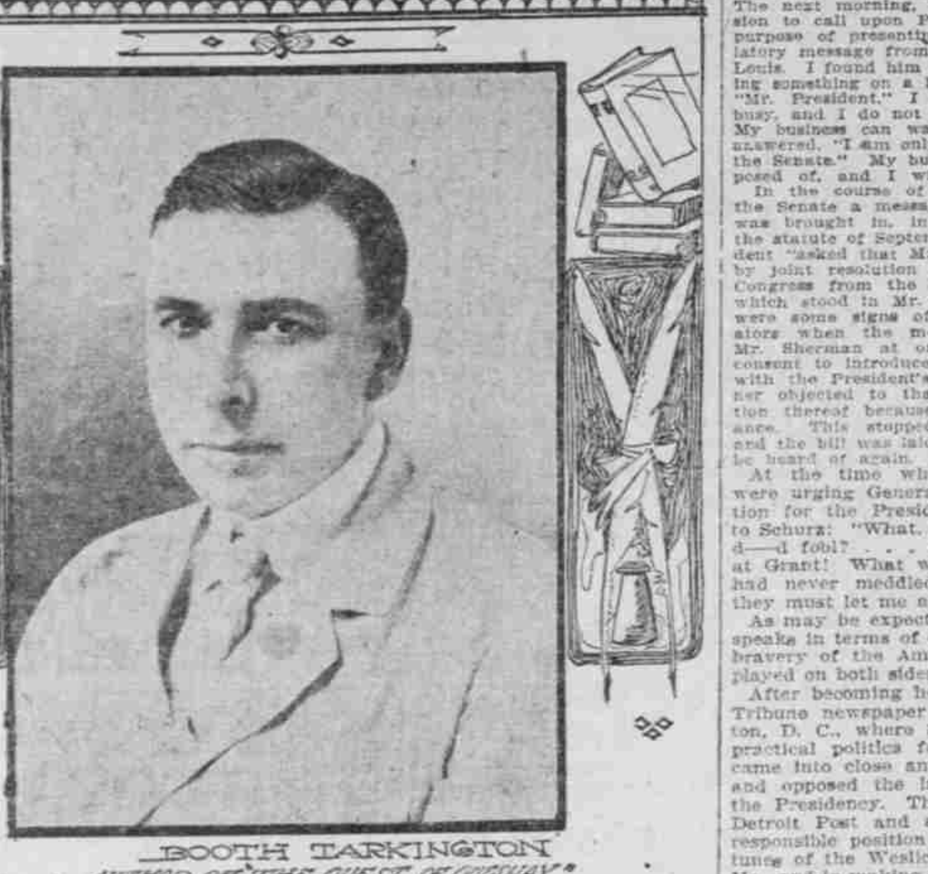
No life can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.—Owen Meredith.



BOOTH TARKINGTON
AUTHOR OF "THE GUEST OF QUESNAY"

The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz. Volume three. Illustrated. The McClure Company, New York City, and The J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

The Oregonian has already reviewed the first and second volumes of the reminiscences of Carl Schurz, German political refugee, orator, soldier, United States Senator, newspaper editor and publisher. This the third and concluding volume of the series contains General Schurz' memoirs from 1863 to six years later, when death stilled his busy hand, and his personal book-making stopped. But the account goes on, a sketch of his life and public services from 1869 to 1906—the latter the year of his death—being contributed by Frederic Bancroft and Professor William A. Dunning, of Columbia University.

These central thoughts of Schurz's pervade the volume: His near-dislike of General and afterward President Grant; defiance of party political ties; ill-concealed doubt and almost dislike of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt; and violent distaste for the American expansion idea, grown so popular since the days of the Spanish-American War. Yet the book is a brilliant picture of our history, contains important information that one doesn't meet with in ordinary channels, and is the fearless record of a born fighter.

Gettysburg opens the book, and in describing a phase of the third day's fight, General Schurz remarks:

That the battle should have come to a short stop would have surprised nobody. But when that stop lengthened from minute to minute, from half-hour to half-hour, and when it settled down into a tranquillity like the peaceful and languid repose of a warm mid-Summer morning, in which one might expect to hear the ringing of the village church bells, there was something ominous, something uncanny, in these strange, unexpected hours of profound silence so sharply contrasting with the bloody horrors which had preceded and which were sure to follow. Even the light-hearted soldiers who would ordinarily never lose an opportunity for some outbreak of an hilarious mood, even in a short moment of respite in a fight, seemed to feel the oppression. Some sat silently on the ground munching their hardtack, while others stretched themselves out seeking sleep, which they probably would have found more readily had the cannon been thundering at a distance. The officers stood together in little groups, discussing, with evident concern, what this long-continued calm might mean. Could it be that Lee, whose artillery in long rows of batteries had been silently frowning at us all the morning, had given up his intention to make another great attack? If not, why had he not begun at an earlier hour, which unquestionably would have been more advantageous to him? Suddenly the riddle was solved. About 1 o'clock the long hush was broken by the booming of two guns fired in rapid succession on the enemy's right, where Longstreet's corps stood. At once this signal was answered by all the batteries of the Confederate Army, about 130 cannon, that could be brought to bear upon Cemetery Hill and the ridge joining it to the Round Tops. Instantly about 80 pieces of our artillery—as many as could be usefully posted in our line facing west and northwest—took up the challenge and one of the grandest artillery duels in the history of wars followed. All that I had ever read in battle stories of the booming of heavy guns outthundering the thunders of heaven and making the earth tremble, and almost stopping one's breath by the concussions of the air—was here made real, in terrific effect.

A graphic word picture showing a record of conversation between President Lincoln and Schurz, at the time when the opposition to Lincoln's second nomination to the Presidency became manifest:

Lincoln spoke as if he felt a pressing need to ease his heart by giving voice to the sorrowful thoughts distressing him. He would not complain of the fearful burden of care and responsibility put upon his shoulders. Nobody knew the weight of that burden save himself. But was it necessary, was it generous, was it right, to impeach even the rectitude of his motives? "They urge me with almost violent language," he said, "to withdraw from the contest, although I have been unanimously nominated, in order to make room for a better man. I wish I could. Perhaps some other man might do this business better than I. That is possible. I do not deny it. But I am here, and the better man is not here. And if I should step aside to make room for him, it is not at all sure—perhaps not even probable—that he would get here. It would be much more likely that the factions opposed to me would fall to fighting among themselves, and that those who want me to make room for a better man would get a man whom most of them would not want at all. My withdrawal, therefore, might, and probably would, bring on a confusion worse confounded. God knows, I have at least tried very hard to do my duty—to do right to everybody and wrong to nobody. And now to have it said by men who have been my friends and who ought to know better that I have been seduced by what they call the lust of power, and that I have been doing this and that unscrupulous thing, hurtful to the common cause, only to keep myself in office! Have they thought of that common cause when trying to break me down? I hope they have."

So he went on, as if speaking to himself, now pausing for a second, then uttering a sentence or two with vehement emphasis. Meanwhile, the dusk of evening had set in, and when the room was lighted I thought I saw his sad eyes moist and his rugged features working strangely as if under a very strong and painful emotion. . . . When I took my leave that night he was in a calm mood, indulged himself in a few humorous remarks, shook my hand heartily, and said: "Well, things might look better, and they might look worse. Go in, and let us all do the best we can."

As for Grant: "Nothing of the fuss-and-feathers style, nothing of the stage picture of the General about him." But read further on:

In the opinion of many competent persons, Sherman was the ablest commander of them all. I remember a remarkable utterance of his when we were speaking of Grant's campaign. "There was a difference," Sherman said, "between Grant's and my way of looking at things. Grant never cared a d— what was going on behind the enemy's lines, but it often scared me like the devil." He admitted, and justly so, that some of Grant's successes were owing to this very fact, but also some of his most conspicuous failures. Grant believed in hammering—Sherman in maneuvering. It had been the habit of Generals commanding the Army of the Potomac to cross the Rappahannock, to get their drubbing from Lee, and then promptly to retreat and recross the Rappahannock again. Grant crossed the Rappahannock, got his drubbing from Lee, but did not recross the Rappahannock again in retreat. He sturdily went on, hammering and hammering, and, with his vastly superior resources, finally hammered Lee's army to pieces, but with a most dreadful sacrifice of life on his own part. Now, comparing Grant's campaign for the taking of Richmond with Sherman's campaign for the taking of Atlanta—without losing sight of any of the differences of their respective situations—we may well arrive at the conclusion that Sherman was the superior strategist and the greater General.

Schurz's contrast of Presidents Lincoln and Andrew Johnson:

If Andrew Johnson had possessed only a little of Abraham Lincoln's sweet temper, generous tolerance and patient tact in the treatment of opponents, he might at least have prevented the conflict of opinions from degenerating into an angry and vicious personal brawl. But the brawl was Johnson's congenial atmosphere. I have always been, and am now, of the opinion that had Lincoln lived, there might indeed have been animated controversies about the matter of reconstruction, but these controversies would never have drowned the voice of calm reason by the clamor of passion. The North would always have believed that Abraham Lincoln would do or advise nothing apt to impair or endanger the freedom and rights of the emancipated slave and the security of the Union men. The South would always have believed that he never would do anything from motives of enmity or vindictiveness, to inflict unnecessary suffering or humiliation upon his vanquished countrymen. He would thus have been met with universal confidence and good will on the part of the people of both sections.

In speaking of some of the warring troubles experienced by General Grant in changing his mental makeup from successful Union commander in the field to President of the United States:

The cloak-room of the Senate where Senators amused one another with the gossip of the day, continued to buzz with anecdotes about President Grant's curious notions of the nature and functions of civil government. One of these anecdotes, told by a Senator who was considered one of the best lawyers in the body and one of the most jealous of the character of his profession, was particularly significant. He heard a rumor that President Grant was about to remove a Federal Judge in one of the territories of the United States. The Senator happened to know that Judge as a lawyer of excellent ability and uncommon fitness for the bench, and he went to the President to remonstrate against so extreme a measure as the removal of a Judge unless there were cogent reasons for it connected with the administration of the office. President Grant admitted that, as far as he knew, there was no allegation of the unfitness of the judge, but he added: "the Governor of the Territory writes me that he cannot get along with that Judge at all, and is very anxious to be rid of him; and I think the Governor is entitled to have control of his staff." The Senator closed his story by saying that he found it to be a delicate as well as a difficult job to make the great General in the chair of the President of the United States understand how different the relations between a Territorial Governor and a Federal Judge were from those between a military commander and his staff officers. The anecdote was received by the listeners with a laugh, but the mirth was not far from head-shaking apprehension. However, there being sincere and perfect good will on both sides, things went on pleasantly in the expectation that the military hero at the head of the Government would learn what he needed to know and that the men in political places of power would treat him with due consideration and fairness.

It was not unnatural that in the absolute absence of political experience President Grant should not only have had much to learn concerning the nature and conduct of civil government, but that he should also have had much to unlearn of the mental habits and the ways of thinking he had acquired in the exercise of large—indeed almost unlimited—military command. This was strikingly illustrated by some remarkable incidents.

As usual, the nominations made by the President for Cabinet offices were promptly ratified by the Senate without being referred to any committee. But after this had been done it was remembered and reported to President Grant that one of the nominees so confirmed, A. T. Stewart, of New York, whom President Grant had selected for the Secretary of the Treasury as a person engaged in commerce, was disqualified by one of the oldest laws on the statute books—in fact, the act of September 2, 1789, establishing the Treasury Department. That this law, which provided that the Treasury Department, having the administration of the custom houses under its control, should not have at its head a merchant or importer in active business, was an entirely proper—indeed, a necessary—one, had never been questioned. The next morning, March 6, I had occasion to call upon President Grant for the purpose of presenting to him a congratulatory message from certain citizens of St. Louis. I found him alone, engaged in writing something on a half-sheet of note paper. "Mr. President," I said, "I see you are busy, and I do not wish to interrupt you. My business can wait." "Never mind," he answered, "I am only writing a message to the Senate." My business was quickly disposed of, and I withdrew.

In the course of that day's session of the Senate a message from the President was brought in, in which, after quoting the statute of September 2, 1789, the President "asked that Mr. Stewart be exempted by joint resolution of the two Houses of Congress from the operation" of the law which stood in Mr. Stewart's way. There were some signs of surprise among Senators when the message was read, and Mr. Sherman at once "asked unanimous consent to introduce a bill" in accordance with the President's wish. But Mr. Sumner objected to the immediate consideration thereof because of its great importance. This stopped further proceedings, and the bill was laid on the table never to be heard of again.

At the time when some newspapers were urging General Sherman's nomination for the Presidency, that hero said to Schurz: "What, do they think I am, a d—d fool? . . . Look at Grant! Look at Grant! What wouldn't he give if he had never meddled with politics! No, they must let me alone."

As may be expected, Schurz constantly speaks in terms of commendation for the bravery of the American volunteer, displayed on both sides in our Civil War.

After becoming head of the New York Tribune newspaper bureau at Washington, D. C., where Schurz really learned practical politics for the first time, he came into close antagonism with Blaine and opposed the latter's nomination to the Presidency. Then Schurz edited the Detroit Post and afterward accepted a responsible position in directing the fortunes of the Westliche Post of St. Louis, Mo., and in making a plea for newspapers not printed in English, says:

It is argued that the existence of the German newspaper is apt to render the German immigrant less sensible to the necessity of learning English. It is not the existence of German newspapers that will keep them from reading English newspapers, but it is their inability to read English. German immigrants of education will read English newspapers, but many of them will read German newspapers, too, because they find in them things of interest which the English papers do not give them. The young people, as a rule, learn English very quickly and in many instances turn to English journals for their daily reading. On the whole it may be said that the German newspapers rank with the English papers of the same class, according to their environments and their financial resources. Their tone is throughout clean and wholesome. The sensational "yellow" class is almost wholly unknown among them.

I do not follow Schurz into his after-career as statesman and diplomatist, because that story is too well known. Dying May 14, 1906, it is to be believed that Liberal-Republican as he called himself, Schurz lived to regret many of his fears with regard to the stability of this Republic, and that he must have counted as wasted the futile efforts he made in the political arena to help the fortunes of Bryan and Parker.

Schurz' farewell to his loved one's was in contrast to the life of this stormy petrel: "It is so simple to die."

Out of the Dump, by Mary E. Marcy. 50 cents. Illustrated. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

What a non-euphonious name for a rugged study in sociology!

Mrs. Marcy is associate editor of the International Socialist Review and recently gained prominence for the originality and boldness of view she displayed in her "Letters From a Porkpacker's Stenographer." Mrs. Marcy acquired the information she printed while working as a stenographer for the Armour Company at Kansas City, Mo., and she was afterward one of the star witnesses summoned by the United States Government to appear against the beef trust. Afterward she became interested in the Bureau of Charities work in Chicago, and in magazine work. Then, among others, she heard the call of Socialism.

In this story of 123 pages, Mrs. Marcy has pictured the woes of the Piper family, in a large American city, probably Chicago, and trouble starts when Mr. Piper, the breadwinner and head of the family, sustains an injury at his place of employment and through the negligence of his employers, by which he speedily dies, leaving his widow and young children in want. They beg on the streets until organized charity interferes and assumes the care of the waifs, taking them from the den called the "Dump," which they miscalled home. One of the daughters, Miss Piper, tells the story, and is particularly perturbed when her brother, Bob, is arrested, charged with disposing of stolen property and is sentenced to serve one year at the House of Correction. A rich young man, a Mr. Lee, who was rich because of inherited wealth, comes into the tale and a romance springs up between him and the friendless girl, who by this time is employed in charity organization work.

These paragraphs show the general socialistic style of the book:

It's a crime to be without work and often we can't get work. It's a crime to beg (ask the charity workers, and they'll tell you how true this is) and it's painful to starve. Every poor man will say that honesty and poverty can't go very far hand-in-hand because they starve to death, and poverty and dishonesty don't go far either, because they land in jail. . . . The capitalists love a moral working man. He is patriotic. He will fight then for his country. All that the kings of industry have to do when their warehouses are crammed to the bursting point is to pick a quarrel with one of the little countries. Somebody insults the flag. The dear, old flag! And the moral, patriotic man is up in arms in a moment, ready to shoot the little Cuban or Mexican or Venezuelan in to the eternal darkness, or to be himself shot. And so the beef trust gets a new market and the cotton trust another lease on life.

This is a burning tale of the lowest strata of poor people as they really are. Crude, but interesting and unspoiled by the advent of a fairy prince who had only to wave his wand, and lo, privation and hunger vanish.

The Guest of Quesnay, by Booth Tarkington. Illustrated. The McClure Company, New York City.

It is often the case that up-to-date publishers on the momentous occasion when an already celebrated author gives to the world a new book, announce that the said book is the greatest, the best star in that author's sky of created fiction. Now, Mr. Tarkington's story of French-Normandy, told in "The Guest of Quesnay," has already been acclaimed as the author's best, but while gladly bearing testimony to the fact that it is a cleverly written, entertaining story, I think that it does not reach the sublime pinnacle of artistic excellence reached in "Monsieur Beaucaire." The latter is one of the really great novels of a generation.

"The Guest of Quesnay" tells the story of a modern reincarnation. Of course nearly all the scenes are laid in France, in conformity with the latter custom of this French-American author, Booth Tarkington, who seems disposed to forget for the time being that he is an American. He was born at Indianapolis, Ind., July 29, 1869.

A modest artist tells the tale, and on the stage of action there rushes a white auto containing Larabee Harman, dissipated, a moral leper, one of the idle rich and his companion, a Spanish dancer, La Bella Mariana la Mersiana, a member of the vicious set. It was vaguely understood that Harman's American wife had secured a divorce from him, and that the had afterward married the dashing Mariana. At this period, the relator and Harman really live the lives of expatriated Americans, though they don't know it, and the relator thus muses:

I have lived in Paris so long that I am afraid to go home; I have too little to show for my years of pottering with paint and canvas, and I have grown timid about all the changes that have crept in at home. I do not know the "new men," I do not know how they would use me, and fear they might make no place for me: and so I fit myself more closely into the little groove I have worn for myself, and resign myself to stay. But I am no "expatriate." I know there is a feeling at home against us who remain over here to do our work, but in most instances it is a prejudice which springs from misunderstanding. I think the quality of patriotism in those of us who "didn't go home in time" is almost pathetically deep and real and, like many another oldish fellow in my position, I try to keep as close to things at home as I can. All of my friends gradually ceased to write to me, but I still take home newspapers, trying to follow the people I knew and the things that happen.

As for the rich sot, Harman, whatever his features might once have shown of honor and good looks, these had become a blurred distortion. "The lids of one eye were discolored and swollen almost together; other traces of a recent battering were not lacking, nor was cosmetice evidence of a heroic struggle, on the part of some valet of infinite pains, to efface them. The nose lost outline in the discolorations of the puffed cheeks; the chin, tufted with a small imperial, trembled beneath a sagging, gray lip. And that this bruised and dissipated mass should suffer the final grotesque touch, it was decorated with the moustache of a coquettish marquis, the ends waxed and exquisitely elevated."

Mariana, at least, was "thoroughly alive, bold, predatory and in spite of the gross embonpoint that threatened her, still savagely graceful. Her lips were splashed a startling carmine, the eyelids painted blue, and from between lashes gummed into little spikes of blacking, she favored her companion with a glance of carelessly simulated tenderness—a look all too vividly suggesting the ghastly calculations of a cook wheedling a chicken nearer the kitchen door."

As Harman and his Mariana force their auto in mad career over a Paris road, the auto collides with a cart, and Harman is picked up dangerously injured about the head, while Mariana suffers the breaking of one of her legs.

"That imbecile. If he has let me break my leg. A pretty dancer I should be. I hope he is killed," moans Mariana. Harman is taken in an unconscious condition to a hospital, where he remains for a long time.

Here a veil falls, and when it is lifted we find ourselves in the pleasant country estate of Quesnay, Normandy, where we make the acquaintance of Professor Keredec and his pupil, Oliver Saffren. The latter is a young man who has lost not only his memory, but memories, and Keredec is devoting himself to the young man's education. Saffren manfully struggles with his algebra, and appears to be a new man cleansed of his vices, and possessed of a new heart and loving only the good. Of course, the watchful reader by this time has guessed that Saffren is the reincarnation of Larabee Harman, the roue.

Mrs. Harman, Larabee's wife, comes on the scene, and it appears that the divorce proceedings she had started were afterward withdrawn. Under an assumed name, she, as a stranger, meets her husband, and he again makes love to her. Bad Angel Mariana next discovers him and also tries to make him love her as she wants his money, but he has no remembrance of ever having met her before—a very convenient method of disposing of a surplus wife.

Technically, Harman has committed bigamy, but he isn't punished for his forgetfulness of the law in such matters, and the inference is given that he escapes scot-free to America, where he lives with the real Mrs. Harman. Tarkington takes a sly slap at America by making one of the buffon-comedians an objectionable Bowery tough, Carl Percy, or, as the latter calls himself, "Oil Policy."

Mr. Tarkington's plot although ingenious is not new, having already been principally used in Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Right of Way."

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

NEW PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

General Vicente Gomez.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—(Special.)—General Vicente Gomez is the successor of Castro as President of Venezuela. He was Vice-President under Castro and was supposed to be a friend of the President. This has caused a great many persons to doubt his good faith in the matter of the revolution. No doubt a revolution was due in Venezuela. Castro saw this and the suspicion is that he arranged with Gomez to carry it out in his absence with the least possible inconvenience to the friends of Castro. A few of Castro's portraits burned in the public square is almost the extent of the damage done up to the present time.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

The first of the many Harvard clubs to order a copy of President Eliot's new book, "University Administration," was the Harvard Club of Hawaii.

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"The Romance of American Expansion," by H. Addington Bruce, which has been appearing serially in the Outlook, will be published very soon in book form.

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Mrs. Humphrey Ward is the serial contributor for 1909 to McClure's Magazine. Her latest novel, "Marriage a la Mode," begins its course in the current number.

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"The Woman of Corinth," is announced, a narrative poem by Hermann Hagedorn, who came into no little prominence on his graduation from Harvard in 1907 by his class poem, "A Troop of the Guard."

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"The Mystery of Golf," by Arnold Haultain, in a special limited edition, was largely taken up in advance of publication. Among the prominent subscribers is John D. Rockefeller, who sent in an early order for two copies.

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Enos A. Mills, who is known throughout the country as the Government Lecturer on Forestry, finds large audiences who are eager to hear his talks on trees. Mr. Mills is to publish a book next Spring on "Wild Life in the Rockies."

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Professor David Todd, the Amherst College astronomer, who has just been elected to honorary membership in the Peruvian Geographical Society, is said to be writing a book on Mars, based in considerable part upon his experiences and observations during his recent residence in the high Andes.

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A singular use has been found for John Graham Brook's "As Others See Us," by a professor of philosophy in one of the large universities. He has adopted the work as a textbook for a class in ethics, because it shows the contrast between ethical ideas in the United States and in Europe. Not every class in philosophy is lucky enough to have so entertaining a text book.

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Readers of "Rose MacLeod" will be glad to know that Miss Alice Brown has ready a new novel, which will be published in the early Spring.

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The Macmillan Company has just issued the 11th edition of Robert Herrick's "Together," which has been for some months one of the most widely- read books in the United States. Among the other Macmillan novels of the year which have been often reprinted are "Mr. Crewe's Career," by Winston Churchill, seventh edition; "The Heart of a Child," by Frank Danby, 10th edition; "The Open Window," by Barbara, fourth edition; and "Over Bemerton's," by E. V. Lucas, third edition.

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When Miss Grace Donworth, author of the droll and delightful "Letters of Jennie Allen," informed recently one of her friends that she was going to have a new picture taken, the friend, being candid, quoted Jennie to the effect that "if you could see her, you would know that it was the werst thing she could do"—a witticism which is open to the Boston Herald's objection: "In this case, however, the wisdom of Jennie failed, for surely much of Miss Donworth's winning personality is reflected in her portrait."

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Hamlin Garland and Holman Day, authors belonging out West and down East, respectively, have been recently in New York, each on his own literary mission. Mr. Garland is often summoned from Chicago to fulfil some engagement to read or lecture. Besides this, it is expected that whenever an author publishes a new book, as Mr. Garland has done in "The Shadow World," publishers' matters usually have some direct call for him, and this last is true also of Mr. Day, author of "King Spruce," who has just published a story for young readers, "The Eagle Badge."

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Newspaper reports of the novelty of photographing mediumistic seances, as practised by the Baron von Erhardt, a German painter resident at Rome, seem to ignore the fact that photography has for some time been in common use among students of psychical research. Photographic illustrations from seances of the celebrated Eusapia Paladino are an important part of the record, for instance, in Camille Flammarion's "Mysterious Psychic Forces," and they will be given as having possible evidential value in the work on psychical research by the Italian savant Cesare Lombroso which is shortly to appear.

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A "Biography of Thoreau" would have seemed strange to Thoreau himself, with only two books to his credit even in his last years when his writing was finished. And even after his death, though volume after volume of his writings appeared in rapid succession, such a thing was for many years unthought of. Now, however, that his fame has grown with the years and his literary immortality is well-nigh assured, it seems fitting and even necessary to add a complete bibliography to the increasing list of books about him. Such a volume has just been compiled by Francis H. Allen and published by Houghton Mifflin Company in their series of American bibliographies.

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According to a writer in Appleton's Magazine, "Mr. Crewe's Career" marks the decline of muck-raking and a turn in the tide of denunciation of great corporations. This writer quotes "a great trust magnate" as saying: "This book is the first sign of a possible popular appreciation that the corporation men are not deliberately bad. It is not a defense but it is an explanation." Mr. Churchill, he goes on, is the first popular writer who undertakes even to suggest to the public that there are two sides in the "big business in politics" problem. From this point of view he holds "Mr. Crewe's Career" to be "a doubly important contribution to American literature."

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The publishing department of Paul Elder & Co. will be returned in February from New York to the home office in San Francisco. Promptly after the disaster of April, 1906, the firm erected an attractive building in San Francisco's new business center on Van Ness avenue, in which they continued their local and retail business, but found it necessary temporarily to remove their publishing interests. The rebuilding of the city, already so far advanced, the rapid resumption of normal business conditions and especially the renewal of adequate facilities for printing and publishing have now enabled the firm again to concentrate all departments in their San Francisco quarters.

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Frederick Trevor Hill, whose illuminating narrative of Wall street is published under the title of "The Story of a Street," like most delvers for buried treasure, unearthed a good deal that was unexpected. Legend says that Captain Kidd had a house somewhere in New York, but few are aware that he was at one time owner of the first house built on Wall street on the north side. The future pirate acquired the property by marrying a widow whose former husband had succumbed to a malady which, as Mr. Hill points out, has proved fatal to many dwellers on the street, since the report of his demise says quaintly that he "took too much water in." Thus Captain William Kidd became one of the earliest proprietors of Wall street—a locality in which people have been treasure-hunting ever since.

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Miss Fluffy Ruffles, whose first sponsor was Carolyn Wells, has had a second in Charles Battell Loomis. Mr. Loomis, who has been conniving at the fortunes of Miss Fluffy for several months past, is among the best known of contemporary humorists, and began his "funny" career many years ago by contributing to the newspapers, and in spite of much magazine and book success still contributes to them. His first notable book, called "Just Rhymes," brought out a few years ago by the Harpers, owed some of its success to the illustrations of Fanny Y. Cory, and is one of the few nonsense books which are no less popular now than when they were printed first. Mr. Loomis is numbered among the authors who have two new books simultaneously before the public this present season.

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What of literary Louisville, Ky.? William Dean Howells, who favorite critical pursuit is the discovery of American literary centers, might well consider Louisville where, as shown in a recent special article in the Cincinnati Enquirer, verses are being written by Madison Cawein, styled by Edmund Gosse as the "one hermit thrust in the world of poetry who sings from Louisville, Kentucky;" Charles Hamilton Musgrove, satirist and fellow-member with John D. Rockefeller; and George Ade in the American Press Humorists' Association; Charles T. Rogers, magazine poet; S. J. Duncan-Clarke; Charles T. Moore; Lucien V. Rule; Young V. Allison, widely known for his completion of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest;" Charles Dobbs; Daniel O'Sullivan; Cale Young Rice, husband of the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and several others. Hardly any of this school makes a living from writing verse, except possibly Mr. Cawein, whose works have lately been collected into a magnificent five-volume limited edition de luxe and published by a Boston house. This well-known poet has for several years been in receipt of enough checks from prominent magazines easily to support the ordinary literary Bohemian. A statement to the effect that he is a successful broker in Louisville has greatly amused Mr. Cawein.

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The book-publishing business of the McClure Company which has, up to the present, been owned and managed by S. S. McClure, has passed into the hands of Doubleday, Page & Co., who recently assumed active management. The combined list gives Doubleday, Page & Co. a catalogue of 1000 titles and almost 500 authors. The transfer was arranged between Mr. McClure and Mr. Doubleday, who have been close personal friends for years, and who were earlier associated in business under the name of Doubleday, McClure Company. Mr. McClure says that his only reason for selling his book department is his desire to devote as much time as possible to the magazine that bears his name. The McClure magazine is not in any way affected by the transfer. The purchase not only includes books already published, but contracts with authors for books to appear this season. There are a considerable number of these, some of them by the foremost writers in the country. The McClure Company published from 50 to 75 books a year and there were on the staff about 100 authors.

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How much does your soul weigh? Dr. James H. Hyslop, secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research and author of "Psychical Research and the Resurrection," and other standard classic works, observes, apropos of Fournier D'Albe's newly enunciated theory of psychomeres, or soul particles, that, "I do not know whether the soul has weight or not, and it does not make any difference to me in my experiments and investigations. If the soul is composed of matter—that is, of a substance which we now recognize as matter—it must have the quality of gravitation. But it may be composed of a substance not now recognized as matter, but which many years hence may be included in the category of matter when our scientific knowledge shall have developed much more extensively than at present. . . . One thing is certain: if the soul has weight it will always be a difficult problem to weight it, on account of the gases of the body escaping at death. Dr. Hyslop in this matter as well as others stands pre-eminently for application of scientific methods of phenomena alleged to be occult.

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Tobacco and literary output is the subject of recent discussion among writers in England. Somewhat heated arguments—with plenty of smoke, of course—are indulged in between those who favor and those who are opposed to the use of the "fragrant weed." In order to ascertain the opinion of an expert in such matters, appeal has been made to J. M. Barrie, as the author of "My Lady Nicotine." In reply to an interviewer, Barrie has prepared the following curious schedule, dividing his work into "journalism" and "fiction," and showing the amount of tobacco used in each occupation: "Journalism, two pipes, one hour; two hours, one idea; one idea, three paragraphs; and three paragraphs, one leading article. With regard to fiction, Barrie wrote as follows: "Eight pipes, one ounce; seven ounces a week; two weeks, one chapter." It is evident that Barrie depends greatly upon his pipe, as do a great many other Englishmen. Many authors prefer American to Egyptian or Turkish tobacco; though the camps are somewhat equally divided on this score. Nearly all authors smoke, and tobacco is conceded to be an aid to composition, despite the fact that many "total abstainers" have done good work.

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"The Man from Home," by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, the play which has had so much success in New York, may now be read in book form, not novelized, but in direct stage version. The humor of it is American to the core. "The Man from Home" is a type of the prosperous young citizen of the Middle West, shrewd, easy, with dry speech and simple manners—just a plain man. He happens to be the guardian of a charming young woman and her younger brother, and takes the run over to Italy to have a look at their matrimonial plans; for the girl is just about to pay for a title and the boy not far from entanglement with a French adventuress. These two, in planning a social career, are trying their best to forget Kokomo, Indiana—all spoiled by the new arrival. As for the girl, whose father had been his friend, he used to love her way back in Kokomo. Now she turns up her pretty nose at his manners and stamps her pretty foot at his interference. If you enjoy seeing an American hold his own—if you relish a dry speech with the flavor of a native slang—if you care for a straight, lively story with just the right proportion of love in it, and if you like to laugh, read "The Man from Home."

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Edward Peple, author of "The Spitfire," has proved himself, in a recent interview, a humorist of quality as well as playwright and novelist. He says: "I was born in Richmond, Va., in the year eighteen hundred and none of your business. My father, a Belgian, was an artist and a scholar, and served as naval officer in the Confederacy. My mother's maiden name was Lowndes, an old family well known to Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina. At an early age I developed measles and a taste for literature. Later I dropped the measles and stuck to literature, a choice, I am told, which was most unwise. I did not go to college, on account of financial inconvenience; therefore I appointed myself as my own corps of venerated professors, and graduated at the head of my class. I have written quite a number of short stories for various magazines. As for written, but unproduced works, you wait! That is what I am doing myself. No, I will not give you my opinion on Ibsen, nor the Ethical Tendency of Dramatic Art in America; but I do think that pet cats are perfectly delightful stuffed. Beyond this I would say that I am unmarried and expect to remain so; several of my teeth are filled. And this, I believe, is all, though I blush in telling it."

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Charles H. Haswell, the famous civil engineer who years ago wrote for the Harpers that mine of information about old New York, "The Reminiscences of an Octogenarian," was far more than an octogenarian when he died. Almost to the last, his erect, dignified figure arrayed in formal frock-coat with the invariable carnation in the buttonhole, was familiar to observing New Yorkers. One day, a short time before his death, a gentleman who had just boarded an Eighth-avenue car saw Mr. Haswell in the act of getting off. Without waiting for the car to stop the old gentleman swung to the street. The spectator was shocked and proceeded to remonstrate with the conductor.

"Do you know who that old man was?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the conductor, "I know that was Mr. Haswell."

"Well," continued his passenger, with some indignation, "you ought not to let a man of his age jump off a car in that fashion. That man's almost a hundred years old."

"I know it," said the conductor. "I've warned him and I've watched him, but he's like a kitten. I don't even worry about him any more. He lands as lightly as a boy." Mr. Haswell at his death lacked only two years of being a centenarian.

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The English magazine known as The Author publishes each month a "Contemporary Criticism," that is, a reprint of a criticism on the first efforts of literary men who have since achieved fame. In its last issue it quotes from the Quarterly Review of April, 1833, an article criticising "Poem by Alfred Tennyson, pp. 163, London, 12mo, 1833. . . . "This is, as some of his marginal notes intimate, Mr. Tennyson's second appearance. By some strange chience we have never seen his first publication, which if it at all resembles its younger brother, must be by this time so popular that any notice of it on our part would seem idle and presumptious; but we gladly seize this opportunity of repairing an unintentional neglect, and of introducing to the admiration of our more sequestered readers a new prodigy of genius—another and a brighter star of that galaxy or milky way of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger . . . We have to offer Mr. Tennyson our tribute of unmingled approbation, and it is very agreeable to us, as well as to our readers, that our present task will be little more than the selection, for their delight, of a few specimens of Mr. Tennyson's singular genius, and the venturing to point out, now and then, the peculiar brilliancy of some of the gems that irradiate his poetical crown."

America's first Biblical publication was a versified edition of the Psalms sent out in 1640.

The Curse of Jotham

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

And thus you have lied, and so have you lied,
And thus have you wrought me wrong
And I curse you now by the truth denied
That shall cut like a hissing thong;
By the hope you crushed, by the faith you broke,
By the grief that you rendered worse,
It shall drift in your eyes in the altar smoke
Till you cower beneath my curse.

I have dreamed of this in the darkened days
And brooded in wrath at night,
I have fought with your lies in the gloomy ways
When wrestling to gain my right;
With a curse that is keen as a serpent's tooth
I swear you shall bend to me—
As deathless and great as the sleepless truth
This curse that I make shall be.

Though a man go down to the house of death
Revenge is a living thing
That will pulse its way as an outgrown breath
Where the stars in their courses swing,
That will follow far past the dying suns
Through the orbits devised of old
Till it reaches the place of the faithless ones
Where the planets have long grown cold.

And thus have you lied, and so have you lied—
My spirit can bide and wait
With the faith you broke and the truth denied
Till it finds you before the gate.
And there in the glow of a light sublime
In a vast, eternal place
I shall tear all the truth from the page of time
And shall fling it against your face.

Books Added to Library

The following books may be examined at the Public Library during this week and will be ready for circulation Monday, January 18:

BIOGRAPHY.

Poe—Edgar Allan Poe; by John Macy. 1907.
Stephens—Alexander H. Stephens; by Louis Pendleton. 1908.

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Aagaard—En spogelseshistorie.
Aubert—Dage som svandt.
Bleibtreu—Wellington bei Talavera.
Bourget—L'emigre.
Bull—Bendeoproret.
Ewald—Fortaellinger.
Gilman—Hjemmet; dets arbeide og indflydelse.
Hesse—Diesseits.
Kirschner—Vollmondzauber.
Maeterlinck—Theater. 3 v.
Nielson—Laerebog i trigonometri.
Poland & Wagner—Die Hellenische kultur.
Renan—Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse.
Schulten—Das Romische Africa.
Stegemann—Die als opfer fallen.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Amundsen—The northwest passage. 2 v. 1908.
Bradley—Round about Wiltshire. 1907.
Sidgwick—Home life in Germany. 1908.

FICTION.

Adams—Shibusawa; or, The passing of old Japan.
Ballantyne—Coral island.
Becke—The call of the South.
Benson—A mirror of Shalott.
Bindloss—Delilah of the snows.
Bourget—The weight of the name; tr. by G. B. Ives.
Bowen—The master of Stair.
Crawford—The diva's ruby.
Day—King Spruce.
Free—On the wall; Joan and I in the East End.
Hawkins—The great Miss Driver.
Jacobs—Salthaven.
Leroux—The mystery of the yellow room.
Ollivant—The gentleman; a romance of the sea.
Porter—At the foot of the rainbow.

FINE ARTS.

Baker—Yard and garden; a book of practical information for the amateur gardener. 1908.
Lounsberry—The garden book for young people. 1908.
Thomas—Swimming. 1904.

HISTORY.

Morse—The trade and administration of the Chinese Empire. 1908.
Page—The Old Dominion; her making and her manners. 1908.
Molmenti—Venice; its individual growth from the earliest beginnings to the fall of the republic. Pt. 3. in 2 v. 1908.

LITERATURE.

Symons—Studies in prose and verse. 1906.

PHILOSOPHY.

Maccunn—Six radical thinkers; Bentham, J. S. Mill, Cobden, Carlyle, Mazzini, T. H. Green. 1907.
MacKaye—The economy of happiness. 1906.

RELIGION.

Broadhead—The religious persecution in France, 1900-1906. 1907.
Cochrane—Among the Burmans; a record of 15 years of work. 1904.
Spence—Mythologies of ancient Mexico and Peru. 1907.
Wherry—Islam and Christianity in India and the Far East. Ed 2. 1907.

SCIENCE.

Burroughs—Leaf and tendril. 1908.
Jordan—The California earthquake of 1906. 1907.
Morgan—Experimental zoology. 1907.

SOCIOLOGY.

Engels—Feuerbach: the roots of the Socialist philosophy; tr. by Austin Lewis. 1906.
Gregory—A book of saints and wonders. 1907.
Hawley—Enterprise and the productive process. 1907.
Kemmerer—Money and credit instruments in their relation to general prices. 1907.
Tyssen—Leasehold assurance guide. 1891.
Untermann—Science and revolution. 1907.

USEFUL ARTS.

Green—Bee-breeding. 1907.
Junge—Gas power. 1908.
Markham—The American steel worker. Ed. 2. 1906.

BOOKS ADDED TO REFERENCE DEPT.

Air-brake Association—Proceedings of the 14th annual convention. 1907.
Chicago—Architects' business association. Handbook for architects and builders; ed. by E. S. Hall. 1908.
Edwardes, comp.—A summary of the literatures of modern Europe, from the origins to 1400. 1907.
Mackey—Lexicon of freemasonry. Ed. 14. 1871.
New York—State Library. Van Rensselear Bowier manuscripts. 1908.

BOOKS ADDED TO CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Butterworth—Young folks' history of America.
Drysdale—Cadet Standish of the St. Louis.
Houston—The boy geologist at school and in camp.
Otis. (pseud.)—With Lafayette at Yorktown.