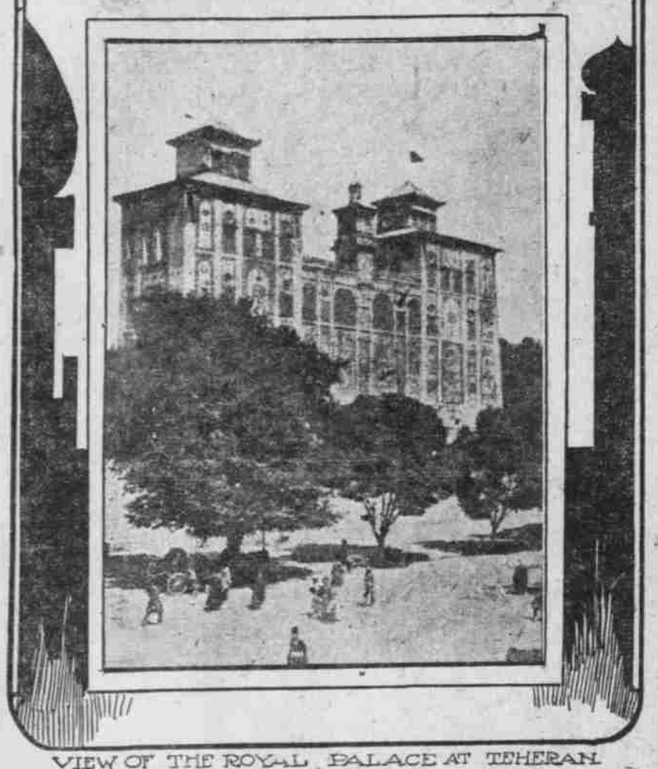
"Delight takes place when one learns something and acquires wisdom in the mind, but pleasure when one eats something or experiences some other agreeable sensation in the body."—PLATO.



VIEW OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT TEHERAN.

Persia: The Awakening East, by W. P. Cresson. Illustrated. $3.50. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Mr. Cresson may be described as a lucky author, for his book had just reached the market when the cables flashed the news that the Shah of Persia with the aid of his Cossack body-guard, had attacked his Parliament and that bloodshed once more flowed in the streets of Teheran.

Immediately there ensued lively curiosity about Persia and the Persians, and Mr. Cresson is abundantly able to supply the demand in his up-to-date book of travels, marked by candor and well arranged information. He particularly gives a concise account of the political conditions surrounding Persia today, and is careful to particularize the diplomatic complications in that country, caused by the rivalries and conflicting interests of Germany, Great Britain, Russia and Turkey.

In his introduction, Mr. Cresson almost apologizes for writing his book, modestly mentioning the recent appearance of Lord Curzon's informing publication "Persia," but the two books are so dissimilar that there is ample room for Mr. Cresson's. He is so authoritative, and has brought his facts down to the present. It is noteworthy that most of the pictures which illustrate his book were taken from photographs supplied by the author's brother, Emlen Vaux Cresson, who accompanied him throughout the trip. The growth of liberalism in Persia is touched upon, a liberalism that has attained marked growth since the Japanese success in the Far East started the cry: "Asia for the Asiatics."

Teheran is spoken of as a city of contrasts.

"In Persian eyes at least," writes Mr. Cresson, "Teheran is a European city. The wide streets and tree-lined avenues of the newer quarter of the town date from the reign of Shah Naar-ed-Din, grandfather of the present Shah, who returned from a visit to Europe fired with the ambition of transforming his capital into an Oriental Paris. But the Persian of the lower classes is a fanatical conservative; the strange madness that drives his rulers to leave the sacred shores of Iran to wander in infidel lands beyond the seas, seems to him wholly foreign and distasteful. And, while the result of Nasr-ed-Din's fondness for the things and ways of Europe are to be seen in Teheran on every hand, the large majority of the citizens cling obstinately to the customs of their forefathers, so that the capital of Persia stands today as a wonderful City of Contrasts, a meeting place of opposing civilizations, where the old and the new stand side by side in bewildering confusion."

Mr. Cresson mentions that he had an interview with the late Shah, in which the latter expressed the hope that foreign capitalists would interest themselves in Persian mines and oil-fields. The Shah added that he wished to visit America, but feared the effect of sea-sickness on himself, saying: "If a voyage of only a few hours across the English Channel could so affect me, how can I hope ever to reach your far-off land, alive?"

In visiting the oil-fields of Bala-Khane, the travelers were under the escort of a sturdy German foreman from the oil-fields of Pennsylvania, and saw a Tatar workman lying prostrate, his face toward Mecca, on a strip of greasy carpet among the idle machinery. The foreman gave his employe a kick, saying:

"Choist look at dese fellows! Ve haf to vatch dem or dey pray de whole d—— time! Vat mid Mohammedan feast days and Russian saints' days ve get no vork done at all. Vat ve need is a cargo of good missionaries to convert de whole d—— lot!"

Count Serge de Witte is spoken of with a good deal of respect as the real "strong man" of Russia, and the latter nation is sympathized with in attempting to fulfill her destiny in seeking an outlet to the sea. Turkey in Persia is described as a necessary evil for the purposes of discipline. The Persian army is almost referred to as a joke, and the statement is made that it has passed through many vicissitudes since the glorious days of the Nadir Shah, and within the last 20 years has probably been "reorganized" oftener than any similar body of troops in the world. "During this time, the Shah's soldiers have known periods of English, French, and Austrian influence, when officers detailed in turn from each of these powers have done their best to undo the work of their predecessors, and to teach the young Persian idea how to shoot, according to their own manual and standards."

The Shah still remains the real head of the Persian government, our author concludes, but some of the old order of things is changing. "The old regime, the viziers in flowing robes and jeweled turbans, who once ruled at the court of Teheran, have long since passed away. Incongruous as it may seem, the Persian officials now follow the fashions of London and Paris, and in the capital of Persia the once despised frock coat of the infidel may even be said to play a political role, for it distinguishes the more progressive members of the court party from the conservative lower classes of the town, who, for the most part, cling to the picturesque apparel of their ancestors."

In the new agitation for reform, it appears, instead of the principal constitutional leaders wearing European clothes, they appear in the flowing robes and white turban of the Mohammedan priesthood. Contrary to what is generally believed, fire-worship ceased to be the National religion of Persia many centuries ago. With few exceptions the Persians of today are Mohammedans of the Shiah sect.

The most romantic word-picture given is that describing the modern Bagdad, the city of the Califs, alas! now given over to decay, and in place of fairy palaces and marble halls of Harun's capital stand white-washed walls of clear brick or tottering ruins. But the soil, it seems, in spite of the apparent barrenness of the region, is marvelously fertile, and in the neighborhood of Bagdad the Arabs are said to raise as many as three and even four crops of wheat in the same year.

Little space is devoted to a description of the sand dunes of what was Babylon. "Rising from the flat desert all about us were huge mounds of sand and debris that covered the palaces and temples of the Assyrian capital, the last traces of one of the greatest cities the world has ever seen. The mother of cities is but a name, a sermon on the vanity of human riches."

Near Kurnia, where the Tigris and Euphrates unite to form a single stream called the Shat-el-Arab, lies the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, but, according to Mr. Cresson, it is anything but a tempting place of residence. "A miserable village of mud huts, a Turkish custom-house, and a few scanty palm trees are the only attractions it offers."

Psychical Research and the Resurrection, by James H. Hyslop. $1.50. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Critics have been unkind enough to suggest that Dr. Hyslop is a joker—so much so that they refuse to take him seriously. They complain that he is "gone" on telepathy and revealed Spiritualism. On the other hand, Dr. Hyslop has lost his temper and has often replied to these attacks with fierce abuse. For instance, on page 129, Dr. Hyslop says: "Primarily, I must say no one is safe from the modern curse of newspaper reporters and editors, who have no respect for any of the courtesies and humanities of life."

Perhaps the wiser way would be to accept Dr. Hyslop as possessing a trained mind but a wandering will, and think of him as being a man who is tremendously in earnest. He is one of the foremost thinkers in this country at the present time along the path of psychical research.

This new book of 409 pages, and divided into one dozen chapters, is written in a pleasantly discoursive spirit, and the ideas are unfolded in everyday language, so much so that what is printed can be readily understood by the general reader. But this discoursive path is a snare, and instead of positive facts being presented in describing a doctrine, various views are given, just the same as an editor or biographer would sample different mental products and say to the reader: "There's the dish. Take your choice." Often Dr. Hyslop does not closely stick to his text and drags in foreign issues.

Of course, Dr. Hyslop again mentions Dr. Richard Hodgson, and Mrs. Piper, the famous medium. One may be permitted to wonder if Dr. Hyslop could be trusted to write one book without mentioning Dr. Hodgeson's or Mrs. Piper's names. Just a hint—that's all.

Speaking of Spiritualism, we are told it is such an incongruous mixture of science and religion that a very rare and elastic mental temperament is required rightly to adjust the balance between seriousness and contempt in the estimation of it. A story is related concerning a Mrs. D. and her little daughter Lettie, who, when one year and nine months old, died from the burning of her cradle, December 2, 1897. At odd times, between August and December, when Mrs. D. had thoughts about her child's future and was planning some little thing for her, she thought she heard a voice say: "She'll never need it." The day before the child died Mrs. D. remarked that Lettie ought to get a new pair of shoes—but again came that inner voice: "She'll never need them."

About a week before the child's death the mother thought she smelled fire at night, but on investigation found no traces of fire, but felt a strange impression to burn all parlor matches, which were of a kind that is easily lighted. But why lengthen the agony? On the eventful morning Mrs. D. went downstairs to her household duties, and on hearing Lettie cry, rushed upstairs, to find that the crib and bedding were on fire and the child so badly burned that she died three hours afterward. It was supposed that the child had accidentally found and was playing with a match when the catastrophe occurred.

Another Mrs. D. story: December 30, 1897, she says that she was resting with her little boy E., when the latter exclaimed: "Mamma, is little Lettie air now? Is she like smoke?" "Why, darling?" "'Cause I just saw her and put my arms around her, and she was like air." Dr. Hyslop adds: "I think that every one would frankly admit that the narrative presents, at least to the ordinary mind, an extraordinary set of coincidences in favor of premonition and spiritism." But this is not all about Mrs. D. About two years ago, and without any piano practice, she found herself playing on a piano automatically, and affirmed that she was wholly unconscious of intending the movements of the fingers or the pieces of music played. This, it seems to me, is not surprising. Why could not this woman have the gift of musical improvisation—such as is possessed by Harold Bauer or Carreno?

Sensational stories are told purporting to be visions of the dying, stories describing waiting friends on the other side. One dead person is mentioned as attending, in the spirit, at a spiritist seance, and sending this message: I was taken up into a cloud and seemed to be part of it. My feeling was that I was being taken by invisible hands into rarified air that was so delightful. I am free from pain, and see my father beyond."

A trance is defined as but a name for an exceedingly fluctuating condition, and that is not exactly the same in different mediums.

In reviewing the Smead case, Dr. Hyslop tells of planchette writing and messages from the planet Mars. In one alleged communication, this conversation is given between the "communicator" and Mr. Smead:

"The people are bigger (on Mars) and there are not so many as on this earth. The people there could talk with the people here if they knew their language, but they do not.

"Do the people in Mars have flesh and blood as we do?

"Yes."

"Do they look like us?"

"Some. The inhabitants are like Indians. They are highly civilized in some things, in fixing water."

"In what way?"

"Making it so that it is easy to get around it."

"How do they do that?"

"They cut great canals from ocean to ocean, and great bodies of water."

Dr. Hyslop insists that one thing the Society for Psychical Research has proved beyond cavil is the fact that apparitions do occur. The last chapter has as its head the title chosen for the book, and the resurrection is discussed for 57 pages pro and con. "It may not be important," writes Dr. Hyslop, "either to believe or deny the story of the resurrection. . . . There are signs enough of social and political upheaval in the dissolution of the older ethical and religious ideals, and it will devolve on a new philosophy to aid in the reconstruction of order."

Borderland Studies, by George M. Gould, M. D. P. Blackiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia.

In 1896 the first volume of these essays, addresses and lectures on literary-medico subjects appeared, and attracted so much favorable notice that their author has been encouraged to issue a second volume. He complains that the teaching recommended in his paper as to a biographic and multiple biographic method of discovering medical truth has been advocated faultily, and without a hint of credit or origin, "by some in high authority."

It is noted that if one glances through the biographies of any 25 great literary workers, a striking difference will be found between the personal lives of perhaps half of the number selected, and the others. Thus, Gladstone, Goethe, Taine, Kant, Mommsen, Gibbon, Zola, Verdi, Agassiz, Fiske, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, etc., leading sedentary and scholarly lives possessed good health, while other men of the same callings and application to literature or science, endured lives of physical suffering. Of this latter class are George Eliot, Huxley, De Quincey, the Carlyles, Parkman, Browning, Wagner, Spencer, Whittier, Margaret Fuller, Leves, Darwin, Nietzsche and others. The complaint is made that the attitude of the world, even of the medical profession, in the presence of disease, has been one of fatalism. Bring a large number of clerical life-histories into comparison and produce a composite photograph of the complete pathologic findings.

After reading the chapter on "Disease and Sin," and learning the burden of physical woe we inherit from our ancestors, it is a wonder that the present generation is not a mass of weaklings, from the inheritance of what may be called the social evil. Dr. Gould presents some remarkable statistics in the way of a cold douche, on this head. He shows by figures on the sin-percentage of deaths, that two blood-diseases that cannot be discussed in the columns of a newspaper, are responsible for the highest number of deaths. Next in order come suicide, homicide, war, famine, pestilence and alcoholism. Tuberculosis comes 15th on the list.

For lay readers, the chapter on "History of the House" giving facts connected with human habitation from the earliest times, is of special interest.

It will perhaps shock the reader of old-time romances which shed rays of glory on brave knights and fair women of the Middle Ages, to be told by Dr. Gould that according to Michelet—for 1000 years of the Middle Ages not a man or woman in Europe, comparatively speaking, took a bath. "More than one female saint is commended," goes on Michelet, "for never having washed even the hands,—how much less the remainder of the body. An instant's nakedness would have been a mortal sin. We may be quite certain that not one of the Percivals, Tristrams, Iseults ever washed. Hence the furious skin-diseases that tortured our 13th century ancestors!"

Dr. Gould makes an eloquent plea for modern sanitation and affirms that the man who says his sole duty is to cure disease, not to bother about sin or society, is a bad physician and a poor citizen. Nature sternly sees to it that whenever sin exists it works itself out, finally, in sickness and death. Naturally, Dr. Gould attacks patent medicines and Christian Science.

The Bishop's Emeralds, by Houghton Towney. W. J. Watt & Co., New York City.

There's tender interest in a new novel, being the first venture of a publishing house just beginning the business, such as this is. "The Bishop's Emeralds" is a story of near-aristocratic English life, filled to the brim and running over with excitement. There isn't a dull page, and like a certain cat—there's always something doing.

Lady Hester, an Irish Lord's daughter, is a woman with a past when she marries a widower clergyman, Rev. Mr. Cardew, afterward Bishop of Ripley. Jack Cardew is the Bishop's son by his first wife. Richard Bannister, an aristocratic idler and gambler, creeps into the Cardews' circle with his daughter Mabel. Bannister's alias is Gordon, and as Mr. Gordon he had, in his youth, married Lady Hester and afterward deserted her. Believing him dead, she had married Rev. Mr. Cardew. A matrimonial mix-up occurs, heightened by the conspiracy of Bannister and his aide, Voss, to steal the Cardew emeralds, the value of one necklace alone being estimated at $100,000.

Most of the characters in the novel play at cross-purposes, and considerable ingenuity is displayed in managing the literary warp and weft.

J. M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

"Down the Rogue River" is the title of a well-written fishing excursion in Southwestern Oregon. The article is finely illustrated and appears in this month's number of Recreation.

* * *

Mrs. Stella M. During whose novel "Disinherited," the Lippincotts issued last year, writes her publishers that she has won the $1000 prize offered by a Western newspaper for the best novel submitted in recent competition. While Mrs. During is well known in England, where a number of her books have been published, she is so far known in America only by "Disinherited," which has, however, been most favorably received here.

* * *

New books received: "The Daughter of Virginia Dare," by Mary Virginia Wall; and "Beyond the Blue-Grass," by George Creswell-Gill, each $1.50 (Neale Pub. Co.). "The Rubber-Neck," by Olivette (Lacroix, Sweet Co., N. Y.).

* * *

That Thomas McKean, the young Philadelphia author, has made much progress in the world of letters in his second novel, "The Master Influence," published this Spring, is evidenced by the many serious and appreciative reviews accorded the book. Mr. McKean is spending the Summer abroad, engaged upon another novel.

* * *

Beatrice Harraden, the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," has a new novel ready for the coming season which will be called "Interplay." It is a love story with intense dramatic situations and a realistic group of characters. The influence of one character upon another and the effect of such influence in the actual happenings are carefully portrayed, and it is from them the title is taken—"Interplay."

* * *

Rex Beach is losing sleep these nights, devising ways to keep himself in the limelight. He recently visited an Alaskan town where one E. H. Hegg runs the best and only bookshop and paints his name and that of his goods on the side of the cabin in big white letters. The author wrote his publishers recently: "Mr. Hegg handles 'The Barrier' in this place and reports a big sale. He has disposed of six already—for cash. That is going some. REX BEACH."

* * *

Miss Edith Macvane, whose clever novel, "The Duchess of Dreams," has just recently been issued, writes her publishers that she is now in Paris, where she expects to reside for some time to come, in connection with certain literary work on which she is engaged. Miss Macvane has spent much of her life in France and is thoroughly familiar with the people and their life—a fact that was commented upon when her first book, "The Adventures of Joujou," appeared two years ago.

* * *

Mrs. Joseph Parker, mother of Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. for Gravesend and Northfleet, London, Eng., died the other day at Belleville, Ontario, after a long illness. Deceased was 74 years of age. Sir Gilbert left Belleville a few weeks ago, after paying a lengthy visit to his mother. Mrs. Parker's husband died eight years ago. Other sons are Lionel and Frederick, of Chicago, and Henry, of Minneapolis. Miss Josephine Parker is the only daughter, and resided at home.

* * *

Baroness Orczy's latest romance, "Beau Brocade," published some months ago, has been dramatized by the author and her husband, Montague Barstow, and had its first presentation at the Coronet Theater, London, June 1. The English edition of the book, although only recently issued, has already sold 24,000 copies, and the third large edition is now selling. The Baroness is a Hungarian, who has lived chiefly in England since her childhood. Her husband is an English artist and dramatist, with whom she has collaborated in all her dramatic work.

* * *

The Lippincotts are issuing new editions of three of their Spring novels: "Marcia Schuyler," by Mrs. Grace Livingston Hill Lutz, which is among the best sellers in a number of cities; "The Blue Lagoon," H. de Vere Stacpoole's unusual tale of the South Seas; and "The Princess Dehra," by John Reed Scott, now a very popular book. Mrs. Lutz is already well advanced upon a new story, and Mr. Scott has just recently settled in a small town in Maryland, where he is mapping out a new novel which he expects to have ready for publication next Spring.

* * *

John T. McIntyre's tale of mystery, "In the Dead of Night," published recently, is to be issued in England later on, somewhat altered for the better appreciation of English readers. In the new version the scenes will be laid in London instead of New York and a few other minor changes will be made. Mr. McIntyre is a striking example of citizenship in the republic of letters won by hard work. He is an absolutely self-taught man, who earned his daily bread for many years as a laborer and night watchman. Heroic efforts have carried him forward by slow degrees, until now his books for boys and men find publishers ready for them.

* * *

Julian Harris, son of Joel Chandler Harris, succeeds his father as editor of Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine, retaining also his original position as general manager. Don R. Marquis, who has already made a National reputation through his editorials, poems and short stories published in the magazine, is to continue as associate editor. The directors of Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine reached these two conclusions, when they met to discuss the death of Joel Chandler Harris and to take new measures looking to the future management of the periodical, of which he was the founder. A circulation of 240,000 copies is claimed at present for the magazine.

* * *

In "Fox Hunting, Past and Present," R. H. Carlisle gives an interesting sketch of a sport which has been followed for many generations in England, and at the present time supports 204 packs of hounds, many of which entail an expenditure of over $50,000 a year. Mr. Carlisle gives four classes of hunting men, thus: "Those who hunt to ride. Those who ride to hunt, and ride hard, see the best of the sport, are the cream of the field and the most permanent members of the community. Then there are those who love hunting, cannot stay away, but hardly ever see a run through—they may jump, but they do not gallop. Lastly, there are those who never jump, and acknowledge they do not intend to do so."

* * *

Dr. George L. Walton's "Why Worry?" is having an unusual sale for a book of its character. Both author and the publishers have received a large number of commendatory letters. Among those who have expressed themselves in praise of Dr. Walton's work and President Eliot, of Harvard University; President Carroll D. Wright, of Clark University, a number of neurologists and general medical men and many private persons who have received helpful suggestions from the book, which deals in a non-technical manner with worry and its allied mental states, its causes, its varieties and its alleviation. "A well-thumbed copy in every household, where there is the slightest inclination to worry, would mean a great addition to the world's present stock of happiness and contentment," says one reviewer.

* * *

Among the additions to biography promised for the Fall by the Houghton Mifflin Company the most important will be the "Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by Ferris Greenslet. This, of course, is to be the authorized biography and it will naturally be based largely upon the poet's letters, which will, it is thought, take a leading place among the best examples of letter-writing in this country. Other biographical studies to come from the same house will include "William McKinley," an addition to the American Statesmen series from the pen of Thomas C. Dawson, who enjoyed the intimate friendship of the late President, and "John Keats," a new biography by Albert E. Hancock, for which the promise is made that it will embody all the information which has been brought to light since the earlier lives of the poet were written. There is, besides, to be an anniversary edition of Alonzo Rothschild's well-known "Lincoln, Master of Men."

* * *

"Aunt Jane of Kentucky" is an extremely popular book with club women. The Kentucky Confederation of Women's clubs recently invited the author, Eliza Calvert Hall, to attend the annual meeting and read "Aunt Jane Goes a-Visiting," while the Lotos Club, of Lakeland, Fla., closed its year with a meeting of the "Mite Society of Goshen Church," adapted from one of the chapters in the book, each member impersonating a character. The Literary Club of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Dallas, Tex., the Ladies' Club of the Unitarian Church, of Jersey City, N. J.; the Literary Club, of Stanford, Ky.; the Current Events Club, of Crawfordsville, Ind.; the Six and Twenty Club, of Wilmington, Ohio; the Book Club, of Lenoir, N. C., have all in various ways "honored" the book and its author. The eleventh edition of "Aunt Jane" is announced.

* * *

Lord Curzon's speech at the unveiling of a portrait medallion of John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) in London the other day suggests that he was not unconscious that too much honor was perhaps being done to that writer. Having asked whether she would have written other and still better books and left an enduring mark on the literary history of her time, he went on: "It is impossible to answer that, but it seemed to be a certain sense of incompleteness about even her best work, which might signify either undeveloped powers or unrealized aspirations." Just before Mrs. Craigie's death she wrote a letter in which she said: 'I have not the smallest wish to marry. If ever were I a widow tomorrow (she had, it will be remembered, obtained a divorce from her husband), there is nothing now in my habits—marriage which calls me. If I had an illusion or two it might be different."

* * *

The writers who contribute the August batch of short stories to Putnam's and The Reader do not appear to agree with each other in their outlook upon life. Mrs. Hugh Fraser, for instance, presents "The Heart of a Geisha" as a very much more serious matter than it looks to the average story-writer or librettist; and Elliott Flower sees nothing to laugh at in "An Error of Judgment" by which an insurance adjuster lost an important case for his company. On the other hand, Anne Warner, in retailing the adventures of an American artist in an old French inn, in a story called "All Cats Look Black at Night," sees chiefly the absurdity of her hero's ill-founded fears; and Albert Kinross, in describing the provincial courtship of a London "city" man, makes ridiculous the narrow-mindedness and egotism of his hero, though without once laughing at him.

* * *

I had the pleasure of seeing Mark Twain's country house at Redding, Connecticut, a few weeks ago. "Innocence at Home," as he calls it, was not finished, though the paper was on the walls and the water was running in the pipes, says "Lounger" in Putnam's and the Reader. There was, however, only one piece of furniture in the house, and that was a billiard table. Every one who knows Mr. Clemens knows that he has two ingrained habits—smoking and billiard-playing. Some of his friends think that he smokes to excess, but, as he pointed out to them, he never smokes more than one cigar at a time. The Redding house is very attractive. It is large—almost large enough for a hotel; and it overlooks a lovely wooded valley. It might have been placed further up the hill to advantage, for now, while it gets the sunrise, a hill in front of the house cuts off the sunset view, and also the Summer breezes from the south and west. The dining-room—the most imposing room in the house—opens out through French windows upon a tiled terrace which, in turn, gives upon the wooded hills and a pergula running down to a large summer-house. Almost every bedroom has its own bathroom, and, to add the last touch of comfort, the house will be lighted with acetylene.

Since this paragraph was put into type, Mr. Clemens has moved into his new home, which (true to his word) he did not see until it was ready for occupancy, and the cat purring on the hearth. He is, I am glad to say, delighted with it.

* * *

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans' own story of the American Navy begins in the October number of the Broadway magazine. "Fighting Bob" is going to tell in his own forceful way the story of the trip around the Horn, why it was undertaken, and his experiences as representative commander of our Navy in all parts of the world. He will describe the life of the men behind the guns, discuss the questions of armor and armament, and discuss them authoritatively. He will touch upon the questions of enlistment, explain the Navy as a trade and as a profession, and cover all the questions of naval militia, training of our officers at Annapolis, etc. The Admiral was on the Pacific Ocean at the time when war between Russia and Japan was brewing. There must be a deal of inside history during those months which has never been told, but which is now going to be laid bare, it is said, with the frankness for which Admiral Evans is noted.

* * *

A mania to erect statues of Charles Dickens is active both in this country and England. Henry Fielding Dickens, a son of the novelist, objects to this statue business and calls attention to a clause in his father's will, which reads thus:

"I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my countrymen upon my published works and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto."

To the plea that the burial of Dickens in Westminster Abbey was a departure from the novelist's own wishes, the reply is: "The burial in Westminster Abbey bears no analogy to the present case. The question never arose until after my father's death. No possible interment in the Abbey had not, so far as I know, presented itself to his mind. Consequently, he left no injunction or wish on the subject which could prevent the family from submitting to the will of the nation, which must naturally overshadow their own personal wishes or inclinations."

* * *

Nationality in literature, so far as preference goes, is an important factor. Not very long ago four young men were arguing about which novel should be adjudged the greatest in the world and these young men, mark you, represented America, England, Ireland and Scotland. The ballot that was afterward held disclosed this remarkable decision: Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Dickens' "David Copperfield," or "Nicholas Nickleby," Lover's "Handy Andy," and Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe."

UNLIKE OURS ARE JAPANESE SUMMER GIRLS

THEY KNOW NOTHING OF THE ATHLETIC BUOYANT ENJOYMENT OF THEIR AMERICAN SISTERS BUT LEAD DREAMY LIVES

AN AMERICAN SUMMER GIRL OUT FOR A STROLL

IN THE GARDEN. MANY HOURS OF THE JAPANESE SUMMER GIRL'S DAY ARE SPENT AMONG HER FLOWERS

COMPARING THE ARTISTIC MERITS OF THEIR FANS.

JAPANESE women who visit the United States during the warm months of the year find themselves baffled by one phase of our life.

They cannot understand the American Summer girl.

In every respect she differs so completely from the girl of their own Orient; her pleasures are so far removed, her costume so different, that they never can get over the riddle.

The American Summer girl is a sportswoman par excellence. She likes to swim, ride, play golf, tennis, sail a boat, and hunt. She lives in the open. The deadly blaze of Summer's sun has no effect on her. She accepts the sunburn with the same amusement that she defies the heat which attends it. Her one ambition is to be perpetually and eternally busy.

In the Winter she may give herself over to the gentler things of life, and read and study. But for her Summer is the hoyden's holiday, the great open air picnic when she can go back to girlhood again, and rejoice in the possession of muscles, a good circulation and the enthusiasm to get the benefit of both.

No wonder the Japanese girl marvels. Her own life is the exact antipodes.

With her Summertime is a season for rest, for reflection. It is also a time to get close to nature, to study the flowers and the fields.

Unknown to her is the yachting dress, the golfing skirt, the tennis make-up, the heavy veil of the automobilist, the bathing suit, designed to give free play to the muscles. It is no hardship to have to forego the American girl's style of dressing in the Orient, for the Japanese woman, though willing to adopt desirable ideals from the Occident, has decided that the dress of the Far West does not become her.

The native dress lends grace and dignity to the wearer; the modes of the New World put the sweetest girl of Japan at a disadvantage. Therefore the Japanese Summer girl clings loyally to the costume sanctioned by tradition, and is like a feathery whiff from a screen or fan.

To see her is to get the impression of dainty hands, nose, eyes, mouth, ears and chin, of gorgeous eyes, a brilliant silken sash and a long single garment open at the throat.

Silent, pattering noiselessly from place to place, this charming bit of femininity looks more like the vision of April, of Springtime, than of Summer, just as her more masculine sister of the Far West seems to exhale the very breath of Summer in the buoyant spirits she throws into her play.

In gardens surrounded, often by samurai, in the more ancient parts of the Japanese realm, or by soldiers and policemen in the more modern sections, the daughter of Japan spends her Summer in study and contemplation.

She gives herself up to her studies, because it is too warm to move about physically, and she interests herself in the flowers because nature, being at the very apex of its opulent beauty, seems to send out an invitation through the scent of the blooms and the eye-winning beauty of their petals.

There is much to see in these quaint Japanese gardens with their curious dwarfed trees, their wonderful little miniature landscapes, where the groupings are so skillful that a sprig of fern suggests a towering monarch of the forest, and a piece of rock no bigger than an ordinary paving block is magnified by the imagination into a mighty mountain. There are picturesque little dells and lakes, cascades and waterfalls.

Around these a typical Japanese girl can spend whole happy days. She has no need of company. The singing of the birds, the musical tinkling of the water, the perfume of the flowers and the beauty of the plants are enough.

Her studies take up a large part of her day. Before little writing tables, not more than 12 inches high, she and her companions squat on small padded mats, while some old Samurai explains the intricacies of one of the most difficult of languages.

This squatting position has become natural to the Japanese race, and by constant attention to her postures the Japanese girl has managed to make herself appear more than graceful in a position that would be most difficult for women of any other race. In fact, the American Summer girl, though there is little that is beyond her, would find it a task to look pretty while crouched in front of one of these low desks. Moreover, the Occidental notions of clothing do not accommodate themselves to this kind of posturing.

The inevitable tea takes up a large part of the attention of the Japanese Summer girl.

Some visitor to the land of the Mikado has said that a sojourn there is simply measured by the passing from one tea time to another.

The Kentucky colonel who explained that he drank whisky to keep warm in the Winter and to cool off in the Summer has his loyalty to the rye matched by the Jap's partiality to his tea. And it is served with no end of ceremony. She who presides over the teapot esteems it a rare honor, and when the tea is poured she must needs go the very limit of courtesies.

* * *

Not all of this Summer tea drinking is done at home. With her sex in all parts of the world the little Japanese lady is a great gossip. She likes to hear all the news of the city. For this purpose she has recourse to the tea house. Here the best red blanket of the establishment set out on the matted platforms serve for both seat and table. Carriages and jinrikishas roll by. There are picnic parties among the trees, for this amusement is as deeply loved in the land of the Mikado as in the country of the strenuous Teddy.

Only in Japan instead of the chicken or the ham sandwich that is the proper caper the picnickers find that nothing is more edible than a rice sandwich, and it has the further advantage of not being heating to the blood.

The samisen of the geisha adds its melody to the time of Summer, but the Western idea that the laxity of the geisha is permitted to extend to other women is absurdly far from the truth. The daughter of the better class is taught that she must never have conversation with the geisha, that there is an immeasurable barrier between.

* * *

On many of the rivers are gaily roofed boats, in which the families of the quality make their homes. But the Japanese girl does not take advantage of her proximity to the water to do any open air bathing. That she would deem the last word in offensive impropriety. Yet she has frequent contact with water, this dainty, fragrant creature, who looks more like the artificial creation of a poet's fancy than a flesh and blood woman, for she is exquisitely clean.

Only when her natural indolence of Summer time is brought into conflict with her fixed sense of the duties of hospitality does the daughter of Japan become active.

Perhaps a guest desires to see a dance, for instance some such characteristically beautiful exercise as the "Dance of the Maple."

Then Milady of Japan will put aside her languor and entertain for the pleasure of the honored guests.

Barring this dance, the nearest that the Summer girl of the Orient comes to taking exercise is in her long and continuous walks.

A bevy of charming young girls can often be seen in the gardens and parks, their faces shielded from the sun by parasols of many colors, carrying the coquettish fan which the bud of the Orient knows so well how to use, and wearing the brilliant colors that fit so perfectly with the evenly marked landscape.

Religious duties, the study of music and the writing of letters complete the important features of the prosaic life of the Summer girl of the island kingdom.