Three Wives of Presidents Still Survive

BESIDES MRS. CLEVELAND, MRS. JAMES A GARFIELD AND MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON OUTLIVED THEIR HUSBANDS.

MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON WHOSE HOME IS IN INDIANAPOLIS

MARTHA WASHINGTON THE FIRST WIDOW OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

MRS. JAMES A. GARFIELD WHO HAS SURVIVED HER HUSBAND.

HOME OF THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AT PRINCETON, WHERE THE FAMILY RESIDED FOR MORE THAN A DECADE AFTER THEY LEFT THE WHITE HOUSE.

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND, THE LATEST WIDOW OF A FORMER PRESIDENT

ALTHOUGH there is now no surviving ex-President of the United States, three women still live who have shared the lot of former rulers of the Nation.

The three widows of ex-Presidents are Mrs. James A. Garfield, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. It has nearly always been the case that the widows of Presidents have outnumbered former holders of the office. The strain of caring for the Nation's affairs seems to bear heavily on incumbents of the Chief Magistracy, and it is rare indeed to have had more than two ex-Presidents living at the same time, despite the fact that the term of office being only four years it would naturally be expected more would survive after concluding terms of office to receive the respect of their fellow citizens.

Mrs. Garfield has long survived her husband, who has now been dead almost 27 years.

Since his death she has lived to see her son, James Rudolph Garfield, steadily advance to a place of prominence in the Nation's councils until now he has become a member of the President's Cabinet, and in view of his youth has at least a right to hope that history of the Adams family might be duplicated, and the son of a President go to the White House. Particularly has Mr. Garfield a right to nurse this dream in view of the fact that he comes from Ohio, which has usurped the one time place of Virginia as a producer of Chief Executives.

Mrs. Garfield divides her time between three places. She deeply loves her old home town of Mentor, Ohio, which is rich in memories of her young life. There her children were brought up; there are a thousand memories of the statesman stricken down by the bullet of Guiteau.

Mrs. Garfield is also partial to Washington. Despite the fact that the Capital City saw the off-taking of her husband, she has made it a practice to go there often to spend the Winter, within sight of his triumphs during the brief time that he occupied the White House.

Garfield was a comparatively young man when he received his death wound in the station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mrs. Garfield often has expressed the opinion that he might still be living had not the hand of the assassin snapped the life thread.

In Pasadena, Cal., Mrs. Garfield has a Summer home. There she spends a larger part of her time in the midst of idyllic surroundings. She spends most of her time sewing and reading. She is a sweet and gracious woman, gentle and kindly and always ready to speak of the triumphs of her husband.

* * *

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison was not actually a lady of the White House, for her distinguished husband had retired from public life before he wed the beautiful Mrs. Mary Dimmick, the favorite niece of the first wife of the President.

She became a member of the Harrison household prior to his election to the Presidency, and after his inauguration she took a prominent part in all the activities of social Washington.

The first wife, Mary Scott Harrison, was an invalid during a large part of Mr. Harrison's stay at the White House, and much of the social duty devolved upon Mrs. Dimmick. She cared for it with complete success.

When four years after his passing from the White House, Mr. Harrison announced his purpose to remarry, there was general pleasure and heartiest good will was expressed all over the country. On February 21, 1897, a child was born to the pair, Elizabeth Harrison.

A woman of rare beauty and charm, Mrs. Harrison is naturally very popular, both in Indianapolis, where she had her home, and in Tuxedo, N. Y., where she spends much of her time.

* * *

Mrs. Cleveland has only lately been made the widow of a President. The whole life of this lovable woman, since her girlhood days, radiated around the life of the only man the Democrats have succeeded in putting in the White House in half a century of effort. They were wedded in the White House during the first term of the then New Yorker.

For the remaining three years of his term Mrs. Cleveland presided with a charm and a dignity that were irresistible, and that gave her perhaps more thorough popularity than any woman of the many who have held the title of "First Lady of the Land."

For four years more in private life, Mrs. Cleveland continued to hold a place in the affections of the people, and when in 1892 the vote of the people carried Grover Cleveland back into the chair of Washington, many a Republican found the pangs of having a Democratic President lessened by the fact that his selection returned Mrs. Cleveland to her old place.

Her triumphs of the first term were abundantly repeated, and when once more the pair retired to private life to take up their home in beautiful "Westlands," their Princeton abode, Mrs. Cleveland remained a beautiful memory to the Nation that had genuinely loved her.

Now as a widow charged with the responsibility of training her family the old affection is still there.

Mrs. Cleveland completes a notable line of White House widows, first and most illustrious of which was Martha Washington, wife of the founder, whose body lies beside that of the immortal George in the simple tomb at Mount Vernon.

* * *

Martha Washington died in 1802, having survived her illustrious husband by three years.

Thomas Jefferson outlived his wife 44 years, a most remarkable extent of time. She died in 1782, while life did not go from the body of the greatest of Democrats until 1826.

Mrs. Madison lived 13 years after the death of her husband.

John Adams outlived his wife, so did Andrew Jackson. John Quincy Adams died four years before his wife.

Martin Van Buren almost equalled the record of Jefferson, and lived 43 years after the passing of his wife.

The first time a pension was ever suggested for the widow of an ex-President was when William H. Harrison died one month after his inauguration. Prior to that time there had been only one instance of a widow getting any favors whatever. This was when Dolly Madison was granted the right to publish in other countries for her own benefit the manuscript debates on the Constitution.

The death of Harrison peculiarly appealed to the sentiment of the Nation, and Mrs. Harrison was voted outright $25,000. Even this sum was not extravagant, for she had to live on it for the 33 years she survived her husband.

The second Mrs. Tyler, who married the President during his stay in office occupied the White House for eight months.

When the former President died in 1862 it was found that he had left his widow so poorly provided for that Government help became imperative. Therefore a pension of $5000 yearly was granted, which Mrs. Tyler continued to draw till her death 27 years later.

Franklin Pierce outlived his wife six years. Buchanan was a bachelor. Fillmore's second wife outlived him seven years, but never received Government aid.

In the burst of pity and affection that followed the off-taking of Lincoln, the Nation sought a means of doing something for those who had been dear to him. An outright $25,000 was granted to the widow, and she was further given a pension of $5000 yearly.

Johnson's wife outlived him but one year. There was no pension in that time.

The distinguished services that Grant had rendered his country received some acknowledgement in the shape of a $5000 pension for his widow, which was undoubtedly welcome, since the misfortunes of the former President in the banking business had gone far to reduce his never extensive fortune.

Mrs. Hayes died before her husband. Mrs. Garfield received a pension of $5000 a year, which she still continues to draw, and it is a question if any of the money that goes from Uncle Sam's Treasury is paid more cheerfully by the American people.

Arthur was a widower when he succeeded Garfield. After the death of Harrison a movement was set afoot to get a pension for his daughter, but as soon as his widow learned of the opposition she insisted that the plan be abandoned.

Mrs. McKinley accepted a $5000 pension after the death of her husband, and there would be no opposition on the part of Congress to making a settlement on Mrs. Cleveland, but that being comfortable she is not likely to need it.

"We are, each one of us, but an omnibus carrying down the traits of our ancestors."
—GEORGE ELIOT.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AUTHOR OF "VERA THE MEDIUM."

Vera, the Medium. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

It seems singularly appropriate since Portland has passed strict laws forbidding fortune-tellers—for a fee—to reveal the future, or in any way ply their calling, that there should be issued just now this novel by Mr. Davis, in which he exposes a "fake" medium, with a dash of romance added. The novel is eminently one to read on vacation; for, as a book, the print and illustrations are excellent, and the story itself is told with the true Davis sweep. And anyone who has ever read "Soldiers of Fortune" or "The Bar Sinister" knows what this means. "Vera" is human, amusing, tearful and appealing.

Interest starts out with the announcement that Stephen Hallowell, millionaire, is supposed to be dying. His millions had largely been made by dollars coined from the manufacture and sale of a coupling-pin, the invention of his brother-in-law, Coates, since dead. The understanding between Hallowell and his brother-in-law was, that for Hallowell's trouble in placing the coupling-pin on the market for five years the partners would share the profits equally. Thereafter all rights in the patent reverted to Hallowell. In the meantime the inventor and his wife died, and Hallowell was enough of a finance-shark to see to it that profits from the invention began shortly after the fifth year. Miss Helen Coates, Hallowell's niece, insisted that all profits accruing from the sale of the Coates-Hallowell coupling-pin should belong solely to her, and threatens to proceed legally against her uncle.

Judge Gaylor heads a band of conspirators who persuade Mr. Hallowell to leave his millions in trust for a mythical Hallowell Institute, the said institute largely being the conspirators' pockets. The conspirators, at the time the story opens, have partly induced old Mr. Hallowell to believe in spiritualism, and by means of a medium that the spirit of his dead sister, Mrs. Catharine Coates, may be induced to indicate what disposition should be made of the Hallowell money.

Vera is cognizant of Gaylor's plan to rob Hallowell, and seconds his endeavors with professional composure. Her two co-workers in the mind-reading business are Professor Paul Vance, and his wife, Mabel. The Vances are thus introduced:

For the last six weeks as headliners at one of the vaudeville theaters, and as entertainers at private houses, under the firm name of "The Vances," they had been giving an exhibition of code and cipher signaling. They called it mind-reading.

During the day, at the house of Vance and his wife, the girl, as "Vera, the Medium," furnished to all comers memories of the past or news of the future. In their profession, in all its branches, the man and the girl were past masters. They knew it from the A B C of the dream-book to the post-graduate work of projecting from a cabinet the spirits of the dead.

As the occasion offered and paid best, they were mind-readers, clairvoyants, materializing mediums, test mediums. From them a pack of cards, a crystal globe, the lines of the human hand, held no secrets. They found lost articles, cast horoscopes, gave advice in affairs of the heart, of business and speculation, uttered warnings of journeys over seas, and against a smooth-shaven stranger. They even stooped to foretell earthquakes, or caused to drop fluttering from the ceiling a letter straight from the Himalayas.

Vera had entered the New York home of the Vances from the country town of Geneva, N. Y., and from the first had brought business and money to the precious pair. At 21 years old Vera was "tall, wonderfully graceful, and of the most enchanting loveliness." Many of the men who called on her professionally returned the day following, and each begged the beautiful priestess of the occult to fly with him, to live with him, to marry him.

"When this happened Vera would touch a button, and 'Mannie' O'Day, who admitted visitors, and, later, in the hall searched their hats and umbrellas for initials, came on the run and threw the infatuated one out upon a cold and unfeeling sidewalk."

Before Vera had quite influenced Mr. Hallowell, the plot had attracted the attention of Mr. Winthrop, the District Attorney of New York. Part of the portrait of this young lawyer is supposed to be that of District Attorney Jerome.

When Mr. Winthrop discovers Vera in the act of persuading Mr. Hallowell that she is "calling" the spirit of his sister Catharine, the young District Attorney thinks he has met the girl before; and on page 72 a dramatic scene is enacted where the girl admits that years previously she had been arrested for stealing a cloak, and that Winthrop had been the lawyer who had secured her acquittal. This had been Winthrop's "first case," and he had argued that the girl ought to be set free, because she stole the cloak to get money to take her where she had been promised work.

"And, please, there's the money I owe you, and—and—I thank you—and good-bye," said Vera, running from him towards the door.

"Stop," cried Winthrop, "when can I see you again?"

"You'll be sorry," said the girl.

From this moment, a really pretty and unusual romance follows. Winthrop awakens in Vera's heart the desire to be honest and abandon her life of mummery. Once in calling on Vera he was puzzled at the something which "had filled this unknown, tawdry room with beauty, and given it the happiness of a home."

Pity the book that doesn't have its supreme moment, and that moment comes when Miss Coates publicly denounces Vera as a thief. Away down in Vera's heart deepens the conviction that she really is a priestess and a seer, and, defying Winthrop, she enacts the part of a medium before old Mr. Hallowell. The scene is thrilling. Vera had been tied in the cabinet, in the orthodox way, and was successfully impersonating the spirit of Mrs. Coates, when she breaks down and confesses that she is an impostor. The appeal coming from Winthrop to lead a new life had borne fruit.

And Vera and Winthrop. The end is surprising and of the breathless variety.

My Life and My Lectures. By Lamar Fontaine. Price, $3. The Neale Publishing Company, New York City.

They tell a story of an Irish soldier who gave so much proof of being a fighter, that on his being suspended by a rope connected with a ring in the ceiling, bullets dropped from his body to the floor!

Such a soldier of fortune must have been Lamar Fontaine, ex-Confederate, whose life story reads like pages from the enchanted "Arabian Nights." He was nearly shot to pieces in his various fights, but gives evidence that he is alive to tell the tale. Witty and anecdotal, the story of his wanderings have a charm that instinctively draws you, just as a cheerful fireplace in Winter attracts the tired traveler. What a pity that Fontaine is such a man of blood. His book contains 361 pages, and at the top of each page—except that containing the heading of each chapter—appears the legend: "My Life and My Lectures." There is no chance of getting away from that "my." It pursues you like the glare of a headlight and adds to the general picture of Fontaine's egotism. His experiences uniformly hark back to the personal pronoun "I." He tells little of real patriotism, and writes as one who gloried in being his country's rebel.

But think of the man's career: Born in Texas, in a tent, October 10, 1829, when he was 10 years old he was captured by Comanche Indians, living as one of them for nearly five years. At 15 years of age, he went to sea and got acquainted with China, Egypt, India, Palestine, South America; sailed as far north as the 79th parallel and as far south as the 76th. He crossed the desert of Sahara on camel-back, from Fez to the valley of the Nile, then down the Nile to the Delta; traversed 250 miles of the Great Chinese Wall and explored the Amazon with Lieutenant Herndon and the Holy Land with Lieutenant Lynch; surveyed the Great Andean Plateau from Cuzco to the foot of Lake Titicaca; and was a member of Prince Gortschokoff's Kioski Cossack body-guard in the Siege of Sevastopol, during the Crimean War. In 1861, at the age of 31, he returned to America and enlisted in Company A of the Tenth Mississippi Infantry, and later he belonged to Company K, Eighteenth Mississippi Infantry, and Company I of the Second Virginia Cavalry. He was wounded 67 times and lay in an iron frame, suspended from the ceiling, for 21 days, that his broken bones might knit and heal. And he went on fighting.

Fontaine must have been, according to his book, one of the great sharpshooters of the world. He takes a savage delight in telling of the Federal soldiers at whom he took aim and killed, especially if they were foreign born. On pages 127 and 128, he relates how at Waterloo Bridge, in August 1862, before Generals "Stonewall" Jackson and Robert E. Lee, he shot, and presumably killed, with his rifle 60 Federal soldiers, in less than 60 minutes of time. On page 111 he writes: "Our cavalry shot the hirelings as they would mad dogs, as 90 per cent of them could not speak or understand English." Elsewhere he exhibits this animal desire to kill:

When I came in contact with those vast hordes of foreign hirelings who entered the Federal army during the Confederate war, for gold alone, and not from patriotism or love of country, I felt it a solemn, a God-given duty, a privilege to kill them; and I thanked my Creator that he had given me steady hands and good eyes to hold and direct my missiles of death, for they were only fit to feed the buzzards of our Southland. They had sold their very souls for gold, and I took delight in piling their carcasses in mounds to feed the fowls of the air.

It is not my intention to review Major Fontaine's further adventures throughout the remainder of the Civil War, because that would be telling a well-told tale. Major Fontaine is more interesting as a philosopher, scientist and student. He believes that it was upon this North American shore, at the North Pole, that the first germs of life sprang into existence, and that as the earth cooled, plant and animal life grew and prospered, and followed the cooling earth down toward the equator.

It is suggested that after the creation of fishes, birds and beasts, that man came in the sixth era—man of a low order of intellect, but a shade above the monkey tribe, with the long dolichokepholic heads, prognathus jaws and small brain capacity, dark-skinned and woolly-haired, capable of standing a very hot climate. After them,—Fontaine goes on to say,—in that far Northern region in the eighth era of the Mosaic account, came the later intelligent man, fair-skinned, with mesokephalic head, orthognathus or upright jaws, straight slender bones with duties to perform. And it was into this man created on the eighth day, after the finishing of his work on the seventh, that God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and that man became a living soul.

People lived before Adam and Eve.

"When the blood of Abel cried out for vengeance, God heard the cry and sent Cain a vagabond and wanderer far out into the land of Nod to the eastward of Eden, among these prognathus-jawed and dolichokephalic-headed men and women of the sixth-day creation." Fallen from his high estate, Cain married one or more of these women who gave birth to a miscegenated son, Enoch. Many of this miscegenated race intermarried and begot a new race entirely, this race of half-breeds spreading rapidly over the earth.

Our author, therefore, believes that God created the black and white race, but not the yellow, red, brown and tan; and he advances the idea that the act of miscegenation of the races brought about the destruction of the world, as shown in the Bible, and will surely do so again. He thinks that the mound-builders of America were negroes, and worked under the supervision of white men or white masters, who directed and governed them.

The Book of Fish and Fishing. By Louis Rhead. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

Mr. Rhead, I am told by one competent authority, is one of the best known fishermen in this country, and for over 25 years he has made painstaking studies of the most approved methods to lure fishes, and also of the habits of fishes.

The book under review consists of 306 pages, and is an encyclopedia of facts showing the easiest and best ways, how to catch, where to go to catch fish, and how to get the best sport. Mr. Rhead admits that among game fishes the salmon is supreme, and he pays our Columbia River Salmon a deserved compliment. "It is over 50 years since the 'Jock Scott' and 'silver doctor' salmon flies were invented. Nothing in flies has been made since to equal them," says our author, who, by the way, has drawn liberally on standard authorities for some of his conclusions.

For a frontispiece, the volume is beautified by this quotation from Henry Van Dyke:

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream.

Chinese Fables and Folk Stories. By Mary Hayes Davis and Rev. Chow-Leung. Illustrated. Price, 40 cents. American Book Company, New York City.

These 37 stories of Chinese life and character introduce us to an unsuspected field of fiction, and the translators have cleverly preserved the different phases of Oriental character and habits of thought. Several of the most admired stories are thousands of years old, and reading them in this admrable collection one recognizes here and there old favorites which some people fondly imagine originated in our English tongue. The best story told in the book is "How the Moon Became Beautiful." The interesting illustrations are from drawings by native artists, and the whole is intended for supplementary use in the third and fourth years of school.

The Power Supreme. By Francis C. Nicholas. R. E. Lee Company, Boston.

Tells of primal conditions in the remoter portions of South America, in which political and ecclesiastical conditions are mirrored to the sound of constant turmoil, ending in battle and revolution. A half-breed Indian named Joaquin, who fought in revolutions bordering on the Caribbean Sea from Central America down to Columbia and Venezuela, tells the principal stories. All who like plenty of frenzied acton will find it in this novel.

J. M. QUENTIN.

IN THE LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

The appearance of Professor Walter Dill Scott's "The Psychology of Advertising," announced for June, has been unavoidably delayed until next month.

* * *

Mrs. Deland's "The Awakening of Helena Richie," which was recently dramatized, had a performance June 27 in Sydney, Australia, where the novel has been particularly popular.

* * *

Charles H. Caffin, the dramatic critic and author of "How to Study Pictures," has recently completed "A Child's Guide to Pictures." He is now in England, where he will spend the Summer engaged in writing "The Appreciation of the Drama."

* * *

Of the recent recommendations for the New York State Library for tentative selection of the best books of 1907, it is interesting to note that out of 18 books published by the Baker & Taylor Company, 13 have found their way on this list—an average of 72 per cent of all books published.

* * *

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, the successful short story writer, whose novel of Western life, "Dr. Ellen," is now in its fourth edition, has sailed for Europe, where she intends to spend the Summer traveling in Italy and working on her new novel which will be published this Fall.

* * *

The August Century is the Midsummer holiday number, with 10 short stories, besides new chapters, of increasingly intense interest, of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Red City." Among the contributors to this short-story issue are: David Gray, the "Gallops" man, Irving Bacheller, Charles D. Stewart and Jack London.

* * *

Max Pemberton is a thorough sportsman and a lover of all outdoor pastimes, is an enthusiastic golfer, a famous walker, and more than anything else, he is devoted to motoring. On all matters concerning the motor Mr. Pemberton is authority, and his "Motorist's Notebook," which appears in the London Sphere, is the most popular of his magazine contributions.

* * *

Frederic S. Isham reports from Russia some interesting items suggesting the ever-growing activity in American exports. At a small place near St. Petersburg he heard an American phonograph; at another out-of-the way town an official played the complicated Russian alphabet on an American typewriter. In Moscow shopkeepers ring up kopecs on Yankee-made cash registers.

* * *

Japan has ordered 300 copies of "Life of Japan," by Masuji Miyakawa, author of "Powers of the American People." When it is remembered that this work is written entirely in English and is comparatively expensive ($3 net per copy), it is significant of the culture of the Japanese and his interest in a comparison between American and native institutions that he should require so many copies of this important work.

* * *

"Thou Fool" is the striking title of J. J. Bell's new novel. It is quite different from the author's former successes inasmuch as Wee McGregor was dialect, and "Thou Fool" is a novel of Scotland-English society people. The fool is one Robert Barker, a merchant prince, who conquers everything except the thing he most desires. The story is a strong one and will be published August 10.

* * *

One of the most successful books of poetry of the present year is "The Tides of Spring," by Arthur Upson, which was brought out last Fall in England by Oliver & Boyd, of Edinburgh and London, and in this country by a Boston house. The strange love story of Malcolm, son of Shakespeare's Duncan, and Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling, of Saxon England, is told in delicate, haunting verse.

* * *

Ella Higginson's new book, "Alaska, the Great Country," is announced. One who has read the book writes about it: "Mrs. Higginson has seen Alaska with an eye open to all the impressions of romance and strange beauty that are to be found there. This book is neither a guide-book nor a history, though it might serve either purpose better than some more pretentious works, but rather an unconventional and picturesque description of the country and the life of its people."

* * *

Upton Sinclair's new novel, "The Moneychangers," is announced for Fall publication. Few readers of "The Metropolis" suspected that that book was merely an introduction to a series, a trilogy in fact, which is intended to be an adequate presentation of the contemporary business and social life of New York City. "The Moneychangers" carries on the characters of "The Metropolis" in the development of the main story of the trilogy, a story reaching its climax in the history of the "financial stringency" of 1907.

* * *

A new Tchaikowsky book, called "The Life and Works" of the composer, has been brought out by Rosa Newmarch and Edwin Evans. For people who persist in believing that there was some terrible secret tragedy in the life of Tschaikowsky to account for the melancholy of some of his music, it will be interesting to learn from Mrs. Newmarch that one night the composer's eye "fell on the volumes of his diary, whereat he was assailed by a sudden terror lest he might die with no friends at hand and that some one should pry into these life secrets. Under the influence of this feeling he immediately ordered his fire to be lit and burned every volume before he went to bed."

* * *

A high authority on our language in England, according to the London Book Monthly, has been pointing out that we are getting to be very slovenly talkers, that we do not take the trouble to pronounce our words correctly, and that one reason for this is the dying out of home reading aloud. This writer says that if people want their children to speak well and elegantly, there is no training like reading aloud two or three evenings a week, and that it introduces the children very pleasantly to good books. He ascribes the decadence of reading aloud to the cheapness of books. When books were dearer one volume had to serve for a company, but now each person may have a volume for himself.

* * *

In its issue for this month the Forum magazine goes back to its original form of a monthly publication. For the past six years it has appeared as a quarterly, but the management has decided that, all things considered, the Forum will be able to cover a wider field if it comes out more frequently. In its new form it admits fiction to its pages for the first time in the shape of the first installment, of a serial story by Joseph Conrad. It will be remembered that Frederic Taber Cooper has been for some time the editor of the magazine and those who know of Mr. Cooper's critical activities will not be surprised to know that the criticism of current literature will be an important feature of each issue of the magazine, although politics and other practical affairs will occupy the space heretofore given them in the quarterly.

* * *

"Medieval Architecture," by Arthur Kingsbury Porter—the elaborate work on Gothic—is a rare example of American application to an idea. For six years Mr. Porter, who is a young man, has constantly applied himself to the production of this monumental history of the origin, growth and development of Gothic architecture, making several Asiatic and European trips required by the book since his graduation from Yale and working on his subject daily for years. He has now completed this important work, which, with its bibliography and list of monuments, covers over 500,000 words. There will be upward of 300 illustrations, many of them taken specially for this work. There will be a simultaneous publication of the work in England which will bear the imprint of B. T. Batsford, of London, the well-known publisher of architectural books.

* * *

Dr. Henry van Dyke visited Damascus while he was revising his poetic drama, "The House of Rimmon," so that the color and setting of this striking literary feature of the fiction number of Scribner's are true to the realities. The drama is in four acts, two of which will appear next month and two in September. L. Allen Harker, the author of the "Paul and Fiammetta" stories, will tell in the fiction number the amusing adventure of Paul when he became acquainted with John Hay's "Pike County Ballads" and started out to discover the identity of a "whisky skin." F. Hopkinson Smith has just started on his twenty-first annual sketching trip to Europe, to be gone until December, and he will contribute to this eventful number a story, "Forty Minutes Late," which narrates the disturbing adventures of a lecturer in a desolate New England village in Winter time.

* * *

"The Century of the Child," by Ellen Key, the Swedish writer, has gone through more than 20 German editions, has been published in several European countries, and is to be brought out soon in an English translation. Since Ellen Key severed her connection with the champions of woman's emancipation, 12 years ago, by asserting that the salvation of woman depended upon a nobler conception of her natural mission as wife and mother rather than upon an enlargement of her sphere, she has devoted herself largely to educational questions, and her seriousness and sincerity of ethical purpose have won for her a large and enthusiastic following. Some of her ideas are revolutionary, but in educational questions she shows originality, and her writings make a strong appeal to many people. In the matter of the education of children she is the foe of mechanical methods, and recommends a large liberty in the bringing up of young people.

* * *

Percy F. Megargel, the co-author with Grace Sartwell Mason of the new novel, "The Car and the Lady," is known as one of the most experienced long-distance motor-drivers in America in 1904. He drove a two-cylinder Elmore Pathfinder from New York to St. Louis and return twice in 1905. He drove a six-horsepower Oldsmobile from New York to this city. In 1905-06, he drove the two-cylinder 16-horsepower Reo Mountaineer from New York to this city, down the coast to Los Angeles across the Great Desert of California, Arizona and New Mexico, and back to New York City, crossing the Rocky Mountains in midwinter. Grace S. Mason is a well-known contributor to high-class journals, and this collaboration promises to be most successful. The story is one of active love and business rivalry between an Italian designer and driver of high-grade foreign cars and a young American manufacturer. The conflict is to be decided in favor of the winner of this race from New York to this city, and the competitors put up $50,000 between them. The novel is one of progressive interest and will be issued about the end of this month.

* * *

Mrs. M. D. Frazar, whose "Practical European Guide" is finding so much favor with travelers, tells a story in regard to the estimate of our people by a low-class London crowd:

"It was in 1891 when the German Emperor and his suite, together with other titled persons, were on a visit to Queen Victoria. They were being driven about the city to see its notable points and to enjoy the elaborate decorations. The carriages were, of course, very handsome, the drivers being in livery.

"On this same occasion a large party of wealthy Americans were in London, driving about in the same way, with the same style of carriage and drivers. On a sunny afternoon they were driving down the Strand and turned up toward the Covent Garden Fruit and Flower Market. This is a rendezvous for the hucksters, and all the poor wretched crowds, attracted by a chance to pick up a bit of decayed fruit. A cry was raised that the titled visitors were coming, and in half a minute the carriages were surrounded by the people—not the enthusiastic, courteous crowds of Latin countries, but one in which coarse jokes and criticisms circulated freely, and unpleasant faces were thrust close to those in the carriages.

"One old woman, her eyes blood-shot, and her hair hanging in wisps around her face, pressed nearer and nearer, and took a good careful look.