creeping, flying things of earth and sky. And there are even learned savants who do not go enthusiastic over bugs, ants or dragon flies. But Professor Kellogg is one of those gifted with unusual vision in this department, and is in love with his subject. He is recognized as one of our greatest living authorities on entomology, and in this handsomely bound book of 674 pages he gives a message about hitherto hazy topics that is worth reading.

The writer of Genesis states: "And God said, let us make man in our image." Shakespeare says:

"This was the noblest Roman of them all;
the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand
up,
And say to the world: 'This was a man.'"

That vision is cast in heroic mold. Listen to Professor Kellogg's introduction to his book:

If man were not the dominant animal in the world, this would be the age of insects. Outnumbering in kinds the members of all other groups of animals combined, and showing a wealth of individuals, and a degree of prolificness excelled only by the fishes among larger animals, and among smaller animals by the protozoa, the insects have an indisputable claim on the attention of students of natural history, by sheer force of numbers. But their claim to our interest rests on securer ground. Their immediate and important relation to man as enemies of his crops, and as a grim menace to his own health and life, this capacity of insects to destroy annually hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of grains, fruits and vegetables and to be solely responsible for the dissemination of some of the most serious diseases that make man to suffer and die, forces our attention whether we will or not.

This book is written in the endeavor to foster an interest in insect biology on the part of students of natural history, of nature observers and of general readers. It provides in a single volume a general systematic account of all the principal groups of insects as they occur in America, together with special accounts of the structure, physiology, development and metamorphoses and of certain ecological relations of insects with the world around them. Systematic and economic entomology and what may be called the bionomics of insects are the special subjects of the matter and illustration of the book. There are certain Portland booklovers who (innocent souls) do not believe in the existence of booklice or dust-lice, but after reading several revelations in chapter VIII of Professor Kellogg's book, regarding this very subject, their hitherto ironclad opinions on the matter in dispute may be shaken. The professor's healthy spirit of comradeship is thus manifested as to crickets, katydids, etc.: "We do not shut up our singing insects in cages as the Japanese do, and bring them into our house to cheer and amuse us, but we do enjoy them, and were our Summer and early Fall days and nights to become suddenly silent of chirping and shrilling, we should realize keenly how companionable crickets, grasshoppers and katydids had been for us."

There are bugs and bugs. Professor Kellogg writes that when an Englishman says "bug"—and he doesn't say it in polite society—he means that particular sort of bug which we more specifically speak of as the bedbug. When Americans say "bug" we are "likely to mean any insect of any order. When a professed student of insects, an entomologist, says or writes the word, he means some member of the insect order, Hemiptera." Thus is a dispute settled. It is interesting to know that the product of a single overwintered female of the Coccid species—ill-named San Juan scale—in a single year amounts to 3,216,080,400 male and female descendants. How fortunate it is that this total is never reached, because only a part of each generation reaches maturity and produces young. In a favorable season a tree newly infested, and thus providing a plentiful food supply, a large majority do most probably go through their normal existence. We are also told that one of the largest families of true bugs is the lygaedae, made notorious by a small and obscure representative of it, which according to the estimate of the United States entomologist, causes this country an annual loss of $20,000,000. This insect is the chinch bug, the worst pest of corn, and one of the worst of wheat and other small grains.

At a time when New Orleans is in the clutch of the yellow fever and mosquitoes are blamed for spreading the disease, it is interesting to read our author's dictum:

Mosquitoes help to propagate and are almost certainly the exclusive disseminating agents of malaria, yellow fever and other forms of filarasis. House flies aid in spreading typhoid fever and other diseases. Flies are agents in distributing the germs of the bubonic plague. In malaria regions, avoid the bite of a mosquito as you would that of a rattlesnake, for one can be as serious in its results as the other.

Here is Professor Kellogg's estimate of the most-talked-of subject in the Southern States:

Yellow fever is caused by a germ, as yet undetermined, which lives for part of its life in the blood of human beings, and is carried from man to man by mosquitoes, being sucked up with blood by mosquitoes which find access to yellow fever patients, and transmitted to the blood of new subjects from the beak during puncturing. An interval of about two weeks after the mosquito is affected is necessary before the mosquito is capable of conveying the infection, which means that the yellow fever germ is undergoing a certain necessary part of its development in the mosquito's body. Neither in the Hawaiian Islands nor the Samoan Islands has yellow fever yet found a footing. But it is now possible that with the cutting of the Panama Canal and the direct passage of ships from the West Indies to these islands, the whole passage being made within tropical regions, yellow fever infested mosquitoes will be carried alive to the Pacific Islands. This is a matter which must soon receive scientific attention.

Professor Kellogg acknowledges valuable aid in preparing his book to Mrs. David Starr Jordan, who read all of the manuscript and acted as general reader critic, and to President Jordan, who gave numerous suggestions. The book is one of the most valuable of a noteworthy publishing season, and its ripe scholarship appeals to all.

The Land of the Rising Sun, by Gregoire de Wollant. In cloth, $1.50. The Neale Publishing Company, New York.

The why and wherefore of the uncomplimentary remarks about Japan found in this book is explained on the title page: "Translated from the Russian, by the author, with the assistance of Madame de Wollant." The copyright, 1905, is by Sarah F. Tisdel. This is then a view of Nippon through a Russian telescope, and was apparently written in the early stages of the Russo-Japanese war—long before Nogi had taken Port Arthur, before the great Kuropatkin had been humbled by Oyama, and before Rojestvensky's armada had been blown to pieces by Togo and his men on the Sea of Japan.

For seven chapters, the author labors to explain the early existence of Japan in her feudal days, and loses no opportunity to picture that period in its worst possible light, yet he writes with clean-cut literary skill. But his calm contempt for things Japanese is apparent on every page. This is the manner in which he disposes of two illustrious Japanese warriors: "We will mention in passing among Japanese leading men, the Field Marshal Marquis Yamagata, who has played such a prominent role as a soldier and the Minister of War and Field Marshal Count Oyama, who captured Port Arthur and Wei-Hai-Wei, during the Chinese war." The author frequently refers to the Japanese method of suicide, hari-kari, as if he were fascinated with the subject and could not let it out of his grasp. He strives to show that there is a yellow peril before the white race, and that Japan—like the witches in "Macbeth"—is stirring up all the trouble in the political cauldron, as the self-appointed leader of Asia. This is his view of the matter:

Certainly there are Japanese who like everything foreign, but they are in a great minority, and their hatred is instinctively felt by all those who have lived in the Far East. They look upon foreigners as strange beings, a kind of monstrosity. That the Japanese have not become Europeanized is due to the fact that after the war with China their conceit was unbounded. . . . But that is all idle talk of people who cannot realize what a war with Russia means to Japan. One need not be a prophet to say that this war will be disastrous to Japan. The proud motto, "Japan for the Japanese," has penetrated the schools and the masses. What is instilled into the minds of the soldiers and children in the school battalions which are organized all over Japan, is seen in this dialogue:

Who is your chief?
The Emperor.
In what consists the military spirit?
In obedience and readiness to sacrifice one's life.
What is the highest virtue?
Never to look at the number of the enemy, but to go forward.
Why are there drops of blood on this flag?
It is the blood of the man who has defended it.
What thought does this arouse in you?
That he is happy. The man is dead, but his glory remains.

It is very evident that M. de Wollant traveled extensively over Japan and took copious notes by the way, and that he mingled with samurai, nobility, diplomats and the common people. He also found much to find fault with, and his pen is a caustic one. In describing a Japanese dinner, he first tells how the host and guest of honor pledge each other in sake, and goes on to say:

The host goes through the same ceremony with every guest, and if there are 40 guests there are 40 cups of sake, which is no small quantity. Each guest must do the same thing with all the other guests. You can imagine that their heads are all swimming, and people who seemed tiresome and silent in the beginning grow playful and talkative. The game of forfeit begins, in which the loser forfeits a portion of his or her clothing, and of course drinks a cup of sake. The geishas take part in this game and the guests strive to make them gay and drunk. It is really Bedlam and everybody is drunk when the real dinner, that is, the eating of rice, begins, which is the last course, after which they do not drink any more. . . . The music accompanying the dances seems to the European ear monotonous and devoid of harmony. The ordinary Japanese music, without which there is never a Japanese dinner, is only pleasant to hear at a distance in the dead of a Summer night, when the dull tones of the samisen blend with the plaintive notes of the flute, the melancholy sailor songs, and the chirping of the insects; in other words, when the samisen is not heard alone, but melts into the surrounding chorus of nature.

A description of a trip to the crater of a working volcano is a strong bit of writing, and the author is forced to admit the politeness of the Japanese as a class, and the beauty of the Japanese scenery. He is weird in describing bathing scenes, demi-monde life and official balls. Two or three of his word pictures ought to be omitted. It is wiser not to be too realistic. Yet the book will undoubtedly be pleasing and have a large sale among the Russian element, and those who unreasonably think that the bogey of the yellow peril is upon us.

The Fountain of Youth, by Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, with 154 illustrations. Cloth. $1.60 net. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Only within recent years have we been startled to see in our cities, door signs like these: "Mrs. Blank, Beauty Doctor." And from the numerous fair customers who have flitted past these portals it is to be presumed that a large amount of business is done. Savants of old dreamed their lives away feverishly searching for the elixir of life that would arrest age, and make them young and beautiful.

Once a French King lived, who was very ill favored to look at, but he was a born wit, he had a kindly heart, and words of wisdom and kindness fell from his lips like pearls. When he died, a proud court beauty kissed the dead face, while tears fell from her own eyes like drops of rain. The time-serving courtiers asked her why she kissed such an ugly-looking man. "I did not kiss the ugly face," mademoiselle explained, "I kissed the lips that had spoken in life so many kind, clever words." And well informed people know that it is not the handsome men and the beautiful women whom we in our heart of hearts admire the most. Yet the world loves beauty and youth.

Here is a book whose mission it is—from the viewpoint of a beauty doctor—to tell how beauty may be dispensed even as the clouds send forth rain. It is handsomely bound and alluring faces of maidens in various stages of attire smile on you as you turn the 265 pages. It is such a book—a Portland woman says—as all women ought to have. And who should dispute with a woman? A married man knows better.

Dr. Murray is a member of the New York State Medical Society and is professor adjunct in the diseases of women, New York Postgraduate School and Hospital. Her book is a practical and common-sense treatise on personal hygiene, and on the preservation of health and beauty through careful attention to the daily needs of the body. The facts are mainly scientific. The chapters are: Introductory; face; complexion; eyes; ears and nose; mouth and teeth; care of the voice; neck and arms; hair; hands and feet; use and abuse of cosmetics; bodily symmetry; obesity; physical culture; dress; and the spirit and the body. This is a formidable list. She argues that women who are not endowed with good looks that come from regular features can make themselves attractive in appearance by the employment of simple and healthful measures which it is as much their duty to employ, as to dress well.

Dr. Murray urges the water, soap and towel, of self-help, and says that baths, massage, physical culture and the like should become a part of one's daily routine, just as much as dressing. In speaking of the teeth, our author not only urges brushing, but illustrates the correct manner in so doing and advises the cleansing of the side of the teeth with a narrow ribbon. She shows how to wash the face, use a complexion brush, manipulate the nose into a shape to please one's fancy, to remedy a fatty chin, lengthen the waist-line, how stockings should be fitted, and the effect of high-heeled boots, but sh-h-h-h, why should we give away all those important secrets pertaining to the feminine world?

With regard to what Dr. Murray writes concerning inflammation of the eyes, on page 47, and the self-treatment she advises, a better and wiser plan would be—consult a regular, practicing physician. One, however, agrees with Dr. Murray when she says that red noses are the despair of their possessors.

Glimpses of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and the Golden West. Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill.

A vivid and sought-for souvenir of the Exposition, when the latter shall have passed away as well as a memento of the present, to keep here or send to Eastern friends. The little book is strongly bound in blue cloth, the illustrations are exceedingly well done, and the brief reading matter starts with a facsimile of President Jefferson's famous letter to Captain Meriwether Lewis which led to the exploration of the Oregon country. Interesting views of the Exposition are shown, also of this city, points of interest in neighboring cities, and in Washington, Idaho, California, Arizona, Utah, etc.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

Newcomer & Seward's "Rhetoric in Practice," which tries to throw some new light on an old theme, or at least on the method of handling it, is announced.

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Thomas Dixon, Jr., is passing the Summer at his home, Elmington Manor, Dixondale, Va. He has finished the dramatization of his novel, "The Clansman," which will be produced for the first time at Norfolk, Va.

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Captain Harold Hammond, a graduate of and instructor at West Point, has written a book for boys, young and old, which will be published by the Century Company in the Fall, under the title of "Pinkey Perkins: 'Just a Boy.'"

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Helen R. Martin, whose "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid" has held steadily in popular favor, has written another tale of life among the Pennsylvania Dutch, "Sabina." The scenes of the new book, which the Century Company has in press, are laid among the Amish.

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One of the most originally worded opinions of a book was given by Frederic Remington, the artist, the other day, who, in speaking of F. Berkeley Smith's new book, "Parisians Out of Doors," said that "Smith's delightfully sympathetic Paris would make a wooden Indian part with his cigars."

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Miss Katharine Carl, the only foreigner since Marco Polo, it is said, to be a staying guest in the palace of a Chinese sovereign, has written an account of her experience in the Chinese royal palaces while painting the Empress Dowager's portrait, which will appear in early issues of the Century.

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The refined and fascinating bit of autobiography by Anatole France, entitled, "Le Livre de Mon Ami" (part I), edited by Professor O. G. Guerlac, of Cornell University, and the stirring "Waterloo," by Erkmann-Chatrian, edited by Victor E. Francois, of the College of the City of New York, are just out.

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The Roosevelt family's strong hold upon the good will of the public has been strongly emphasized by the remarkable popularity of the portraits of "The President's Family" in last month's number of McClure's, which went out of print a few days after issue, the circulation department being swamped with orders.

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The fact that Ernest Crosby's Summer home is at Rhinebeck on the Hudson, in some unexplainable way has given rise to one of those curious confusions of American names in foreign periodicals. In its review of Mr. Crosby's new book of verse, "Broadcast," the celebrated German humorous paper, Jugend, of Berlin spoke of the author as Ernest Crosby-Rhinebeck.

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Mrs. Hugh Fraser, Mr. Crawford's sister, is in New York, reading the proofs of her long-awaited novel dealing with the intimate life of Mary Washington, the mother of George. Methuen will publish the book in England with the title, "In the Shadow of the Land." Mrs. Fraser expects to shortly start for Japan to revisit the scenes of "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," "The Customs of the Country" and "A Maid of Japan."

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Henry Holt & Co. expect to publish at once a book by Professor H. P. Willis, of Washington and Lee University, on "Our Philippine Problem." The trend of the author's discussion may be inferred from the fact that he was at one time editorial writer on the New York Evening Post, and later Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican. His frank discussion of the actual working of our colonial administration is based, however, on personal observation in the Philippines.

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It is an old trick of Kipling to preface a story with a scrap of verse. He has chosen for introduction to "An Habitation Enforced," which appears entire in the August Century, these lines of Thomas Tusser:

My friend, if cause doth wrest thee
Ere folly hath much oppressed thee,
Far from acquaintance kest thee,
When country may digest thee,
Thank God that so hath blessed thee,
And sit down, Robin, and rest thee.

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Brentanos have acquired by purchase the plates and the entire stock of the books formerly published by the Scott-Thaw Company. Among these are many choice titles, and in most cases the books are exquisitely printed and in limited editions, including Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia," Walton's "Lives" and "The Golden Ass of Apuleius." The series also includes a beautiful edition on vellum of Holbein's "Dance of Death," a complete reproduction from woodcuts of the famous series by the great artist.

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Edward Peple's charming novel, "The Prince Chap," published by the Putnams, will be produced in dramatic form, September 4, at the Madison Square Theater, New York. As a matter of fact, the play was written before the novel, and the book shows interesting traces of its dramatic origin. The production of a book is, however, a simpler matter than the production of a play, and the red-covered novel will be almost a year old when the curtain goes up on "The Prince Chap" as a play.

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Professor John S. Nollen has edited a collection of Schiller's best lyrics and ballads under the general title, "Schillers' Poems." The selection has been made with the special purpose of showing the relation between Schiller's poetry and his life, and to bring out his relation to Goethe and to the aesthetic and philosophic movement of the classical period in German literature. It is believed that Schiller's minor poems are very well suited to this purpose, entirely aside from their intrinsic merit as poetry of a high order.

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Demand for such books as "The Preparation of Manuscript for the Printer," by Frank H. Vizetelly, to be published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, would seem at first thought to be more or less limited, yet public interest in the increasing output of aids to authors is so general that the West Side (New York) Young Men's Christian Association has arranged a special course of lectures on "How to Print and Publish," which will be delivered by prominent periodical publishers and editors, this Fall.

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Miss Myra Kelly brings on again in her newest story of "Teacher's Little East Siders" in McClure's fiction number, Miss Bailey's devoted young hospital doctor. Of course everybody knows that "Miss Bailey" is the author herself. Some of Miss Kelly's friends were equally certain of the identity of "Dr. Ingraham," and taking their cue from the story-doctor's happy position began to whisper of Miss Kelly's engagement to his putative representative in flesh. The rumor has reached Miss Kelly, who sends a denial from Merriwold Park, N. Y., where she is stopping at the Summer home of her uncle, J. I. C. Clarke, himself well-known in literary circles.

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Miss Frances Aymar Mathews, author of "A Little Tragedy at Tien Tsin," is going to Carmel, Putnam County, New York, where she has a cottage on the edge of Lake Gleneida. She will pass the Summer there working on the novel for the Smart Set. She is dramatizing two tales in her story of Tien Tsin, "At the Sign of the Shippe" and "The Man Who Was Centuries Old." It is further announced that Miss Mathews will adapt for the stage her "Billy Duane" and "Pamela Congreve."

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In O. Henry's "An Unfinished Story," in the August McClure's, the humorist has made a very definite attainment in an art with which close observers have long known him to be gifted. Under a veiling of coarse mesh—the slangy and colloquial expressions of his style—stands as delicate a story as it is strong, of the often irresistible temptations offered to a New York shopgirl. His mastery of subtle narrative, under the appearance of careless humor, brings this piece of his work seriously near some of the classic short stories.

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The Harpers have recently given permission for the dramatization of two of Mary E. Wilkins' short stories, "A Lover of Flowers" and "An Independent Thinker," both included in her volume of short stories published under the title of "A Humble Romance and Other Stories." The first-named will be produced in New York and the second will appear in London before coming to America. This is not the first dramatization of Miss Wilkins' work, as, in addition to several of her shorter stories, her novel, "Jerome, A Poor Man," has been given on the stage.

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"Christmas With Santa Claus" is the title of Frances Trego Montgomery's new book which will be published within the next month. It tells of the experiences of a small boy and girl who are carried by old Santa into his domain just before Christmas, how they are entertained by Mrs. Santa, and of the wonderful things they saw and did while there. The book will please the little men as well as the little women. It is handsomely illustrated by Ruth Mary Hallock, who has won wide notice through her charming pictures of child life. Mrs. Montgomery is well known among the juvenile readers, being the author of the "Billy Whiskers" series.

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A good story of a recent conversation between William Dean Howells and Mark Twain is going the rounds. Mark Twain was relating some of his experiences before he became famous. "My difficulties taught me some thrift," he observed. "But I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour." "I am astounded," returned Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision should meet with so much worldly success." Mark Twain nodded very gravely. "Indecision about spending money," he remarked, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last nickel I kept it, and so became rich."

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The recent ovation given in Tokio to Secretary Taft and his party might have been foreseen in many Japanese signs of cordiality toward the Occident. Clarence Ludlow Brownell tells in his book, "The Heart of Japan," of several he saw over Japanese shops. Here are some of them: "Barber to Shave Beard or to Dress Hairs Away"; "The Genuinely Bier buy the Health for Drink"; "Of Smokes our tobacco is pressure to Our Tongue and give the Healthiness to Hers and Hes! Also All People by It"; "Cowmeat and Pigmeat;" and "Ramune Souda Sasupre Zinzinbiya Jinjyael." This last perhaps needs translation. It means "Lemon Soda, Sarsaparilla, Ginger Beer and Ginger Ale."

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The meeting of the Czar of Russia and the German Kaiser off the coast of Finland recalls another meeting between these monarchs which is described in Henri de Noussanne's "The Kaiser As He Is," published by the Putnams. On that occasion the Russian squadron paid a visit to the German fleet at Danzig. After the Czar's departure William II sent him this telegram: "The Admiral of the Atlantic greets the Admiral of the Pacific." To this extravagant salutation Nicholas II signalled from the top of the mainmast of his yacht, the Polar Star, the simple message—"Bon voyage!" It was on the same Polar Star that the Czar sailed a second time to meet the German monarch.

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In "French Home Cooking Adapted to American Homes," by Berthe Julienne Low, who, by the way, is the wife of W. H. Low, the well-known artist, there are few recipes for cakes or pies, the author frankly sending her readers to American cook-books for information in this regard. Such dishes are, she explains, always procured in France of the pastry-cooks, whose tempting displays on counters and in windows are one of the features of a French city. But there are in her book not only highly practical directions for the preparation and seasoning of the more substantial dishes, but a sufficient number of them to afford a pleasant and healthful variety for the family table.

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Hermann Lingg, whose death in his 88th year is announced from Munich, is almost the last of the talented band of poets who gathered at Munich in the early '60s, and who included Geibel, Scheffel and Bodenstedt. His life was comparatively uneventful. He studied medicine and became a military surgeon in the Bavarian service, but ill-health obliged him to resign in 1851. King Maximilian granted him a pension and he was therefore able to devote himself to literature, at which he was specially successful as a writer of lyrics and ballads. Lingg's talent was distinctly original, though his name has little chance of permanent preeminence. His dramatic efforts were failures, but many of his stories were popular.

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A pathetic account of Count Leo Tolstoi is given by Yurievsky, the Russian writer, who has just returned from a visit to the novelist. "Tolstoi's condition," he says, "is one of profound melancholy, for he is failing in mind and body. He has only one enthusiasm left, the simple life; he still insists on doing a certain amount of rough manual work every day and in the Spring even tried to plow his own fields." Yurievsky adds that Tolstoi considers four-fifths of his life as wasted, but doubts even that his present experience would help him to anything better were he young again. The war he still pronounces "an infamy against humanity," but steadily refuses to join the Liberals in their campaign against it.

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After an absence of nearly a year spent visiting his native land, Henry James has returned once more to his England. It is said that Mr. James finds his greatest enjoyment nowadays in taking long solitary walks in the country near his beautiful home in Sussex. Though in his novels Mr. James concentrates all his attention upon character, in actual life he has come to prefer the study of nature to that of mankind, and his keenest pleasure now comes to him, as he says himself, "through his eyes." His recent visit, giving him the opportunity to see America through "de-Americanized American eyes" has had result in articles in the North American Review, which, later, may be gathered into a book with other impressions of America and published by the Harpers.

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H. Addington Bruce is translating for publication by Funk & Wagnalls Company this Autumn, Pierre Leroy Beaulieu's recent work, "Les Etats Unis au XXe Siecle," or, as it will be named for the Anglicized version, "The United States in the Twentieth Century." It has been said that in this volume M. Leroy Beaulieu, who is one of the best known of French publicists, does for the economic life of the United States what Mr. Bryce has done for the political and social life in his "The American Commonwealth." The work is the result both of personal observation and of the discriminating use of statistical information, and discusses in close detail some of the most vital questions of the day, including "The Immigration Problem," "The Race Problem," "The Trusts," and "The Railroad Problem."

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Already the author and compiler of a number of works upon American literature, Professor William P. Trent, is now one of the accepted authorities upon that subject. His latest volume is entitled, "Southern Writers: Selections in Prose and Verse," and as Professor Trent is a Virginian and a loyal upholder of the South and its people, he has accomplished his task with sympathy and rare discretion. Although primarily intended as a textbook, his work will nevertheless be of value both for reading and reference purposes. It is divided chronologically into periods, the first extending from 1607 to 1789, the second from 1790 to 1865, and the third from 1866 to the present day, the writers who occupy his attention ranging in time from Captain John Smith to Lucien V. Rule. To his selections from the writers of each period Professor Trent prefaces a brief introduction. In considering the condition of American literature during the first of these periods, he remarks that the first two centuries of this country brought forth good annalists, but no great historians; that there were learned divines in those days, but none gifted with marked literary ability; that there were fervid orators like James Otis, Patrick Henry and Christopher Gadsden, and able publicists like Jefferson, Hamilton and Madison, but that not one of them obtained an eminence in literature equal to that held by Edmund Burke. "But there was a good deal of writing," he says, "especially in New England, and the books, sermons, speeches, pamphlets and correspondence of the period are of great value to the historian as well as to the reader interested to know what manner of men his ancestors were. The Southern reader has a scantier stock of material from which to secure such knowledge than the New Englander possesses, for the art of writing has never been extensively practiced by a people engaged chiefly in agriculture."

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The literary taste of the Japanese is significantly shown in the report of the librarian of the Imperial Library at Tokio. For fiction, it appears there is little demand. We read further: "While 12,489 works relating to theology and religion, or only 1.6 per cent of the total number of books in the library, were asked for, according to the records of the past year, there were demanded by readers 166,677 volumes, or 21.6 per cent classified under the head of mathematics, science and medicine. Works on literature and language, to the number of 152,711—that is, 20 per cent—were asked for, while 18 per cent of the applications were for books on history and geography. Works of art, industries, engineering, military and naval science figure prominently on the list of additions made in recent years to the shelves of the Imperial library."

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Prince Kropotkin, whose book, "Russian Literature," shows how prevalent socialistic and democratic tendencies have been amongst Russian writers, is himself both an author of distinction and a democrat in exile. In a recent letter on the present agitations in Russia, he complains that there are "so many nurses and duennas among the people, so many clamoring, 'Don't do this and don't do that, you cannot accomplish much by force!' "But few," he remarks, "dare to say, as Danton said, 'Have the courage—the courage to do and to act—the courage to think and to act.'" Kropotkin concludes eloquently: "And it is necessary that the few should encourage the mighty of the people to think and to act mightily. It is necessary that the few shall be with the people in all their struggles and plant everywhere the hope in revolutionary destruction of the old and the responsibility of the new forms of life."

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In a volume of "Letters of Richard and Clare Ford (1830-1899)" now in preparation, Rowland E. Prothero will give for the first time the life of the art critic and author of "The Handbook for Travellers in Spain," a work which, at the time of Richard Ford's death, in 1858, the Times said that "so great a literary achievement had never before been performed under so humble a title." Richard Ford finished his "Handbook" in 1845, and 2000 copies were sold within a few months of its publication. It originally appeared in two volumes, but a year or so later was abbreviated to bring it within the scope of Murray's "Handbooks for Travellers," the overmatter, with additions, being formed into the title volume known as "Gatherings from Spain." Though subsequently restored to something like its first shape, the "Handbook" in its original form is now scarce and valuable. The life of the author's son, Sir Francis Clare Ford, who was British Ambassador successively at Madrid, Constantinople and Rome, is included in the forthcoming volume.

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Readers of Wordsworth will be interested to hear that the Gowbarrow estate is for sale. It lies on the north side of Ullswater, and is associated with Aira's Force and Lyulph's Force. It inspired Wordsworth to write "Airey Force Valley," where he describes "the soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs," caused by the breezes entering the glen, and it is still gay with daffodils in March, as it was when Miss Wordsworth, the poet and his wife saw a host of them.

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Hence the poem known as "The Daffodils," the two best lines in which, according to the poet, were by Mrs. Wordsworth. The Force is a prominent feature in "The Somnambulist," where Wordsworth put into verse the story of a girl who walked in her sleep, fell into the stream and was rescued by her lover, whom she recognized before she died. De Quincey calls Gowbarrow the most romantic of parks, and says that he saw there "alternately for four miles the most grotesque and the most awful spectacles—

Abbey windows
With Moorish temples of the Hindus,

all fantastic, all unreal and shadowy as the moonlight which created them."

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Sterne's character was a lack of sobriety, says R. H. Frye in The Bookman. In practical conscience, in the sense of conduct, he was sadly deficient. I do not mean to say that he was unworldly in any interpretation. He understood well enough how to get on in the world—at least how to get on with it. "I thank God (B—'s excepted) I have never yet made a friend or connection I have forfeited, or done aught to forfeit," he boasts to Stephen Croft. But with Sterne the power of making and keeping friends consisted mainly in the ability to catch a note easily and sustain it, as is usually the case with promiscuous friendships like his. The letters to Hall-Stevenson and those written during his first trip to London in 1760 at the very beginning of his prosperity, are masterpieces in this sort. Strained as were their relations, he seems to have managed pretty well even with his wife. That he had engaging qualities cannot be gainsaid—vivacity, drollery, good humor, amiability, above all folly. The willingness to talk amusing rigmarole will alone carry a man a long way. From Paris, where his popularity was phenomenal, he writes to Garrick, "I Shandy it away 50 times more than I was ever wont, talk more nonsense than ever you heard me talk in all your days"—and "have converted many into Shandeism."

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There recently died in England, at the age of 86, Captain Montagu Burrows, who, after a vigorous career in the navy, went to Oxford, and finally became Chichele professor of history. Born in 1819, he did not matriculate at Magdalen Hall (now represented by Hertford College) till 1853. He got a first-class in 1856 in classics, and in 1857 in law and modern history. He was elected professor in 1862, and Fellow of All Souls in 1870. He wrote several books—the lives of three admirals, "Wiclif's Place in History," "Oxford University During the Commonwealth" (Camden Society), "Memoir of W. Grocyn" (Oxford Historical Society), two or three volumes of constitutional history, a memoir of the Brocas family, a history of the Cinque Ports and other volumes, many of which were successful enough to be printed more than once. When he was in the navy he was employed in several important operations, so that he ranks as one of the few people who have both made and written history. The Athenaeum, in the course of a brief account of Captain Burrows' career, remarks that his genial personality was well known at Oxford, where he resided till the end, though since 1900 he had left the duties of his professorship to Mr. Oman. He had survived most of the men of his time at Oxford, but his contemporary in the Regius chair of history, Goldwin Smith, still lives and wields a trenchant pen. He now resides at Toronto, Canada.

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Is a large part of the Old Testament merely a rehash of ancient Egyptian myths? asks a London correspondent. All theological Germany is stirred up at present over a book which Herr Voelter, a German professor, has just published to demonstrate that this is the case. In "Egypt and the Bible," as he calls his work, the professor draws rather surprising parallels between what he terms "the alleged history of the forefathers of the Jews" and the most ancient legends current in the land of the Pharaohs. In these latter, he declares, are to be found exact counterparts of Abraham, Isaac, Esau, Jacob, Joseph, Moses and other Old Testament characters. According to Voelter, Abraham represents the Egyptian sun god, Num, whose wife, Nunet, has like Sarah a child of promise in her old age through whom the future world is to be blessed; Isaac is Tallemus, the god of Spring, and Rebecca, who covers herself with a veil, is Tslar, the evening star, the daughter of the morn god. Rebecca's father, Bethuel, the professor goes on, corresponds almost exactly to the Egyptian Sul. Abraham's three wives—Sarah, Hagar and Keturah, recall the three wives of the Egyptian god. Voelter adds that in the stories of Hagar and Isis the resemblance is particularly striking, and he affirms further that the history of Joseph is practically that of Osiris, who was at enmity with his brethren. He also was imprisoned in a pit and from a prison cell mounted the steps of a throne.

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It was a foregone conclusion that the ancient quarto edition of "Richard III"—sold at Sotheby's, London, would fall into American hands. The record-breaking price given for it is the surprising thing. No such sum as $8750 ever has been paid for a work, or even a collection of works, by Shakespeare. Four years ago the 1623 first folio of all the plays established a record by realizing $8600, and when, last year, a first quarto of "Henry IV" fetched $5175 experts generally declared that this was the highest possible market valuation for a single play. Moreover this copy of "Richard III," discovered so accidentally, is by no means in good condition. Of its 46 printed leaves, half are scorched at the top corners and many are badly stained. It was a comparative certainty, however, that no other copy of the edition ever would come into an auction room, for only two other specimens are known to exist and one of these is in the British Museum and the other in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The present work was the property of Admiral Sir William Penn, father of the founder of Pennsylvania, and his name appears in five places in the volume. It is supposed that his Quaker son forgot to include the work in his baggage when he sailed for the New World in 1682. The struggle for the possession of the quarto Shakespeare was one of the keenest ever held in a British auction room. After the sum of $3500 had been reached the contest became a duel between Mr. Jackson, who was representing the American bidder, and Mr. Sotheran, who represented an English collector. When Jackson eventually bid £1400—or $7000—and his opponent hesitated, the spectators thought it was all over, but the English representative almost immediately offered $50 more, and so the fight went on until finally Jackson's bid of $8750 failed to bring an increasing offer from his opponent. So it was decided that the quarto "Richard III" would follow the famous "Titus Andronicus," the "Paradise Lost" manuscript, and the other literary prizes which recently have found their way across the water.

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Mrs. Isobel Strong, whose book, "The Girl From Home," is full of record as to the picturesque surroundings amongst which she lived when in Hawaii with her stepfather, Robert Louis Stevenson, is at present finding recreation in her native California, amongst surroundings almost as picturesque. With Mrs. Frank Norris, she is living in a cabin on a Santa Clara mountain not far from her mother's ranch. Describing it, she writes to a friend: "How I wish you could look on me this minute as I write these letters! I am sitting by a table made of a slab of polished redwood on sawed logs for legs. The cabin is made of redwood logs with the 'velvet' on. There is a fireplace of colored stones picked from the creek, that by stopping to listen for a moment you can hear chortling over the mountain. There is a couch covered with a Mexican blanket of many colors, and on the redwood floor are skins of many animals—I'd like to say lions and bears, but truth compels me to say goat and sheep and one small wildcat—oh, yes, and one deerskin. We go down every afternoon to my mother's ranch a mile below us and play tennis madly. Then we get our milk and provisions, pile them into a little wagon and trudge up here for supper. A man called on us yesterday, and, after that walk which we take every day, he had to lie down and gasp—and we play tennis besides. In the evenings we have chess till half past nine and then sleep till six the next day. Isn't that a fine health programme? And, oh, the air and fragrance of redwood and manzanita and madrona and the fresh spring water! We have our own little garden patch, too, with corn and peas and lettuce and things all a-growing and a-blowing—and over our heads the tall redwoods."

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The lately allotted British Civil List Pensions are happily free from the absurdities and unfairness we had come almost to take for granted, says a writer in The Academy. In the past, too much of the money has gone to the widows of Consuls and other public servants who, whatever their claims upon the gratitude of their sovereign and their country, could perfectly well have been provided for from other sources. In 1840, for example, only £175 was allotted to persons whose claims were of a literary character, while the bulk of the sum available for distribution was divided among Queen Victoria's teachers of German, Italian, singing, writing, French, music and dancing, and the balance went to three tradesmen of Monmouth—an ironmonger, an innkeeper and a draper—in consideration of services rendered and wounds received while acting as special constables during certain riots. And we hesitate to recall to our readers such painful memories as the neglect of Richard Jefferies, such crying scandals as the affair of the man Brooks. In the new list, all the recipients of the royal bounty owe their grants to services rendered by themselves or their relatives to either literature or learning. Among the living, the most famous of the beneficiaries is Dr. James George Frazer, the author of "The Golden Bough." Among the dead we find Professor Freeman's work recognized by a grant to Miss Helen Freeman and Miss Florence Freeman, "jointly and to the survivor of them in recognition of the eminence as a historian of their late father." The other names may not be so well known to the man in the street, even if his tastes are literary. But in each case the services rewarded are the sort of services that the fund was instituted to reward; and one can only regret the evidence thus afforded that the emoluments of scientific and other research are, in the present state of our civilization, so often scanty and out of all proportion to the devoted labor which they involve.

J. M. Q.

LONDON'S EDUCATED CROW

Bird That Talks Both Hindustani and English.

London Express.

Tommy, the educated crow, who has arrived at the zoo, has already astonished the officials and visitors by his remarkable proficiency in speech.

He is a fine specimen of the well-known Indian talking bird, the larger hill mynah, and he was presented to the Zoological Society by Major J. T. Calvert. The marvel of the officials is that such a treasure was given away. The bird is not only a talker, he is a linguist, for he can speak Hindustandi as well as English.

The zoo authorities would not place him in one of the aviaries. His linguistic talents would have been wasted there. Instead he has a cage to himself in the insect house, and the following list of his famous English phrases is posted up outside:

TOMMY.

Tommy is so naughty.
The Lord bless you.
What are you talking about?
I'm surprised at you.
What's the matter with you?
Good morning.
How's your liver?
What's the row, eh?
Really, you don't say so.
Well, Tommy, my boy.
Well, well.
You'll break your bicycle.
Who are you?

At the end of the list are some of his favorite Indian speeches.

The bird has a mannerism of holding his head sideways when he is spoken to, as though listening, and for the greater part of the day his beak is half open, giving one the idea that he is ever ready to turn on his eloquence.

It is most curious to hold a conversation with him, for if one of his phrases is repeated he will answer with another.

"How's your liver?" says a visitor, and the bird answers, as though shocked, "I'm surprised at you."

If he hears the remark, "The Lord bless you," he is as likely as not to reply, "Really, you don't say so!"

He is a member of the crow family, and for a crow is a particularly dainty bird.

His favorite dish is a mash of potatoes, carrots, eggs and boiled rice. He loves meal worms for the entree, however, and takes a plentiful dessert of dried fruits, bananas and grapes to finish. His voracity is as prodigious as his loquacity.

His appearance is rather handsome. Shaped like a crow, his body is of shining black, his legs and feet brownish yellow, his long beak coral hued, and he has bright yellow bars around his neck.

"I'm surprised at you," is his favorite utterance. He is always saying it—sometimes with curious effect. It is possible that the uncouth manners of a silver-eared mesia, a handsome, rainbow-hued little bird from the Himalayas, not much larger than a sparrow, which occupies the next cage, offend him.

This bird is fed on wood ants, and, in order that the insects may not sting his throat when he swallows them, he squeezes them in his beak, and deliberately turns his tail round and rubs on it the poisonous fluid the ants exude.

His tail feathers are stained through constant repetition of this process. No wonder Tommy says he is surprised!

A Hard World.

Harper's Weekly.

"Mamma," said a small girl, "if I get married when I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, dear," was the answer.

"And if I don't get married shall I be an old maid like Aunt Sarah?"

"Why, yes, dear, you probably will," replied her mother.

The little girl sighed. "Well, no matter what we do," she said, "it's a pretty hard world for us women, isn't it?"