SCENE FROM WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NEW NOVEL, "MR. CREWE'S CAREER"

Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. The Macmillan Company, of New York City.

What Mr. Churchill doesn't know of the politics of New Hampshire—seeing that he recently ran as a candidate for the Governorship of that state and was firmly but politely defeated by a "ring" opponent—isn't worth much. Although "Mr. Crewe's Career" doesn't say so, and the name of New Hampshire isn't mentioned—it is a mirror of the bribery and corruption that have infested, and may still infest political conditions of that state, and clearly shows the iniquitous rule of the railroad as a real governing power, and not the people.

Historical novels like "Richard Carvel" used to represent Mr. Churchill's sphere of literary effort, but he must have got tired writing of a dim, historic past, preferring instead the creation of a pulsing, modern novel of political life, reflecting events in which he himself may have taken part during his own personal, political career. The same vein occurs in Mr. Churchill's other political novel, "Coniston," and some of the people who peeped from its book covers now engage your attention in "Mr. Crewe's Career." For instance, on page 132 you are informed that "Jethro Bass has been dead these 20 years, and his lieutenants shorn of power." Still, "Mr. Crewe's Career" stands on higher literary ground than "Coniston." It is more a human document and a better study of civics and general conditions. A stronger ring of liberty is heard.

Of course, Mr. Churchill is too old a hand at story-writing to evolve a novel only remarkable for its knowledge of politics and railroad manipulation necessary to alternately secure and prevent legislation. So, there's a delicate irony running through it, a dry humor, and the delicious love tale of Austen Vane and Victoria Flint.

Indeed, one wonders why the novelist chose such a meaningless title as "Mr. Crewe's Career," seeing that Mr. Crewe is only a multi-millionaire who thinks he is a born political leader, and, instead, is a jellyfish; while the real doer of things is Austen Vance. Mr. Crewe is a ludicrous mixture of good humor, dollars, self-conceit and swelled head. He says he is for the "peepul," when he poses as the Republican candidate for the Governorship of the state, when in reality he is for himself.

Austen Vane is made up of the stuff that Alexander Hamilton was. Vane could have been Governor of his state, had he so willed it, but he said to his friends, "Nay." Why he did so is not clearly explained. He was the only son of the Honorable Hilary Vane, campaign manager and head of the Legislative lobby for the interests of the United Northeastern Railroads (Boston and Maine system?) "In person, Hilary Vane was tall, with a slight stoop of his shoulders, and he wore the conventional double-breasted black coat which reached to his knees, and square-toed congress boots. He had a Puritan beard, the hawk-like Vane nose, and a twinkling eye that spoke of a sense of humor and a knowledge of the world. In short, he was no man's fool, and on occasions had been more than a match for certain New York lawyers with National reputations." His only vice—if it could be called such—"was in occasionally placing a piece, the size of a pea, of a particular kind of plug tobacco under his tongue, but this was not known to many people."

Austen Vane comes into the story as a wild son who had vaguely gone "West," had shot "his man" there in self-defense, and then returns home, strangely subdued, so that the fatted calf may be killed. But he steadies down, becomes a lawyer, a reformer, and incidentally a Sir Galahad. To work out his destiny, he becomes a bitter antagonist of the railroad ring, and a merciless critic of his father's business interests. Austen's first taste of conflict comes when he refuses a railroad pass.

In the general telling of the story, amusement comes from such characters as the Honorable Jake Botcher, the Honorable Branch Bascom, Hamilton Tooting, Paul Pardriff, Governor Asa P. Gray, the Honorable Galusha Hammer, the ponderous General Doby and Boss Job Branden.

Here is the defensive position taken by the president of the United Northeastern Railroads:

> I am virtually the trustee for thousands of stockholders, many of whom are widows and orphans. These people are innocent; they rely on my ability and my honesty for their incomes. . . . I don't say the service is what it should be, but give me time. With all this prosperity in the country we can handle the freight. We haven't got cars enough, tracks enough, engines enough. I won't go into that with you. But I do expect you to understand this: That politicians are politicians; they have been corrupt as long as I have known them, and in my opinion they always will be. The Northeastern is the largest property-holder in the state, pays the biggest tax, and has the most at stake. The politicians could ruin us in a single session of the Legislature—and, what's more, they would do it. We'd have to be paying blackmail all the time to prevent measures that would compel us to go out of business. This is a fact, and not a theory. . . . I wish to heaven that this and every other state had a George Washington for Governor and a majority of Robert Morrisses in the Legislature. If they exist, in these days, the people won't elect 'em—that's all. The kind of a man the people will elect, if you let 'em alone, is a man who brings in a bill and comes to you privately and wants you to buy him off.

Read the "honest reformer" view of the same political situation, as expressed by Representative Redbrook, a farmer by occupation:

> It just makes me tremble as an American citizen. The railroad sends them slick cusses down here that sit in the front seats who know all this here parliamentary law and the tricks of the trade, and every time any of us gets up to speak our honest minds, they have us ruled out of order or get the thing laid on the table until some Friday morning when there ain't nobody here, and send it along to the Senate. They made that fat feller, Doby, Speaker, and he's stuffed all the important committees, so that you can't get an honest measure considered. You can talk to the committees all you've a mind to, and they'll just listen and never do anything. There's 300 in the House, and it ain't any more of a Legislature than a camp meeting.

Now, compare the above with this calm review of conditions, as seen by Austen Vane, anti-railroad man:

> I want to say that I have tried to look at things as Mr. Vane (his father) sees them, and that I have a good deal of sympathy for his point of view. Conditions as they exist are the result of an evolution for which no man is responsible. That does not alter the fact that the conditions are wrong. But the railroads, before they consolidated, found the political boss in power, and had to pay him for favors. The citizen was the culprit to start with, just as he is the culprit now, because he does not take sufficient interest in his Government to make it honest. We mustn't blame the railroads too severely, when they grew strong enough, for substituting their own political army to avoid being blackmailed. Long immunity has reinforced them in the belief that they have but one duty—to pay dividends. I am afraid that they will have to be enlightened somewhat as Pharoah was enlightened.

So, you see, three different points of a vexed problem are skilfully presented. Take your choice. If "Mr. Crewe's Career" had appeared in the midst of President Roosevelt's exposure of railroad evils, say one year ago, or so, it would have made a tremendous sensation. The tide seems on the ebb, now.

The Shoulders of Atlas, by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. $1.50. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Of all the numerous novels depicting New England life written by this noted authoress, including "A New England Nun," and other stories, not one has reached such a mountain height of emotionalism and psychological study as has this.

And why should it not be so? Mrs. Wilkins Freeman is still in the zenith of her intellectual strength, her writing has not run to seed, and there is every reason to believe that she has now reached the pinnacle of her fame as a born story-teller for women—for, after all, women are the queens of the novel-reading world. They alone and the influence their opinion forms, bring the lucky author into the magic ranks of the six best sellers.

"The Shoulders of Atlas," in addition to being an important medical study of a new erotic character named Lucy Ayres, tells of a burden-bearer and has a plot which is a complete puzzle. One moment you think you have it and on reading into the next chapter find you have been following a will-o'-the-wisp. So you settle down in your chair with an intense conviction: "I—will—read—this—book—to—the—end."

Most of the story relates to the New England martyr-spirit of Mrs. Sylvia Whitman, a woman with a quickened conscience and the possessor of nerves that threaten to snap at any moment. I think that her husband, Henry Whitman, ought to have been rewarded with a martyr's crown for having uncomplainingly lived with her so many years. Whitman worked in a shoe shop, came of a race who were impatient of debt, and yet money was so scarce with him that he invariably walked a long route from his place of employment in order to avoid passing the houses of the physician and carpenter, whom he owed. Whitman thought that he had been ill-used by the world, principally because his two employers were millionaires who owned palaces and automobiles. He was aware of a cursing sentiment when an automobile whirled past him and covered him with dust. His wife Sylvia took a boarder—the high school principal, Horace Allen, and Whitman's chief man friend was Sidney Meeks, who was "as unsuccessful as a country lawyer can we be."

In the very first chapter, Mr. Meeks informs Sylvia that her second cousin, Miss Abrahama White, was dying and had made a will in which she left all her property to Sylvia. It had been supposed that Miss White had left all she had to Rose Fletcher, her niece. Abrahama had quarreled with Rose's mother, Susie, because the latter had married a man the family didn't approve of.

The funeral of Miss Abrahama White is depicted with almost grim humor. The undertaker's daughter, Flora White, says, "Business has been awful poor lately. It's been so healthy here we've hardly been able to earn the salt to our porridge. Father won't join the trust, either. Our business is to get our living out of folks dying. Either Dr. Wallace gives awful strong medicine or East Westland is too healthy."

Henry Whitman gives up working in the shoe shop on his wife's succession to wealth, and she says to him: "It seems to me with all our means you might smoke cigars now, Henry. I saw real nice ones advertised, two for five cents the other day, and you needn't smoke more than two a day." Henry begins to find that after working hard all his life, that ideness is irksome.

Miss Eliza Farrel, school teacher, is the beauty of the village and has such a splendid complexion that her enemies suspected her of using cosmetics. She boarded at an hotel kept by Miss Lucinda Hart, and it is recorded that this Miss Hart cherished the belief that her voice was necessary to sustain the singing at any church meeting. "She had in her youth possessed a fine contralto voice. She possessed only the remnant of one now, but she still sang in the choir because nobody had the strength of mind to request her to resign. Sunday after Sunday she stood in her place and raised her voice, which was horribly hoarse and hollow, in the sacred tunes, and people shivered and endured."

Suddenly, Miss Farrel is poisoned, due to arsenic—it is supposed—being found in a peppermint given her to drink by Miss Hart. On the day before her death, Miss Farrel had eaten an abnormal quantity of candy. One Johnny Soule had spread the rumor of her death, and Sylvia Whitman took exception to what Johnny said. To quote: "Sylvia sniffed contemptuously. 'That Johnny Soule,' said she, 'he's half Canadian. Father was French. I wouldn't take any stock in what he said.'" I should like to hint that this slighting reference to Canada will hurt Mrs. Freeman in the affections of her many admiring readers in the Dominion. Canadians are sensitive and proud in this regard.

It turns out that Miss Farrel had been a married woman and had left her husband some 20 years previously. She seemed to have had a feeling that, beautiful as she was, she excited repulsion rather than affection in everybody with whom she came in contact. "I might as well be a snake as a woman," she had remarked.

Now, the hardened novel reader will naturally suppose that the murder of Miss Farrel forms the principal motif of the book. But it is not so. The authorities cannot find who administered the arsenic to her, and although Miss Hart is suspected nobody is arrested and the case becomes an unsolved mystery.

At this stage, the character of Lucy Ayres, maker of candy, a young girl possessed with an abnormal emotion of desire toward men, is slowly unfolded. The difference between her and Rose Fletcher—Mrs. Whitman's ward—is sharply defined. Horace Allen, the high school principal, who has fallen in love with Rose, suspects Lucy of a desire to murder her, through the use of poisoned candy. Lucy was in love with the schoolmaster. Once, Horace called on Lucy on a business matter and it is related:

> Lucy looked at Horace, and her expression was tragic, foolish and of almost revolting wistfulness. She was youth and womanhood in its most helpless and pathetic revelation. She was a thing always devoured and never consumed by a flame of nature, because of the lack of food to satisfy an inborn hunger. He moved toward the door.
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> Lucy also had risen. She now looked altogether tragic. The foolish wistfulness was gone. Instead, claws seemed to bristle all over her tender surface. Suddenly Horace realized that her slender, wiry body was pressed against his own. He was conscious of her soft cheek against his. He felt at once in the grip of a tiger and a woman, and horribly helpless, more helpless than he had ever been in his whole life. Suddenly the parlor door opened and Mrs. Ayres, Lucy's mother, stood there. She saw with her stern, melancholy gaze, the whole situation.

Mrs. Whitman did not desire Rose to marry Horace Allen, as she wished to keep Rose for herself, as her adopted daughter. Every now and then, strong hints are thrown out concerning a secret which the elder woman held, a secret referring to Rose's life. This secret is carefully hidden until the last chapter, and the reader's curiosity is powerfully aroused. Just before the commencement of the wedding ceremony, where Horace and Rose are about to be married, Mrs. Whitman's rigid New England conscience forces her to make public confession of what she terms her wrongdoing. The scene is highly dramatic.

Lucy Ayres drifts out of the book like a thin ghost, and it is a comfort to know that she does not commit crime. The "murder" of Miss Farrel is cleared up in the 282d page, where it is shown that she had died because of the arsenic she habitually swallowed to improve her complexion. It is a medical fact that users of arsenic die at about the age of 45 years—there is no escape for them.

So this is the story, then, that earned the $5000 prize in the New York Herald competition against "Sir Richard Escombe" by Max Pemberton. After reading both stories I think the award is a just one. American readers were the judges and "The Shoulders of Atlas" is strictly American and speaks of things that appeal to them. Besides, it is a whirlwind story of emotion, excels in natural character construction, and is just the curiosity-making American story that women like to read.

The Cobbler. By Elma A. Travis. Price, $1.25. Outing Publishing Company, New York City.

Standing like a beacon light on the title page, appears the name of Elma A. Travis, M. D., as the author of this extraordinary story of a literary genius and utter fool named Peter Caverly, son of a cobbler on the Hudson River.

It's just such a novel as a trained medical mind would evolve—keen, analytical, a play upon the emotions, clever. It also tells of unusual things, and speaks with an originality that startles.

Most novels end with an avowal of love or the celebration of a marriage, but the author of "The Cobbler" reverses the usual order of things and begins the novel with the marriage of Peter Caverly, bohemian and utterly irresponsible, and Elizabeth Farrington, a Vassar student, wealthy in her own right. "For the Farringtons were a large people with the unmistakable look of cast which came of generations able to follow their ideals—the clear-cut type of the well-bred American whose inborn confidence is neither arrogant nor vulnerable."

Once married, Caverly and his wife separate. He had been a student at Harvard, but didn't graduate, vaguely dabbles in literature, but now he takes up his father's trade of mending shoes—and with indifferent success. He and his wife meet now and then, while Peter makes numerous river trips in his boat "The Crazy Betz." He also blossoms as a new literary writer of the first magnitude, his creations being published under the nom de plums of Peter Petsik. His books are wealthy in the beauty of nature study and passion.

But such good fortune cannot last—for Peter is "a thing of shreds and patches." Not satisfied with his own wife, he begins to hunt affinities, a la Lord Byron, and makes violent love to two women, one of whom stabs him with a stilette. It ought to have been a fork or gravy spoon. Then all sorts of foolish things happen to the said Peter, and in the reading of them there is amusement.

Through all the sea of troubles, it is noteworthy to observe that his wife remains loving and faithful to him. Why, it is difficult to see. The reader is kept on the alert.

Julie's Diary. John W. Luce & Co., Boston, Mass.

Supposed to be the personal diary of Miss Julie Mathilde Magens, of Copenhagen, Denmark, begun December 27, 1905, when she was 19 years old. At the commencement of the diary she is honestly loved by Erik Glerup, an architect, but cannot realize her good fortune and keep it. She falls in love with Alfred Morch, an actor, who also seems to be a professional flirt, and the two live in a sweet, fool's paradise as members of a mutual admiration society, while Erik is sent away.

The inevitable happens. The matinee hero tires of his Julie, pleading: "I loved as the experienced man, and as the man with the artist's need for liberty." Julie sheds a few tears, whistles for Erik to come back to her, and lo! he obeys. Lucky Julie.

The book has a gossipy, piquant charm, and also gives an engaging picture of family life, apart from Julie's love experiments. She is a strange psychological study, and her story recalls "Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther."

The Russian Bastile. By Simon O. Pollock. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

It is not pleasant but instructive reading to wander through this history of what happened to political prisoners confined in the Schlusselburg fortress, situated on an island on the Neva, north of St. Petersburg. The lot of most of the prisoners sent there seems to have been illness, insanity or death. It is a record of patriots who, like Patrick Henry, prefer liberty or death, and the call is a fervent one for Russian freedom. The story was written during the recent "days of liberty" in Russia, just before the Czar was again won over by the reactionaries. Pictures are given of several of the most noted prisoners. The preface is by Nicholas Tchaykovsky, who is now or was recently imprisoned for his utterances.

The Real Bryan. Compiled by Richard L. Metcalfe. Price, $1.25. Personal Help Publishing Company, Des Moines, Ia.

Having heard Mr. Bryan lecture in this city and tell, without the slightest oratorical ability about his trip around the world, my deliberate opinion is that he is a good-humored, fat old man who skillfully tells funny stories.

This book of 320 pages tells one of a different Bryan—a dealer in beautiful platitudes and patriotic, heart-stirring thoughts. Well, I'm glad to have Mr. Metcalf's word for it that there is another Bryan from the one met here on this last visit. Bryan the doer, the orator, is presented in these selections from his most famous speeches illustrating over 150 subjects, political and non-political. It's an eye-opener to read them.

Work and Habits. By United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana. Price, 50 cents. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

Four talks or messages on "Work and Habits," "Money," "The Vicious Fear of Losing" and "American Character, Illustrated by Washington." Senator Beveridge says that a large part of our public men are out-and-out trimmers in high places, and what we need today in public life is more good losers and fewer winners. President Roosevelt is praised.

The True Way of Life. Written and published by Dr. Nanny Randolph Ball Baughman, Burlington, Ia.

A little book of good advice for married people, and it pleads for a united effort to elevate humanity above the plane of the physical side of human nature. The authoress is of the opinion that the tree of knowledge named in Genesis as having existed in the Garden of Eden was the tree of passion.

J. M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

Two volumes, "Kim" and "The Day's Work," by Rudyard Kipling, have been issued, bound in decorated leather, printed on good light-weight paper in clear type, and are excellent specimens of bookmaking.

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Professor Ferrero, of Turin University, whose book, "The Greatness and the Decline of Rome," has been a great success, has been invited by President Roosevelt to be his guest at the White House in November.

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David Belasco's and David Warfield's great dramatic success, "The Grand Army Man," has been put in novel form by Harvey J. O'Higgins, who has done his best work on the recasting, and the Century Company will publish the book next month.

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Rene Bazin's great novel, "The Nun," has aroused such interest in this country in his work that the Scribners will publish another of his novels, "The Growing Grain," a translation of "Le Ble qui Leve," which has already passed a sale of 100,000 copies in France.

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Meredith Nicholson's novel, "The House of a Thousand Candles," is to run as a serial in Le Journal of Paris. The translation has been made by Marguerite Belin. The House of a Thousand Candles" has now been translated into the principal European languages.

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In a few days will be published a new book by Adeline Knapp, author of "The Boy and the Baron." The title is "The Well in the Desert," and the scenes are laid in Arizona, largely in the desert, where the writer named lived for many months alone.

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Alfred Noyes is editing an anthology of fairy poetry, to which he will contribute an introduction and notes. The volume will bear the title, "The Magic Casement," and the subject will be illustrated by a wide range of English verse, extending from Elizabethan to contemporary poets.

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Frederick Moore, author of "The Passing of Morocco," is at present living in London, where he was recently married to a young Englishwoman. Mr. Moore's former home was in New Orleans, La., but his duties as war correspondent have taken him pretty much all over the world.

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This week will be published a volume of speeches of William H. Taft, entitled "Present-Day Problems." The speeches were delivered in various parts of the world during Mr. Taft's career as Governor-General of the Philippines and as Secretary of War, and they cover a wide field of administrative and economic discussion.

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"Sleeping Out at Home," illustrated, with photographs of utility outdoor beds leads in the July number of Recreation. For those in search of big game and long trips, there is an article entitled "Some Pack Trips Worth While." "A Vacation on Cape Cod" is an alluring picture of a romantic, rocky bit of New England coast.

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It is significant of the influence and the educational appeal made by Professor Palmers' "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer" that each of the 210 members of the graduating class of Vassar is to have that book presented to her as a final memento of the closing years of her college work. The donor is Mrs. John D. Rockefeller.

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Booth Tarkington and Edgar Beecher Bronson are in Africa, the latter in Abyssinia, where he hopes to shoot big game. Professor Woodberry will spend his Summer in Bithynia, and Cale Young Rice is off for a trip around the world. Arthur Stringer is cruising in the Caribbean Sea in an Italian tramp steamer, "with six pounds of tobacco and six volumes of Turgenieff."

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A catalogue of an English book sale reveals some interesting details of the life of Henry Fielding in the shape of a receipt for a translation which the author of "Tom Jones" is not generally credited with. The receipt reads as follows: "Recd March the 10, 1739, of Mr. John Nourse the sum of forty-five pounds in Part Payment for the translation of the History of Charles the twelfth by me Hen. Fielding." The book appeared in 1740 under the title "The Military History of Charles XII, King of Sweden," by M. Gustavus Adlerfeld, chamberlain to the King. The catalogue states that the receipt has been in the possession of John Dillon, collector of autographs, manuscripts and books.

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The chapters of "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill" in this month's Century deal with musical events and musicians in the early '90s when she visited Bayreuth, and met Siegfried Wagner, Liszt, Rubinstein and many other people of musical note, and knew Paderewski in his first successes. These memoirs, with additions to the chapters appearing in the Century, will be published in book form this Fall.

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For early publication the Macmillan Company will have ready Robert Herrick's new novel, "Together." It is a story of the lives of married people, Mr. Herrick, contrary to custom and tradition, beginning with a wedding instead of making a marriage the end and purpose of his romance. "Together" is his first novel since "The Memoirs of an American Citizen," published about three years ago.

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Rex Beach, who, with Paul Armstrong and Fred Stone, is established in Alaska for the Summer, has sent visible proof of the fact that "The Barrier" setting was taken from nature. This is a photograph which reproduces the description given in the novel of the trading post at Flambeau. In the foreground, marked by an American flagpole, stands the cottage of "Old Man Cale," the father of the girl for whom Mr. Beach's young Kentucky colonel sacrificed all his traditions.

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Charles St. Morris, author of "The Law of Love," is an eminent lawyer in Mexico, widely known throughout Canada as well as the United States. He has traveled extensively in both continents and has studied profoundly in all countries visited. The charming pictures of life among the gay and light-hearted people who dwell in the captivating Basqueland, the little territory peeping out between the blue sky of France and Spain as it nestles in the heart of the Pyrenees, has given him the material for this new story.

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A book that is likely to be widely read in connection with the coming tercentenary celebrations in Canada is "The First English Conquest of Canada: with some account of the Earliest Settlements in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland," by Henry Kirke, M. A., B. C. L., F. R. G. S., author of "Twenty-five Years in British Guiana" and other books. The work relates the incidents of a forgotten phase in the building of the British Empire, and the author is a descendant of the Derbyshire family of the Kirkes, who wrested Quebec from the French during the reign of Charles I.

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"Queen Anne and Her Court," by F. F. William Ryan, shortly to appear, dwells on the tragedy of the emotions that made up the life of Anne Stuart and hurried her to an early grave. Political and religious problems must have their place in a biography of Anne. "The Princess was what she was because the belles and the beaux, the soldiers and the statesmen, the parsons and the priests of her day were what they were. She will be seen in these pages a gay and irresponsible maid at the Court of Charles II, a consummate actress at the Court of James II. Anne's marriage was fruitful in every disappointment that could wither the heart of a woman."

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The similarity of titles of books and stories is doubtless confusing, but there appears to be no redress when one person or publisher appropriates a title which has already been used. E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest novel is published in this country under the title of "The Avenger"; there is a story in the current number of Everybody's Magazine bearing the same title; and there is also "The Avengers," a novel by Headon Hill. A few years ago David Graham Phillips wrote a story which he called "The Deluge," the title of one of Henryk Sienkiewicz' best-known books. As a matter of fact the copyright of a title affords no protection, although most publishers endeavor not to issue books bearing a title which has been already used, in this country.

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Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is just now reminiscent of an interesting period in her literary career, the days when "The Gates Ajar" was a new book. That was 30 years ago, and the publication of the latter with its protest against the idea conveyed in the "orthodox heaven" of those days created something of a sensation. "Now," says Mrs. Phelps, "who expects after death to stand in a row with musical ghosts around a throne? Who anticipates a white robe, and a palm branch and a hymn book?" If "The Gates Ajar" were to appear today as a new publication, she asserts, the book would scarcely excite remark. This change of popular sentiment is noted in a series of articles which is being published in Harper's Bazar by Mrs. Phelps in which the venerable author gives her present theories upon immortality and the future life.

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The coast of Maine appears to have a peculiar attractiveness for authors. William Dean Howells, for example, has long had his Summer house at Kittery Point. His house is surrounded by a fine old garden, in which the veteran author may often be seen at work. His library is located in an old barn set in the midst of an apple orchard, says the Washington, D. C., Herald. George S. Wasson also has a beautiful and permanent home at Kittery Point. A little further up the coast, at York Harbor, is the Summer home of Thomas Nelson Page. It is located on a high point near the sea. Here, too, comes John Fox every Summer, to be the guest of Mr. Page. Still farther on, at Kennebunkport, is the home of Mrs. Margaret Deland, who lives in a charming old-fashioned house, surrounded by a real New England garden. Mrs. Deland has been particularly successful in raising Jonquils. In fact, she had such a crop last Summer that she held a public sale of them and gave the proceeds to charity. Meredith Nicholson, the Indiana novelist, also has a home at Kennebunkport. Many authors live on the many islands that dot the beautiful harbor of Portland. The best known is Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, whose home is on Bailey's Island. On another island, not far away, lives Commander Peary.

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It is natural that a novelist who has portrayed the American girl so well as his Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., should have decided opinions as to her importance in the literary world and the awe with which she is regarded by his fellow-writers. "What," he says, "is the spectre that haunts the American author, and especially the American publisher, even in his dreams? The bonbon girl. With her box of chocolates beside her she munches and munches, and settles the fate of novels. She knows nothing, not even the vastness of her own power. And it is the business of the novelist to adapt himself to her splendid ignorance. My daughter (aetat. fifteen) personifies to me this fascinating phantom. I know she eats fewer chocolates than the type. I hope she reads fewer novels. But I regard her judgment with awe. If she is satisfied with the matrimonial arrangements of my story, well and good. But if she says: 'No, the brown-eyed poet ought to have married the athletic heroine,' I feel that it is all up with me. She is no respecter of persons. What she likes she likes and says she likes. If there is anything that bores her she may make an affectionate effort to conceal it, but the stifled yawn is too apparent, and behind it I seem to see a vast succession of ghostly yawns, like the Beamans in the chewing-gum picture, which untold boxes of chocolates would never be able to fill."

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The daughter of the once celebrated Dr. Edward Vaughan Kenealy, of Tichborne fame, has endeavored to rehabilitate her father's name by the publication of a volume of his memoirs. Here is an entertaining anecdote of Disraeli: "January 5, 1873.—Brady, M. P., for somewhere, asked Bright to introduce him to Disraeli. Bright did so. Brady said, "Mr. Disraeli, I feel very happy to make your acquaintance. I hear you have written some clever novels. I never read any of them myself, but my daughter has, and she thinks them so fine!" Disraeli drew himself up and in tones of Mephistopheles replied, "This is praise!" and left Brady very solemnly. Bright ran chuckling about telling every one. Brady returned to his place happy and satisfied that he had done the right thing. So all were content." And here is a description of Bulwer Lytton which agrees with nothing in the literature of reminiscence and is probably to be set down to the ill-humor of its author: "Dined tonight with the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Houghton, Bulwer Lytton, and other Senators and ladies. Bulwer Lytton is a clown. He was shabbily dressed, and sidled into the room with slouching air and gait. He held his hat in his hand as though about to drop it, and looked as though he did not know what to do with his legs. He gaped, his eye was lack-lustred, and he said nothing. It is almost impossible to believe he wrote the works which pass under his name (his wife says he did not write them). He had a great nose like Fitzball or Bardolph, but not so red as the latter's. He has cut off his beard, and the hairs are scanty and scrubby down his lank Don Quixote jaws. I expected a fine gentleman—perhaps a fop like his own Devereux, or like Bolingbroke, and I saw a crapulous fossil."

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All Winter it has been hard times for literary lights. There has been absolutely "nothing doing" with the magazines for most writers; the monthlies were living on "refrigerated stuff" and buying nothing. Last week, however, brought out the fact that the magazine with the reputation for paying the highest rates in this country has not only been relying on its accumulated store of literature for its weekly issues, but has even been trying to sell off some of its accumulated verse at bargain rates, says the New York Times. This letter was received by the editor of one of the few magazines which has been buying throughout the Winter:

"My dear ———: As you probably know from your own experience, we editors accumulate a great deal of material, which after a while we find to be unsuitable for our use. In looking over our accumulated material I find a good deal of verse. Some years ago we used much, but latterly have found it impossible to give up much space to rhyme. For this reason I am sending you proofs of some of the things we now have on hand, thinking that you may be interested, and that perhaps you might care to buy some of it."

After this little preamble came the prices for an absolute slaughter sale in literature. A verse, bought for $75, together with the pictures drawn for it by a well-known illustrator at the cost of $250, was offered at the bargain price of $50. There were also four sonnets, with their accompanying "cuts," to be gladly disposed of at $20 apiece, the magazine having purchased them at imported rates. Slight bits of "vers ro societe" would be knocked down at the extraordinary sacrifice of $2 apiece. One stray rhyme, "The Expressman," was even to be allowed to disappear for the really negligible consideration of $1 cash.

Lying As a Constitutional Disease

Scientist Declares Certain Forms Must Be So Accounted For.

RECENTLY in Paris the court of cassation declared through the mouth of its presiding judge, in a bourgeois divorce case, that a certain witness was "not only incapable of speaking the truth, but that, apparently, he could not even think it." In other words, the said witness was declared to be irresponsibly mendacious, and that he was a congenital or hereditary liar. Naturally enough, the Paris press seized upon the incident and gathered the opinions of medical experts as to the extent to which irresponsible mendacity existed in human nature. The results can hardly be said to be encouraging, and a pathetic enough consideration is the undoubted fact, according to medical testimony, that the habit of lying may, all unconsciously to ourselves, overtake us at any period in life, and follow us down to a dishonest grave, says the New York World.

Dr. Pieron, who is a medical publicist of note in the French capital, says that the brain in the course of its development—that is, up till the 35th year in average men—may at some point or other develop a malformation which will have the effect of destroying the ratiocinative or reasoning faculty. Like paresis, of which mendacity is a kindred disease, it may come upon the most truthful and the least suspecting man without a moment's warning, and just as the result of a sudden "kink" occurring in the cerebral structure.

Lying, says Pieron, is not by any means a monopoly of women and children. The male grown-up, even if he does not naturally evince the tendency to exaggerate or invent—a certain indication of degeneracy—is always liable to become a victim of the lying habit. The natural and spontaneous liar who has reached maturity lies because he is physically or mentally still an infant, and can neither exercise any power of criticism either subjectively or objectively, and is wholly devoid of reasoning as to the effect his lies produce upon his hearers or upon their objects. He will lie maliciously just as recklessly or as easily as he lies spontaneously or simply, the result being incalculable as far as he is concerned. They are, unfortunately, amenable to the influence of stronger wills, and can, under quasi-hypnotic power, be made to assert almost anything, the truth or untruth of their declaration being to them not only an entirely absent consideration, but without the scope of their mental or moral purview.

The so-called harmless liar, says Pieron, differs only in a slight degree from the malicious or brutal liar for motives of revenge, jealousy or cruelty. The physical malformation is almost identical in both cases, the difference being only one of morbidity and a more diseased condition of the nerve cells which produce the state of hysteria, of which lying is perhaps the most pronounced symptom.

The children of drunkards and lunatics, more than any others, evince the disposition to lie and to deceive, and it is an unfortunate fact that considerable ability and even religious and conscientious spirit—as for example in money matters—may exist side by side with the tendency toward mendacity. In women who are the children of lunatics and drunkards the lying spirit often manifests itself, although a keen sense of honor is still preserved in the common dealings of life. The woman remains, however, wholly unconscious of her lapse, say, in cases of infidelity. She is, says Pieron, in the position of a person who has no recollection of having done wrong. She will deny her guilt and lie away her soul, really in good faith, simply because she refuses to persuade herself that she is doing wrong.

This is not moral perversion, for the moral sense in woman is rather a reflection of the sense of honor or justice in a man than an active and original quality. It is simply that in such women, even as in men of similar mentality, the ideas cease to co-ordinate or to become logical at a certain point in the cerebral digestive process.

It is just like this: If a psychopathic liar were to look out of a window and see a camel with one single hump the sight of the animal would, in the normal way, strike upon the retina and, having ratiocinatively declared itself to be a camel, would figuratively travel down the optic nerve and pass into the brain. At a certain junction of nerve lines the camel would—unconsciously to the psychopathic liar—switch off the original nerve line it was intended that it should follow. Having become derailed, so to speak, the camel would, while germinally remaining a camel in the liar's mind, change its proportions relatively to its actual condition. It would, when left to the choice of other rails in the "junction," develop into a two-humped or even a three-humped camel. Its pads would grow ten times their original size; its hide would from light brown become a bright red, its neck would become longer than that of a giraffe. All this because the central idea became derailed in the liar's mind, and the cerebral "stomach" refused, owing to its diseased state, to digest the primary conception.

Lying of this kind is, therefore, a disease, and must be so accounted. Nevertheless the existence of such things in the world should be noted by the health authorities, since they are so easily influenced by unscrupulous persons. Where the disease of such a person can be diagnosed and recorded, the legal testimony is not of more validity than would be that of a gramophone.

A Reincarnation.

New York Sun.

From the seven rooms and bath
And the janitor's hot wrath
We are moving once again
Nineteenth time in Lord knows when.

And the flat we left behind
As too dismal and confined
Brand-new tenants count a gem.
Just the very thing for them.

Likewise praises do we load
On our new and bright abode
And with joy in every breast
Settle down to peace and rest.

But a faint suspicion gleams
And across our troubled dreams
Comes a feeling that of yore
We have lived in it before.