

Mr. Mudd's Experiment

How a Portland man wrestled with a slabwood proposition, and the result

"ALFRED, I am becoming uneasy about you, for I am sure you are getting too stout. Don't you think, dear, that you should do something to reduce your superfluous flesh?" and his wife bestowed such a look of affectionate concern upon him that Mr. Mudd murmured, "breakers ahead," and waited for the symptoms to develop into trouble, as he knew they would.

"Yes," she continued, tenderly, "you require more outdoor exercise. The office is close and stuffy, and you sit cramped up all day—why, actually," and her voice trembled with emotion, "you seldom see the sun, poor man."

Mr. Mudd's thoughts strayed back to the numerous afternoons during which he had balled and bowled upon the benches at Twenty-fourth and Eighth under the torrid rays of the luminary mentioned, but wisely maintained a discreet silence and waited, nervously.

"My love"—he was feeling his way, cautiously—"I might walk home each evening or help you pick the roses, or—"

"I have it," she interrupted, "I would have thought this a brilliant inspiration of the moment, but Mr. Mudd was well aware that it had been in preparation all day. "I have it," she repeated, tensely.

"Let's have it," he replied, also tensely.

"The slabwood," her voice sank to a thrilling whisper, "the slabwood," she exclaimed, "the slabwood."

"Alfred," Mrs. Mudd sat up very straight in her chair and her eyes pierced his inmost soul, "your language is hardly so high—"

"As the price of slabwood," he feebly ventured.

"As highly refined as might be expected of one in your station in life."

"My angel," he asked, soothingly, "what are the relative positions of our wood pile and my obesity?"

"I want you to put the wood in the basement yourself, this year."

"Hobo work," he protested.

Mrs. Mudd ignored the remark and continued: "Get a pair of rough gloves and begin tomorrow evening."

"I know I ain't hepped," muttered Mr. Mudd the following day at 7 P. M., as he trundled the wheelbarrow to the 16 loads of waste that were strewn for a hundred feet along the curb, "but somehow she always has her way."

He tilted and lit his corncob—a corncob pipe and a wooden chair—put them together—and surveyed the task before him.

"Wonder why Maria ordered oak this year. Guess I'll put it in first, anyway," and ere he quit for the night, the one lone load of oak at the far end of his lot had found its way into his basement.

Mr. Mudd sighed contentedly as he drew off his gloves and entered the house, being rather pleased at the unexpected exhilaration the heavy work had produced, removed his sweater, washed his face and his hands, and appeared before his wife wearing a triumphant smile.

"What was that awful crash I heard, Alfred?" she asked.

"My love, in my enthusiasm I broke a pane in the sash." Mr. Mudd failed to add that part of the sash had fallen to the ground. He also neglected to mention the wooden chair, which he threw when a wild throw of a heavy



slab, containing ten pounds of river water, destroyed eight jars of fruit hereon, but wisely removed all evidences of the crime ere she returned from her visit to a neighbor the next evening.

"Well, Alfred," she remarked at dinner, "over half the wood and my how your appetite has improved. It is really doing you a world of good, besides saving at least 77. That's what a man wanted for the week."

"I do feel better from the exercise," he answered, heartily, "except that I'm just breaking out all over with the hives, and I'm howled frantically at himself in a dozen places at once."

"That's from overeating food. I'll get you a bottle of something to cool it, tomorrow."

"That'll be another dollar," he thought, "wonder what it'll cost to patch up that hole in the furnace where I hit it tonight!"

Mr. Mudd tilted manfully to the last and while large quantities of his enthusiasm had oozed out and vanished, still, as he wheeled the last load of fuel up to the window he felt that he had accomplished something worth while. He sat down upon the wheelbarrow, tired but happy.

"Hullo, Mudd! Puttin' in your wood?"

"Hullo, Jumble! Yes; that's what I'm doing. Might have been your treasoda a music lesson or hoing our nimes patch, but I'm only putting in the wood."

"Th-uh! Funny thing where my load of oak went. Was left below your slab, but it's gone, every stick of it."

"Wh-uh!" gasped Mr. Mudd. "Wasn't that your wood?"

"Sure, and I need it bad."

"Why, I thought it was ours, so I threw it in last."

"Well, you've gotta throw it out again. Can't get any more for two weeks."

"Can't I buy it?"

"Nope. Got to have it myself."

"Oh, I thought Mr. Mudd's 'I'll get it out from under the pile tomorrow,"

Arthur C. Benson, the author of a book of essays entitled "From a College Window," is an English novelist who is an apostle of the meditative life. He admits having so far written 16 books. The son of an archbishop, he is a Cambridge man. He is one of a literary trio. His brother, Dr. Benson, is the author of "Rabbits," and another brother, Robert Hugh Benson, writes novels of a different type. Mr. Benson was for a time a member of the staff of the "Daily News," and at the present time he is a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, the standard approval of the "Daily News," confesses that she reads Benson's books "with ever-increasing admiration. They do not merely give us a new view of the world, but they remind you of many things which you are glad of knowing and need to be reminded of."

Mr. Benson's philosophy is carried along on a quiet flow of humor much as the silver current of a brook. He is a humorist, but surely, he paints his characters with a delicate touch of humor, and with a tolerance for faults and an amused smile at foibles.

"Harper's Weekly," in an editorial on "Benson's Philosophy," says: "The works of Mr. Benson, which it links with those of Maeterlinck, Charles Wagner, and the other great writers of the day, are an important literary tendency in our present literature. It is a tendency which Mr. Benson's books are enjoying a wide popularity in England and are beginning to be known in this country."

The rumor that the Nobel prize for literature is to be awarded to Benson and Kipling, causes doubt as to the justice of the decision, says the Manchester Guardian. One cannot help thinking that the money so munificently spent by Alfred Nobel on the encouragement of literature, and the "idealizing tendency" might be turned to better account. But for its proper use as a trustee fund, it is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

It is a pity that the money should be so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling is in the eyes of the public. Writers who attain to the popularity of Mr. Kipling are in the eyes of the public, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very bad luck.

True Books Are Not Easier to Find Than True Men.

FREDERICK HARRISON

Arthur C. Benson, The English Novelist who is an Apostle of the Meditative Life.

Familiar Letters of James Howell. In two volumes. By Howell. Kiffin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Among dusty treasures of an antiquarian's store, or reposing on the shelves of a well-stocked private library are certain literary treasures that have lived for centuries a life of calm seclusion, far from the whirl and din of what we moderns call the six best sellers.

The monthly magazine knows them and their binding is generally of the best. In this collection of old friends, the mind unconsciously harks back to one Pepys and his diary, and possibly next comes one James Howell, the brilliant and witty Welshman, who, in a series of letters, wrote of life under Charles I, Cromwell, Charles II and other historical worthies of that era.

The present volumes consist of a series of letters written by Howell to his patrons and other friends, and such is the esteem in which these amusing messages are held that they have been looked upon for fully 300 years as a fountain of wisdom and wit. The history in books usually devoted to that study—and if the truth must be told, history-telling in that fashion now and then becomes monotonous and dry. But in these letters of the olden time history takes on a new meaning and kings, queens, lords and bishops seem to become more human and understandable.

It is related that Howell was poor in estate, as befitted one of a country clergyman's 15 children, and that at Oxford University he acquired what he called "the patrimony of a liberal education." For a number of years he traveled over Europe, acting for three years as the agent of a London glass factory, seeking to obtain workmen, materials and inspiration from foreign art centers.

Italy seems to have impressed Howell the most; for he writes: "Venice the rich, Padua the learned, Bologna the fat. Rome the holy, Naples the gentle, Genoa the proud, Florence the fair and Milan the great." The first beautiful woman, Howell quaintly tells us, was made of Venice glass, lovely and brittle; and in the same letter he tells of a woman who was seduced, for in what other tongue could she have been so irresistible?

Howell betrayed a justifiable pride in the ability of an English nobleman to cope with the mighty drinkers of the North, and he draws this picture: "The King feasted my Lord once, and it lasted from eleven of the clock till towards the evening, during which time the King began 35 healths—the first to the Emperor, the second to his nephew of England and so went over all the Kings and Queens of Christendom; but he never remembered the Prince of Palgrave's health, nor his niece's all the while. The King was taken away at last in his chair, but my Lord of Leicester bore up stoutly all the while; so that when there came two of the King's guards to take him by the arms, as he was going down the stairs my Lord shook them off and went alone. The next morning the King was gone a-hunting at break of day; but going to some other of his officers, their servants told me without any appearance of shame that their masters were drunk over night, and so it would be laid before the world."

Howell was a voluminous writer and his career must have been a checked one. He was sent for debt to the Fleet Street prison, but even there he wrote his beloved letters. Seemingly kindly disposed to most nationalities, Howell had an unfavorable opinion of the Scotch. He must have been a judge of good literature, for one of his longest letters is that dated October 17, 1634, addressed to Lord Cliff, in which Howell gives an eloquent description of the liquors of the world.

The Campfire of Mad Anthony, by Dr. Everett Ruess. Illustrated. \$1.50. Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Asa's folks are warned away, likewise those who are wholly engrossed with their own troubles. This stirring novel appeals to all who have bounding red blood to boast of, and has special, patriotic meaning for healthy young Americans. It covers the period between

the King feasted my Lord once, and it lasted from eleven of the clock till towards the evening, during which time the King began 35 healths—the first to the Emperor, the second to his nephew of England and so went over all the Kings and Queens of Christendom; but he never remembered the Prince of Palgrave's health, nor his niece's all the while. The King was taken away at last in his chair, but my Lord of Leicester bore up stoutly all the while; so that when there came two of the King's guards to take him by the arms, as he was going down the stairs my Lord shook them off and went alone. The next morning the King was gone a-hunting at break of day; but going to some other of his officers, their servants told me without any appearance of shame that their masters were drunk over night, and so it would be laid before the world."

Howell was a voluminous writer and his career must have been a checked one. He was sent for debt to the Fleet Street prison, but even there he wrote his beloved letters. Seemingly kindly disposed to most nationalities, Howell had an unfavorable opinion of the Scotch. He must have been a judge of good literature, for one of his longest letters is that dated October 17, 1634, addressed to Lord Cliff, in which Howell gives an eloquent description of the liquors of the world.

Howell was a voluminous writer and his career must have been a checked one. He was sent for debt to the Fleet Street prison, but even there he wrote his beloved letters. Seemingly kindly disposed to most nationalities, Howell had an unfavorable opinion of the Scotch. He must have been a judge of good literature, for one of his longest letters is that dated October 17, 1634, addressed to Lord Cliff, in which Howell gives an eloquent description of the liquors of the world.

Howell was a voluminous writer and his career must have been a checked one. He was sent for debt to the Fleet Street prison, but even there he wrote his beloved letters. Seemingly kindly disposed to most nationalities, Howell had an unfavorable opinion of the Scotch. He must have been a judge of good literature, for one of his longest letters is that dated October 17, 1634, addressed to Lord Cliff, in which Howell gives an eloquent description of the liquors of the world.

Howell was a voluminous writer and his career must have been a checked one. He was sent for debt to the Fleet Street prison, but even there he wrote his beloved letters. Seemingly kindly disposed to most nationalities, Howell had an unfavorable opinion of the Scotch. He must have been a judge of good literature, for one of his longest letters is that dated October 17, 1634, addressed to Lord Cliff, in which Howell gives an eloquent description of the liquors of the world.

Howell was a voluminous writer and his career must have been a checked one. He was sent for debt to the Fleet Street prison, but even there he wrote his beloved letters. Seemingly kindly disposed to most nationalities, Howell had an unfavorable opinion of the Scotch. He must have been a judge of good literature, for one of his longest letters is that dated October 17, 1634, addressed to Lord Cliff, in which Howell gives an eloquent description of the liquors of the world.

Howell was a voluminous writer and his career must have been a checked one. He was sent for debt to the Fleet Street prison, but even there he wrote his beloved letters. Seemingly kindly disposed to most nationalities, Howell had an unfavorable opinion of the Scotch. He must have been a judge of good literature, for one of his longest letters is that dated October 17, 1634, addressed to Lord Cliff, in which Howell gives an eloquent description of the liquors of the world.

Attention is directed to both ancient and modern history in Japan, and it is a pleasure to read such attractively-decorated pages.

Mr. Miyakawa says that it is only after Japan, in her war with Russia, proved that she could kill more men in one land battle than in all the land battles of the Crimean War of the English and French, and that the civilized world received Japan as a first-class civilized power and her people as a civilized people. The statement is also made that although Japan has not yet meant a warlike nation, if she fights it will be because she has to carry out the mandate of the civilized world.

Religion and Historic Faiths, by Otto Pfeiffer. D. D., \$1.50. B. W. Huesch, New York City.

Dr. Pfeiffer, Protestant theologian, has an international reputation as the leading representative of the liberal theological movement, principally because he writes with authority and has none of the dogmatic bitterness which at one time marked the German school of research. The important book now under review, translated from the German by Daniel A. Huesch, Ph. D., and principally consists of lectures recently delivered at the University of Berlin before an audience composed of students of all the faculties and older noncollegiate, other portions of the lectures being given as a public course in his high school period. The messages so delivered made a profound impression among educated people interested in things religious.

It is a rare pleasure to read in English such a comprehensive book. Most of the religious faiths of the world are critically considered and with such tact and ripe judgment that no one's convictions or beliefs can possibly be wounded, unless these dwell in glass houses. The author's treatment of the most important of these being paganism, Christianity, the Chinese, Egyptian, and Babylonian religions, the faiths of Zoroaster and the Mithra cult, Brahmanism and Gautama Buddha, the religion of Israel, etc.

Light-Fingered Genie, by David Graham Phillips. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Not so very long ago, this novel expelling insurance graft and the money madness that is plain theft, would have created an explosion wherever read. But, so many plutocrats, financial magnates and other lawbreakers generally, have lately been placed on the rack, that the public makes signs that it wants a rest.

With Mr. Phillips' new novel dealing with the O. A. D. insurance corporation and the grafters harrying to its vine like leeches, must be considered. For, in a book so fully and generally, how high finance holds you in its grip and fighting money kings turn out to be warriors worth watching. Horace Armstrong, the hero, is a young man of a character, is alluring enough to be compelling, and you find yourself becoming interested in him and his money talks. The book is piquant and full of the spice of life.

Grandmother, by Laura E. Richards. 75 cents. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston.

The third volume of the well-known "Old Border Series," this, the "Boys of the Border," narrates thrilling fights between white settlers and Indians in the Deerfield Valley during French and Indian wars from 1745 to 1755, especially those connected with the line of forts along the northwest border of Massachusetts and the Connecticut River. Just the kind of a healthy story for American boys anxious to read about doctory pioneers, who helped to mold this country's destiny at a time when Oregon was yet a primitive wilderness.

When Kings Go Forth to Battle, by William Wallace Whiteleak. Illustrated. \$1.50. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

Another brave echo of a Zouave story. This time the scene is laid in the Kingdom of Westrum, a mythical European country where at the opening of the story a reigning monarch, King Ludwig, in favor of his cousin, Prince Ludolf, a popular favorite, Wyteffoth, a young man from New York, supports Ludolf—and then there's something doing. The American girl in the case is Eunice Earle. In this dashing romance interest is never permitted to flag, and it is as regular intervals.

A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom, by Child's Harold. 75 cents. Paul Elder & Co., New York City.

A beautifully and quaintly illustrated little book for children, recalling the style of Kalder's Greenaway, the pictures being in colors and accompanied by amusing verse. One bit of advice given to small boys and girls is: "Speak kindly of those who are not with you, for they may be your friends."

With the scene laid in England about the year 1745, this romance of the rating, exciting story, telling about the doings of one Captain Jack Bathurst, of the White Dragons, who because of the treachery of a superior officer, was dismissed from the army of the Duke of Cumberland, and afterward earned renown as Beau Brocade, highwayman. There is action a-plenty, and when England is engaged in fighting France and Spain, and most of the people portrayed are hearty fishermen. Mr. Oxenham has written a strong story marked by vigor and softened by poetic feeling.

A Man of Sark, by John Oxenham. Illustrated. \$1.50. Baker & Taylor Co., New York City.

There's the tang of the salt breeze as the advancing tide buries itself in spray against the jagged rocks of Sark, one of the Channel Islands. The time of the tale is about 60 years ago, when England was engaged in fighting France and Spain, and most of the people portrayed are hearty fishermen. Mr. Oxenham has written a strong story marked by vigor and softened by poetic feeling.

Fishermen's Luck. Transatlantic Tales. The Judge—For two years you men have fished together, peaceable, and yet you fought over this fish. The Sportsman—This is the first one we ever caught!

Life of Japan, by Masuji Miyakawa. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York City.

A really well-written, readable account of the life in Japan, written by a Japanese who discusses social, political, commercial and military questions.

LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

John L. Givens' "Making a Newspaper," an accurate account of newspaper organization and methods, has been adopted as a text-book for courses in the University of Illinois.

Curious readers who like to penetrate pen names will be interested to learn that the real name of the author of "The Girl in the Sash" is Lida Calvert, and that she is the wife of Professor Calvert, the president of Ouden College, Bowling Green, Ky.

The Harpers will soon publish a novel by Mrs. James H. Campbell, wife of the librarian at the University of Chicago, and the lady on the Drawing-room Floor. She was a writer of the "Ladies' Home Journal" and "Raphaelite school," and she was active as a reviewer.

The woman who publishes her books over the name of Christopher Hare has shown her real talent in the new volume, "The Girl in the Sash," and she shows this again in her forthcoming volume, "Under the Stars of the North." The volume is a treat of personalities and affairs in eighteenth century Europe. Around the career of the French King, the author has woven a series of events as the appearance of Joan of Arc, the capture of Constantinople and the death of Edward IV of England.

Leroy Scott has had many requests from actors and playwrights for the dramatization rights of his new book "To Him That Sings," and he has published many letters of commendation from army men all over the country. One of them reads as follows: "Your work will have a beneficial effect on a large number of readers who know little of the true spirit of the book, which is a noble work in the hands of the author, and will run serially through the Century Magazine, and will be a most beneficial influence on the nation's most beneficent institution."

Thackeray's grave has been the subject of several letters in the London Daily Express, owing to the fact that the author's respondent, through error, complained that Thackeray was in a neglected condition. That statement is false in two particulars. Thackeray was buried at East Barnet, but at Kensal Green, and his grave is not in neglected condition. The confusion has arisen from the fact that the author's grandfather, whose name was the same, was thought to be buried at East Barnet, whereas he is interred at Hareley. Even that tomb is in an excellent state of preservation.

One of the most interesting of the Fall announcements is that of Mrs. Cornelia West's "Lady Handmaid (Churchill)" autobiography. There was a lively contest among publishers and editors for the book, which was finally secured by the Century Company.

The Swedish author of the "Century Magazine," Mrs. Cornelia West has already proved herself a writer of talent as the author of the last "Handmaid"

giving more encouragement to their own authors, the publishers now issue cheap reprints of Swedish classics, and some recent and living writers have attained high honors. Some of the best of them have given the honorary degree of L. L. D. by the University of Upsala—the first Swedish woman so honored.

Another of the Coleridges has passed away, a grandchild of the poet. In her modest and unpretentious literary work, she gained an enviable reputation among the best literary judges by her novels, "The King With Two Faces," "The Flery Dawn," and "The Lady on the Drawing-room Floor." She was a writer of the "Ladies' Home Journal" and "Raphaelite school," and she was active as a reviewer.

The woman who publishes her books over the name of Christopher Hare has shown her real talent in the new volume, "The Girl in the Sash," and she shows this again in her forthcoming volume, "Under the Stars of the North." The volume is a treat of personalities and affairs in eighteenth century Europe. Around the career of the French King, the author has woven a series of events as the appearance of Joan of Arc, the capture of Constantinople and the death of Edward IV of England.

Leroy Scott has had many requests from actors and playwrights for the dramatization rights of his new book "To Him That Sings," and he has published many letters of commendation from army men all over the country. One of them reads as follows: "Your work will have a beneficial effect on a large number of readers who know little of the true spirit of the book, which is a noble work in the hands of the author, and will run serially through the Century Magazine, and will be a most beneficial influence on the nation's most beneficent institution."

Thackeray's grave has been the subject of several letters in the London Daily Express, owing to the fact that the author's respondent, through error, complained that Thackeray was in a neglected condition. That statement is false in two particulars. Thackeray was buried at East Barnet, but at Kensal Green, and his grave is not in neglected condition. The confusion has arisen from the fact that the author's grandfather, whose name was the same, was thought to be buried at East Barnet, whereas he is interred at Hareley. Even that tomb is in an excellent state of preservation.

One of the most interesting of the Fall announcements is that of Mrs. Cornelia West's "Lady Handmaid (Churchill)" autobiography. There was a lively contest among publishers and editors for the book, which was finally secured by the Century Company.

The Swedish author of the "Century Magazine," Mrs. Cornelia West has already proved herself a writer of talent as the author of the last "Handmaid"

giving more encouragement to their own authors, the publishers now issue cheap reprints of Swedish classics, and some recent and living writers have attained high honors. Some of the best of them have given the honorary degree of L. L. D. by the University of Upsala—the first Swedish woman so honored.

Another of the Coleridges has passed away, a grandchild of the poet. In her modest and unpretentious literary work, she gained an enviable reputation among the best literary judges by her novels, "The King With Two Faces," "The Flery Dawn," and "The Lady on the Drawing-room Floor." She was a writer of the "Ladies' Home Journal" and "Raphaelite school," and she was active as a reviewer.

The woman who publishes her books over the name of Christopher Hare has shown her real talent in the new volume, "The Girl in the Sash," and she shows this again in her forthcoming volume, "Under the Stars of the North." The volume is a treat of personalities and affairs in eighteenth century Europe. Around the career of the French King, the author has woven a series of events as the appearance of Joan of Arc, the capture of Constantinople and the death of Edward IV of England.

Leroy Scott has had many requests from actors and playwrights for the dramatization rights of his new book "To Him That Sings," and he has published many letters of commendation from army men all over the country. One of them reads as follows: "Your work will have a beneficial effect on a large number of readers who know little of the true spirit of the book, which is a noble work in the hands of the author, and will run serially through the Century Magazine, and will be a most beneficial influence on the nation's most beneficent institution."

Thackeray's grave has been the subject of several letters in the London Daily Express, owing to the fact that the author's respondent, through error, complained that Thackeray was in a neglected condition. That statement is false in two particulars. Thackeray was buried at East Barnet