

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IRRIGATE THE ARID LANDS.

By James J. Hill, President Great Northern Railroad.

At the time the Civil War closed we had a population of 34,000,000, and have been increasing at the rate of 1,000,000 every year since. At that rate the gain in twenty-two years will equal the entire population in 1865. The census reports since 1790 show that we double our population every thirty years.

At the close of the Civil War all the land in Northern Wisconsin, Western Iowa, Western Minnesota and west of the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean was practically vacant. To-day, speaking generally, there is no arable land to be had anywhere upon the public domain. There is not an acre of public land that can raise a crop of potatoes or grain without irrigation. If that change has taken place within the last thirty-seven years what shall we expect within the next thirty-seven years? Where are the people to live who come to us from foreign countries at the rate of half a million a year and what are we going to do with the natural increase of our own people?

The Northwest is already getting so crowded that more than 25,000 farmers have gone over the line into British Columbia. They were good farmers, industrious, intelligent and well-to-do, and had the capital to buy outright from 1,000 to 2,000 acres of land from the domain government. We could have kept them on our own side of the border if we could have given them irrigation as good as 5,000 acres without; that is, as many people can be maintained upon a thousand acres under irrigation as upon 5,000 acres of fertile soil depending upon natural rainfall. Therefore if we can make one acre of land do the work of five it is worth while trying it. Irrigated land sells for \$15 and \$20 an acre. Arid land without irrigation is practically worthless and I can think of no better investment for the government; no more profitable speculation, so to speak, than to build a few reservoirs and irrigating ditches in favorable districts where it can be done at a small cost and thus convert worthless land into \$20-an-acre farms.

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PHYSICAL TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

By Dr. T. D. Wood, Director Physical Culture, New York.

Physical training should always aim at improved courage, self-control and will power, and it should form the very beginning of the development of the child, so that he will be unselfish, helpful to those about him and ready always to cooperate, and thus be prepared for the larger work in the world after he is mature. The first factor necessary for the proper physical training of the child is the full appreciation by the mother of the importance of that phase of the child's training. The second factor is the knowledge of his organic physical condition. It is folly to suppose that so delicate a machine as the human body will take care of itself, will keep in perfect condition without attention. There should, accordingly, also be a properly educated teacher.

If physical training is to prepare the child better for his life in human society, for his work in the great world, it must help toward the attainment not only of physical health, but of every desirable characteristic and quality which the child should have.

Physical training should counteract every tendency to bad position and posture in order that the body may be kept and grow straight and symmetrical.

Physical training should make possible a more perfect mental development, that will power, courage, self-control should be effective and in a very beneficial way; that the

moral and social qualities should always be gained even from the very earliest years.

In the physical training of the child, as in all education, the two persons most concerned are the mother and the teacher. The proper physical training of the child can only be accomplished where the school is concerned with all of the influences which affect the child at home, and the home is also intelligently concerned with all the influences which affect the child at school.

CURB, DON'T DESTROY TRUSTS.

By Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts.

I would curb the trusts and make the people safe without destroying them. We can require every corporation, great or small, to do the bidding of Congress at the peril of exposing its members to individual liability for all its debts and obligations and of being prohibited from doing interstate business. I see no necessity for any constitutional amendment. If, as I believe, Congress may rightfully prohibit any corporation or joint stock company from engaging in interstate or international commerce at all, it can prescribe the conditions on which it can so engage. It can declare that it shall submit its affairs to the inspection of government, as in Massachusetts railroad and savings banks and insurance companies submit theirs to government inspection. It can require their accounts to be made public. It can prohibit the stock watering. It can prohibit every form of combination which shall prevent competition.

We are dependent on these great combinations of capital to do all things for which individual strength is totally inadequate. We are dependent upon them to take great risks which individuals ought not to be asked to take and cannot take without liability to ruin. Above all, we are dependent on them largely to succeed in the great struggle for the markets and the carrying trade of the world.

ANGER OF WEALTH SHOWN.

By John J. B. Johnson.

Possessions have value only in how many ways they can be used. It is hardly necessary to enumerate how and in how many ways they are supposed to be capable of giving pleasure and preventing pain; each one knows for himself, and it matters not that the knowing is so different. Nothing is surer, however, than that possessions do not always give pleasure nor prevent pain. In many, if not the large majority of cases, neither of these ends is attained. In sixty years I have known many rich, some very rich and a few ultra-rich, and my memory and impression of the lot is that they average up on the wrong side of the ledger of happiness compared with the mass, most of whom having nothing of value, unless perchance it be a good name.

In the doctrine of the orthodox, of all creeds and nations and in all times, professing to deal with eternity, souls exist forever in happiness and in misery. One soul in the lapse of unending eternity will enjoy more or suffer more than all mortal beings that may live on earth or earths, planets or stars, no matter how many there may be nor how long they may live, provided only that the succession end. The logical conclusion is that one soul is of greater value than all the possessions of all mortal beings. The point I have to make is whether it is reasonable to suppose so weak a vessel could be loaded with so weighty a cargo on so dangerous a sea? It would look, having reference to the eternal verities, like the shipper was lacking common sense and common prudence.

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Look at his pretty face for just one minute!
His braided frock and dainty buttoned shoes?
His firm shut hand, the favorite plaything in it—
Then tell me, mothers, wasn't not hard to lose
And miss him from my side—
My little boy that died?
How many another boy, as dear and charming,
His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear dispelling,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight!
Mine was so short a pride!
And then—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden chair;
I hear him patter through the house all day;
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger,
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay,
Told at the bright fireside,
So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are,
When good night kisses I all around am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far,
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him—though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies
(Nothing but childish daisies all year round)
Continually God's hand the curtains raises,
And I can hear his merry voice's sound,
And feel him at my side—
My little boy that died.

THE FUTURE MRS. SHIRLEY

By Miss Mulock.

"Jack!" No answer.
"J-a-c-k!" with emphasis.
"Yes, my dear sister-in-law, I am coming."
"When Jack has lived with you six months longer he will learn the folly of trying to keep you waiting," laughed Jack's young wife.
"Well, when I want things, I want them at once," remarked Elizabeth.
"Now, Jack," she continued, "don't take possession of your wife as if she were a bundle of dry goods, sit down and answer some questions, like a good boy."
"More questions," groaned Jack. Questions were a mania with Elizabeth.
"Yes," answered Elizabeth, calmly, seating herself on the study table (she did hate chairs so, "first, wouldn't you like to have me settled in a nice little home of my own, where I would be too busy to disturb your continuous honey-moon?"
"Who is the poor devil?" asked Jack, dodging a penwiper and tossing it back to Elizabeth. "Now, seriously, sister, it is time to confess. Out with it."
"Very well, who is this man?"
And she passed him the picture of a handsome, athletic-looking chap which she had found in an old desk of Jack's.

"Ye gods!" said Jack, tragically, "and does my adorable sister-in-law aspire so high?"
"Stop your nonsense, Jack, and tell us who he is?" commanded his wife.
"I obey, as usual. He is Arthur Shirley, Jr., who was my college chum and a crack athlete. After leaving college he made a name for himself by devoting his time to writing under the pen name of 'Don James,' which I see is familiar to you. He inherited the Shirley fortune some two years ago, and is at present abroad, and when he returns to town you will see him often. But, listen and heed my warning, fair sister. He has never seen a woman he cared to marry, although designing mammas have forced their daughters upon him with great diligence. He is a catch, Elizabeth, a great catch, with a capital C."

"Thank you, Jack. I should say he was just the man I have been looking for. Behold the future Mrs. Arthur Shirley, Jr., and Elizabeth swept tragically from the room.

"It'll be hanged!" ejaculated her brother-in-law, and straightway he turned his attention to his wife.
Six months later Arthur Shirley, Jr., was seated in Jack's study, smoking and waiting for Jack, and when that individual entered the room he put down his cigar and said:
"See here, old boy, I wish you would tell me why Miss Martyn dislikes me so intensely. She is the most unaffected, interesting, vivacious girl imaginable with anyone else, and if I appear she stiffens into a regular puritanical Bostonian."

"What do you care?" asked Jack, slowly.
"A great deal," replied his friend. "Hang it all, you must see that I love her. Never saw a girl before that I wanted to marry, and now, when I do really love one, what does she do? Stubbs me so we can't even be decent friends. What is the matter with me, anyhow?" and he looked so downhearted that Jack had not the heart to laugh.

"I'll tell you what to do, if you will follow my advice."
"It's a bargain," replied Arthur.
"Elizabeth is down in the garden—nice, secluded spot—you go down and walk right up and ask her to marry you before you have time to think about it. Not a word; it is the only way," said the benedict, authoritatively. "Tell her she has got to marry you."

After a little hesitation and a great deal of pushing he finally went down to the garden, and, meeting Elizabeth suddenly, he said: "Miss Martyn, I want you to become my wife. You must marry me."
She did not turn to look at him, but said, very calmly: "What I must do I have learned not to try to avoid."

For a moment Arthur was puzzled, but he stopped before her in the path and said: "Elizabeth, this is a serious matter. Please look at me, dear. I love you, and—"
But he never finished the remark, for Elizabeth looked at him, and he knew he had won his case.

Some time later Jack and his wife came slowly down the garden path, and as they drew near a certain sheltered nook Jack exclaimed, mocking Elizabeth:

beth's tragic declaration: "Behold the future Mrs. Arthur Shirley, Jr." But Elizabeth made no reply.

THOMAS W. RUSSELL.

Man Who Was Stoned by a Mob in Ireland at a Political Meeting.

Thomas W. Russell, the member of Parliament who was stoned by a mob after addressing a political meeting in Ireland, is a Liberal Unionist, who has sat for Tyrone since 1896. Mr. Russell has his own estate in Ireland. While aggressively opposed to home rule he has consistently advocated the purchase of land for the benefit of tenants with an indemnification of something like \$700,000,000 for the landlords. During the home rule agitation, when Gladstone's bill was before Parliament, he was an ardent anti-home ruler, and there his influence in the landed party. Since then his has changed his face, and while still opposed to home rule, he is the vowed enemy of the landlord class, and the most persistent advocate of the land for the people by government purchase. Mr. Russell is a native of Fife, a graduate of Madras Academy, and an unusually vigorous, powerful and original statesman.

Ought to Be a Good Cake.

There was a church bazaar in the village of Comrie, Strathmore, Scotland, Aug. 31, and a novelty at one of the stalls was a sale of what was called "scripture cake," which was in great demand. It was made according to the following recipe: Take four and one-half cups of I Kings, iv, 22 (first clause); two and one-half cups of Judges, v, 25 (last clause); two cups of Jeremiah, v, 20; two cups of I Samuel, xxx, 12; two cups of Nahum, iii, 12; one cup of Numbers, xvii, 18; two tablespoonfuls of I Samuel xv, 25; season to taste with II Chronicles, ix, 9; six of Jeremiah, xvii, 11, a pinch of Leviticus, ix, 13; half a cup of Judges, iv, 19 (baking powder). Finally, follow Solomon's prescription, Proverbs, xxiii, 15, for making a good child, and you will have a good cake.

We have long been expecting to hear a story like this: A woman goes for a walk to the woods. She emerges in a few moments, her face bleeding, wild-eyed and crazed with fright; the birds had recognized a former playmate in the trimming on her hat and had sought revenge by claving at her hair and pecking at her face.

Occasionally you see a girl who is nicknamed "Sunshine." The name may sound like a compliment in bleak December, but she has a right to sue her friends for slander if she is called the name in August.

Justice is so busy holding her scales that she hasn't time to give some people what is coming to them.

It is reported that boy ate so much honey he was attacked by bees.

POETRY VERSUS SCIENCE.

Naturalist Bore Silenced by Sidney Smith's Quotation.

For Sidney Smith to joke was no great effort, but not even he could always joke so effectively as in the instance mentioned in "Memories of Half a Century." He was the guest at dinner of an archdeacon at whose table there were others of the cloth, among them one who was greatly interested in natural history. As the man rode his hobby to death, he was the prince of bores, and his entrance was therefore viewed with something like consternation. He was unknown to Sidney Smith, but his peculiarity was soon laid bare.

"There'll be no talk at all unless you can manage to floor him," said one of the men to Smith. "Can't you manage it?"
"I can try," he returned gallantly, although with some doubt, for there was not telling to what branch of his crotchets the bore would turn.

The dinner began. The one or two customary toasts such as "The Queen," "The Church," had been honored, and there came a lull which was the bore's opportunity.

"Mr. Archdeacon," said he, "have you seen the pamphlet written by my friend, Professor Dickinson, on the remarkable size of the eyes of a common house-fly?"
The archdeacon courteously said he had not had the privilege, and in spite of the discouraging looks on the faces of the guests, the bore pursued his advantage:

"I can assure you it is a most interesting pamphlet, setting forth particulars, hitherto unobserved, as to the unusual size of that eye."
"Well, sir," said a voice from the other end of the table.

All smiled save the bore.
"You deny the fact, sir?" said he.
"May I ask on what authority you condemn the investigations of my most learned friend?"

"I deny the fact," replied the voice, which was Sidney Smith's; "and I base my denial on evidence wedded to immortality well known to every scholar, at least, at this table."
The emphasis laid on scholar nettled the naturalist by its implication.

"Well, sir," said he calmly as he was asked, "will you have the kindness to quote your authority?"
"I will sir. The evidence is those well-known, I may say immortal, lines: 'Who saw him die?' 'I' said the fly, 'With my little eye.'"

The guests roared, and during the rest of the dinner nothing further was heard on the subject of natural history.

QUEER STORIES.

Thunder is rarely, if ever, heard at a greater distance than eighteen miles. The wife of the Governor of New Borneo has a baby rhinoceros for a pet.

There are but nine subscribers to the post office telephone in Swansea, Wales. The moose deer has the largest horns of any animal. They often weigh from fifty to sixty pounds.

Beetles in the East and West Indies are so brilliant in coloring that they are beautiful as gems. Denmark has the largest army in proportion to her size. She has 187 soldiers to every 10,000 of her population.

The largest butterflies are the "bird-winged" of the Moluccas. Their wings are sometimes twelve inches in expanse. A person usually begins to lose height at the age of fifty, and at the age of ninety has lost at least one and half inches.

A wall thirty feet high and thirteen feet broad could be built all round England with the coal annually raised in that country. Malta is the most thickly populated island in the world. It has 1,300 people to the square mile. Barbadoes has 1,064 people to the square mile.

The reindeer can endure more than any other draft animal except the camel. A reindeer has been known to pull 200 pounds at ten miles an hour for twelve hours.

The world now consumes 6,000,000,000 pounds of tobacco yearly, or 2,812,500 tons. This is worth \$200,000,000. In other words, the world's smoke bill is just \$5,000,000 a week.

A Berlin periodical, Der Weinkennet, relates that when Blamarck died about 10,000 bottles of the choicest wines were found in his cellars, mostly gifts from friends and admirers. They came from all countries.

But eight States do not now require examination by a State Board of those who wish to practice medicine. They are Arkansas, Colorado, Kentucky, Michigan, Nebraska, Nevada, South Dakota and Tennessee.

Prizes of \$1,200, \$750 and \$500 for the best instruments to measure wind pressure are offered by the Hamburg Marine Observatory to German and foreign inventors. The plans must be sent in by April 1, 1903.

The New York City Record, an official publication, owned and issued by the municipality, is the biggest newspaper in the world. It appears every day in the year, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, and sometimes contains as many as 883 pages.

Five of the twenty fellowships recently awarded in the department of philosophy, University of Pennsylvania, were given to women. Most of these fellowships carry with them an income during the academic year of \$500 and free tuition, with an additional \$100 for particular research work.

Honesty is a prevailing virtue among most Chinamen. Some of them, in their native towns and cities, often leave their places of business unguarded while they go off for half an hour or more. Should customers arrive in the meantime, they find the prices of goods plainly marked, select what they want and leave the money for them.

It is one sign of age when a woman imagines she is looking sad, and some one asks why she is looking so sour.

REED'S PLACE UNIQUE

His Career Shaped by Self-Reliance and Uncompromising Nature and Absence of the Qualities of the Politician.



THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED at the time of his death was only 63 years old. He had a powerful constitution. He was unusually temperate in his habits; he was abstemious in regard to food and drink; slept eight or nine hours every night, and was in the habit of taking a noon-day nap. He never worked too hard and took abundant exercise, walking several miles a day. Few men have ever taken better care of themselves or observed the rules of health so carefully as he, and he was seldom ill. Mr. Reed was always a frugal man, leaning more to economy than to extravagance, and not only saved a good part of his salary, but made an extra \$4,000 or \$5,000 annually by legal and literary work. He would never deliver a lecture or contribute an article for publication without pay, charging \$500 for a lecture; \$200 was his lowest price for a literary production, no matter how short.

Mr. Reed was unique in character, writes William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald. There was never any one like him in public life and he has no imitators. He was so original, his individuality was so pronounced, and his traits so peculiar that it would be impossible to imitate him. His failure to receive what may be termed a respectable support for the Presidential nomination at St. Louis embittered his life and intensified those qualities which caused his unpopularity. He had none of the arts of the politician. He was imperious and intolerant, autocratic and uncompromising, and given to the most cruel satire. Men feared him more than they respected or loved him, although he had many warm friends and devoted admirers and an affectionate disposition toward a few persons of whom he was fond.

Reed and McKinley never got along well together. His jealous disposition seemed to detect rivalry in the early days of their acquaintance, and when both became candidates for the Presidential nomination, Reed's comments upon McKinley were always severe and often unkind. Reed did not enter the White House but three times while McKinley was President—once at the beginning of the first Congressional session after the inauguration, when McKinley invited him to a conference over the message, and the Republican legislative program; again when he was invited to a state dinner; and a third time when he went voluntarily at the outbreak of the Spanish war to assure McKinley of his cordial support.

Reed's relations with Harrison were similar, and he did not enter the White House during the last three years that Harrison was President, because the latter refused to recognize him as entitled to equal consideration with the Senators from Maine in the distribution of patronage. Nor was he ever friendly with Mr. Blaine and fell out entirely with him while he was Secretary of State because of an article that appeared in the North American Review criticising Reed's parliamentary tactics as Speaker of the House. The article was anonymous, but Mr. Reed could not be convinced that Mr. Blaine did not write it, although the latter positively denied the authorship. Reed was a great admirer of Roosevelt, although the latter did not escape his shafts of satire.

There was a secret in Reed's life of which he was very sensitive. When he was a young man he was an earnest worker in religious affairs, an active member of the First Congregational Church of Portland, a teacher in the Sunday school and participated in the prayer meetings and other religious exercises. At that time he was preparing for college and intended to enter the ministry. He entered Bowdoin College in 1858, and during his first two years accepted money from the ladies' society of the congregation to pay his board and college expenses. In his junior year he changed his plans, and decided to study law, whereupon the women of the First Congregational Church of Portland who had sent him the money were disappointed, accused him of duplicity and provoked him into writing an intemperate and foolish letter, which gave such offense that he was declared an apostate and his name was stricken from the rolls of that church. He never joined another. He taught school and did copying in a lawyer's office to aid in the payment of his college expenses, and after his graduation secured an appointment as paymaster in the navy, and returned to the pastor of the church, dollar for dollar with interest, all the money that had been contributed to aid in his education. His wife and daughter were regular attendants at the Congregational Church in Washington, but he never entered its doors. This sensitiveness to criticism remained with him throughout his entire life and caused him great unhappiness.

He seldom made a set speech, but had no equal in his generation in rough and tumble debate. His stinging retorts, his quick wit, keen power of analysis and merciless force in attack made him feared on the floor, and woe unto the man who attempted to interrupt or answer him. It was his moral courage that enabled him to crush filibustering in the House of Representatives. Those were exciting times. Under the rules of the House, as interpreted by his predecessors, business could be indefinitely suspended and the principle of representative government violated if a sufficient number of members refused to answer to their names when the roll was called to break a quorum. That became the favorite way of preventing the majority of the House from enacting laws. The minority was thus enabled to control legislation, which Mr. Reed and every one else realized was wrong, but this trick was resorted to and the House was left without a quorum whenever the minority objected to the passage of a bill. Mr. Reed decided to stop the practice, and whenever a roll call showed the lack of a quorum, counted a sufficient number of silent members upon the floor to make one.

The minority made violent protest against Reed's rulings and on more than one occasion a personal assault on the Speaker was prevented only by the timely interference of cool heads from both sides of the House. On these occasions Mr. Reed was always the coolest man in the House, and the familiar Yankee drawl, "The gentleman will be kind enough to take his seat," often relieved a tense situation.

Reed's rules were sustained and vindicated by the Supreme Court, and all of his successors in the House of Representatives have followed his example. He was a czar and a tyrant, however. He would not permit the House to consider legislation that he did not approve, and could pass almost any bill he liked, because members who opposed him knew what to expect. No man ever exercised such an arbitrary influence upon legislation.

Colored to Suit.

A process has been invented by which eyes may be colored to suit the taste of their owner. This is accomplished by the injection of some liquid into the eye behind the pupil. The experiment has been tried in Paris, and pale blue eyes were transformed to deep violet orbs in a second, with no apparent injury to the patient.

Siam's Prince on Our Authors.

ESCAPE OF SCOUT BURNHAM.

Real Adventure in South Africa that Reads Like Fiction.

Burnham, the American scout, who was Lord Robert's chief of scouts, was one of the most interesting figures in the South African War. Some of his adventures are as thrilling as the wild-est inventions of the writers of dime novels, differing only in the important respect that they are true. Frederick Unger, the American war correspondent, relates one of them in his book, "With Bobs' and Kruger."

Burnham once allowed himself to be captured and led into DeWet's camp, begging to get information and then escape. He concealed his identity, but was betrayed by another prisoner, a British officer, who, in spite of Burnham's signs, stupidly called him by name. A special guard was immediately placed over him, and on the march he was put into a trek wagon, closely covered except in front. An armed driver sat on the seat, a guard rode at each side and one behind. Learning from the conversation of his guards that when they reached the railway he would be sent on to Pretoria by train, he knew he must escape them or never.

He kept awake at night and watched his chance. It came when the driver got down to give some directions to the native boy leading the oxen. Burnham crept up on the seat, from which he slipped down to the cart-tongue, and from there he slid quietly to the ground, prostrate under the cart, which passed over him. The guards on the sides could not see, but those behind might. He lay still, preparing to endure even the tread of a horse and not give a sign.

The night was dark. The horses of the following cart stepped carefully over him, and their riders just happened not to look down. The next cart, drawn by oxen, was some distance behind, and before it came up Burnham rolled swiftly to the side of the road, where he lay until the cart passed. Then, before another came up, he had time to roll several hundred yards into the night, and was for the moment safe.

But now his escape was discovered. The column halted and lights appeared. Horsemen rode up and down the line, shouting and firing shots. Other horsemen rode over the field, and several came close to where Burnham was lying. In the darkness he looked so like a lump of grass that he escaped notice. Had his pursuers waited till daylight he would have been taken.

After a while the column moved on, and Burnham rose to his feet and struck off southward for Bloemfontein. He spent two days and nights on the veld, hidden by day on the summits of kopjes, from which he could see Boer scouts, evidently on the lookout for him. At last he succeeded in reaching Bloemfontein, after forty-eight hours without food. He had gained important information from the careless conversation of his guards, and had accomplished his purpose.



In view of the announced determination to make feathers, "take an extraordinary part in the coming season's millinery." (By the way, the millinery company, the "Millinery of the Andu-son societies" sounds a really call and urges a more strenuous warfare against the destroyers of birds.

"The Pleasures of the Table," by George H. Ellwanger, is an elaborate volume printed by De Vinne and just issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. The author has made a book of real interest and literary distinction, full of good stories, unusual recipes, quaint addities and suggestive facts.

George Kennan's account of his experiences and observations in Martinique in the three weeks immediately following the second eruption of Mont Pelee, which completed the devastation of St. Pierre, have been published by the Outlook Company under the title, "The Tragedy of Pelee."

Mary Cholmondeley considers three years little enough time for the writing of a novel. After the phenomenal vogue of "Ret Potage," she was besieged by publishers, but what she said on her way, and she has not until now had another novel ready for the press. She is the daughter of a retired clergyman and comes of a fine clerical folk.

Joel Chandler Harris has never published a novel. "His Uncle Remus" made him famous; and since that time he has given his time to journalistic work, short stories and verses. He has, however, succumbed to the novel bacillus, epidemic in literary ranks this year, and will soon publish "Gabriel Folliver," a story of the reconstruction period in Georgia.

Longfellow is the universal poet. He has been translated into French, German, Italian, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Polish, Portuguese, Spanish, Russian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Latin, Hebrew, Chinese, Sanscrit, Marathi and Judeo-German. "There is no evidence," says Col. T. W. Higginson, "that any other English-speaking poet of the last century has been so widely appreciated."

The novelists are at great pains to invent odd titles nowadays. For one book with a title as unpretentious as "Adam Bede," for instance, we have a dozen with whimsical names cleverly contrived to set people talking about their oddity. Presumably Julian Ralph's use of the almost superfluous word, "millionaire," as the title of his new story will cause some profitable comment. Mrs. Ruth McHenry Stuart's forthcoming book, "The Gentleman of the Plush Rocker," has a title which is deliciously American.

When it is known at a funeral that the deceased ticked out his hymns and arranged the program in advance the women present find the occasion so sweetly sad as to be almost enjoyable.