THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

JULY 1903


For
Prickly Heat
and
Irritated Skin
use
Packer's
Tar Soap
and
— DONT SCRATCH!

The "*June*" Prize Competition

Winning Advertisements and Answers

FULL PAGE ADVERTISEMENT

Best Full Page Advertisement: The N. K. Fairbank Co., Chicago, Ill., "Fairy Soap."

First Prize $100, won by J. Macdonald Oxley, 34 Huntley St., Toronto, Canada.
Prize Winner's Answer: "By appealing to the universal love for a bewitching baby it wins our pleased attention."

Second Prize $25, won by Mrs. W. G. Stimpson, U. S. Marine Hospital, San Francisco, Cal.
Prize Winner's Answer: "By choosing so potent an advocate Fairy Soap attracts and interests the most casual observer."

Third Prize $10, won by Miss May W. Arms, 1408 M St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
Prize Winner's Answer: "The irresistible charm of the one fairy calls attention to the virtues of the other."

HALF PAGE ADVERTISEMENT

Best Half Page Advertisement: Farrand Organ Co., Detroit, Mich., "The Cecilian Piano Player."

First Prize $50, won by Miss Adelaide S. Rinck, 127 Quitman Street, Newark, N. J.
Prize Winner's Answer: "It presents most clearly and impressively all the points regarding which prospective buyers desire information."

Second Prize $15, won by C. F. Hooper, Kentville, Nova Scotia.
Prize Winner's Answer: "The six-fingered hand *grasps* the attention, the points then tell the story briefly and convincingly."

Third Prize $10, won by Louise McVey, 116 Prospect Avenue, Binghamton, N. Y.
Prize Winner's Answer: "Six fingers on one hand attract attention to the six clearly demonstrated points of superiority."

QUARTER PAGE ADVERTISEMENT

Best Quarter Page Advertisement: Arctic Ice Blanket Co., Springfield, Mass., "Arctic Ice Blanket."

First Prize $25, won by Thos. S. Clark, 31 Prospect Street, Cortland, N. Y.
Prize Winner's Answer: "A practical lesson in economy, simply taught and clearly illustrated."

Second Prize $10, won by Chas. A. Blair, 1502 Lill Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Prize Winner's Answer: "Most opportune to our need and very graphically depicted."

Third Prize $5, won by R. K. Roscoe, 711 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Prize Winner's Answer: "What housekeeper can resist an argument which saves 50 per cent.?"

NOTE.—As announced in the June number the Best Advertisement Contest is withdrawn for July and August. We shall have something special to say to our readers in September.

THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, 1323 Walnut St., Philadelphia

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The Paris model of this design is in pale blue voile, with Venise point lace and black velvet discs.

Our regular price for this pattern would be $1.50 for the skirt; $1 for the bolero; $.50 for the sleeve. If you wish to know how to obtain this pattern free read this page through.

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The Booklovers Magazine

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Table of Contents

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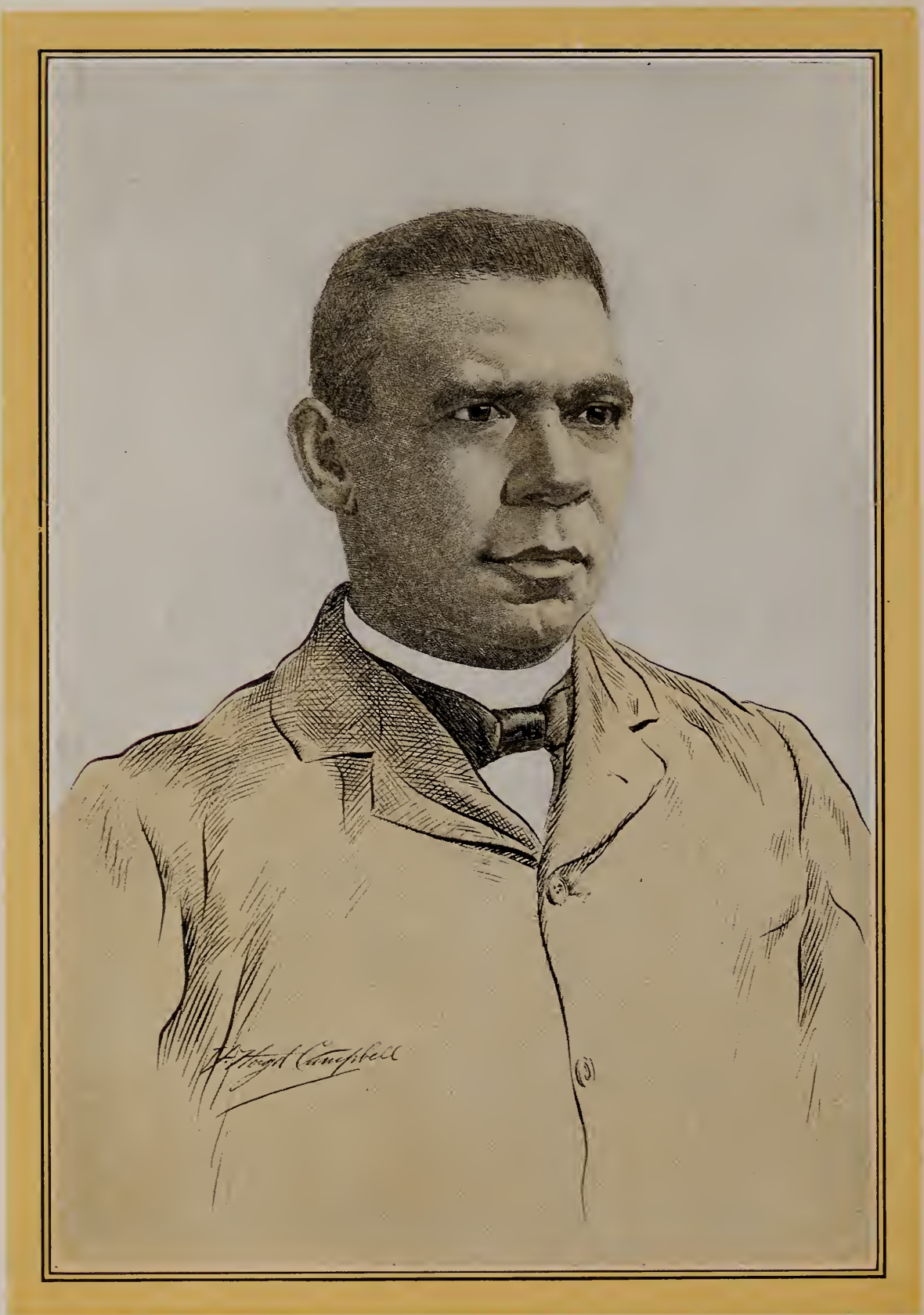


From photograph by Gutekunst

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

It is usually considered that Negroes are today contributing practically nothing of importance to American civilization; that only one or two individuals of Negro blood have so risen above the average of the nation as rightly to be judged men of mark. Nor is this assumption to be wondered at, for in the world of work men are not labeled by color. When, then, the average American rushes to his telephone there is nothing in the look of the transmitter to tell him that it is part product of a Negro brain; when the whizz of the engine weaves cloth, drags trains, and does other deeds of magic, it does not tell the public that the oil which smooths its turning is the composition of a black man; if the medical student reads in DaCosta of the skilled surgeon who recently sewed up a hole in a living man's heart he will not read that the surgeon was colored; the wanderer amid the beauties of the Luxemburg is not apt to know from the dark hues of the "Raising of Lazarus" the still darker hues of its painter; and it was a Texas girl who naïvely remarked: "I used to read Dunbar a good deal until I found out that he was a nigger."

Such ignorance of the work of black men is natural. A man works with his hands and not with his complexion, with his brains and not with his facial angle; and the result of his work is human achievement and not necessarily a "social problem." Thus his work becomes gathered up and lost in the sum of American deeds, and men know little of the individual. Consequently the average American, accustomed to regarding black men as the outer edge of humanity, not only easily misses seeing the colored men who have accomplished something in the world common to both races, but also misses entirely the work of the men who are developing the dark and isolated world of the black man.

So here I am seeking to bring to mind something of what men of African blood are today doing in America, by selecting as types ten living Negroes who in ability and quite regardless of their black blood have raised themselves to a place distinctively above the average of mankind. Just how far they have risen I am not attempting to say, for human accomplishment is a thing difficult to judge; and peculiarly difficult in the case of people whose ability and worth is a matter of hot questioning between friends who exaggerate and foes who persistently belittle. I do not say, then, how much of genius or transcendent ability these men have; I do say that measured by any fair standard of human accomplishment they are distinctively men of mark, and that they all have enough black blood in their veins to disfranchise them in Alabama.

Of the fields of endeavor conspicuously open to Americans there are four chief groups: the field of commerce and industry, in which this land has gained world-wide preëminence; the field of political life, in the governing of a continent and seventy millions under republican forms; the field of the learned professions—law, medicine, preaching, and teaching; and, finally, the paths of literature and art, as expressive of

the mighty life of a new world. In these four lines of striving the men I notice work.

In commerce and industry the Negro started as the dumb-driven tobacco-hand and cotton raiser—the bottom of the system, without apparent initiative or mechanical ingenuity. Yet today partial records of the United States Patent Office show that 357 patents are known to have been granted Negroes, covering all fields of mechanical contrivances. Foremost among living Negro inventors are Woods and McCoy. The latter is the pioneer in the matter of machinery lubricators; the former is a skilled electrician. Granville T. Woods has patented thirty-five devices; they began with a steam boiler furnace in 1884, and include four kinds of telegraphing apparatus, four electric railway improvements, two electric brakes, a telephone system, a battery, and a tunnel construction for electric roads. His telephone transmitter was assigned to the Bell Telephone Company, and is in use by them. Many of his other inventions have found wide currency, as for instance, the electrical controller system used on the Manhattan Elevated Railway. Mr. Woods was born forty-four years ago, and although he had his difficulties, yet a man with so rare a gift of mechanical ingenuity could hardly be kept back by the handicap of color.

From photograph by Eddowes Brothers

GRANVILLE T. WOODS

ELECTRICIAN

On the other hand, in the world of commerce and business, where men work elbow to elbow and come in close personal touch, there is room for the very effective bar of race prejudice, especially on account of the

large part conscious selection plays. A business man may be looking for talent, but he does not look for it in his black office boy or porter; and even if signs of it appear, he is usually certain that he must be deceived—that it is the "imitative" gift only. Consequently the Negro, being a small consumer, is almost shut out of the white business system, and can only enter the business field among his own people, and then in the face of ruthless and skilled competition. For such reasons the Negro business man has developed slowly, and has only reached conspicuous success in cases where special circumstances gave him a chance to stand against competition. The skill of the Philadelphia and New York caterers gave them a chance before the war, but the large capitalism of post-bellum times drove them out of business and gave their sons no opportunity to enter the new system save as menials. Today it is the small retail business and coöperative enterprise of various kinds that is opening new fields which the Negro is entering.

In 1881 a Virginia Negro organized a mutual benefit insurance society in Richmond, with a capital of $150 and one hundred members. Today the "True Reformers," under the presidency of Mr. W.L. Taylor, the successor of the originator, has 50,000 members and $223,500 in real estate; it has paid $2,000,000 in insurance claims, and has established, besides its main business, a bank, a real estate department, a weekly newspaper, an Old Folks' Home, five grocery and general merchandise stores, and a hotel. Such a phenomenal growth,

Photograph by Gilbert and Bacon

EDWARD H. MORRIS

LAWYER

From photograph by Gutekunst

HENRY OSSAWA TANNER

ARTIST

when one considers the material and the opportunity, means unusual ability of management; and it seems fair to rate the president and chief director of this remarkable business as a person of more than average ability according to any standard. To be sure, the organization has undoubtedly stormy times ahead, and yet it is already over twenty years of age, and weathered with conspicuous success the storm of 1893. The savings bank department was opened in 1889 with $4000 capital. Today the bank has 10,000 depositors, and had done a business up to December, 1900, of $7,426,450.92. The real estate department was established in 1882. It now owns fifteen halls, three farms, two dwellings, and one hotel, and holds fourteen halls on lease. The *Reformer*, which is their weekly paper, has a circulation of 8000 copies. A farm for the Old Folks' Home has been bought for $14,000, and a small town laid out. The latest department is the mercantile and industrial association; this association conducts stores in Richmond, Washington, Manchester, Portsmouth, and Roanoke, and these stores did a combined business of $75,000 in 1901. They are rated as "O. K." by the mercantile agencies, and are on a strictly cash basis.

Turning now to the field of political and social activity we may note a long line of Negroes conspicuous in the past, beginning with Toussaint L'Ouverture, American by influence if not by birth, and going past Alexander Hamilton, whose drop of African fire quite recently sent Mrs. Atherton into hysterics, down to Purvis, Nell, Douglass, and Bruce. All these are dead, and today, strange as the assertion may seem, the leading Negro political leader is Booker T. Washington. Mr. Washington is not a teacher; he has spent little time in the class-room; he is not the originator or chief exponent of the educational system which he so fervently defends. He is primarily the political leader of the New Commercial South, and the greatest of such leaders since Appomattox. His ability has been shown not so much in his educational campaign, nor in his moral earnestness, as in the marvelous facility by which he has so manipulated the forces of a strained political and social situation as to bring about among the factors the greatest consensus of opinion in this country since the Missouri Compromise. He has done this by applying American political and business methods to an attempted solution of the Negro problem. Realizing the great truth that the solution of this vexed question demands above all that somehow, sometime, the southern whites and blacks must agree and sympathize with each other, Mr. Washington started to advertise broadly his proposed basis of agreement so that men might understand it. With this justification, he advertised with a thoroughness that astonished the nation. At the same time he kept his hand on the pulse of North and South, advancing with every sign of good will and generosity, and skilfully retreating to silence or shrewd disclaimer at any sign of impatience or turmoil. The playing of this game has been simply wonderful, the success phenomenal. To be sure not all men like the outcome, not all men fail to see the terrible dangers of this effort at compromise. Some have felt it their duty to speak strongly against Mr. Washington's narrow educational program, and against the danger of his apparent surrender of certain manhood rights which seem to be absolutely essential to race development and national weal; and above all, against his failure to speak a strong, true note for justice and right; but all this is beside the object of this paper. Of Mr. Washington's great ability as a politic leader of men there can scarce be two opinions. He is manifestly one of the greatest living southerners, and one of the most remarkable of Americans.

It must not be thought that with this new political leadership the old political activity has stopped. The Negro is not eliminated from politics and never will be; he is simply passing through a new phase of the exercise of his political power. Here and there in the legislation of the land his work and influence may still be felt. It has been said several times in various places that the keenest and, in many respects, the most able member of the last Illinois legislature was a Negro lawyer, Edward H. Morris. Mr. Morris represented the richest legislative district in Illinois, the First; on some occasions he presided over the deliberations of the House; he was chairman of the important committee on elections, member of five or six of the other

leading committees, and also a member of the steering committee of the Republican party. Born in Kentucky forty-five years ago, he was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, and since then, in the severe competition of a great city, handicapped by color, he has become one of the strong members of the western bar, with a practice of at least $20,000 a year. Many people will qualify their admiration for the unquestionable ability of Mr. Morris by a wish that he was less closely identified with the Chicago political machine, or that his great skill as a lawyer had not been used to free tax-collector Gunning from the toils of the law, or to draw up that marvel of ingenuity, the Illinois municipal ownership bill. On the other hand, Mr. Morris may point with real satisfaction to his defence of the civil-rights legislation, his winning of the suit between Cook County and the city of Chicago, and also of the test case over the taxation of the net receipts on insurance companies.

Continuing in the field of the learned professions it should be noted that no single sign of Negro progress has been of such marked significance as the rise of the Negro physician in the last ten years. The really striking fact about the recent post-office case at Indianola was the driving out of a successful Negro physician, who was crowding the white physicians to the wall, at the same time with the post-mistress. It was but a short time ago that a Negro led his class at the Harvard Medical School, and another one in Philadelphia passed the best medical examination in many years

Photograph by Scott

DANIEL H. WILLIAMS

SURGEON

under the State authorities. By far the most conspicuous of Negro physicians, for his skill as a surgeon and his unique contributions to science, is Dr. Daniel H. Williams, of Chicago. Dr. Williams, born in Pennsylvania in 1858, is attending surgeon to the Cook County and Provident hospitals in Chicago, and was formerly at the head of the Freedman's Hospital in Washington. In 1893 Dr. Williams operated upon a stab wound of the heart which had pierced the pericardium; the operation was successful, and the patient was known to be alive three years afterward. "Official records do not give a single title descriptive of suture of the pericardium or heart in the human subject. This being the fact, this case is the first successful or unsuccessful case of suture ever recorded." So said the *Medical Record*, of March 27, 1897. The case attracted the attention of the medical world, as have several other cases of Dr. Williams. It was only last summer that the Charlotte *Medical Journal* of North Carolina published a violent article against Negro physicians, stating that the formation of the Negro head was such that they could never hope to gain efficiency in such a profession. About the same time the editors, Doctors Register and Montgomery, were writing the following letter to Dr. Williams in blissful ignorance of his race:

"We have just read a paper of yours entitled 'A Report of Two Cases of Cesarean section under Positive Indications with Termination in Recovering' that was recently published in *Obstetrics*. You are

Photograph by Edmondson

CHARLES WADDELL CHESNUTT

NOVELIST

From photograph by Scurlock

PROFESSOR KELLY MILLER

MATHEMATICIAN

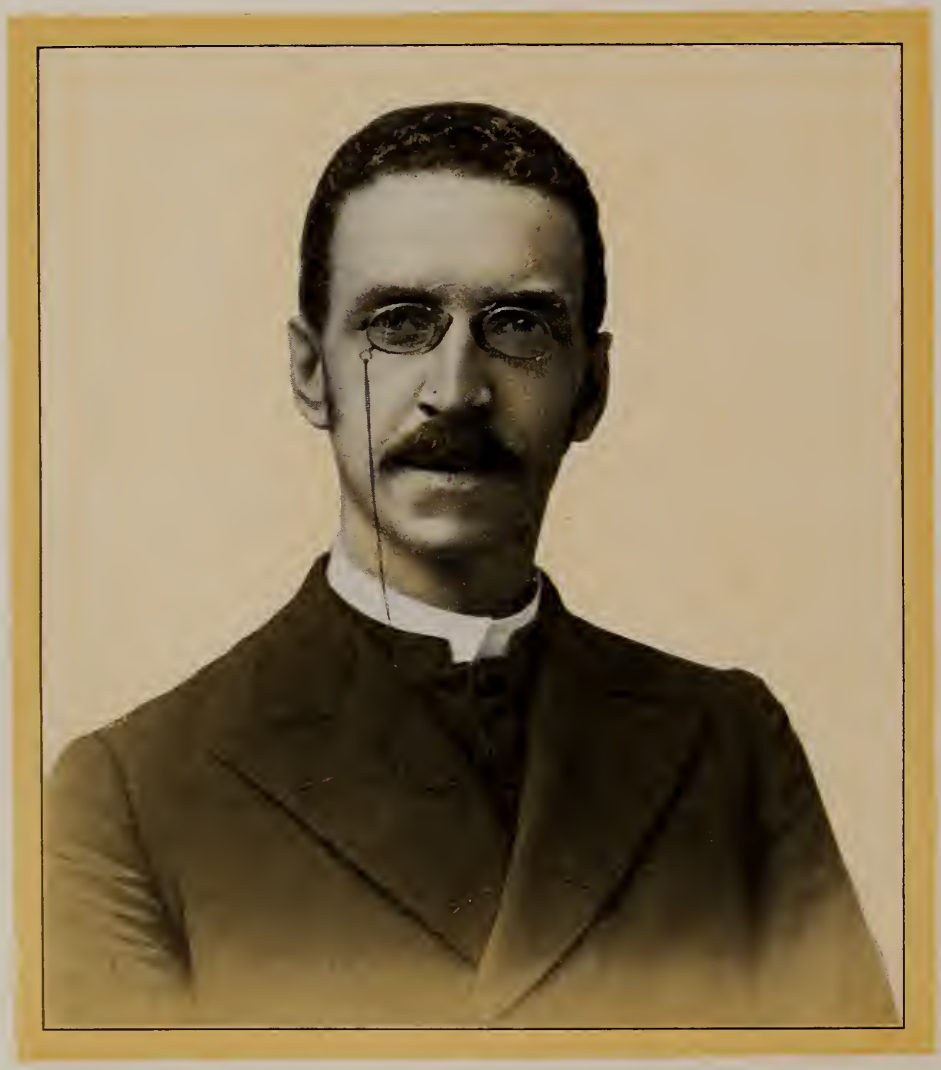
an attractive writer. Is it possible for us to get you to do a little editorial writing for us?"

Turning now to the professions of teaching and preaching we must expect here a limited development in certain directions: for the Negro teacher is almost invariably confined in his work to Negro schools where the pay is small, the tasks excessive, and the grades low. No matter how much promise a Negro student may show, the path of scholarship is closed to him in most cases: he can practically never be made assistant or tutor with time for study and research. Thus a man like Kelly Miller can only by dint of extraordinary exertion rise above the average of teachers. He was born two years after the Emancipation Proclamation, and early showed even in the wretched country schools of South Carolina a mathematical mind of unusual keenness; but few careers are open to a Negro in mathematics, be he ever so skilful. To be sure, he studied at the Naval Observatory and in the post-graduate school of Johns Hopkins—politely unwelcomed. Eventually he became a professor in Howard University—at a small salary, with much work, and in a position where prospective revenue from students did not attract text-publishers to his really good work in mathematics. Despite all this he rose slowly, steadily—as a writer on mathematical subjects, as a student of race problems, as a social leader of that group of 90,000 black folk at the nation's capital, who are in many respects the advance guard of nine millions. His subtle, forceful articles have been read in the *Forum*, the *Outlook*, and the *Dial;* his voice and peculiar power of argument and expression have been heard before many noted clubs and gatherings, and his recent monograph for the United States Bureau of Education is of exceptional value. Far beyond, however, this record of tangible work stands the forceful personality of a clean-hearted, clear-witted man—an inspirer of youth, a leader of his people, and one who is coming slowly to be recognized as a notable American.

The Negro in this land has produced many ministers of religion of considerable power, from Richard Allen and James Varick to Lemuel Haynes and Highland Garnett. But I have chosen as typifying the Negro minister, not one of its forceful orators and organizers—one of that peculiar dynasty of the socio-religious Negro church who have built up this powerful organization—but rather a moral regenerator, an inspirer of ideal Christian living, such as the world, even in its most callous days, has ever recognized and honored. Of such sort were Daniel Payne, the Little Father of a million African Methodists, and Alexander Crummell, the master Christian. These have passed, and their mantle of moral earnestness and impeccable character falls worthily on Francis J. Grimke. In Washington there stands a small red church on Fifteenth Street, well worth your visiting. It was one of the earliest tangible protests of the better part of the Negro world against noise and emotionalism in religion. The children of its founders and their children's children have worshiped here until it has grown to be in a special sense the moral center of black Washington. Here, if you sit of a Sunday morning, you will see immediately the perfect earnestness and moral fervor of the tall, thin preacher whose stern, carved lineaments are so impressive; and you will hear a simple, clear-cut sermon with fearless conclusions. It will be easy for you to see the influence for goodness and truth and purity that now for full twenty-one years has gone forth from these lips and out from these low doors; perhaps some time in life you may learn how the influence of this one man, and of her whom God joined to him, has in the course of half a century of life, through the medium of a pure home, a righteous church, and unquestioned personal integrity, so built itself into the lives and hearts of a myriad of men and women as to make the world visibly better for their living.

The late Dr. McCosh considered Mr. Grimke, when studying at Princeton, "as able and promising a student as any we had," and the same kind of testimony has followed his life work as pastor, as school commissioner of the District of Columbia, as trustee of Howard University, and as preacher at Hampton and Tuskegee. "I do not really know whether I have done anything worth mentioning or not," he said once; "I have thought of but one thing—the work, in which I have been deeply, profoundly interested. I have

longed with all my heart to be of service to our poor, struggling race, and have labored as best I could to help it in the effort which it is making to rise. No one has felt more keenly than I have the wrongs that have been perpetrated upon us and are still being perpetrated upon us in this country. In spite of all the tremendous odds against us, I am not disposed, however, to become despondent. I have faith



Photograph by Rice

FRANCIS JAMES GRIMKE

CLERGYMAN

in God; faith in the race; and faith in the ultimate triumph of right.

'Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.'

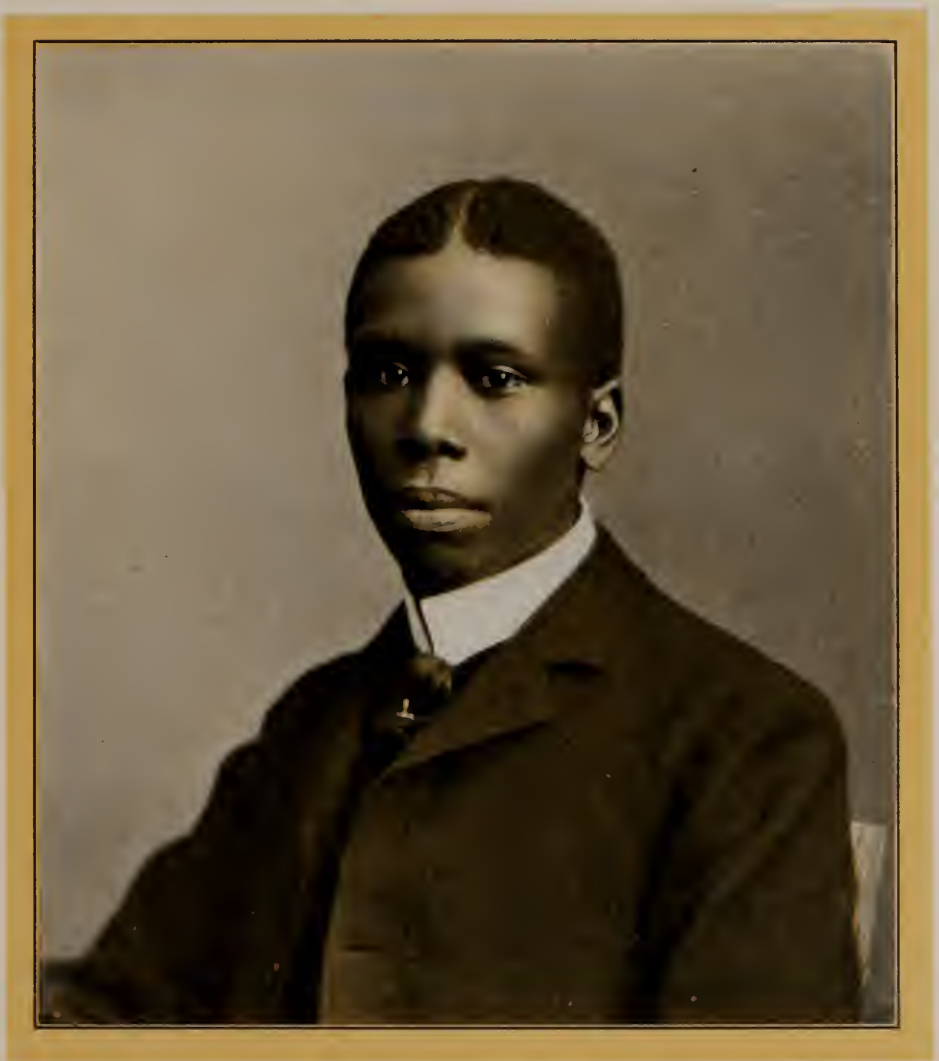
It is in this faith that I am living and moving and working. I have not the faintest doubt as to the outcome, if we will trust in God and do our level best." So are the souls tuned who will yet make the Negro race the salt of this poor earth.

Thus we have striven in the world of work. But the Negro, as the world has yet to learn, is a child of the spirit, tropical in birth and imagination, and deeply sensitive to all the joy and sorrow and beauty of life. His message to the world, when it comes in fullness of speech and conscious power, will be the message of the artist, not that of the politician or shop-keeper. Already now, and in the past, have flashed faint forerunners, half-conscious of the message in them, choked at times by its very fervor: Phillis, the crude singer, Aldridge, the actor, Burleigh, and Rosamond Johnson. Over the sea the masters

have appeared—Poushkin and Dumas and Coleridge Taylor—aye, and Robert Browning, of whose black blood the world but whispers. Here in America three artists have risen to places of recognized importance—Dunbar, the poet; Chesnutt, the novelist; and Tanner, the painter.

Widely different are these men in origin and method. Dunbar sprang from slave parents and poverty; Chesnutt from free parents and thrift; while Tanner was a bishop's son. To each came his peculiar temptation—to Dunbar the blight of poverty and sordid surroundings; to Tanner the active discouragement of men who smiled at the idea of a Negro wanting to paint pictures instead of fences; and to Chesnutt the temptation of money making—why leave some thousands of dollars a year for scribbling about black folk? Of the dozens of colored men who, if encouraged, might have thought and painted and sung, these three alone pressed on, refusing lightly to be turned aside.

So out of the heart of Dunbar bubbled the lyrics of lowly life—in inimitable rhythm and beauty, with here and there a tinge of the sorrow songs. Tanner painted slowly, carefully, with infinite pains and alluring color, deeply original and never sensational, until his pictures hang in many of the world's best galleries. Chesnutt wrote powerfully, but with great reserve and suggestiveness, touching a new realm in the borderland between the races and making the world listen with one short story.



Photograph by Baker

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

POET

These are the men. But already you are impatient with a question, "How much

From photograph by Newton

PROFESSOR W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

SOCIOLOGIST

Negro blood have they?" The attitude of the American mind toward the mulatto is infinitely funny. Mixture of blood is dire damnation, cry the men who did the mixing, and then if a prophet arise within the Veil or a man of any talent—"That is due to his mixed blood," cry the same men. If, however, we study cases of ability and goodness and talent among the American Negroes, we shall have difficulty in laying down any clear thesis as to the effect of amalgamation. As a matter of historic fact the colored people of America have produced as many remarkable black men as mulattoes. Of the men I have named, three are black, two are brown, two are half white, and three are three-fourths white. Many of those with white blood had one or two generations' start of the others, because their parents or grandparents were natural children of rich Southerners, who sent them North and educated them while the black men toiled in the fields. Then, too, the mulatto is peculiarly the child of the city; probably two-thirds of the city colored people are of mixed blood; and it is the city that inspires and educates the lowly and opens the doors of opportunity. If we choose among these men the two of keenest intellect, one is black and the other is brown; if we choose the three of strongest character, two are yellow and one is black. If we choose three according to their esthetic sensibility, one is black, one is yellow, and one is three-fourths white. And so on. Let wise men decide from such cases the exact effect of race mixture, for I cannot.

But what has this to do with the main point? The fact remains that these men, all of them, are representatives of the American Negroes, and whether they represent the five million black, or the four million brown, yellow, and white hosts of this group, they all equally represent those who suffer from caste proscription, from political disability, and wanton narrowing of opportunity. And against this injustice their lives make eloquent and ringing protest.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

(Atlanta University)

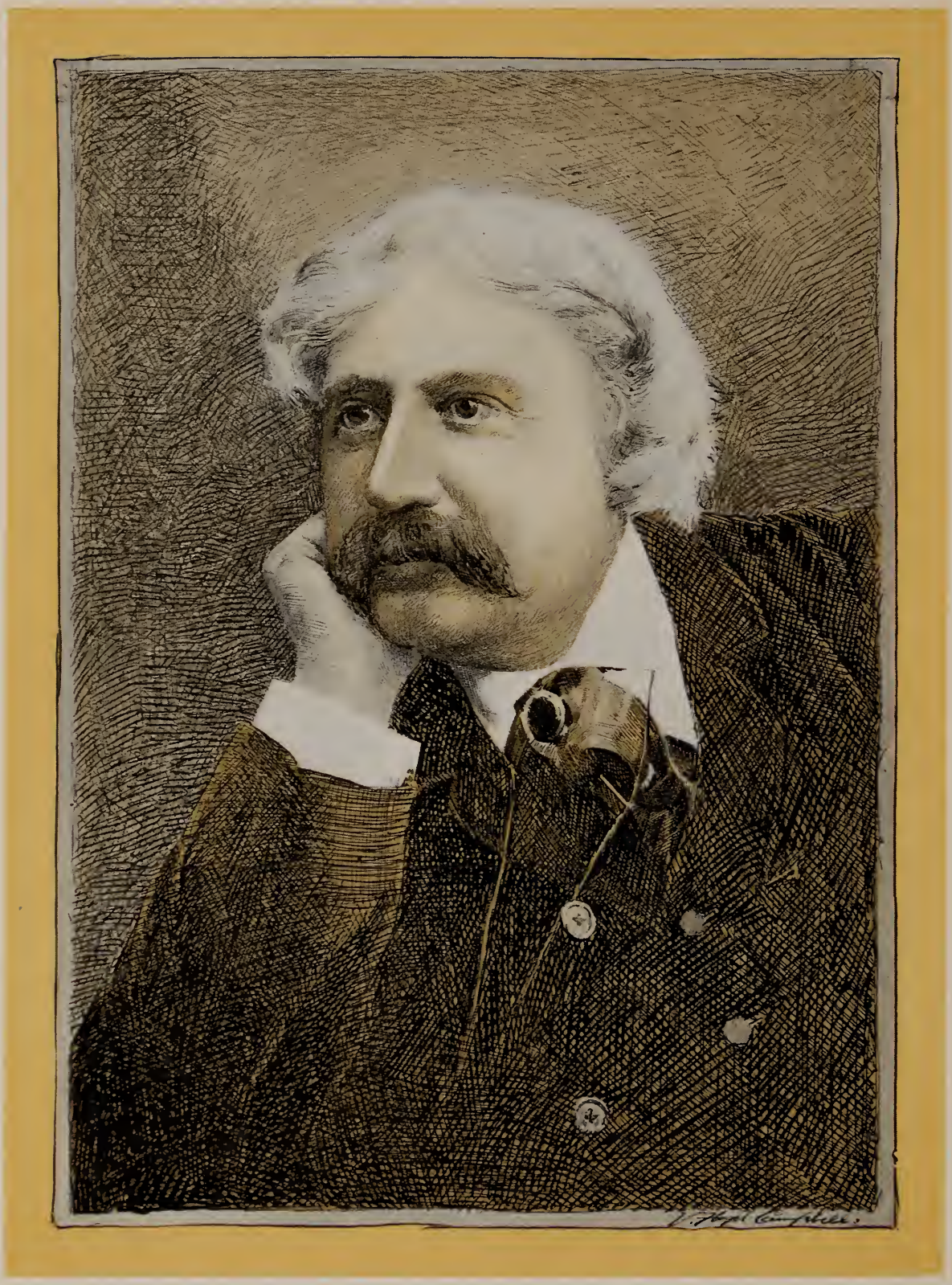
A Note on Dr. Du Bois

A survey of the notable achievements of men of Negro blood would be sadly incomplete if it failed to include a word regarding the career of the author of the foregoing article. His influence in promoting the highest interests of his race is hardly less potent than that of the distinguished principal of Tuskegee Institute.

In preparing for his life-work Dr. Du Bois enjoyed the largest opportunities which the highest type of education can offer. He is a Harvard man with the added advantage of the impress of a great German university. Since 1896 he has held the chair of sociology in Atlanta University.

It would not have been surprising if this broadly cultured scholar had developed a sense of detachment from the interests of his race, but instead he has dedicated his best powers most unreservedly to the service of his people. The race discussion has hitherto been characterized by a superfluity of prejudice and a dearth of exact information. The most sweeping generalizations have been made by the "car-window sociologists." But now the investigations of Dr. Du Bois have applied the methods of exact statistical science to the examination of the Negro problem. The rhetorician with his theory is at last confronted by the scientist with his facts. Furthermore, this man who has the facts is competent to interpret them. He understands the view-point of the white race as thoroughly as he knows the needs of the Negro.

His recent book, *The Souls of Black Folk*, reveals the range of his power. As you read, you recognize the impartial historian, the sober statistician, the fearless critic of men and systems. But you discover also a man of fine poetic temperament who is able to step aside from economic discussion to lead you "within the Veil, raising it that you may view faintly its deeper recesses—the meaning of its religion, the passion of its human sorrow, and the struggle of its greater souls." His economic science is not invalidated by his poetic strain, and the imaginative touch in his work reveals the secret of the influence of this scholarly leader upon a people whose emotions are strongly developed.—EDITOR.



From photograph by London Stereoscopic Co.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

FROM HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPH

Bret Harte and the Argonauts

BY ALBERT E. HANCOCK

Of all the States in the Union Virginia and California, perhaps, present the most effective backgrounds for the canvases of fiction. There is something about both that makes an unusual appeal to the imagination, something distinctive yet strikingly American. Virginia always suggests the fine old traditions of the expiring aristocracy, and California, with its rare natural scenery, illustrates that rapid, almost feverous, development which has been so conspicuous in the growth of American civilization. Moreover, there is a certain tone in California life which gives to that commonwealth an artistic distinction.

In 1848 California was an undisturbed paradise, thinly populated by Spanish rancheros, Jesuit priests, and flat-faced Indians, all of whom passed their lives in a sort of languorous inactivity. Then the peace of that ambitionless ease was broken by the cry of Gold! Gold! Gold! and alien immigrants hurried into her valleys with the eagerness of a crowd dashing to a fire. Cities and towns were built under rush orders, and for a decade the eyes of the world were

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER

BY BRET HARTE

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Salleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid newcomer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jay-bird Charley"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any

directed toward California with the absorbing interest of an audience watching a play on the stage. In time the nuggets on the surface were exhausted, mining became an ordinary industry, and the surplusage of population turned to the steadier and more remunerative tilling of the soil. Then the state was transformed into a veritable garden—a land of beauty, of sunlight and song, which might well vie with Italy.

farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware

Photograph by Sarony

BRET HARTE IN 1872

But those pioneers of '49—the Argonauts of the western world—in that remote country acted all the parts of a drama whose theme was an ineradicable human lust. For a brief space their play was intense, exhilarating; suddenly they vanished, leaving scarcely a trace

that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and bar-rooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say

of their existence. In 1853 at Poker Flat there were two thousand people, a hundred stores, five hotels, seven gambling dens, and when, one day, a circus came to town, fifteen hundred tickets were sold at twenty dollars apiece. At present there are only half a dozen tumble-down shacks in the place, and less than a dozen persons remain to suggest to the imagination the lawless tumult that once reigned supreme upon this spot.

something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly, and chastely retreated—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection.

Photograph by Downey, London

BRET HARTE IN 1886

The Argonauts were a strange medley of culture and riff-raff. As a rule they were young men who, restless at the slow gains of business or desperate in the losing struggle with fortune, took chances with an unknown fate. Some of them ran away from the querulous

The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

tongues of their wives, some from the warrants of sheriffs. Some of them secreted in their breasts locks of hair and pink-tinted portraits, while here and there was one who could scan his Greek with scholarly accuracy or quote his Byron with fluent ease. The ex-judge, the ex-colonel, and the ex-convict, clad in red shirt, coarse trousers, and high boots, sat at the same table and gambled away their gold-dust with the indifference of men who cared little, apparently, about laying up treasures on earth, but who, on the slightest provocation, would snatch their weapons and send their companions to a premature reckoning of their treasures in heaven.

Few women were out there in the earlier days. In the absence of women that sentiment of chivalry which is expressed in tenderness and devotion, and which is always strong in men of blood and brawn, spent itself in the loyalty of comradeship. In the romance of that life not the lover but the partner played the principal part, and the fidelity of man to man was often as beautiful as the heroics of love. Later when prosperity increased the women came on its trail, and then that rough and ready society took on the last vices of the profligate world. Previously there had been the clashings of the instincts of selfishness and cupidity, the brute struggle for the survival of the strongest. These were bad enough. But when the women, the dance hall, the gilded saloon with the unspeakable annex began to dominate the life of the mining camp, the colors of the picture became gaudy and the details obscene. It was a spectacle from the realistic reproduction of which the true artist would shrink. Rich though it might be in variety and incident, if such a life were to become fit material for literature, there was necessary the interpretative vision and the master's refining

Meanwhile, a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gamblers' epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the *chaparral*-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated resinous odors, and the decaying driftwood on the Bar sent forth faint,

From Picturesque California
Courtesy of the J. Dewing Company

PRIMITIVE MINING IN CALIFORNIA

touch. By a fortunate chance a man with just such qualifications was ultimately found among the Argonauts. His name was Francis Bret Harte.

If you had seen him in London during the latter years of his life, you would never have suspected him to be one of those frontiersmen who lived under the rule of Judge Lynch. He affected a monocle; he dressed with the splendid fastidiousness of aristocracy; he had the taste of an epicurean, exactingly nice about all things. There was about his features a natural repose and distinction, as if he were descended from a family of old and high renown. His manners were those of a polished cosmopolite. You might easily have mistaken him, in his Astrakan coat, for a French count of the second empire. And yet at heart he was a plain, simple American. You are sure of that when you read his works.

It was in 1853 that, at the age of twenty-four, he left his Albany home, set sail for Panama, crossed the isthmus, and took ship again for San Francisco. He was one of those gold seekers who could scan their Homer; for his father was a teacher of Greek and had given his son a classical education. Bret Harte went into the fields of Tuolumne County and worked a claim with but little result. Becoming discouraged, he turned to other things, and in the next fifteen years he rose in the scale from express messenger and schoolteacher to journalist and editor of the *Overland Monthly*. In 1867 he published a story that brought him fame, and no manuscript of his thereafter was ever refused by a publisher. By the sketches now associated with *The Luck of Roaring Camp* he gave to literature a local color that was unique to California. The East first recognized his value, and while he was still a prophet unhonored in his own country clamored for a sight sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express-office stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands, they were ready to listen patiently to any defence, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defence than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good-humored, reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper" and trousers streaked and splashed with

of him. So eastward he went, where, as a writer and a lecturer, he established his financial fortune. After he became known the world over as a master of the short story, he removed to London and there resided until his recent death.

Thirty years ago he was most widely known as the author of *Plain Language from Truthful James*, immortalizing Ah Sin, "the heathen Chinee." This was one of those catchy, opportune poems, mere doggerel in truth, which phrase a fact or condition of momentary interest. But it gave him advertising notoriety; for the question of Chinese immigration at that time was on everybody's tongue. Harte wrote the lines for their political and not their literary effect, and he meant to insinuate that the Chinaman was as imitative as the monkey, and being more sly, patient, and painstaking, would inevitably surpass the Caucasian, not only in the tricks of the card-table but also in the rivalry of competitive labor. The other sayings of Truthful James nowadays seem rather flat and forced; a contemporary popular mood must have given him a borrowed vitality. We must turn elsewhere to justify the author's title to permanent recognition.

Bret Harte deserved his great reputation. He was not, in the large sense, an overwhelming genius. He was an artist who, like Cellini or Teniers or Meissonier, wrought exquisitely and perfectly within certain definite bounds. When he stepped beyond he was mediocre. The world today cares little about his satires of fashionable society, some critics declaring that in these he is only an imitator of Saxe and Praed. Few people have read with keen relish his attempts at long fiction, but everybody, even Max Nordau with his pessimistic view of all things modern, will admit that he is an absolute master of the short story, and that his tales of the mining camps

red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'ints in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you—confidential-like, and between man and man—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I—confidential-like, as between man and man—'What should a man know of his pardner?' "

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger.

will live as long as men are interested in the early history of the Golden Gate.

His literary bailiwick was a patch of territory about sixty miles east of Sacramento, and his most successful characters were drawn from that isolated group of human beings who gleaned and gambled away the richest fruitage of the desert. He was, I have said, a supreme artist, and he has revealed this passing phase of life with the temperament of one endowed with the highest talents of insight and expression.

In the first place Bret Harte had the perceptive quickness of a poet. His eye was trained to see; his senses were alert to catch the fine shadings of color, odor, and sound. He felt the wild joys of mere physical being. The azalea, the scented pine, the rapid rush of water, the measureless sweep of evergreen mountain slope, meeting and melting into the paradise blue of the sky, affected him like a symphony. His terse style is suggestive rather than descriptive, and it gives to the reader the vague haunting sense of the inexpressible. Nature in California presented to him a spectacle of impassive vastness. The silence of the first dawn seemed to hang over her hills, still vibrant with the primal echoes of the Creator's voice, and, like a god, nature seemed to enjoy a benignant calm that regarded the intrusions of man with imperturbable unconcern.

Bret Harte, however, was far more a humanist than a poet of nature, and even on such a stage of natural grandeur, he won for man a superior sympathy and admiration. It is easy enough for realism to paint vice and human depravity; it is a far more difficult task for art, without departing from truth, to discern and harmonize with evil the hidden virtues of the ribald and the unregenerate. But this Bret Harte

And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him;* and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch—it's about all my pile—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offence could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and, saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was

THE
BRET HARTE
COUNTRY

accomplished. Old Kentuck, in *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, to the casual eye was simply an uncouth shaggy animal; yet Harte saw that he needed only the touch of a baby's hand to arouse in him the divine tenderness of the paternal instinct, and it was his artistic genius which gave to that instinct the natural grotesque expression. "He wrastled with my finger—the d——d little cuss." Jack Hamlin, by general repute, was a blackleg, and yet in the depths of his nature there was a sense of pity and loyalty to friend that enabled him to rise to a great renunciation. And Miggles, poor Miggles, who had sold her beauty to loveless ruin, when the soul's final test came could take up her cross and spend her life in the service of an imbecile paralytic. Bret Harte has that insight which unerringly penetrates behind the veil and flashes its light into the darkness where the spirit of goodness, cabined, cribbed, confined in the dungeon of unholy environment, languishes for release. And he does this not as a sentimental apologist, but as a dispassionate believer in the ineradicable divinity of man. He has such a faith in man as a loyal wife cherishes for a convicted husband. Against the evidence of outward fact he still believes.

This is his merit as a man. As an artist, within his limitations, he has again and again touched the highest reaches of imaginative creation. It may all be true that his plots are melodramatic, that he cannot develop a character, that he cannot sustain himself for a long continuous effort; but, in spite of these things, he does see life in the broad wholeness of its double aspect. The profoundest creators are all face to face with the fact that life is a riddle—a paradox of humor and pathos. Only a shift in the point of view is needed to change the smiles into tears. He, therefore, is the greatest master of the mystery of human nature who passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers, in the Red Dog *Clarion*, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite Serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the Red Dog *Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye-tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything"; he could "wait." He was not working

can see his characters in that puzzling complexity which calls at once for merriment and infinite pity. Shakespeare had this conception of life, and so had Cervantes when he sent his Don Quixote —the buffoon and the hero in one —off on his ludicrous quest. And Bret Harte, in his minor way, had the same feeling that it was only the standpoint which made life divertingly comic or pitiably tragic. The instances of this are almost as numerous as his stories; *Tennessee's Partner* is only one of its best illustrations. The man called "Tennessee" is hung on Marley's Hill as a criminal. To Jack Folinsbee he is only a thief gone to his just deserts, and Jack, with the crowd, follows the body to the grave, jauntily playing on a mimic trombone, while the dead man's partner, the sole mourner at the funeral, gives to the last remains of the desperate rogue the devotion of a comrade faithful in disgrace and in death. The mining camp had got rid of a pestiferous felon; Tennessee's Partner had lost his only friend, and the laughter and the tears were merely matters of point of view. The burial was the last act in the tragicomedy of life.

So, we may say that while Bret Harte occupies a unique position as the imaginative historian of the Argonauts and the days of '49 in California, his greatest merit as a humanist is his preception and revelation of the dual significance of life. He knows that life is a riddle—at once a comedy and a tragedy—a mystery which every man must read through the prejudices of his own personal temperament. For his own part, even amid the depravity of a mining town, he is an optimist—an optimist with a sane knowledge of the facts to the contrary.

Albert E. Hancock

(Haverford College)

that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar—perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box—apparently made from a section of sluicing—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buckeye-blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon—by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasoned feet in the red soil, stood in Indian-file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside, as the *cortége* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue-jays, spreading their

Bret Harte as a Parodist

The supreme proof of the fact that Bret Harte had the instinct of reverence may be found in the fact that he was a really great parodist. This may have the appearance of being a paradox, but, as in the case of many other paradoxes, it is not so important whether it is a paradox as whether it is not obviously true. Mere derision, mere contempt, never produced or could produce parody. A man who simply despises Paderewski for having long hair is not necessarily fitted to give an admirable imitation of his particular touch on the piano. If a man wishes to parody Paderewski's style of execution, he must emphatically go through one process first: he must admire it, and even reverence it. Bret Harte had a real power of imitating great authors, as in his parodies on Dumas, on Victor Hugo, on Charlotte Brontë. This means and can only mean that he had perceived the real beauty, the real ambition of Dumas and Victor Hugo and Charlotte Brontë. To take an example, Bret Harte has in his imitation of Hugo a passage like this:

"M. Madeline was, if possible, better than M. Myriel. M. Myriel was an angel. M. Madeline was a good man." I do not know whether Victor Hugo ever used this antithesis; but I am certain that he would have used it and thanked his stars if he had thought of it. This is real parody, inseparable from admiration. It is the same in the parody of Dumas, which is arranged on the system of "Aramis killed three of them; Porthos three; Athos three." You cannot write that kind of thing unless you have first exulted in the arithmetical ingenuity of the plots of Dumas. It is the same in the parody of Charlotte Brontë, which opens with a dream of a storm-beaten cliff, con-

wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguished the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough enclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and, rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and, mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech, and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why—" he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gen-

taining jewels and pelicans. Bret Harte could not have written it unless he had really understood the triumph of the Brontës, the triumph of asserting that great mysteries lie under the surface of the most sullen life, and that the most real part of man is in his dreams.

This kind of parody is forever removed from the purview of ordinary American humor. The wild sky-breaking humor of America has its fine qualities, but it must in the nature of things be deficient in two qualities of supreme importance—reverence and sympathy. Can any one imagine Mark Twain, that admirable author, writing even a tolerable imitation of authors so intellectually individual as Hugo or Charlotte Brontë? Mark Twain would yield to the spirit of contempt which destroys parody. All those who hate authors fail to satirize them, for they always accuse them of the wrong faults. The enemies of Thackeray call him a worldling, instead of what he was, a man too ready to believe in the goodness of the unworldly. The enemies of Meredith call his gospel too subtle, instead of what it is, a gospel, if anything, too robust. And it is this vulgar misunderstanding which we find in most parody—which we find in all American parody—but which we never find in the parodies of Bret Harte.

The skies they were ashen and sober,
The streets they were dirty and drear,
It was the dark month of October,
In that most immemorial year.
Like the skies, I was perfectly sober,
But my thoughts they were palsied and sear,
Yes, my thoughts were decidedly queer.

This could only be written by a genuine admirer of Edgar Allan Poe, who permitted himself for a moment to see the fun of the thing. Parody might indeed be defined as the worshipper's half-holiday.—By *G. K. Chesterton* in *The Pall Mall Magazine.*

tlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you could n't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass-blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart"; and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, 'Jinny'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is—coming this way, too—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

S. Eytinge, Jr., in Every Saturday

"Ah Sin was his name"

An Appreciation by an Old Friend

Nobody else has drawn such vivid backgrounds of California scenery as those which appear in Bret Harte stories. The untidiness and squalor of the mining camp, as well as the grandeur and beauty of the natural scenery, are faithfully reproduced by the master hand. With the solitary editor of the *Bugle*, the reader hears the tapping of the woodpecker on the shingled roof of his forest office. As the funeral *cortége* of Tennessee moves along the skirts of the wood, "the redwoods, burying their moccasoned feet in the red soil, stand in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier." And a touch of animated nature falls where we see the picture of a hare, "surprised into helpless inactivity" by the procession, sitting "upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside" as the slender column moves by. We catch again the resinous odor of the redwoods and the plaintive soughing of the pines, the dank perfumes of the salt marsh, and the harsh

call of the rain-crow, as we turn the magician's leaves.

The multitudinous phases of the rough, reckless life of those early days are reproduced with faithfulness in Harte's pages; of these he might truly have said, "All of which I saw, and a part of which I was." A man who has spent years in drifting among the solitudes and the scanty settlements of California during its period of social and industrial formation must needs have a pouch full of recollections and impressions unless he be a very dunce. And Bret Harte was an exceeding close observer of men and things; he was endowed with a memory as plastic as wax to receive and as firm as steel to hold. . . .

Harte's personality was gentle, winning, lovable. His familiar conversation had all the grace and charm of his literary work, and, although he was a good talker, unlike many another of his kind, he was a good listener. Looking back upon one's intimate acquaintance with him, one might truly say that he was always a student of men. He listened that he might see through the eyes of other men. If he was disposed to hypercriticism in his tastes and in his judgment of the work of others, he was unsparing in his criticism of that which flowed from his own laborious pen. At work he required the nicest adjustment of materials and surroundings. One or two disturbances would so interrupt the movement of his thought that his task must be laid aside until a more convenient season. It can be truthfully said of him that he never let go to the printing-press anything with which he was not completely satisfied. The manuscript which he sent out and the proofs which he had read and corrected with many pains were alike illustrated with interminable interlineations and changes.

Broad and catholic in his views of life, Bret Harte instinctively looked for the good that is in mankind. It is not true, as has been injuriously said of him, that he suffered one virtue to outweigh a thousand vices. He bade us regard the virtue; and he did not seek to hide the vice. One of his German translators, Ferdinand Freiligrath, said of him that he mined for gold, "the gold of love, of goodness, of fidelity, of humanity . . . which remains forever uneradicated from the human heart"; and the good old poet adds: "That it is which drew hearts to him wherever the language of Shakespeare, of Milton and Byron is spoken."

In his peculiar field he had few imitators, no successors. The short stories on which his permanent fame will rest are flawless in their finish and so felicitous in their construction that no word could be added or taken away without marring the effect of the whole. No other American writer has evinced such a perfect art as this. No other American or English writer can paint so broad a picture on so small a canvas as that which Harte has used.—*Noah Brooks*, in *The Book Buyer, June, 1902.*

Bret Harte

By Ina Coolbrith

Overland Monthly, September, 1902

A stir of pines in the forest,
  A klink of picks in the mine,
And smoke from the tent and cabin
  Under the oak and vine;

The peaks of the great Sierras,
  Awful, and still, and white,
Piercing the clouds of sunset,
  Touching the stars of night;

And the subtle scent of the laurel,
  Pungent, that fills and thrills,—
The breath of the wonderful laurel
  On the wonderful Western hills.

Men, of the brood of giants,
  Lusty and young and strong,
With heart-pulse set to the rhythm
  And lilt of a brave new song;

Mighty of nerve and muscle
  As the hero-knights of old,
Fighting the New World battles
  On the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

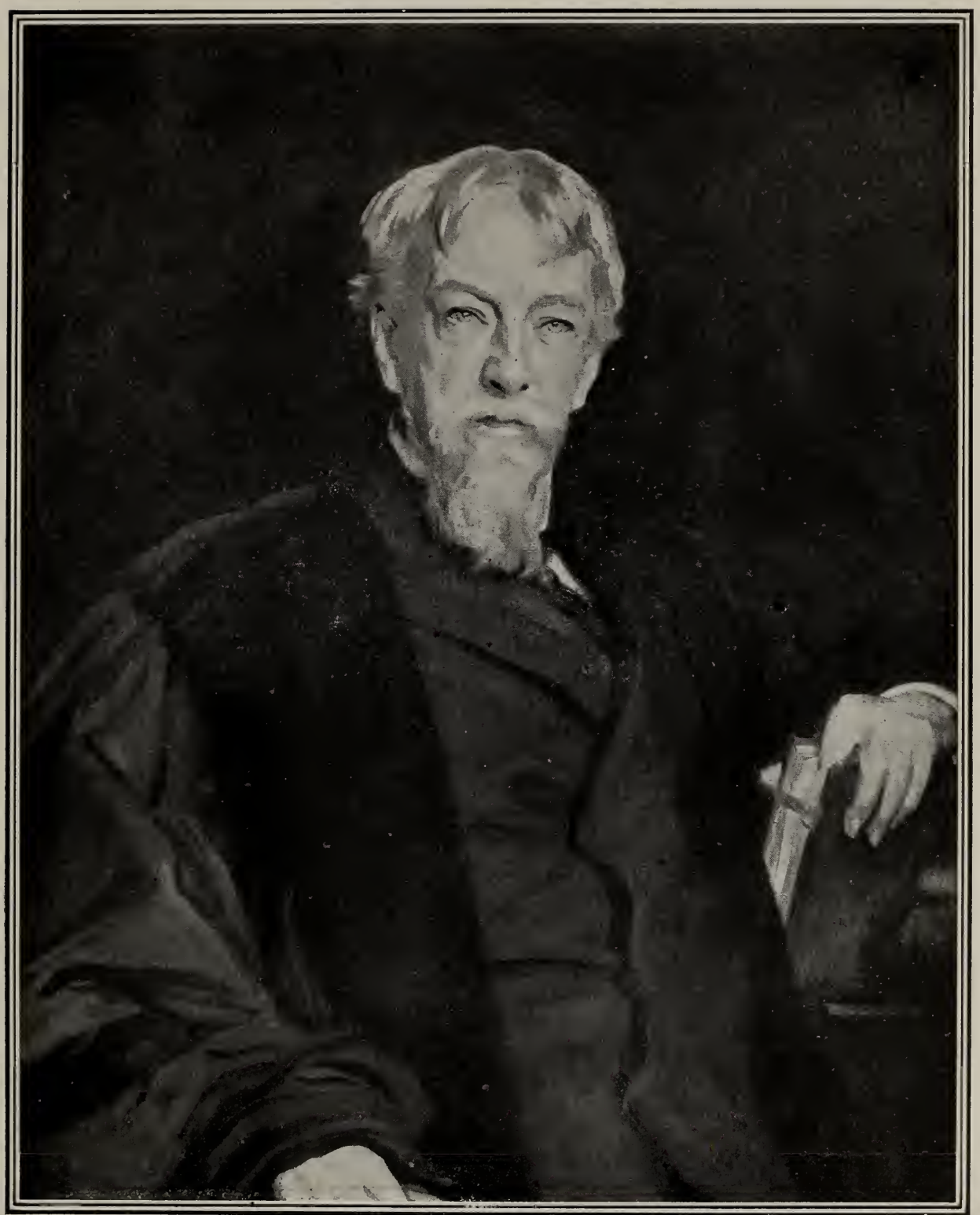
And O the scent of the laurel! . . .
  There's a new moon low in the west,
And the night is a brooding mother
  With the tired world on her breast.

And these are her dreams and visions.
  Who spake of a face that lay
Under the English daisies,
  In a silence, far away?

THE SARGENT PORTRAIT OF DR. MITCHELL

On the opposite page is presented the first reproduction of the portrait of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell by John S. Sargent. The painter and his subject are of equal distinction. Dr. Mitchell holds a position of undoubted eminence in both medicine and letters, and to Mr. Sargent is conceded by competent critics, both American and European, the highest rank in portraiture. The portrait faithfully reflects the artist's recognition of the qualities of mind and heart that are represented in the face of his sitter. The painter conveys admirably the impression of strength, wisdom, and kindliness, and has not omitted the humorous twinkle in the corner of the eye that no one who has had the good fortune to know Dr. Mitchell can have failed to notice. The pose is characteristic and dignified.

The coloring, from the very nature of the subject, is dark, except for the flesh tints, the gray hair, and just a hint of red in the faint line of the cravat. The work shows the sure touch, the faculty of definite expression of what he sees, that are the distinguishing qualities of Mr. Sargent's best work. The portrait was painted during the month of May in the Philadelphia studio of Mr. John Lambert.



From the painting by John S. Sargent

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

Photograph by Bertha M. Lothrop

BETWEEN MEALS

· PICTURES · AND · ART · TALK ·

Etching enthusiasts have often deplored the undeniable fact that this art has not met with its just measure of popularity in America, despite the temporary gleam of encouragement that greeted it some years ago. The cause may lie no deeper than in the whim of fashion; it may be in a genuine, if unreasonable, dissatisfaction with the limitations of etching and an unwillingness to accept its necessary conventions. Or, perhaps, it lies in a certain impatience which the uninitiated feel at the postage-stamp variety of etching connoisseur—the collector with his talk of trial proofs and remarques and first and second states and destroyed plates, interested in an etching only for its rarity, not for its beauty.

In whatever ground the objections are rooted, the best answer to them lies in a study of such a comprehensive collection as that recently exhibited by Mr. Max Williams, of New York, in Pittsburg, and at the McClees galleries in Philadelphia. The skeptic is speedily converted into the enthusiast as the sense of the power and scope of the art, of its delicacy and freedom and precision, is impressed on him anew. Whistler is inevitably the most conspicuous figure in the exhibition. His famous Venetian set, from which one of the most masterly examples, *Tragetto*, is reproduced in this number, occupies the place of honor. *Rotherhite*, one of the Thames series etched in the sixties, affords in its massing of shades an interesting contrast to the delicacy and economy of line of his later work. It has been said that a Thames bargeman, with short pipe and jacket, is the only human figure in which Whistler evinces any interest. Sir Seymour Haden is well represented by a series of landscapes, straightforward, decided, rich in contrast. One of his most characteristic but least-known subjects is here given, *Wareham Bridge*, a spontaneous and sympathetic work.

Nor are earlier masters forgotten. The supreme technique of Rembrandt and the almost morbid intensity of Durer find a place beside the picturesque fantasy of the ill-fated Méryon or the delicate, if not wholly satisfying, tenderness of the landscapes of Claude. A good example of the ease and completeness of the sketchy, light-handed method is afforded by Detaille's *Cuirassier*, in a trial proof—the inverted head shown was etched out in the later states—while Millet and De Gravesande are not forgotten. It is to be hoped that the revival of interest of which the success of this exhibition is a symptom will go far to raise the art of etching to its rightful place in public esteem.

* * *

There was recently published in a popular magazine a series of pictures by Henry O. Tanner representing the artist's conception of four *Mothers of the Bible*. The inspiration for this series is easily traceable to the remarkable portrait of his mother painted by Mr. Tanner in 1897, now hanging in the home of his parents in Philadelphia, which is reproduced in colors in this number of THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE. The portrait is little known, and has not been exhibited, but it is a strong work, recalling inevitably Whistler's portrait of his mother. Differing from that famous picture in its color scheme, it is in a low key, mostly of browns. Qualities and characteristics manifest in the portrait are also manifest in the *Mothers of the Bible*. Always of a religious turn of mind, and a student of sacred history—his father is a Bishop in the African Methodist Church—Mr. Tanner treated those pictures with the same reverent care that he has given to the more personal portrait. When they appeared they attracted attention and provoked discussion, for they differed materially from the ideals of any previous painter. Especially was this the case in respect to the Madonna, who has none of the idealized beauty that is traditionally associated with almost all pictures of her throughout the history of art. Mr. Tanner has depicted her as a plain, typically Jewish woman, with only a great and holy mother-love glorifying her face. It is a fine and reverent conception, and while it may not satisfy some aesthetic tastes, it does credit to the artist's sense of fitness.

From the painting by Frant Dvořák

THE FOUR ROSES

Miss Elizabeth Wentworth Roberts' series of paintings dealing with Emerson and the Emerson country, the first of which was reproduced in the February BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, are attracting much attention. They are the fruit of a summer's residence in the old Emerson house in Concord. Miss Roberts is a young Philadelphia artist whose career has been almost uniformly successful, but who has accomplished her ends by untiring industry and an immense amount of hard work. Her early studies in this country were principally under the direction of Henry R. Poore. Thence she went to Paris, where she worked for two years at the Academy Julian, and privately under the instruction of Jules Lefebvre. For six years this continued, and she then devoted herself to the study of Botticelli in Florence. Much of her work has a strong religious tendency. With youth, enthusiasm, talent, and high artistic aims, her career will doubtless justify the expectations aroused by her recent notable work.

* * *

The past few years have witnessed the development in France of a method of color etching which is bidding fair to absorb the energies of artist and collector alike, to the exclusion of the severer black and white form of the art. By making the use of color possible, the new process confers on an art hitherto confined within somewhat strait limits opportunity for unlimited expansion. There are some technical variations in the methods followed; some etchers use a single plate, applying the color with a brush or cloth; others use one plate for the shadows and another for the colors, while in still a third process a separate plate is made for each color. Two examples of the new method are here reproduced, Osterlind's *The Dancer* and Muller's *Playmates*. Other artists who are using it are Charles Huard, Robbe, Délâtre, and Houdard. There are not wanting critics who consider the new development treason to the past work of the masters who found black and white adequate for all their needs and refused the adventitious aid of color. But the movement is already far more than a mere fad and gives promise of wide development.

The *Four Roses* of Frant Dvořák shows striking mastery of the broader effects of color. The artist came to this country in 1889, an absolute stranger with no recommendation. He spoke no English, and trusted solely to his art for his support. He obtained several portrait commissions in Philadelphia and secured the support and recommendation of the late Mr. A. J. Antelo. Many commissions came to the young painter through Mr. Antelo's influence, and later through the success of his exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago. From this point success seems to have followed him continuously. He has since been enabled to return to Paris, the artist's haven. He has exhibited in the Salon in Paris and has obtained honorable mention there. The picture reproduced here belonged to Mr. Antelo, and was purchased at the sale of his gallery by its present owners.

* * *

The present visit of Mr. John S. Sargent to this country, from which he has been absent several years, is of especial interest as regards the mural decorations that he has undertaken for the Boston Public Library. It is universally acknowledged that the second instalment in the series of paintings comprised in his great scheme suffers in no respect by comparison with the first. His own words in regard to the general plan were that he intended to represent "the triumph of religion—a mural decoration illustrating certain stages of Jewish and Christian history." The first series of paintings carried the idea from the polytheistic theogony of Egypt to the Mosaic period, closing with the stupendous group of Moses with the tables of the law, supported by Joshua and Elijah, with the prophets both of lamentation and hope on either hand. The new work is called by Sargent himself *The Dogma of the Redemption*. The word "dogma" is significant; it shows a deliberate design to portray the Crucifixion, the Act of Redemption on the part of Jesus Christ, as a definite accomplishment with all its spiritual significance, rather than simply to depict one episode in the epic of Christianity.

To convey an adequate idea of so huge a composition is not possible, but its main features may be briefly described: In the

Alexander Stirling Calder, sc.

QUEEN OF THE RIVERS

MODEL FOR STATUE OF MISSOURI FOR LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

centre of a high, arched panel is the figure of Christ upon the cross. Behind and above Him are seated crimson-robed figures representing the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in glory, each with two fingers raised in benediction. Around the circle of the arch are doves, each with a nimbus above the head, representing the seven gifts of the Spirit. The emblematic stole of priesthood hangs from the shoulders of the Christ, falling also across the figures of Adam and Eve, crouching in a panel below the arms of the cross. Each holds a chalice to catch the blood dripping from His hands. The woman kneels forward to the cross, but with head averted. The man, with one arm extended, looks away; about his feet is coiled the serpent, the rest of whose body is crushed beneath the pierced feet of the Saviour. The lower end of the cross is terminated by the representation of a pelican, a familiar symbol of the sacrifice. This is the central design, and angels and other symbolic figures flank it at length to right and left. The color scheme is deep blue and crimson, with notes of gold and silver here and there, and the whole has a subdued richness of tone that seems to have felt the softening influence of centuries. The principal figures are thrown forward in bold relief, emphasizing their importance, and adding greatly to the artistic effect. There are, in the conception, evidences of a deep religious feeling, combined with a supreme power of imagination, and in the execution there is the exhibition of extraordinary technical skill. It is a noble work that Mr. Sargent has undertaken, nobly accomplished so far, and it is the earnest hope of all lovers of American art that he may live to complete his splendid project.

* * *

The statue personifying the State of Missouri, which is reproduced on the opposite page, was executed to the order of the Commissioners of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis by Mr. Alexander Stirling Calder, who received the award after a competitive trial in which were engaged many of the well-known sculptors of the country. The accompanying photograph was made from the original model in the sculptor's studio. The reproduction for the Exposition will be in staff, and the figure will be of heroic size. Mr. Calder has also in hand for the Commissioners a statue of Philippe Renault, one of the pioneers of New France. Mr. Calder is a son of Alexander Calder, himself a well-known sculptor, and his talent, therefore, has come to him by inheritance. He studied for some time in Paris, where much of his important work was accomplished. He has exhibited frequently and has won many honors. He has recently executed a memorial fountain for the University of Pennsylvania, and has done much in the line of minor decorative sculpture and architectural ornament. His decorative sense is unusual, and his imaginative power has a wide range.

The sculptor thus sets forth the symbolical significance of his latest work: "Seated in a chair whose supports are decorated with fasces, Missouri holds in her right arm the Caduceus, the emblem of commerce, adopted by the State as being appropriate to the most commercially enterprising of the Western States. Her left hand rests on a shield bearing the State arms, intertwining below with the fleur de lis, emphasizing the French origin of the State, 'Missouri' being the French spelling of Missuri, the native name for the great muddy river. Tobacco leaves and flowers are dressed in the head of the statue, while a deer skin covers the lower part of the figure. The wave line of the base is a decorative suggestion of the great rivers that flow through the State. In the whole statue the thought has been the symbolizing of the alert vigor of the powerful young queen of the rivers, adopting civilization and culture."

* * *

It is reported from Genoa that several famous paintings belonging to the collection in the Rosso Palace there have been totally ruined by unscientific treatment. The paintings included two Van Dykes, a Carlo Maratta, a Pris Bordone, a Valerio Castelli, and two Guido Renis. They were intrusted for renovation to a professional cleaner, who applied an alkaline solution which completely destroyed them. It is stated that the Van Dykes were among the most valuable specimens of his work. The loss is incalculable.

From the etching by Osterlind

THE DANCER

From the etching by Muller

PLAYMATES

From the etching by Whistler

TRAGETTO

From the etching by Whistler

ROTHERHITE

From the painting by Henry O. Tanner

AN ARTIST'S MOTHER

From the painting by V. Baldoncoli

THE OLD MUSICIAN

From the etching by Seymour Haden

WAREHAM BRIDGE

FIRST STATE

From the etching by Detaille

THE CUIRASSIER

TRIAL PROOF

THE LONDON ZOO

A STUDY IN ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Note:—The photographs which illustrate this article were made by Mr. W. P. Dando, the writer of the paper, who is a specialist of high rank in animal photography. He is a Fellow of the Zoölogical Society of London and a Director of the great Zoo, where he spends a large part of his time making observations and photographic studies of the animals.—EDITOR.

The idea of founding a zoölogical society in London was no doubt originated by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles. From the *Memoir* written by his widow, it appears that in 1816 Raffles "meditated the establishment" of a society on the principle of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, which finally he succeeded in forming in 1826, under the title of The Zoölogical Society of London. From fifteen members and admissions of only four visitors in 1826, the society has grown to the present period when it has about three thousand members, five hundred fellows, a record of over forty-five thousand visitors in one day, and an income of £30,000 a year.

The amount of food required to feed the animals at "The Zoo," as the society's gardens in Regent Park are popularly called, is enormous. A *chef* at a first-class restaurant has not so many different tastes to cater for. It is astonishing to think that more than 1,338 tons of food, equalling about 3,000,000 pounds, are required annually to feed the animals. The provender amounts to 1,168,400 pounds; the fish, 35,000 pounds; the fresh meat killed at the society's abattoir, 916,400 pounds. Carrots alone work out at 173,550 pounds. The menu is made up of 59 varieties of food with "Liebig," 9,530 fowls' heads, and 35,000 eggs just thrown in by way of a luxury. These figures do not include the enormous amount of food given to the animals by the visitors. Over five hundred "bags of food" is the average daily sale at the refreshment counters; and on a busy day twelve thousand buns, three thousand cakes, and thousands of rolls are purchased and taken away by the visitors, mostly for feeding the animals, while in addition tons of food are brought in from outside. I doubt if the feeding of the animals by the public is a privilege which should be allowed, as it is acknowledged by the society's officials that numbers of animals die annually through overfeeding by visitors with unsuitable food.

But it is my present purpose to describe and illustrate a few of the most popular and the rarer animals to be found in the society's menagerie, all the illustrations reproducing photographs from life.

As proof of the care and attention given to animals at the Zoo, no better illustration can be afforded than Jim, the fine Indian rhinoceros which was presented to the society in 1864. Considering the enormous weight of this animal he is remarkably straight on his feet. Contrary to popular belief, the skin of the rhinoceros is not bullet-proof; in fact, it can be pierced easily with a pointed knife. There are five species of the rhinoceros—three Oriental and two African. The *Rhinoceros unicornis*, though known to the ancients, was seen for the first time by Europeans in 1513, when one was sent to the King of

Portugal from India. Although the appearance of these animals is clumsy, when necessary they can run with great swiftness, and in their wild state they show considerable ferocity when provoked.

Until lately Jingo, the tallest African elephant in captivity, was housed in the same building with Jim. Jingo was a grand specimen, which had been brought up at the Zoo from a "baby," twenty-two years ago, and stood nine feet seven inches high. Having about eight years more to grow, Jingo gave every promise of reaching Jumbo's enormous height of over eleven feet. Mr. Bostock's purchase of Jingo, and the animal's death from sea-sickness—or, what is more likely, home-sickness—are well-known events of recent occurrence.

The giraffe house, at present, contains three very interesting specimens of these costly animals, which the society has purchased on more than one occasion for about £1000 each. The two giraffes which are illustrated together are from Kordofan, and were presented to the society by Colonel Mahon, the gallant soldier who relieved Mafeking. It will be observed that the legs of the animals curiously form the letter M, the initial of their generous donor. The other giraffe illustrated is a much taller animal.

Another of the big animals which attracts considerable notice is Guy Fawkes, the hippopotamus, born in the menagerie, November 5, 1872, her birthday suggesting a name for her from the celebrated would-be wrecker of Parliament. The animal is a very fine specimen, and is a great attraction during the summer months when she is let out into her outside quarters. These are provided with a tremendous tank holding about a million gallons of water, in which this enormous animal can totally submerge herself.

JIM, THE OLDEST INHABITANT

The King has always taken great interest in the Zoo. The record year for admission to the Zoo was the one in which His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, deposited the animals collected on his tour through

THE TALLEST GIRAFFE IN THE ZOO

GIRAFFES PRESENTED BY COLONEL MAHON

GUY FAWKES

LORD KITCHENER'S HYBRID ZEBRA

India. The total number of visitors was 915,764, and the income for the year was £34,955.

The beautiful zebras are the admiration of all visitors to the Zoo. The animal shown in the illustration was originally kept at Windsor, and was presented to the late Queen Victoria by Emperor Menelik, who at the same time gave a pair to President Grévy, of France, after whom this species is named. The King last year presented this beautiful creature to the Zoo with two other Grévys, and these three, on all four legs and also on the loins, and the "gridiron" markings extend upwards from the root of the tail. These are the only characteristics of the zebra which are noticeable, the great mane of the zebra being lacking, as are other prominent features.

At the Zoo the wild Indian swine, presented by the King, attract much interest. They are now fully established there. Since the herd of swine, which the King used to keep at Windsor, was abolished, many litters have been seen at the Zoo.

GREVY ZEBRA PRESENTED BY THE KING

excepting one owned by the Duke of Bedford, are the only specimens in captivity. All four are females.

A most interesting animal at the Zoo is the hybrid zebra, a cross between a stallion horse and a Burchell zebra mare. This unique animal was sent over to the King by Lord Kitchener, who discovered it among the remounts placed at the General's disposal during the Transvaal war. The animal is very savage and wild, no doubt through want of proper exercise. The zebra markings are distinctly visible

All the wild swine, with perhaps one exception, are marked lengthwise with stripes when born; and, curious to relate, although domesticated pigs show no signs of these markings, when they revert to the wild state, as they have done in South America and Africa, the young are generally striped when born. The Indian wild swine are very savage if cornered, and will "go for" anything—man, horses, elephants—even though severely wounded. The boars weigh about 270 pounds each, and are very ferocious.

ANOTHER BIG FELLOW IN THE ZOO

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT

INDIAN WILD SWINE

We are proud that we have a very fine specimen of the Rocky Mountain goat at the Zoo, the only one in Europe ever brought over alive. The specimen in the Philadelphia collection, I understand, is not as fine as the one at our Zoo. These animals are solitary in their habits. They are about as large as full-sized sheep, and have long white hair, well suited to harmonize with their snowy surroundings. The hair, which is very abundant around the throat and neck, stands erect like a mane down the centre of the back. These goats range all through the Rocky Mountains, and it is with the utmost difficulty that hunters reach their haunts, as they usually inhabit the most inaccessible places. Although they have the credit of being extremely agile among their native mountains, the lazy and stiff manner with which the specimen at the Zoo hobbles about on the very poor imitation of rocks with which it is provided, gives the impression that they are very dull and stupid animals.

Of all the animals at the Zoo the marsupials hold the record for being "born in the menagerie." My photograph of the wallaby with young shows the head of the young one protruding from the pouch, with which all the native animals of Australia are provided. I can find no reliable testimony as to how the young are placed in the pouch after their premature birth. And no information on this subject is forthcoming from any of the keepers at the Zoo, although for years they have been close observers and have had exceptional facilities; not one of them knows how or when the transition takes place.

SULTAN

The lion house contains some very fine specimens, two only of which can be shown. Sultan and his companion Mona were photographed upon the tree trunk which is placed inside the spacious den. Another splendid lion is Duke, a very handsome animal captured by Grogan and Sharp, those plucky explorers and authors who made the first journey in Africa from

south to north. This fine specimen was brought to the Zoo as a cub in September, 1898, and is another example of the care and attention given to any animals deposited in the society's gardens.

The ape house at the Zoo, built at the cost of £7000, and opened to the public last year, is quite a new departure in the housing of apes and monkeys. The main feature of this edifice is the entire separation of the part appropriated to the public from that in which the anthropoid apes are lodged. An extra thick plate glass screen forms the division and runs the entire length and height of the spacious building. Up to the present time the new scheme has proved most successful, as an even temperature can be kept up in the animals' quarters no matter what the outside temperature is; and this is not varied by the constant opening and shutting of doors. The public, that used to feed and handle the favorites in their old quarters, was at first greatly disappointed at not being able to handle and talk to Mickie, the pet chimpanzee, and to see him go through his performance of taking the keys out of his keeper's pocket, selecting the right one, and proceeding to unlock the door of his cage—never by any chance offering to put the key in upside down. Mickie can make O and X with a pencil on a slate; he plays at guessing which hand the larger piece of apple is in; he sits up, with a basin and spoon, and eats as rationally as any "grown up"; and does things which seem to point to reason as much as to instinct. But the plate glass screen has stopped Mickie's attraction as one of the most intelligent apes in captivity. There were two other chimpanzees in the ape house which were exceedingly amusing, for, although quite young, their blows, measured movements and actions, were extremely ludicrous, and served again to point to a power of reasoning, or to an instinct far and away beyond anything exhibited by the more agile-tailed monkeys. This pair of comic duelists were

MONA

WALLABY WITH YOUNG

JIM AND SUSAN

named Jim and Susan. Poor Susan (who is represented on the right of the illustration) died suddenly, and poor little Jim has to do a comic turn all by himself.

The new ape house also had as an inhabitant a proboscis-monkey (*Nestor notabilis*) which was the first specimen ever seen alive in Europe. It was a weakly creature when it arrived and did not live many weeks. It was no doubt the rarest monkey ever seen in captivity, and it proved beyond doubt the gross exaggeration of the drawings illustrating this monkey that are found in most of the works on natural history, and the errors that were performed in setting up some of the stuffed specimens seen in natural history museums.

Ourang-outangs have been well represented at the Zoo, but unfortunately the Borneo apes do not live long in captivity, and adult specimens are very difficult to obtain. Two fine ones were lost at the Zoo within twelve months, and the society has not been able to replace them. The ape house also contains specimens of the silvery gibbon and a hoolock, both very rare and very healthy. In our Zoo, also, there is a splendid collection of birds and reptiles. The exhibit of birds is generally recognized as the largest and finest in the world.

MICKIE

VIEW OF NEW YORK SOUTH FROM ST. PAUL'S

THE GREATEST GROUP OF SKY-SCRAPERS IN THE WORLD—"THE EMBODIMENT OF THE SUPERB CONFIDENCE OF A NATION AND ITS ARCHITECTURAL SYMBOL."

ARTISTIC ASPECTS *of the* MODERN OFFICE BUILDING

The modern office building was an entirely new problem laid before the architects of America. The conditions that were to be met were growing imperative and still lacked answer, when a radical change in construction not only gave the true solution, but proved to be the architectural opportunity of a generation. It has been an inspiring task to take these new conditions and mould about them an expressive and beautiful form.

Twenty-five years ago the increasing value of land in the centre of the larger cities began to show itself in the greater height of the buildings erected for business purposes. At first there was a gradual and slight extension upward of the old type of structure, but a limit was quickly reached beyond which the extra expense of heavier construction outweighed the rental saved, and beyond which human endurance in stair-climbing had an end.

The steel-skeleton and the elevator suddenly opened up a field of untried possibilities. There was now no assignable limit to the number of stories which might be built, one upon another, at a reasonable cost, any one of which might be easily and quickly reached from the entrance hall on the ground floor.

The consequences that were to follow were so various and so contrary to the precedent of architecture that they could not be comprehended all at once, and as they were realized one by one, at first as possibilities, so radical were they that it was a triumph of intellectual as well as mechanical daring to put them into execution.

First among the signs of a great revolution, buildings appeared which soared up into the air and sunlight to a height three or four times that of the surrounding masses of stone and brick. The "sky-scraper" had come into existence. Height was from the first their notable characteristic. Then, since the skeleton carries the walls, story by story, and the walls carry less weight than in the smallest of dwelling houses, these could be made thin and light, and the weight of the entire structure was greatly reduced. All this tended toward airiness and delicacy of treatment. An increase in the size of windows, answering a demand for brighter offices, led still in the same direction.

Strange to say, at first few among our architects seem to have appreciated the new conditions as an incentive to originality. Every means was used to mitigate the apparent height of the new buildings; every means was used to hide the mighty skeleton, and to give to the walls the appearance of sustaining their own entire weight, as well as that of the floors and roof, as in buildings of the older type. Instead of expressing, emphasizing, the vital characteristics of the new building, instead of celebrating its *raison d'être* in a fitting and beautiful garb, the architect did his utmost to make it look like what it was not. The result was naturally hypocritical, incoherent, and hideous.

There were office buildings that wore the guise of feudal castles, and office buildings in which it seemed that the roof of a two-story building of classic design had

PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, BUFFALO

A FRANK AND STRAIGHTFORWARD OFFICE BUILDING IN WHICH FUNCTION AND CONSTRUCTION HAVE GIVEN CHARACTER TO THE DESIGN; THE WALLS ARE SEEN TO BE ONLY SCREENS, AND THE ORNAMENT HAS BEEN FITLY DESIGNED FOR THE ENRICHMENT OF FLAT SURFACES AND PANELS.

been lifted a hundred and fifty feet above the original cornice line and the space filled in with vast walls of an entirely different character, different in material, in construction, in the style and arrangement of openings, and in ornament. The prestige of the old architecture was strong enough to control in large measure the outward form of these buildings, and, indeed, continues to do so to this day. The inevitable logic of physical circumstances compelled designers to accept a new ideal of construction, but few among them believed that this called upon them to forsake old ideals of beauty and to discover a new type as individual and personal as that of a rose or poppy, and differing from the beauty of other buildings as rose or poppy differ from larkspur or golden rod.

Nevertheless, certain architects felt this call and have lived and worked by it. Louis H. Sullivan said, some half dozen years ago, of the tall office building, that "to the artist nature, its loftiness is its thrilling aspect." This was the right note; recognize the function and constructive basis, the character of the building, as the motive of the only beauty that can really belong to it, or seem to belong to it, and the first step is won. But a building may be sincere and functionally true, yet be the baldest of prose architecture; for instance, the average factory building.

Art must add the imperial touch of emphasis; "to the artist nature its loftiness is its thrilling aspect." Now the artist nature must so clothe the loftiness that it shall be irresistibly thrilling to any nature sensitive to such things; that is the business of the artist, his function in society. With this in view, there will sooner or later appear the perfect office building, or better yet, and quite as possible, several equally admirable works, as different as are the various famous cathedrals. Experiment and partial success must alternate with prosaic barrenness until some true solution dawns in the intelligence of a man to whom the promptings and endeavors of others are the atmosphere in which he is to awaken to the work of lyrical accomplishment.

Today is no time to dogmatize; nevertheless, in looking along the line of half-success, we can clearly see that there are points at which victory has been more complete than in others; some, again, where we have been clearly baffled. Of the middle section, that above the second or third story, as the case may be, and extending to within a few stories of the roof, we can find many examples of good treatment in a negative sense, in which, if there is no clear expression of construction, there is no false pretense. In a few cases success has been quite complete; the expression of the vertical members of the steel frame has been taken as a decorative motive, the walls are clearly seen to be screens only, not walls at all, in the old sense, and the decorative ornament has been fitly designed for the enrichment of flat surfaces and panels. Moreover, the comparative lightness of these screen-walls has been given pleasing expression in terra cotta and brick, which lend themselves admirably to this end. At the roof the traditional demand for a frieze, and the unwillingness of designers to let well enough alone, has done plenty of mischief, but it is rather in the first three stories that he who runs may read the wildest tales of nightmare-blundering in solid granite.

Here, of course, has been the strongest tendency to adhere to old forms, which, then, have been repeated at the roof with strange effect. On the other hand, one excellent designer, in his effort to free himself from tradition, let a façade, otherwise seemingly unsupported across its whole width, appear to rest on an immense sheet of plate glass! A simple external expression of the girder which actually carried the weight developed at that line would have remedied this, and saved an otherwise admirable and original work.

The difficulty of the problem at this particular point lies in the fact that, while the mind instinctively looks for heavier walls and piers to support the increasing weight near the earth, yet because of their position and the uses for which they are destined, the lower stories demand larger openings than the upper. This, in order to secure sufficient light for the interior, and also because in many cases the windows are to be used for the display of goods. Admitting, then, the almost paradoxical nature of the requirements, the fact remains that no completely satisfactory treatment has been found. On the one hand, we have buildings in which the

HARRISON BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF THE ATTEMPT TO ADAPT THE ARCHITECTURAL MOTIVES OF ANOTHER AGE TO MODERN NEEDS, AND TO BRING THE CHARM AND BEAUTY OF A CHATEAU OF OLD FRANCE INTO OUR DAILY SURROUNDINGS.

solidity and weight of the lower units satisfy the eye, but in which at the same time they are out of character with the greater proportion of the superstructure, and are, moreover, like stage properties, seeming to carry a weight which they really do not, but which is carried, as is evident above, by steel columns. This group of buildings includes the greater part of those designed strictly as office buildings and those in which the first floor is used for banking purposes. On the other hand, we have a class in which the lower floors are frankly treated to secure a maximum of light and display space, and here almost inevitably, it seems, there is a sense of inadequacy and bareness.

The perfect office building is, then, still an ideal of the future. Yet the natural sense of discouragement felt in the thought that among so many opportunities not one has been fully grasped is but a form of our national impatience. If we look at the other side of the account, we can hardly realize how much has been gained until we compare one of the recently completed buildings with the best of those dating from the eighties. Impressive in height they surely are, and each year shows a steady advance in the expression of the lightness and airy brightness that belong with this. So far have we gone in this direction that we hear of "window-frame buildings," in which the outer "walls" are not even screens, but are reduced to a mere sheathing of the iron columns as a fireproof covering. The columns are of fireproof steel and the sheathing walls are of glass.

Again, look at a group of them from a distance—see how they rise like great towers in the midst of the city. At their feet the old city lies dull and grimy; only here and there a spire or tower rises to break the monotonous level of roofs, and only the white ribbon of a sunlit street or the green trees of some little park relieves the smoky grey of the desert of houses. Out of this, aggressive, vigorous, as if of a more powerful and robust race, stand these giants of modern construction. Other buildings may hide a few of their lower stories, but their clean vertical lines spring out of the confusion below into a region that belongs to them almost alone, and in which their bearing is that of the superb confidence and force of the nation of which they are the embodiment and the latest symbol. Have we not already, in the largest sense, found memorable expression?

Or, forget all their details in the growing dusk and look open-mindedly at them again; now sparkling all over with lights from within and so vast of height that the cornice is almost lost in darkness; men will not soon forget this! Surely, something of poetry already clings to them.

Functionally, moreover, the modern office building is as perfect as anything that man has made. The framework is light, economical of space and material, and yet is perfectly rigid. The floors and walls are fireproof and practically soundproof, weigh but little, comparatively speaking, and the arrangement of rooms and halls is such that every room bears out the impression of brightness and airiness that belongs to the whole building. Then, again, the elevator system, the lighting and heating plants, and the plumbing systems all come near to the ideal of a maximum performance with a minimum of material.

Nor can we afford to forget the far-reaching influence that this evolution has had in setting a new and higher standard throughout the physical side of architectural work; one which shows in smaller operations quite as clearly as in the larger. The office building of moderate size, the modern hotel, the store building, and even the dwelling house, all owe to the stringent demands of the sky-scraper more than to any other single cause a long series of discoveries and inventions in method, material, and design in which simplicity and economy are combined with completeness and efficiency. Thus, the modern office building has not only given us a new ideal and a new motive in the art of architecture, but it also stands as the exponent of man's highest achievement along certain lines of physical endeavor. To the least fixture the building carries the impress of this spirit of mechanical perfection, characteristic of a time and people to whom performance is the criterion of all things.

Albert W. Barker.

CORN EXCHANGE BUILDING, NEW YORK

A SKY-SCRAPER MASQUERADING AS A FOUR-STORY BUILDING, IN PLACE OF ACCEPTING AND EMPHASIZING ITS DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTIC OF HEIGHT.

BROADWAY CHAMBERS, NEW YORK

NOT RADICAL IN SPIRIT, BUT EXPRESSING ITS CHARACTER WITH CONSERVATIVE MODERATION AND DIGNITY; ESPECIALLY HONEST IN THE TREATMENT OF THE MIDDLE SECTION.

ST. PAUL BUILDING, NEW YORK

A PLAIN FRAUD AS TO THE NUMBER OF STORIES, WHICH PUTS IT ENTIRELY OUT OF SCALE; NEVERTHELESS IT HAS A DIGNITY DUE TO THE SIMPLICITY OF ITS LINES.

PARK ROW BUILDING, NEW YORK

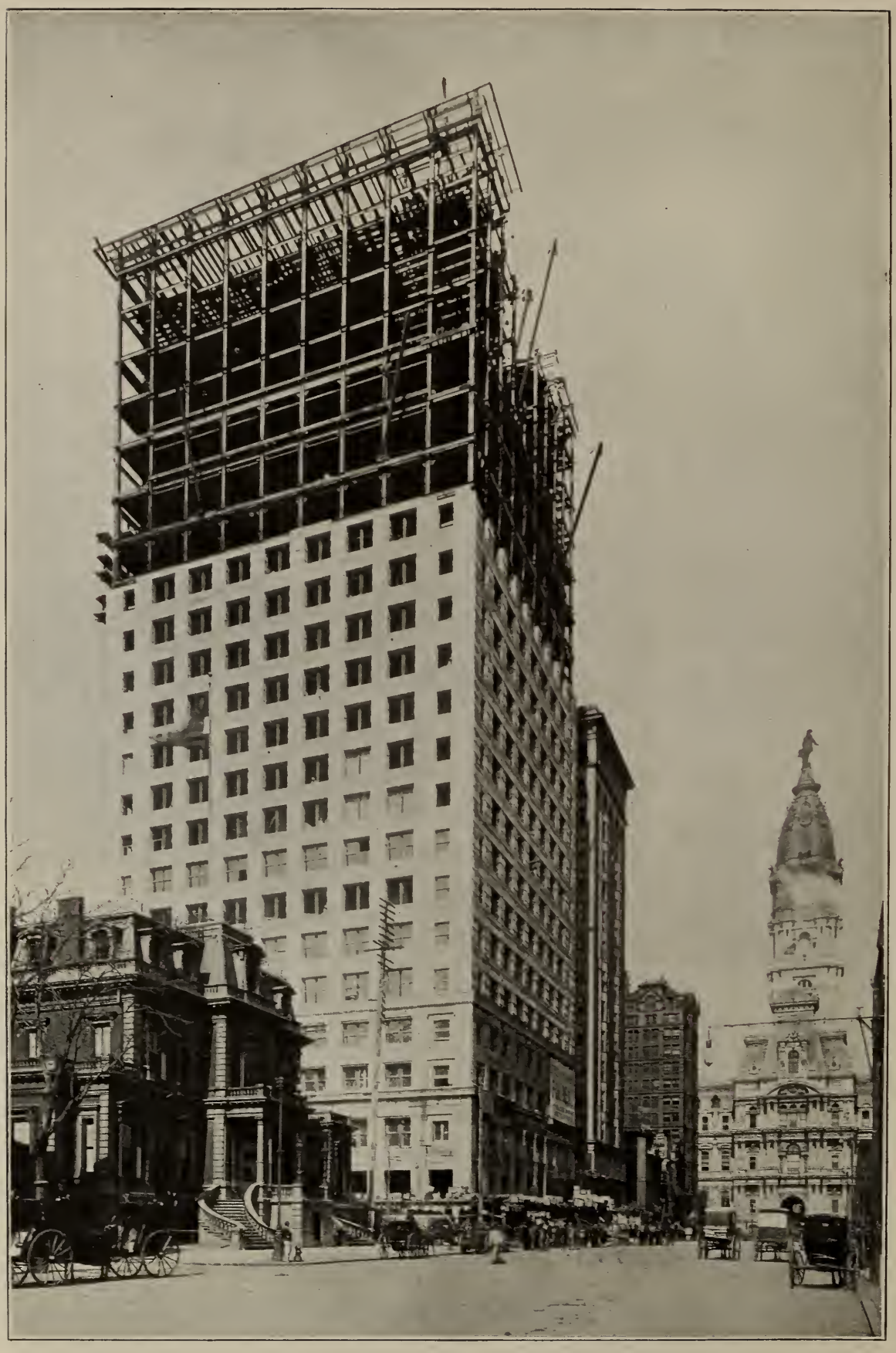
IN THIS GIANT A FRANTIC EFFORT HAS BEEN MADE TO DIVERSIFY THE FACADE. EVERY KNOWN DEVICE—COLUMNS, PILASTERS, CORNICES, BALCONIES, BROAD WINDOWS, NARROW WINDOWS, CARYATIDS, MINARETS—HAS BEEN USED IN AN ATTEMPT TO COVER THE SURFACE WITHOUT REPETITION.

TACOMA BUILDING, CHICAGO

THE FIRST BUILDING WITH STEEL CONSTRUCTION ERECTED IN CHICAGO, SHOWING THE LARGE WINDOW AREA WHICH ALMOST FROM THE FIRST HAS BEEN CHARACTERISTIC OF THE MODERN OFFICE BUILDING; A DESIGN MARRED BY THE LACK OF PLANE SURFACES.

MISSOURI TRUST BUILDING, ST. LOUIS

THE LIGHT-WELL IS ACCEPTED AS AN IMPORTANT FEATURE IN THIS DESIGN; INSTEAD OF BEING HIDDEN AWAY AS A NECESSARY EVIL IT IS USED TO GIVE INTEREST TO THE FACADE.

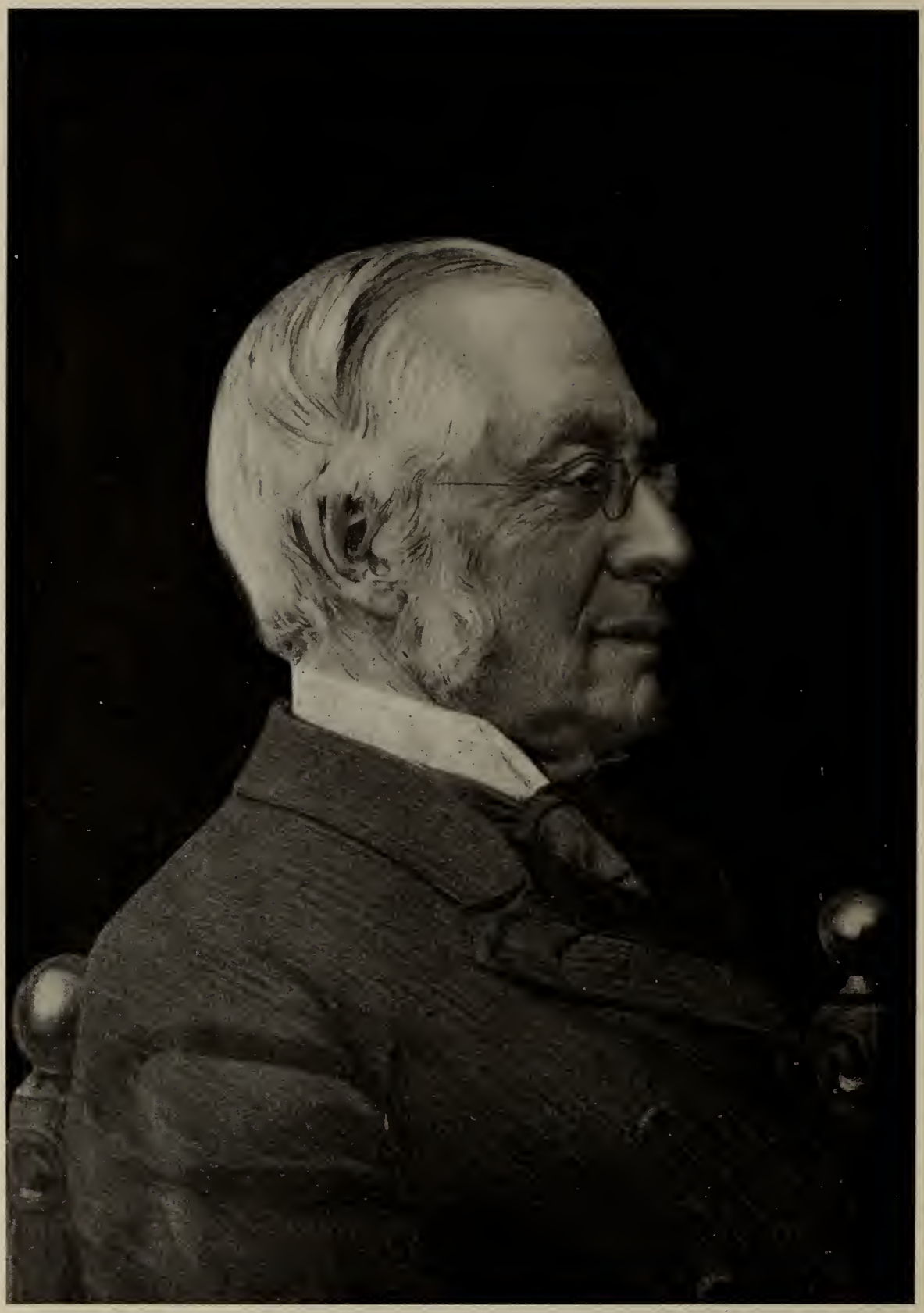


LAND TITLE AND TRUST BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

SQUARE-BUILT THROUGHOUT, DEVOID OF CHARM EITHER OF FORM OR COLOR, IT HAS ITS OWN VIRTUE: IT IS FRANK, AGGRESSIVE, AND TRUE TO ITS PURPOSE; ONE WORD MARKS IT—UTILITY.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK

THE CONTRAST OF THE OLD CITY AND THE NEW—ON THE ONE LIES AN ATMOSPHERE OF REPOSE; IN THE OTHER THE URGENT PULSE OF LIFE BEATS FAST, AND ITS GLOW AND FORCE ARE IMAGED IN ITS TOWERING BUILDINGS.



From photograph by Notman

CHARLES W. ELIOT

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

A PARLIAMENT of EDUCATION

A great man, an inspiring environment, and an elaborate institutional device for promoting professional and patriotic ends —these are to be the outstanding features of the greatest educational assembly of the year, the forty-second annual session of the National Educational Association, which meets in Boston, July 6-10.

The great man is Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University since 1869. Indifferent to adverse precedent, the Association singled him out to preside at a meeting held in the city where he has only one rival as first citizen—Edward Everett Hale. His personality will dominate the administrative and pedagogical aspects of the convention. As presiding officer at the great evening mass meetings in Mechanics' Hall, he will introduce speakers with his customary felicity of characterization and terseness of speech, and will himself contribute to the discussion a formal presidential address on the "New Definition of the Cultivated Man." President Eliot personifies that type of culture and aristocracy of which Boston is proud, an aristocracy based on character rather than on money or family, and a culture which unites spiritual with intellectual attainments. He will stand before twenty thousand delegates and receive the homage which is due prodigious industry, unswerving loyalty to personal and professional ideals, candor seldom equalled, and conspicuous constructive and organizing talent.

Other large personalities will be much in evidence. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, with a quiet demeanor and strictly intellectual type of personality, is always a powerful influence, whether in expounding principles of psychology and philosophy, or dealing with practical issues; and in formal or informal debates he is a fencer whose foil goes straight to the mark or disarms an opponent of his weapon. No one gives a more distinct impression of intellectual agility, of power to dissect an argument, to objectivize truth and walk around it, and view it on all sides to see whether it indeed be truth. President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, is a prolific and suggestive contributor, always stirring up conventional folk by his unconventionality, plainly making known his own opinions, cross whose beliefs they may, and coming to the problems of education with the prestige of one whose training in problems of psychology and pedagogy has been exceptionally ample and thorough. Another speaker of authority is Nicholas Murray Butler, formerly editor of the *Educational Review*, and now president of Columbia University. He, too, comes to the debate with a reserve of theoretical knowledge which practical educators have to respect. While such men as Eliot, Hall, and Butler stand for the higher institutions of learning, it is from the normal schools, high schools, and state and city superintendents that the working rank and file of the association are drawn, and these will be represented by a group of notable men.

Confident of the result and admitting his superior skill the educators of Boston, who might naturally have been entrusted with this duty, early left administrative control of the coming convention to President Eliot, and last fall he at once picked out a working group of six young men—Mr. E. R. Warren, chairman, and Mr. Charles Francis Adams, treasurer—upon whom he knew he could rely for unlimited time and labor, and this executive committee of lieutenants has worked out with his advice and that of local educators the elaborate scheme of entertainment. This plan had the advantage of giving the general his choice of lieutenants, men who can make a business of it for a time. It centers responsibility both before and during the convention, and it relieves the school superintendents and teachers from exhausting extra labor.

Turning to environment, what will the delegates find at Boston, and what will they take away? To many attending the convention its formal sessions will be its least valuable feature. From South, West, and Interior hundreds are coming to see not only Boston but New England for the first time. They will attend the many summer schools — at Harvard, Woods Hole, and Martha's Vineyard. They will reverently travel to historic shrines inseparably identified with

the political and historical development of the nation. Concord and Lexington, Salem and Cambridge, the haunts of Hawthorne, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Prescott, Motley, John Fiske, Margaret Fuller, Louisa M. Alcott, and Mary E. Wilkins will be sought out by thousands of the delegates. Thus, apart from what they gain in professional ways, they will take back to their homes an intensified Americanism and a broader culture. Viewed in this larger way the gathering has its splendid potentialties. It will make for nationalism as against provincialism.

Boston will bestir herself to provide something more than the antique and historic. Musicians from her Symphony Orchestra and the Cecilia and Handel and Haydn choruses will furnish choice concerts. The presidents of all her learned societies and best municipal agencies are serving in something more than a perfunctory manner on President Eliot's advisory committee, the plan being to put all of the city's resources at the service of the visitors. Harvard University, though not in session, nevertheless will keep open house for the benefit of the teachers. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology gives over one of its buildings as an administrative center. The Girls' Latin School is to serve as a club house for the women. Museums, art galleries, historical collections will be open—and free. In short, the disposition is to put at the disposal of the host of teachers all the facilities and treasures which the city and the citizens have for making a sojourner's stay in the city broadly educational; and the program has been arranged so that the afternoons will be free for this form of instruction. Boston, in effect, has said, "Here I am, most ancient and most intelligent of cities of the first class. Here I have stored up priceless treasures—take and use them."

From persons to environment — and now from environment to program and mechanism as a demonstration of American capacity for organization. Slowly but surely during the thirty-two years since under its present name the Association first assembled in St. Louis those leaders most responsible for the success of the association have built up a program for the annual gatherings which, however much the speakers may change, is remarkable for the thoroughness with which the entire field of education is covered. For instance, at the coming assembly, in addition to the five large evening meetings, when topics of general professional or national interest will be discussed, there will be held at the morning sessions more than thirty meetings under eighteen departmental subdivisions of the association, at which two hundred and fifty speakers will be heard in formal papers or speeches, not to mention others who will participate in the supplementary round-table conferences.

Obviously, in planning this elaborate and carefully articulated program, much responsibility falls upon the heads of several departments. Hitherto they have worked very much in independence of each other and without preliminary conference with the president. One of the radical innovations of President Eliot was his prompt summoning to Boston, six months in advance of the convention, fifteen of the departmental heads, and with them undertaking the task of co-ordinating the program and enlisting the speakers best fitted to deal with specific subjects. The result is apparent.

Hitherto at conventions the assembling of so many teachers and school officials has been utilized by publishers and makers of school apparatus for a display of text-books and school paraphernalia. Nothing of the kind will be permitted at this convention. It is to be an educational conference and not a commercial venture, and all aspects of commercialism in connection with it are to be eliminated.

Coming more directly to the program itself it is seen to be full of suggestion to a thoughtful citizen. That the times demand a new definition of the term culture, and fresh efforts to conserve culture after it is redefined, is shown by President Eliot's choice of theme for his presidential address. The vital importance to the nation of adequate educational facilities in the South is shown by giving over one of the popular evening sessions to Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, and some of the administrative officials of the Southern Educational Board. Manual training and technical education have the center of the stage at another great mass-meeting; and school

gardens, city school yards, and the surroundings of rural schools, at another such session.

The ever-increasing interest in suitable religious education, whether in Sunday-schools or week-day schools, is met in a departmental session when Bishop J. L. Spalding, the eminent Roman Catholic prelate and thinker, Professor George A. Coe, of Northwestern University, who so rapidly is coming to the front as an authority on the psychology of religion, and Commissioner Harris, will discuss the theme. Mr. R. W. Gilder, of the *Century*, will champion the kindergarten as an uplifting influence in the home and community. Nature study will have the championship of Rev. William J. Long, whose ideas of animals and their intelligence have recently called forth rather bitter condemnation from John Burroughs. The vexed matter of the length of the college course necessary to gain the bachelor's degree, and the time of preparation for professional schools, will be argued by Presidents Eliot of Harvard and Butler of Columbia University.

Symptomatic of the new outlook of the nation beyond itself toward the trade of the world, and a sign of the demand that our schools fit our children and youth to enter better in competition commercially with youth trained in German and French schools—England's competition we have little reason to fear—is the topic of "Trade Schools" to be discussed both from the manufacturer's and from the educator's point of view, and as to the technique of their organization and the probable relation of trades-unions to them. Furthermore, a report will be presented by a committee of ten experts, appointed at the last meeting, who will formulate a commercial course for American high schools.

Such themes as these are prophetic of a new day in esthetics and in politics in this country. We are to be keener lovers of beauty, and are to train our youth more and more in handicrafts that will minister to the beautiful. We are to capture the markets of the world by adding to our natural talent for business and industry, and to our unrivalled natural resources, the best trained body of artisans and business men in the world, not excepting the Germans. And hereafter our political foreign policy is to reflect our trade policy, which is to be one of expansion and reaching out to the ends of the earth.

One cannot glance over these and the many other themes to be discussed by this convention without being deeply impressed with the inclusiveness of the word education, as it is defined by American educators, and also with the area of territory from which professional experts can be drawn to discuss technical problems. The East may furnish the president and the meeting place this year, but the participants in the convention and its governing personalities under normal conditions are principally from the Interior and West. The inhabitants of the Mississippi valley shape the politics of the country now, and their educators control the National Educational Association. New England in the earlier years of its history furnished a disproportionate number of officers because of her acknowledged primacy in matters educational. But that day is past. Education in the Interior and West has great commonwealths back of it, from kindergarten to university. In New England the colleges and universities are dependent on private benefactions; and, as President Eliot has recently intimated, in such competition between donors the state-backed systems must win.

Appraised independently of its technical or professional value, an assemblage which brings together twenty thousand influential molders of opinion from every state and territory in the union, and enables them to rise above sectional points of view to the plane of national unity and kindred oneness as citizens of a nation, is to be rated as a valuable medium for the unification of opinion in matters political and ethical as well as pedagogical. Its heroes are men of peace and wisdom. Its enthusiasms are not the passions of a thoughtless mob but the sentiments of disciplined minds and seekers after the ideal. It will be worth going many miles to see the spectacle when the vast audience of teachers rises to its feet to salute its president and begin the vital discussions of the convention.

George Perry Morris

(*The Congregationalist*)

Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

A CLOSE CALL

THE BEST NEW THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

Three Remarkable Inventions

One after another, almost within the space of a single year, Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt, of New York City, has given the world three remarkable electrical inventions. Any one of them would be sufficient to make a man famous; the three have placed Mr. Hewitt in the very front rank of present-day inventors and scientists. So high an authority as Lord Kelvin, the greatest of living electricians, said after his recent visit to this country:

"What attracted me most in America was the work of Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt and his vacuum lamp."

And the public at large is quite as deeply concerned as the scientists, for the new inventions have an intimate importance for every man, woman, and child in the country.

Briefly, this is their essence and significance:

First.—The new electric lamp.

On an evening in January, 1902, a great crowd was attracted to the entrance of the Engineers' Club in New York City. Over the doorway a narrow glass tube gleamed with a strange blue-green light of such intensity that print was easily readable across the street, and yet so softly radiant that one could look directly at it without the sensation of blinding discomfort which accompanies nearly all brilliant artificial lights. The light was different from anything ever seen before, grateful to the eyes, much like daylight, only giving the face a curious, pale green, unearthly appearance. The cause of this phenomenon was soon evident; the tubes were seen to give forth all the rays except red—orange, yellow, green, blue, violet—so that under its illumination the room and the street without, the faces of the spectators, the clothing of the women lost all their shades of red; indeed, changing the very face of the world to a pale green-blue. Here was an entirely new sort of electric light. The familiar incandescent lamp, the invention of Thomas A. Edison, though the best of all methods of illumination, is also the most expensive. Mr. Hewitt's lamp, though not yet adapted to all purposes served by the Edison lamp, on account of its peculiar color, produces eight times as much light with the same amount of power. It is also practically indestructible, there being no filament to burn out; and it requires no special wiring. By means of this invention electricity, instead of being the most costly means of illumination, becomes the cheapest—cheaper even than kerosene.

Second.—A new, cheap, and simple method of converting alternating electrical currents into direct currents.

The apparatus now in use is cumbersome, expensive, and wasteful. Mr. Hewitt's new converter is a mere bulb of glass or of steel, which a man can hold in his hand. A three-pound Hewitt converter will do the work of a seven-hundred-pound apparatus of the old type; it will cost dollars where the other costs hundreds; and it will save a large proportion of the electricity wasted in the old process. By this simple device, therefore, Mr. Hewitt has in a moment extended the entire range of electrical development. Every electric

railroad, every lighting plant, every factory using electricity, is intimately concerned in Mr. Hewitt's device, for it will cheapen their power, and thereby cheapen their products to you and to me.

Third.—The third invention is in some respects the most wonderful of the three. Technically, it is called an electric interrupter or valve.

The chief demand for an interrupter has come from the scores of experimenters who are working with wireless telegraphy. Who has not read with profound interest the news of Mr. Marconi's success? Who has not sympathized with his effort to perfect his machine, to produce a tuning apparatus by means of which messages flying through space could be kept secret? And here at last has come the invention which science most needed to complete and vitalize Marconi's work. By means of Mr. Hewitt's interrupter, the simplicity of which is as astonishing as its efficiency, the whole problem has been suddenly and easily solved. Mr. Hewitt's new interrupter may, indeed, be called the enacting clause of wireless telegraphy. By its use the transmission of powerful and persistent electrical waves is reduced to scientific accuracy. The apparatus is not only cheap, light, and simple, but it is also a great saver of electrical power.—*Ray Stannard Baker*, in *McClure's Magazine*.

Humors of the Pencil

Any emotion can be shown in eight lines so convincingly that there can be no doubt as to what is intended. The slightest turn of one or more of these lines will change gladness to misery. A few lines will suggest President Roosevelt so that

no one could mistake the intention, even though the picture does not look like him. An old-fashioned plug hat and some straggly whiskers suggest Mr. Kruger. Instead of being portraits they are merely symbols that mean certain people—symbols which newspaper readers become familiar with and which never fail to suggest the people they stand for.

Just as certain symbols mean famous men, so other symbols stand for imaginary people. For instance, a fat man generously besprinkled with diamonds, gorgeously adorned with side-whiskers and a silk hat, is the symbol used to express "capital" or "trust." An anxious-looking man loaded

down with bundles stands for a suburbanite. Old maids always wear spectacles and ringlets; family men usually are wheeling a baby-carriage; club-women are shown with high foreheads, contracted brows, and ample avoirdupois. Uncle Sam is always the tall, gaunt gentleman with an old-fashioned beaver hat, a wisp of beard trimmed à la capricorn, and trousers a few inches too short. Just why the United States should be so represented nowadays is past

finding out, unless it is because we dislike to give up our old traditions. The modern Uncle Sam should be a clean, up-to-date, aggressive business man with million-dollar bills sticking from his pockets and a copy of the Monroe Doctrine embossed on his shirt-front. Then he would be typical of us.

A cartoonist is seldom a good judge of what will strike the popular fancy. Frequently the drawing that he labors over and considers exceedingly successful will never bring forth a single word of commendation, whereas some little feature that he regards as inconsequential may appeal to popular favor with mighty force and unanimity.

An instance in my own experience proves how true this is. At the beginning of the campaign of 1896 I was working hard and conscientiously on political cartoons. People looked at them and occasionally said pleasant things. But one day I inadvertently drew a dog—a rather ungainly but good-natured canine, merely to supply a needed detail in the composition of the cartoon. The next day, with similar purpose, I drew another dog that looked like the first dog. A subscriber wrote in and asked what the dog meant. The third day, just for fun, I drew the dog again. He was wisely listening to something Mr. Hanna was saying. A dozen letters swooped in and a dozen persons demanded to know what the dog meant. The dog then became a fixture, and with each day the letters from anxious inquirers grew in number, until a perfect avalanche descended upon the office. "What does the dog mean?" "Why is that dog always around watching the progress of the campaign—now with McKinley, now with Bryan, and now with Hanna?" "What is the deep-hidden significance?"

In a month it seemed to those around that particular newspaper as though the Presidential campaign had become almost totally eclipsed by the mystery of the dog. Thousands of letters came in from all corners of the country. If a day passed when the dog failed to appear there was a storm of solicitous inquiries from mothers and children, and even from men whose thoughts might presumably have been upon larger affairs. One day when Mr. Cleveland accidentally rocked on the dog's tail there was a flood of letters suggesting various remedies, and great relief the next day when the dog appeared with no visible sign of disaster beyond a bandage wound around the injured member. When people spoke of me it was as author of the dog, whereas I aspired to a more honorable thing. All of my serious work apparently counted for naught, and I really began to fear that forevermore I should be known only through my association with the homely, good-natured creature that inhabited my cartoons.—*John T. McCutcheon*, in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

How Mosquitoes Pass the Winter

It is well known that mosquitoes hibernate in the adult state; a certain number of these unpleasing insects pass the winter in various retreats—in slaughter houses, granaries, cellars, etc., and in the spring they resume active life and multiply their kind. Hibernation, however, does not always take place in the adult form only; the larvæ can also pass the winter with safety. This has been shown by the observations of Mr. John B. Smith made during the winter of 1901-1902 and at the end of 1902. The winter cold does not regularly destroy aquatic larvæ. They will bear a considerable degree of it; they have been seen surrounded with ice, the water having frozen around them, and after the melting of the solid envelope they still lived. The same larvæ may be alternately frozen up and melted several times in the course of the winter. Certain species hibernate in the adult state; others in the larval state also; others only in the larval state, and some hibernate in the egg. But many have hibernating larvæ; with many the larvæ pass the winter under the ice, or in the ice, without the least injury. It may easily be seen that cold will not kill mosquitoes, for numbers of polar explorers

have noted the abundance of the insects in the regions of ice; and it is well known that the mosquitoes are one of the plagues of the summer in the moist parts of Alaska. —*Revue Scientifique*, translated for *The Literary Digest*.

A Labor Cabinet

The Independent Labor party in the British House of Commons is becoming more conspicuous with every parliament. Of those represented in the illustration on the opposite page Mr. John Burns and Mr. J. Keir Hardie are well known both in England and America. It is about ten years since they first secured seats as representatives of the people. They have rigidly held aloof from party affiliation, though from the very nature of their cause they find themselves more in sympathy with the Liberal party than the Conservative, particularly when the Liberal party is out of power. Messrs. Shackleton, Bell, and Crooks are more recent acquisitions to the ranks of the parliamentary labor party, Mr. Crooks having in fact come in only during the past winter when he achieved one of the most notable electoral triumphs on record by converting an enormous Conservative majority into a substantial minority. All the labor members are intelligent representative workingmen of the best class, clear-headed, of simple tastes and habits, and well able to hold their own in debate.

Dangerous College Tendencies

The peril of the small college is the peril of all colleges, the temptation of advertising. All boasting is self-cheapening. The small college can do good elementary work in several lines. It can do good advanced work in a very few. If it keeps its perspective, if it does only what it can do well, and does not pretend that bad word is good work, or that the work beyond its reach is not worth doing, it is in no danger.

The great college can draw the best teachers away from the small colleges. It has the best teachers, the best trained, the best fitted for the work of training. But in most cases the freshman never discovers this. There is no worse teaching done under the sun than in the lower classes of some of our most famous colleges. Cheap tutors, unpractised and unpaid boys are set to lecture to classes far beyond their power to interest. We are saving our money for original research, careless of the fact that we fail to give the elementary training which makes research possible. Too often, indeed, research itself, the noblest of all university functions, is made an advertising fad. The demands of the university press have swollen the literature of science, but they have proved a doubtful aid to its quality. Get something ready. Send it out. Show that we are doing something. All this never advanced science. It is through men born to research, trained to research, choicest product of nature and art, that science advances.

The spirit of advertising leads some institutions to tolerate a type of athlete who comes as a student with none of the student's purpose. I am a firm believer in college athletics. I have done my part in them in college and out. I know that "the color of life is red"; but the value of athletic games is lost when outside gladiators are hired to play them. No matter what the inducement, the athletic contest has no value except as the spontaneous effort of the college man. To coddle the athlete is to render him a professional. If an institution makes one rule for the ordinary student and another for the athlete it is party to a fraud. Without some such concession, half the great football teams of today could not exist. I would rather see football disappear and the athletic fields closed for ten years for fumigation than to see our colleges helpless in the hands of athletic professionalism, as many of them are today.

There is something wrong in our educational practice when a wealthy idler is allowed to take the name of student, on the sole condition that he and his grooms shall pass occasional examinations. There is no justification for the granting of degrees on cheap terms, to be used in social decoration. It is said that the chief of the great coaching trust in one of our universities earns a salary greater than was ever paid to any honest teacher. His function is to take the man who has spent the term in idleness or dissipation, and, by a

From *Black and White*, by arrangement

few hours' ingenious coaching, to enable him to write a paper as good as that of a real student. The examinations thus passed are mere shams, and by the tolerance of the system the teaching force becomes responsible for it. No educational reform of the day is more important than the revival of honesty in regard to credits and examinations.

The same methods which cure the aristocratic ills of idleness and cynicism are equally effective in the democratic vice of rowdyism. The rowdy, the mucker, the hair-cutting, gate-lifting, cane-rushing imbecile is never a real student. He is a gamin masquerading in cap and gown. The requirement of scholarship brings him to terms.—*David Starr Jordan*, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

Democracy versus Caste

Literature is, after all, only the reflex of a national life; and to this day the national life of Scotland differs essentially from that of England. The theory of society in the geographical area called England remains, among many changes, dominantly one of caste. Scotland, on the other hand, is essentially a democracy. The consequence is that the classes in Scotland are being perpetually kept in a state of solution and sediment; whereas in England they tend to assume the character of a hard crust. In Scotland the strong, generating impulses come from the bottom. In England the influence is from the top downward.

This shifting of the social centre of gravity has had a remarkable influence on the literature of Scotland, for, with a few exceptions, notably that of Scott, the producers of that literature have come from the people. There has been no parallel to the class which we call English men of letters. The characteristic creative literature of Scotland has, in the main, come from the soil or from the wage-earning class—from Burns, the ploughman; Hogg, the shepherd; Carlyle, the stonemason's son; and even the universities, democratic as they always have been, cannot boast of the literary lineage of the simple, but thorough, parish school. In England, on the other hand, it is "the classes" who have produced the best writers, on the whole, from the days of Chaucer, the professional courtier.

I think it is to this fact that we owe the distinctive feature of the most characteristic Scots literature—the quality of intimateness. It is unnecessary to describe to a generation which has read *Margaret Ogilvy* and *The Little White Bird* exactly what is meant by intimateness in literature. It is easy to understand how this art tends to become puerile and mawkish, and how many opportunities it offers for ridicule, such as Mr. Crosland has bestowed upon it. But intimateness has done this for Scotland; it has made its literature part of the average man's life in a manner which has no parallel in England, with perhaps the sole exception of Dickens, who illustrates my proposition of the great value to a writer of coming freshly from the people without the intervention of that intellectual caste feeling which makes a man be sparing in his emotional means.—*J. M. Bulloch*, in *The Lamp*.

Where Froude Was Wrong

It is never wise, and seldom decent, to interfere between man and wife. You cannot hope to know the real facts, even if you condescend to collect gossip. If Mr. Froude had only been content to leave the matter alone, and do his plain duty as an honest and discreet editor of the *Reminiscences* and *Letters and Memorials*, we should have been spared a "pluister" and splutter which still endures.

> The time for repose had come at last,
> But long, long after the storm is past
> Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

Froude's notion, that Carlyle prepared the *Letters and Memorials* in a spirit of deep, abiding remorse, as of a man self-convicted of horrid selfishness, is extremely far-fetched. What, in Froude's opinion, was the head and front of Carlyle's offending? His devotion for Lady Ashburton. But nowhere else does Carlyle state his admiration for this gracious lady so strongly and so unabashedly as he does in these very *Memorials*. It does not weigh upon his mind or poison his memory one atom. What cut Carlyle to the heart was the sadness of his wife's life, he being of grim necessity absorbed in his *French Revolu-*

tions, *Cromwells*, and *Fredericks*, whilst she, thriftiest of wives, was grappling with narrow means and ungracious circumstance. He longed to let the world know how brilliant was her wit, how lively her pen, how great her courage. As for Mrs. Carlyle, she knew well enough, be her grievances what they might, that she had by her marriage secured for herself the very fittest audience for her peculiar humor to be found in all Europe. Carlyle never, from first to last, ceased to admire his wife's somewhat bitter tongue, though the "cauldness" of the blast sometimes made even him shiver. Was it nothing to have such constant appreciation from such a man? Suppose she had married a fool—no difficult thing to do, according to the Carlylian statistics! Poor fool! Her health was bad and her mode of drugging herself portentous (and she a doctor's daughter), but until her last years her vitality remained amazing.

Take a day at random, August 13th, 1855; she is fifty-four, and what does she do? She is up betimes, and catches the eight o'clock Chelsea boat, "with a good tide," for London Bridge Station, where she buys herself a third-class return ticket to Brighton, which place she reaches in an open railway carriage "without the least fatigue." On alighting at Brighton she plunges into the sea, and after the bath walks along the shore to an inn, which, as usual, she finds noisy and dirty. She continues her stroll along the cliffs till she reaches Rottingdean, four miles off. She falls in love with Rottingdean, and fixes upon a cottage as the very place she has long been searching for as a summer retreat. She dines at the little inn, devouring two fresh eggs, a plateful of home-baked bread and butter, and a pint bottle of Guinness. She lies on the cliffs for an hour and a half, and then walks back to Brighton, and searches up and down its streets for the agent, whose name and address she had got wrong. At last she finds him, and almost commits herself to the cottage. She travels back to London Bridge, walks to St. Paul's, where she gets a Chelsea omnibus, alighting at a shop near home to write the agent a letter, and then on foot to 5 Cheyne Row. The next day she complains of a little stiffness. This is suspiciously like "rude health." Had anyone ever ventured to be "wae" for Mrs. Carlyle to her face, I wish I could believe she would not have replied with one of her favorite Annandale stories: "Damn ye!—be wae for yersel."

It must, I think, be admitted that it was Froude who, in cricketing phrase, "has queered the pitch."

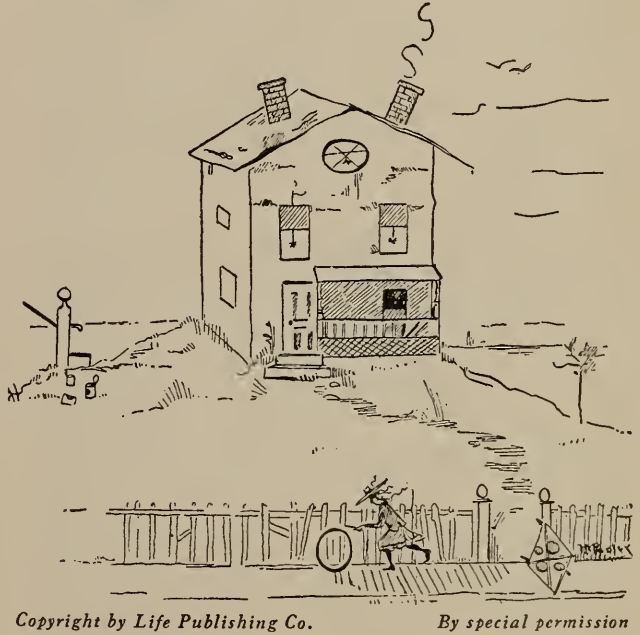
The mischief once done, it was certain and right that an attempt to undo it should be made. If we were to have so much, a little more material of an explanatory and mitigating nature may perhaps be welcomed.—*Augustine Birrell*, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

"How We Saved for a Home"

A Young Couple Did it in Ninety-five years

How did we do it? Simply by going without everything we needed. When I was first married my salary was thirty dollars a month.

My mother-in-law, who lived with us, decided to save enough out of my salary to build us a home.



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When the cellar was finished, I became ill and lost my position, and had to mortgage the cellar to make my first payment.

Although we went without food for thirty days the first year, we never missed a monthly payment.

The taxes, interest on mortgage and monthly payment on house were now three times the amount of my earnings.

However, by dispensing with the service of a doctor, we lost our father and mother-in-law. which so reduced our expenses that we were able to pay for the parlor floor and windows.

In ten years seven of our nine children died, possibly owing to our diet of excelsior and prunes.

I only mention these little things to show how we were helped in saving for a home.

I wore the same overcoat for fifteen years, and was then able to build the front porch, which you see at the right of the front door.

Now, at the age of eighty-seven, my wife and I feel sure we can own our comfortable little home in about ten years and live a few weeks to enjoy it.—*H. M. Perley*, in *Life*.

The Lost Art of Singing

The indulgent English audience has no artistic necessities to be outraged by the incompetent singer, who is generally sure of applause if his performance, while false for the artist, has been true for the sentimentalist. Meretricious ways of moving us must then be sternly discountenanced if we are to have art and not music-hall performances. What should we say of the violinist who snapped a string to express pathos or despair, and why do we tolerate the same class of expedients in a singer? So popularity wedded to spurious sentiment have combined to rob us of good singing. Today we have either the declaimer or the *diseur;* we have no longer the *cantante*. We roar, scream, or warble, we talk or we declaim, we pour out sentiment and "classical taste"—but we do not sing. We are all accustomed to voices completely strangled in the throat, with no resonance, no limpidity. Our baritones, it would seem, must burst a blood vessel when taking *sol*, our contraltos have two voices—one below and one above "the break of the voice." What should we say to a "new" *Stradivarius* which had the *timbre* of a 'cello for half its extension and blossomed out into a violin *timbre* for the remainder? Has the cornet, which takes the solo part in the orchestra, one uniform voice, or three or four different voices, according as it sounds a low, a middle, or a high note? Are not the effects of all instruments obtained by greater and less intensity of sound, not by difference of structure and register? The vulgar idea is that vocal *effects* are obtained by inequality of production; but they are effects like those of our new *Stradivarius*, the effects of an imperfect string or an imperfect wind instrument. An art may die of too much popularity, and this moment has come when the *cantante*, instead of interpreting great traditions to an audience, waits upon their ignorance, like some Latter-Day minister on his congregation.—*M. A. Tuker*, in *Nineteenth Century*.

The Influence of American Wealth on Divorce

The bulk of those who spend (not necessarily who make) huge incomes here have but a shallow emotional soil to work upon. Their souls seem undeveloped, their minds are incredibly uncultivated. A real "intelligent foreigner"—it may have been Mr. James Bryce, or it may have been Matthew Arnold—after a round of fashionable house-parties, once threw himself into our easy-chair with a sigh of relief, and delivered himself of what our Whitman would have termed a yawp—though a cultivated one. He had been from palace to palace—from Trianons to Georgian residences, from copies of Chenonceaux to imitations of the Hermitage—and he swore (he did swear) that in all that time he had not seen the outside of a book or any one who talked as if he had seen the inside of one. Wonderful tapestries there were, and great pictures, and even beautiful gardens, and bronzes and ormolus and jades—and the women wore exquisite frocks. But, even the men who create our fortunes seem occasionally to have sunk the higher powers of their mind in a fixed capital with the other assets of the trust—they have no mind left for circulation in society. And it is easier to be a connoisseur in bric-à-brac and pictures, or understand the points of horses, than to buy and understand good books.

Hence their minds are shallow. And, to our mind, this shallowness of their sinning is the cheapest sin. Humanity—though it may not dare proclaim it—has some respect

for an eternal emotion, though illicit; for even an ungovernable passion, though wrecking lives. But for adultery, ever careful of the forces of law, a Francesca who turns up smiling with her Paul at the next dinner party, a Lovelace who waits for the last husband's settlements, a Helen who goes to Paris with her husband—it has nothing but contempt. Passions which do *not* wreck lives are simply nasty.

That is why, as it seems to us, the spending of great fortunes, without responsibility and without intelligence, by persons without a mind for the higher enjoyments of life, is in great part a cause of our numerous divorces. The newly rich, the idle spenders, are like a shallow soil too quickly fertilized, too suddenly exposed in the forcing-house of prosperity. Shallowness of nature brings ennui of life. And that is why (as we hold) our public opinion—and our religious opinion—should have even less patience with a world that sins in play than with those who sin in truth. —*Harper's Weekly.*

The Satirist of the Girl Proposition

Of the *Fables in Slang* we have now four volumes and several hundreds of them, forming a splendid triumph on terms which might well have warranted defeat after the first twenty or thirty. But our life, our good, kind, droll, ridiculous American life, is really inexhaustible, and Mr. Ade, who knows its breadths and depths as few others have known them, drops his net into it anywhere, and pulls it up full of the queer fish which abound in it. There seems never a doubt of a catch in his mind, and so far there has been no failure. The form of these fables helps itself out with capital letters such as the nouns and other chief words of the old printings of Æsop used to wear, and there is a mock moral tagged to each, but each is really a little satire, expressing itself in the richest and freshest slang, but of a keenness which no most polished satire has surpassed, and of a candid complicity with the thing satirized—our common American civilization, namely—which satire has never confessed before. I am trying to get round to saying a thing I find difficult—that is, how the author deposits his varying people in their varying

HANDICAPPED

WHAT'S BOTHERING THE PROFESSOR?
HE CAN'T REMEMBER HIS OWN NAME.
WHY DOESN'T HE TRY WRITING IT DOWN?
HE DID THAT BUT COULDN'T READ HIS OWN WRITING.
—*Brooklyn Life*

situations without a word of excuse or palliation for either, in the full confidence that so far as you are truly American you will know them, and as far as you are truly honest you will own yourself of their breed and more or less of their experience. I will not load up this slight paper with any statement or analysis of them; everybody has read them, and knows what they are, and how, while they deal with any or every phase of our motley yet homogeneous existence, they deal chiefly with its chief interest, as it is, or as it has been, which the author calls The Girl Proposition.

He gives that name to his latest volume of fables, but it is the nature of nearly all. Somehow, more or less, they centre in it. Sometimes it is the old-girl proposition: the relation of husbands and wives in marriage and divorce; but mainly it is the young-girl proposition, as it should be in a republic so pastoral as ours, where the inno-

cent love-making, innocent however vulgar, of youthful unmarried people is the national romance. He divined that this was the great national concern, or else he has recognized it as such without being at the pains of any previous inspiration; and he has made it the ever-fascinating theme of his fables, as he had made it the theme of those earlier stories of his which one can hardly call novels. But even when the girl proposition is not the theme of his allegory, it is so joy-givingly true to the circumstance and character which no one can deny, that when the fable comes with each successive Sunday paper, and you sit down to it, you are sure of five minutes away from all the tiresome unreality and pretense of the workaday week, and experience something of the bliss of looking at your own photograph, either as you once were or as you are now.—*W. D. Howells*, in *North American Review*.

A Dream of Empire

If I were a German, and permitted myself to indulge in dreams for the future, I should create in my thoughts a great Austro-German Empire, with twin capitals (it may be) at Hamburg and at Constantinople, with ports on the Baltic, on the North Sea, on the Adriatic, the Ægean, and the Black Sea—an Empire, a Confederation which should eventually extend its influence through Asia Minor and Mesopotamia to the vicinity of the Persian Gulf. This continuous empire from the mouth of the Elbe to the mouth of the Euphrates is surely as glorious a dream as any great nation might caress. This empire might not include all the northern parts of Asia Minor; it might have to leave outside its limits Syria and Palestine; Greece, continental and insular, for the memory of its past and the hope of its future, should always be an independent State; Arabia and Egypt must be left to the influence of England; Tripoli and Barca to France and Italy—mainly to the latter Power. But this new Confederation of the Nearer East would be, on a larger scale, a repetition of what Germany now is—an Empire of many confederating States, large and small, with a common fleet and army for extra-territorial purposes, a common foreign and fiscal policy. The Kingdom of Poland might be reconstituted. The Kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary become in reality kingdoms, with kings similar to those who rule over Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Saxony; and in like manner there would be Kingdoms of Servia, Bulgaria, Albania, and Macedonia, a Republic of Constantinople, like the Republic of Hamburg; a Free City of Smyrna, like the Free City of Bremen; a Government over Mesopotamia, like the Imperial State of Alsace-Lorraine. Roumania's connection with this new German Empire might be that of a friendly, but independent, ally, similar to the position occupied by Greece.—*Sir Harry Johnston* (of Uganda) in *The Berlin Finanz Chronik*.

Irving as Dante

Judged by its own standard, this "immense production"—that is quite the fitting expression—may probably be counted a success, but why this particular author (Sardou) and, more especially, this particular actor (Irving) should choose so low a standard is not easy to say. M. Victorien Sardou is a dramatist of great and varied talents—the author of many extremely clever society comedies which attracted all Paris for at least a dozen years. How comes it that at the end of a brilliant career the imaginer of *Patrie*, *Rabagas*, and *Les Pattes de Mouche*, should turn out such bald, lifeless, undramatic work as *Robespierre* and, now, *Dante?* It is not that story and incident are wanting, it is that they are presented in so unconvincing a fashion as to lose all effect; it is that the old power of characterization is scarcely visible. Then Sir Henry Irving. Here is an actor acknowledged to be the Head of our Stage, one held in honor and beloved by all theatre-goers. He has been a most distinguished performer in our great national drama, in eccentric comedy, in melodrama. The father in *The Two Roses*, Shylock, Don Quixote, these and many others attest that in spite of marked physical peculiarities and exceptionally strong mannerisms he can cover a wide range of great parts. What is he doing in this second-rate, artificial drama, composed, apparently, as a frame-work for scenery,

DANTE ON THE MODERN STAGE

SIR HENRY IRVING AS DANTE; MISS LENA ASHWELL AS PIA
—*The Sketch*

dresses, properties, and the wonders of the electric light?

But let us take what M. Sardou has been pleased to give, and make the best of it. The atmosphere is undeniably good. Scenery (also from France), appropriate dresses, the brilliant glare of an Italian sun, the heavy, fever-laden miasma of Maremma, the groupings and movements of supernumeraries, these are all admirably true, and all bring before the audience the age and the place. So far, praise may be unstinted, but, then, so far there is no drama in our sense. It is a salmagundi of exciting episodes set in beautiful scenery, but it is not a play. The chord of humanity is not once struck. No one this side of the footlights cares a pin what becomes of anyone the other side. I had almost forgotten to say that Beatrice once appears —in a vision by no means well contrived.

Sir Henry is charming in the quiet

scenes and well represents the righter of wrongs. His voice is in good state, and is used with discretion. His appearance is a perfect picture—he is every inch the traditional Dante. Miss Lena Ashwell gives a beautiful performance of the mother in the prologue, and of the daughter afterwards.

No, whatever else it may be, *Dante* is not a play.—*London Pilot.*

The World Beyond Our Senses

Beyond all that the eye may see, that ear may hear, that hands may feel, outside of taste or smell—outside of any native sense—there lies an unseen, unheard, unfelt universe whose fringe we are just beginning to explore.

A flash, so to speak, from this supra-sensual world came with the discovery of the Röntgen rays. It is now eight years since we first learned that we may look straight into our bodies and see our bones, that in this light even great books of philosophy become quite clear—transparent, even; and the wonder has a little died. But they are still called X-rays, for we still do not know what they are nor where they belong.

What is tolerably sure is that there is a wide gap between the Röntgen light and common light, and the gap seems to lie far above the shortest little light waves hitherto known. It is in the form of minute waves, more than microscopic undulations in the all-pervading ether of space, that physicists nowadays conceive light. And it is a difference in wave length merely that makes what we call color. The red and the orange are long waves, not more than 33,000 to 40,000 to a linear inch; the indigo and violet waves are only about half as long, from 50,000 to 60,000 per inch. In between are the yellow, green, blue, and all their insensible gradations.

It was Sir Isaac Newton's first notable discovery that white light is a compound of all the others, and that a sunbeam may be broken up into its component colors by means of an ordinary three-cornered prism. Old Sir Isaac called it a spectrum, and the name has held.

Curious-minded men were not long in finding out that beyond either end of the visible spectrum curious things go on. For example, if a thermometer be held below the red end of this artificial rainbow, in the "infra-red," as it is called, it gets hot, although there is very little heat in the visible part of the spectrum. The quite unbearable heat you get with a burning-glass is due to these invisible heat rays, and not to the light at all.

So, too, with the other end of the spectrum, the beyond-the-violet end. When Daguerre and others found that upon certain delicate salts, like nitrate of silver, light has a chemical action, they opened the way for an exploration of the ultra-violet. A large part of the waves which affect a photographic plate do not affect the eye at all. These are the so-called actinic or chemical rays. They seem to have healing powers, for under their influence cancers disappear, and many skin diseases may be similarly treated. Their rôle in nature, too, is immense, for it is these rays which in the green leaves of the plant turn the carbonic acid and water into sugars and starches: the first of those conversions of the inert materials of the air and the soil into food; the first step toward the organization of life.—*Carl Snyder*, in *Harper's Magazine.*

The Secret of Success

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Do business on tick," said the Clock.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue.

"Get a good pull with the ring." said the Door-bell.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

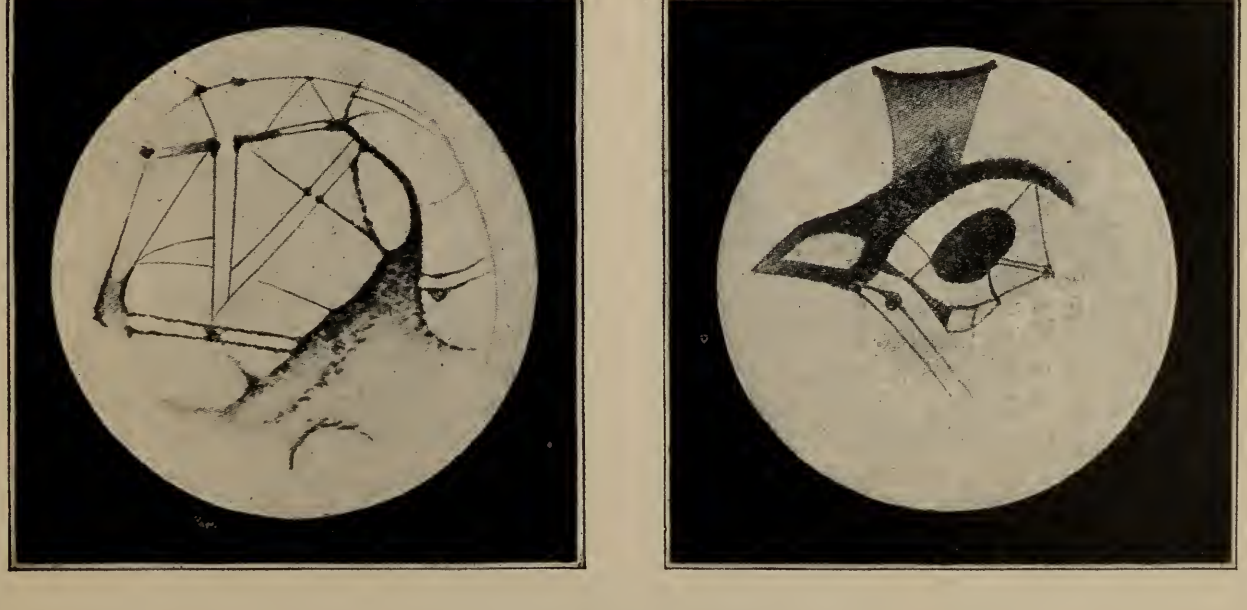
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Trust to your stars for success," said the Night.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.—*Life*.

Is There Life on Mars?

How far is it possible to draw any conclusions at all from the apparent artificiality of the markings upon Mars, in the absence of an intelligible explanation of what the artificiality may mean? So long as their purpose cannot be explained, we ought not to deny that they may be natural, even though nothing like them had ever been observed in nature. The essence of Mr. Lowell's argument is that nature is haphazard; a geometrical construction on a grand scale must be due to man's intelligence, because upon earth natural geometry is found only in small things, in the forms of crystals and the patterns on the scales of insects. But we need go no further than the moon to find an example of natural geometry on a scale as large as that of Mars. Any one who has looked through the smallest telescope is familiar with the bright streaks that radiate from Tycho and some other of the grander craters. They have precisely the more remarkable characteristics of Martian canals, radiating six or eight from a point, straight like the spokes of a wheel, regardless of the inequalities of the ground. There is no explanation of them, though we can examine the moon at close quarters. It is rash beyond legitimate scientific boldness to deny *in toto* a natural explanation for geometrical markings not unlike these, on a world more than a hundred times as far away. We dare not assume in our dilemma that human knowledge covers the whole range of nature's operations. The special question, how we are to recognize life on another world, is small compared with the general, what we are to recognize as life. But it is of more immediate interest to our limited powers of conception, because in asking it one tacitly assumes that the life is to be such as ours, recognizable by works which we can conceive ourselves constructing if we were placed in a similar position. And if evidence of what we may call human design is to be found anywhere outside our earth, we should look for it first upon Mars. The things that have been discovered in



THE CANALS OF MARS
—*Knowledge*

the last few years may even give rise to the hope that we are at last on the right track through the tangle, but it is a pity for people to shout as if they were already out of the wood.—*Arthur R. Hinks*, in *The Monthly Review*.

The Greatest Hoard of Gold

Nearly one thousand, three hundred tons of gold lie today in the vaults of the treasury of the United States—the greatest hoard of the yellow metal ever gathered in the history of the world. Four hundred tons of this gold are piled, like bags of salt, within the four walls of the sub-treasury in Wall Street, New York. Outside the treasury hoard, there is in circulation through the country a nearly equal amount of gold coin, making more than two thousand, five hundred tons of gold in the United States, bearing the imprint of the eagle. The value of this coin is more than one billion, two hundred and sixty million dollars.

One of the remarkable things about this gold is that, despite the fact of its forming one-half of the country's circulating money, it is rarely seen in the course of ordinary business. One may live in New York or Chicago or San Francisco without seeing a single gold coin for a year. This is in striking contrast to conditions abroad, where gold is everybody's coin. The gold sovereign of England is as current as the five-dollar silver certificate of this country. There, a man with a small income may not have a piece of paper money (the five-pound Bank of England note is the smallest) in his hands for months. What becomes of all our American gold? The mines of Colorado, California, Alaska, and other gold-producing regions of the West add eighty million dollars a year to our hoard of gold, and three-fourths of this output goes to the mints. The yearly coinage of gold actually approaches in value the entire circulation of silver dollars.

The treasury holds in trust, against outstanding gold certificates, four hundred million dollars in gold coin. These gold certificates range from twenty dollars to ten thousand dollars. They are issued from the treasury in exchange for gold coin or bullion, and are just as good as gold. The Englishman wears his pockets out carrying gold coin around with him; the American prefers to have his money in the form of representative paper that can be folded compactly in his waistcoat pocket. In the sub-treasury at New York, recently, I picked up a handful of gold certificates of the value of three million, six hundred thousand dollars; the bundle could be stowed away in one's hip pocket, but it represented seven tons of gold. Stored away in the vaults of the building at the time was a hoard of gold coin of the value of two hundred million dollars. In one vault, no larger than the bedroom of a New York flat, was an aggregate of seventy-eight million dollars in gold. This was stored in little white bags stowed away in scores of steel boxes, covering the four walls of the vault from floor to ceiling. Every box was sealed, and some of the seals were dated several years back. The first thought, at sight of this gold hoard, is that it is idle money, but it should be recalled that all of it is in circulation by proxy in the form of gold certificates.—*Frank Fayant*, in *Success*.

Society for Sale

Shopkeepers sell their goods, "Society" sell their friends! The following advertisements, which are quoted from a well-known London newspaper, deserve more attention than they have received:—

"A LADY OF TITLE, moving in the BEST LONDON SOCIETY, is prepared to introduce a LADY OF MEANS. Luxurious home in the West end; carriages kept. Terms must be liberal. The highest references offered and taken. Address Box . . ."

"A WELL-KNOWN LADY, titled, is willing to chaperon a COLONIAL or AMERICAN lady. Would instruct one unaccustomed to the habits and behaviour of GOOD SOCIETY. Liberal terms required. Address, in confidence, care of. . . ."

"A LADY.—A member of one of the oldest county families, having a beautiful place in the country, would receive a young lady during the winter months, and introduce her to the society of the neighbourhood. Good hunting, hospitable county. An unique opportunity."

"A WEST-END DRESSMAKER who desires to extend her connection wishes to meet with a lady, or ladies, who would introduce business. Liberal commission offered. The strictest confidence may be relied upon. Address. . . ."

"An old-established firm of WINE MERCHANTS (City) is desirous of obtaining WEST-END ORDERS. A high percentage given to ladies or gentlemen introducing business."

"To NOBLEMEN or gentlemen of POSITION IN SOCIETY able to INFLUENCE CAPITAL. A large sum wanted by an old-established firm. Genuine concern. Particulars in confidence through. . . ."

"A YOUNG LADY, RICH, desires to spend the season in London, and to be introduced to THE BEST SET in Society. Would PAY HANDSOMELY for services rendered. Absolute secrecy guaranteed. Address Box . . ."

Our commercial friendships! Not content with selling worthless shares, ill-conducted horses, impure wines, and unsmokeable cigars, the "ladies" and "gentlemen" of the day apparently sell each other to middle-class aspirants for social distinction and to tradesmen! They complain that their servants receive commissions, and accept commissions themselves! How popular in the West End should be the well-known hymn as revised by Artemus Ward:—

"I want to be an agent,
And with the agents stand!"

—*Truth.*

The Submarine Toy

Considering the articles which fairly inundate the newspapers and magazines regarding the submarine boats, one would think that this type had achieved success, but really the submarine is not worth the space that has been given to it. It would be difficult indeed to outline any points upon which the submarine has been a success, except, perhaps, the single point that it has successfully remained stationary on the bottom of a body of water for a few hours. But even this is a doubtful honor, for the crew suffered great physical and mental fatigue, and it is a foregone conclusion that they were not in a warlike mood at any time during the experiment. The submarine is without practical maneuvering power and all the experiments which have been held so far justify this statement. To flounder about is not to maneuver. It has no defensive qualities whatever in itself and its offensive qualities exist largely in the over-enthusiastic imaginations of the public.

In the recent trials of the *Adder* and *Moccasin* in Peconic Bay the storage batteries ran down in three hours and the total radius of action did not exceed twenty-one knots. Of what earthly use could any such instrument be against a ship in motion? Moreover, when the submarine is being steered with her conning tower out of water she must have a perfectly smooth sea to have any sense of direction. In the trough of the sea she cannot see anything at all except the waves rolling over her, and on the crest the spray blinds the vision of the lens. It is admitted that crews cannot live in them except for periods of a few hours without breaking down both physically and mentally. Living in them is intolerable, for they cannot be heated, nor can any cooking be done in them. Testimony is yet to be adduced that the submarine is anything but a naval toy.—*The Marine Review.*

Poland's Pent-up Energy

We must picture to ourselves a naturally very energetic people, against whose energy a barrier not to be broken down has been erected, a war-like people, who only reluctantly enter the army, in which practically no young man voluntarily chooses the post of officer; an extremely ambitious people, to whom all high positions and offices are closed, and to whom all distinctions and demonstrations of honor are forbidden, in so far as they are not bought with sacrifice of conviction or denial of solidarity with their countrymen; a people naturally hostile to Philistine ideals, but who needed to acquire the civic virtues, and whose circumstances now give them constant encouragement to unsteadiness; a pleasure-loving people, in whose capital not a single place of entertainment is found; a people with a lively, irresistible inclination to politics, for whom

all political education has been made impossible, because they are allowed neither to elect representatives nor to discuss affairs of state, and whose political press is silenced in all political matters; to speak of political newspapers in Poland is like speaking of nautical journals in Switzerland. Let us imagine to ourselves this people, constituted for a large, free life in the broad daylight of publicity, imprisoned in the *chiaroscuro* of private life, thinking of Siberia, as we think of a disease which may come when least expected.

Conceiving all this, we shall understand that under the pressure which has been exerted simultaneously from so many sides, there necessarily sprang up an extraordinary concentrated activity, a boiling intensity of life, in the narrow circle which remained to them. The higher classes, which could not adequately recruit themselves from below, came to lead a kind of island life of the highest and most refined culture, a life which is indeed national in every heart-beat, but cosmopolitan in every form of expression, a hothouse life, where flowers of all the civilizations of Europe have come to development and exhale fragrance, an eddying, seething maëlstrom of ideas, endeavors, amusements, and fêtes. The best society scarcely ever goes to bed before four o'clock in the morning in the month of February. In carnival time the day in Warsaw has twenty hours, and so long as the season lasts they are prodigal of time and strength.

"Life in Warsaw is a *neurosis*," said one of the most intelligent men of the city to me; "no one can keep it up long."—From *Poland*, by *Georg Brandes* (Heinemann).

A New Light in the English Pulpit

The sudden emergence of the Rev. Reginald Campbell as a great popular preacher is one of those mysteries which baffle analysis. A few months ago he was only one among many eloquent Nonconformist divines. Today he is the most famous preacher in the three kingdoms. His success at Brighton was brilliant, but not more brilliant than the success achieved by Mr. Jowett at Birmingham or by Mr. Sylvester Horne at Kensington. What is the magic secret which has enabled this young man to play Elisha to Dr. Parker's Elijah?

Let me describe what I saw at one of his Thursday services. At half-past eleven the area is filled and the galleries are fast filling with one of those electric crowds which vibrate with a common nervous passion. The atmosphere stings with expectation, like the atmosphere of the House of Commons in the grip of a crisis, or of a theatre on a tremendous first night. You can feel the volleys of emotional molecules discharged by the human radium. Your temperature rises to the temperature of the crowd. At noon the building is packed like a huge match-box in which 2500 matches are on the point of ignition. About half of the congregation are young women, about a quarter are young men, the other quarter being composed of men and women, middle-aged and old. Many look like clerks, typewriters, business men, but the majority belong to the leisured religious classes. An attendant in a livery like that of an hotel porter places a Bible on the cushion of the pulpit. Then a phantom in a black Geneva gown materializes in the air behind the Bible, a phantom with an aureole of blanched hair and a mysteriously beautiful young face sombred over with strange shadows, and illumined by large, sunken eyes burning with a mystical light. It is an unearthly face, seraphic in its spiritual beauty. It has a romantic glamor that sets one dreaming of Raphael's or Rossetti's angels, or of Tennyson's Galahad. Do not smile at my extravagance. Let me tell you what a shrewd, hard-headed, unsentimental business man said to me about Mr. Campbell: "He looks more like an angel than any man I ever saw." Physical beauty in a man is almost a contemptible quality. But this is something far subtler and far rarer than physical beauty; it is spiritual beauty; it is not the flesh, it is the soul shining through the flesh. That, I think, is the secret of this man's magical personality.

The face is a mixture of masculine strength and feminine delicacy. The square virility of the forehead and the resolution of the broad, deep male jaw are softened by the sweet contours of the mouth and chin. There is wistful compassion in the moist lightning of the eyes.

From *The Tatler*, by arrangement

HALL CAINE IN HIS STUDY

The face is rich with personal history, scarred with intellectual and spiritual war. This man does not evade life, but calls on it to play on his soul at all angles, takes it with large courage and flings it back with all his might. He is folded in a personal peace which isolates him in an age of unrest. I think it is his victoriously imperturbable peace which individualizes him, separates him, insulates him—it is a peace like the remote quietude that sits on the Jungfrau at sunset. His voice deepens the spell. It is sweet, low, and clear, devoid of stress and strain, a paradoxically silent voice, floating in a silence of charmed syllables. His preaching is persuasive divination. He winds himself into the sad mood of modernity, that mood which is a bewildered fever, a dazed delirium, an uneasy dream. He interprets its soul to itself. —*James Douglas*, in *The World's Work*.

Omar Feminized

Alike to her who Dines both Loud and Long,
Or her who Banting shuns the Dinner-gong,
Some Doctor from his Office chair will shout,
"It makes no difference—both of you are wrong!"

Why all the Health-Reformers who discussed
High Heels and Corsets Learnedly are thrust
Square-toed and Waistless forth; their Duds are scorned,
And Venus might as well have been a Bust.

Myself when slim did eagerly frequent
Delsarte and Ling, and heard great Argument
Of muscles trained to Hold me up, but still
Spent on my Modiste what I'd always spent!

* * * * * *

When you and I have ceased Champagne to Sup
Be sure there will be More to Keep it Up;
And while we pat Old Tabby by the fire,
Full many a Girl will lead her Brindled Pup.

—*Josephine Daskam, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Pros and Cons of America

The American atmosphere has one great and indisputable superiority over the British: it insists upon the right of every citizen, it almost presents it as a duty, to do all he possibly can do; it holds out to him even the highest position in the state as a possible reward for endeavor. Upon the point of its equality of opportunity surely no sane Englishman can do anything but envy the American state. In America "presumption" is not a sin. All the vigorous enterprise that differentiates the American from the Englishman in business flows quite naturally from that; all the patriotic force and loyalty of the common American which glows beside the English equivalent as the sun beside the moon. But apart from these inestimable advantages I do not see that the American has much that an Englishman need envy. There are certainly points of inferiority in the American atmosphere, influences in development that are bad, not only in comparison with what is ideally possible, but even in comparison with English parallels.

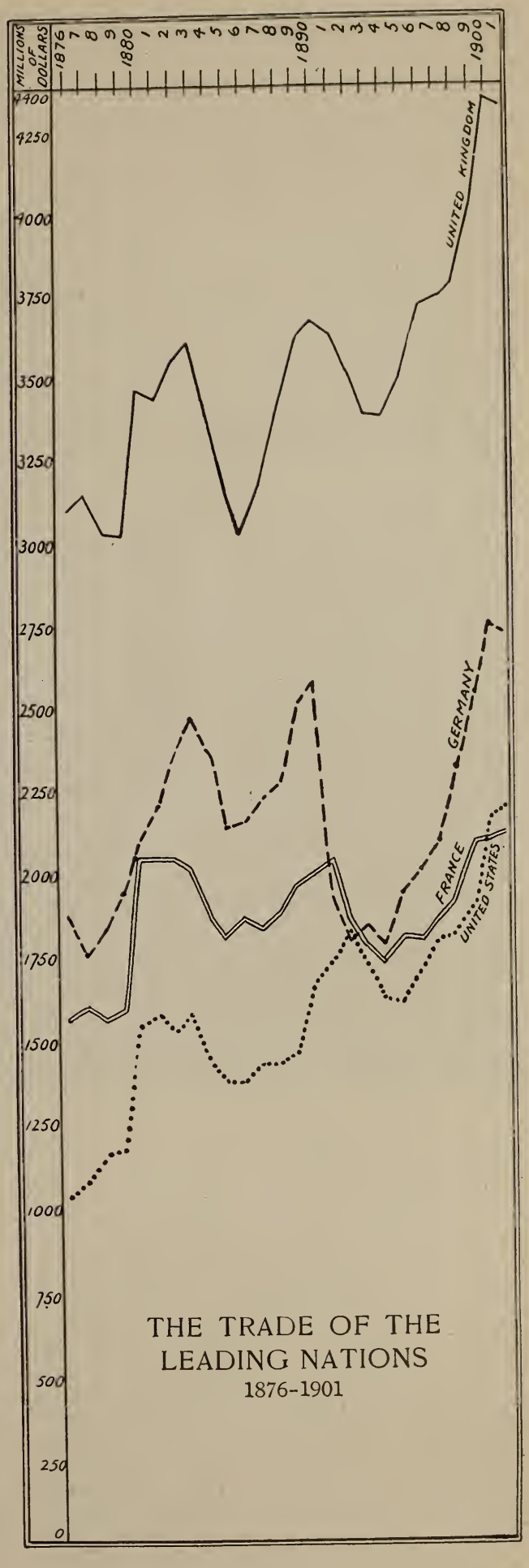
For example, the theory that every man is as good as his neighbor, and possibly a little better, has no check for fools, and instead of the respectful silences of England there seems—to the ordinary English mind—an extraordinary quantity of crude and unsound judgments in America. One gets an impression that the sort of mind that is passively stupid in England is often actively silly in America, and, as a consequence, American newspapers, American discussions, American social affairs are pervaded by a din that in England we do not hear and do not want to hear. The real and steady development of the American scientific men is masked to the European observer, and it must be greatly hampered by the copious silliness of the amateur discoverer, and the American crop of new religions and new enthusiasms is a horror and a warning to the common British intelligence. Many people whose judgments are not absolutely despicable hold a theory that unhampered personal freedom for a hundred years has made out of the British type a type less deliberate and thorough in execution and more noisy and pushful in conduct, restless rather than indefatigable, and smart rather than wise. If ninety-nine people out of the hundred in our race are vulgar and unwise, it does seem to be a fact that while the English fool is generally a shy and negative fool, anxious to hide the fact, the American fool is a loud and positive fool, who swamps much of the greatness of his country to many a casual observer from Europe altogether. American books, American papers, American manners and customs seem all for the ninety and nine.—*H. G. Wells*, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

John Bull's Courage Revives

John Bull is asleep; at least so we are told on every occasion, by friend and foe, especially by those dear friends who claim to be the most wide-awake. Other countries are making vast progress in all branches of activity, but England is in a state of senile sluggishness. Young America has won all our trade by its infinite superiority and has driven our merchants from the markets of the world. Consular reports are prodigal to nauseousness with instances of dying markets caused by the rock-ribbed conservatism and the overweening superciliousness of our manufacturers. Our Press preaches innumerable sermons upon the apathy of our merchants, upon their unresponsiveness to new needs, and upon their hide-bound adhesion to the methods of the past which is surely causing them to be left far in the rear in the commercial competition of today. The cry of "Wake up, John Bull, bestir yourself," is dinned into our ears, not only by our Consuls and our Press, but by others in unexpected quarters. Turn where we will, we are faced with evidences that England's economic display is as complete as it is lamentable.

A declaration that England's position affords no cause for a threnody, and that statements to the contrary are the results of mistaken zeal, crass ignorance, and unscrupulous rivalry, would not be taken seriously. Nevertheless some more than superficial observers lately seem to have conceived an opinion that these lugubrious statements may be somewhat exaggerated. Upon consideration it seems decidedly absurd to brand all our merchants and manufacturers as being dolts and idiots, blind to their best interests, deaf to the adjurations of their well-wishers, and insensible to the promptings of professional pride. Clear-seeing observers know how well the effusions of ignorance and constant misstatements combine to give semblance of reality to the grossest fiction.

Reference to the accompanying diagram will show that the periods of increasing and decreasing foreign trade show an approximate coincidence in the case of the great trading nations. The years 1883 and 1890 were very good ones, as far as the value of the general trade is concerned,



THE TRADE OF THE LEADING NATIONS
1876-1901

while the years 1885 and 1894 were bad ones; the values for the last year have obtained a height hitherto unexampled. The facts conveyed by the diagram will be better comprehended after the imports and exports have been dealt with severally. However, it will be seen at once that the United Kingdom holds its predominant commercial position, and, wonderful to relate, by no means cuts the sorry figure which some of its reckless critics would have us believe. From 1880 to 1890 Germany was England's most dangerous rival, but the year 1891 saw a prodigious decrease of no less than £123,115,000 in the total general trade of that country. Since 1894 the value of the total general trade of Germany, in common with that of the other nations, has increased continuously, and Germany still is second to England. It will not fail to be noticed that in 1892 the value of the foreign trade of the United States of America exceeded that of Germany by some ten million pounds. In the following year America dropped to the fourth place among the trading nations, but in 1900 it displaced France after a close race of many years. France held the second position in the period 1876-1879, and also in 1891-1892.

To sum up: considering all of the salient circumstances regarding international trade seems to attest that England's proud position of premier trading nation is by no means in jeopardy. Gauged in different ways there is strong proof of material progress. Contemptuous opinions of English trade are due to rank ignorance, at the best. There is not one tittle of evidence that England has lost her grip of the world's trade or that her traders and manufacturers have failed to realize the altered and constantly altering conditions of foreign commerce and to respond elastically to them. As regards commercial expansion, other nations are advancing at a great rate; this notwithstanding, England, so far from exhibiting signs of decay, shows a healthy and vigorous development. Today English commerce is in a flourishing condition, there is not the slightest foundation for conjecture that any decline is at hand, and there is nothing in the condition of the world's trade to give reasonable ground for alarm as to the future.—*Mark Warren*, in *The Contemporary Review*.

Strenuous Sport

Apropos of the hold football has taken on the North of England, a story is told which would form a splendid reply to Rudyard Kipling's sneer at the "muddled oafs." In a recent match the Sunderland club began the game two men short of the regular number. Shortly before half time one of them turned up and took his place on the team. His head was covered with a blood-stained handkerchief and he limped painfully. The referee asked him why he was so late and what was the matter with him. The late comer replied: "There's bin a fall o' coal i' th' pit and me and my pals had to cut our way through it." The referee then desired to know if the eleventh man would turn out. The answer was, "Oh, you bet he'll come if he can, but ah canna' say for sartin wot time; it's him the coal fell on."—*Athletic News*.

American Cookery

No better cookery, independent of any special school, is to be met with than that of the superior restaurants and hotels of the American metropolis and numerous clubs within and without its confines. The cookery of the capital of the United States, as it exists in many of the better restaurants and in private houses where Southern dishes are especially well prepared, is deservedly celebrated. The New Orleans kitchen has also its ardent admirers; but outside of New York the restaurants of San Francisco are perhaps the most famous and cosmopolitan. Receptive and creative America has learned from all, and added to acquired knowledge the results of her own inventive genius. The era of fried steak, saleratus biscuits, and "apple floating-island" has happily long since passed, and already in many instances an American dinner has come to be recognized as among the very best it is possible to obtain. A well-prepared Chateaubriand is no longer confined to the Café Ruche, or a bisque d'écrevisses to Voisin or to Laperouse. In none of the useful arts has progress been more marked in this country during the past decade. Even in remote New England villages a leg or a saddle of mutton is rarely sent to table with all its juices and excellences dissipated, as one

THE FORGED TIARA OF SAÏTAPHARNÈS
—*Les Arts*

commonly finds it on the tables volantes of the prominent English restaurants. And for the omnipresent "greens" of Great Britain in winter—the Brussels sprout, distended to thrice its size and deprived of all its pristine delicacy by crossing it with the cabbage—there are with us countless vegetables to choose from. The cooking-school, also, is rapidly contributing its share toward the evolution of eating, wherein wholesomeness and variety are properly regarded as a means of health, enjoyment, and longevity. —From *The Pleasures of the Table*, by *George H. Ellwanger*.

An Artistic Forgery

A sensation has been sprung on the art world of Paris by revelations of the forgeries that have been palmed off on unsuspecting collectors in recent years. The most remarkable case is that of the tiara of the Scythian King, Saïtapharnès, which was sold to the Museum of the Louvre for 200,000 francs. It has been virtually demonstrated that the tiara is a forgery, the work of a Russian artist, M. Roukhomovski. The Minister of Public Instruction has held an investigation,

bringing M. Roukhomovski from Odessa to testify. The latter admits that the tiara is all his own work, made with no further aid than that supplied by a popular manual of archaeology. Many experts who had pronounced the work genuine refuse to accept the Russian's testimony, and argue ingeniously to save him from himself. The government, however, has finally removed the tiara from the Louvre and thus acknowledged that it had been imposed on.—*L'Illustration.*

Tennyson's Religious Position

Down to his latest years, Tennyson was constantly shaken with the enigmas of the Universe, the Infinite, Death, the petty and transitory nature of our Earth. All this, in the absence of any authoritative Revelation, Creed, or Church, hung over his subtle and brooding soul, and made him almost a pessimist, in spite of his resolute will to "believe where we cannot prove." Such was the tone of the cultured academic mind of the first half of the nineteenth century. Tennyson lived his whole life in this atmosphere, and transfigured its hopes, its doubts, its horror, and its yearnings in a series of exquisite, but depressing, descants.

Lyall's account of Tennyson's religious position is admirably worked out and quite convincing. He rightly fulfilled "the poet's mission, which is to embody the floating thought of the period." "The poet leads us to a cloudy height; and though it is not his business to satisfy the strict philosophical inquirer, he offers to all wandering souls a refuge in the faith." Nothing can be put more accurately. And, as Lyall shows, the clouds rather thickened than dispersed with the advancing age of the poet. Such pieces as "Despair" and "Vastness" indicate a morbid tone in man's view of life, duty, and religion; and, with all their sublimity and pathos, they tend to debilitate and unman us. As Lyall says, "they have a tendency to weigh down the mainsprings of human activity."

The problems of Infinity, Eternity, the brevity and littleness of human life loomed ever darker, and never rested in any complete and final answer. He was ever "in many a subtle question versed," and "ever strove to make it true." But to the last he never quite beat his music out. He faced the spectres of the mind; but he never absolutely laid them. I remember as a young man when first admitted to his company, he turned to me, with that grand assumption which he affected to those with whom he disagreed, saying with a most cadaverous air: "If I thought as you do, I should go and drown myself." I smiled; for the absurdity as well as the ill manners of such an outburst amused me. I replied quietly, looking, I am sure, as cheerful as he looked disconsolate: "No! Mr. Tennyson, if you thought as I do about Life and Death—you would be a happy man!" Personally, the poet seemed to be even more unsatisfied with his own beliefs than the poems showed. But if it did not tend to peace of mind and energy of action, the pathos and the dreaminess of this habit of thought were the inspiration of much exquisite poetry. Like other people, he mistook his own gift of words for profound thought.—*Frederic Harrison*, in *North American Review.*

A State of Mind

In the state of Mass.
There lives a lass
I love to go N. C.;
No other Miss.
Can e'er I Wis.,
Be half so dear to Me.

R. I. is blue
And her cheeks the hue
Of shells where waters swash;
On her pink-white phiz
There Nev. Ariz.
The least complexion Wash.

La.! could I win
The heart of Minn.,
I'd ask for nothing more,
But I only dream
Upon the theme
And Conn. it o'er and Ore.

Why is it, pray,
I can't Ala.
This love that makes me Ill.?
N. Y., O., Wy.
Kan. Nev. Ver. I
Propose to her my will?

I shun the task
'Twould be to ask
This gentle maid to wed;
And so, to press
My suit, I guess
Alaska Pa. instead.

—*Proceedings of the Royal Geog. Society*

Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress $15.

"Yes, if you will include Ostermoor Mattresses in the Furnishings." Edwina Howard age 11

(Even the children are waking up. A bright little girl, Edwina Howard of Rockyford, Col., appreciates the way a "proposal" should be accepted to-day. Her entire drawing is reproduced.)

Every sale of an OSTERMOOR means that we have convinced somebody that Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt is an improvement on the old-fashioned hair mattress and at a less price. It is the mark of progress—the breaking down of old ideas. If you still think a hair mattress is *good*, you may find out by our free trial offer (see below) that an OSTERMOOR is *better*.

If you have learned by sad experience that even the most costly hair mattress will sag and lump—that it takes many dollars or much dirty work (or both) to keep it clean and comfortable, you will rejoice in an OSTERMOOR that will wear and remain the acme of comfort for 20 to 30 years without renovation, with only an occasional sun-bath to keep it in perfect condition. It is vermin proof—moth proof.

If you have read thus far, how can you keep from buying?

Perhaps you don't believe us! That would not be surprising—many firms make exaggerated or, at least, over-enthusiastic claims. We want to be as conservative as we are fair. It costs you nothing to prove the truth of our claims in either one of two ways:

THIRTY NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL.

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$8.35
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long.
Express Charges Prepaid.
In two parts, 50 cents extra.
Special sizes at special prices.

You can have an Ostermoor Mattress, sleep on it thirty nights, and if it is not better than any other mattress you have ever used—if it is not all you even HOPED for, return it at our expense and your money will be immediately refunded without question. What more can we do to convince you?

SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOK

of 96 handsomely illustrated pages, entitled "The Test of Time." A POSTAL WILL DO. Read the letters from men and women of national reputation. We can't BUY TESTIMONIALS from such men as Rev. Dr. Robt. S. MacArthur, C. Oliver Iselin, or such others as appear. The book also describes pillows, window-seat cushions, boat cushions, church cushions.

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BEARS THE NAME
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AND TRADE-MARK LABEL

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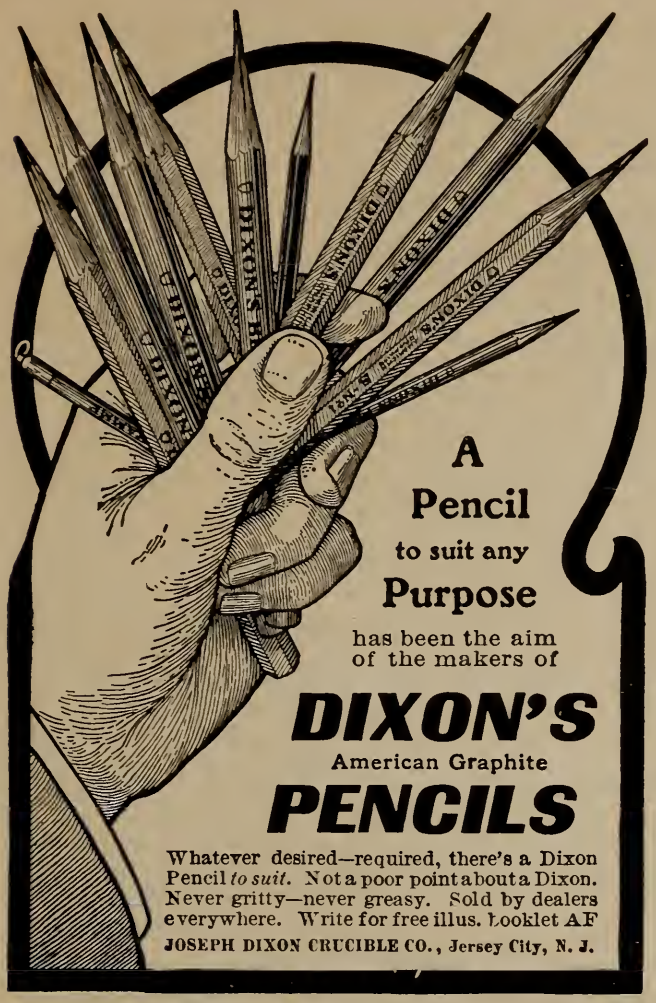

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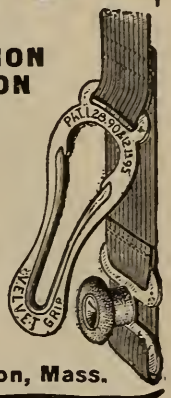

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If your Dealer does not sell you this Supporter he does not sell the Best

Every Clasp has the name Stamped on the Metal Loop

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass.

A Most Delicious Dessert

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit is made in the most hygienic and scientific food laboratory in the world. The wheat is spun into light shreds, containing thousands of open pores and is not crushed flat and dense as in case of other foods. These pores absorb the digestive juices and provide far greater surface for their action than is given by any other food.

The following simple "course before coffee" is much in vogue with club men everywhere. The simplicity of preparation and the little cost, together with the delicious taste of the compotes, make this dessert in rare favor in the home.

How to Split the Biscuit

Use Seasonable Fruit and

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

Split and slightly toast the Biscuit, then serve with berries, sliced peaches, bananas or any seasonable fruit. Simple, isn't it. Your verdict will be

"Simply Delicious."

FOR SHORTCAKE—With sharp knife halve the **Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit** lengthwise, prepare pineapple as for sauce (or bananas or mixed fruit) and set aside. When serving arrange halves in layers covered with fruit and add sugar and whipped cream.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit is Sold by All Grocers.

Send for "The Vital Question" (Recipes, illustrated in colors) FREE. Address

The NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"To American Supremacy!"

Neither the best grapes nor the best vintners are confined to Europe.

Connoisseurs have cast prejudice aside and declared that

COOK'S *Imperial* EXTRA DRY

in purity, flavor and bouquet is an absolutely perfect champagne.

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5. Pamphlet copies of this Bulletin *of the newest books can be secured free by members at any of the branches of the Library.*

NEW BIOGRAPHIES AND MEMOIRS

1443. Arnold, Benedict, The Real — Charles Burr Todd

The author claims that this is a "true, unbiased, concise biography" of Arnold. He asserts that Arnold's treachery was inspired not so much by sordid motives as by "the fascinations, the persuasions, long continued, the intrigues with the British, of a wife madly loved." (*A. S. Barnes & Co.*)

✠ 1326. Bismarck, Prince, Personal Reminiscences of — S. Whitman

An interesting record of visits paid to the old Chancellor after his retirement from public office. Mr. Whitman's portrait of Bismarck reveals a man of feeling as well as of blood and iron. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1398. British Political Portraits — Justin McCarthy

Pen portraits of Balfour, Chamberlain, Salisbury, Rosebery, Aberdeen, Morley, Labouchere, Bryce, Harcourt, Redmond, Campbell-Bannerman, Burns, and Hicks-Beach. (*The Outlook Co.*)

★ 1472. Browning, Robert — G. K. Chesterton

Browning is meat for the critic: he invites attack and challenges exposition. Mr. Chesterton is a new critical force in English literature, and, though it remains to be seen what he will ultimately amount to, he has courage, audacity, and a fresh way of expressing himself that is attractive and stimulating. He has produced a very good biography of Browning, that contains critical comments of much originality and force. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1369. Channing, William Ellery — John White Chadwick

This is an admirable and sympathetic biography of the leader of the liberal wing of the Congregational Church that afterwards developed into Unitarianism; a man foremost as the champion of free thought and free speech; the apostle of emancipation and temperance. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1386. Exits and Entrances — Charles Warren Stoddard

An entertaining book of travels and reminiscences by the author of *South Sea Idyls*. There are records of meetings with Stevenson, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Charles Kingsley, and George Eliot. (*The Lothrop Co.*)

★ 1464. Le Conte, Joseph, The Autobiography of — Edited by William Dallam Armes

Written for his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, the autobiographical narrative of this famous scientist is delightfully informal and intimate. It covers the whole of his active lifetime from the fascinating Georgian plantation days of his boyhood to within a few months of his death in his beloved Yosemite. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1387. Lespinasse, Mlle. de, Letters of — Translated by K. P. Wormeley

These are the passionate love letters of the woman from whom Mrs. Humphry Ward drew the inspiration for the heroine of her recent novel, *Lady Rose's Daughter*. She was magnetic, brilliant, tactful, and unhappy. Inspiring the deepest devotion in such men as d'Alembert and the Marquis de Mora, she poured all the fire of her affection on a man whom she herself felt unworthy of her. (*Hardy, Pratt & Co.*)

1430. Letters of a Diplomat's Wife — Mary King Waddington

Madame Waddington is an American woman, the widow of the late M. Waddington, who was for ten years French Ambassador to Great Britain and also Ambassador Extraordinary representing France at the Czar's Coronation. Her letters are intimate and graphic pictures of Court life, and are full of unusual interest and charm. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

✠ 1342. Parker, Joseph, The Life of — William Adamson

Dr. Adamson was a life-long friend of Dr. Parker and writes from full knowledge of his subject, with affectionate candor. This volume very pleasantly supplements the reticence of Dr. Parker's own autobiography, and reveals the marked characteristics of the famous London preacher with ample detail. (*Fleming H. Revell Co.*)

1438. Poe, Edgar Allan, Life and Letters of — James A. Harrison

A book not only welcome but necessary. Professor Harrison has been collecting Poe material for years, and is most desirous to be fair. Out of a mass of vilification, he digs not a perfect but a human and intensely fascinating figure. A sensitive, imaginative, ardent, marvellously talented man, hemmed by the direst poverty, dogged by misfortune—no wonder his genius was brilliant gloom. (*T. Y. Crowell & Co.*)

★ **1480. Schumann** — **Annie W. Patterson**

Robert Schumann was, in his time, editor, essayist, and composer, and has left behind him a reputation for scholarship and charm of composition—literary as well as musical. But his personality has been overlooked. Miss Patterson reveals it to us in an excellent study of the man in his varied capacities, and the portrait she has drawn is a very winning one.
(*E. P. Dutton & Co.*)

✠ **1348. Story of My Life, The** — **Helen Keller**

The remarkable autobiography of a remarkable young woman, handicapped by blindness and deafness, and who has yet learned to read, write, and typewrite. Miss Keller is a graduate of Radcliffe. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1436. Studies in Contemporary Biography — **James Bryce**

A series of short, critical, and most readable appreciations of Lord Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Lord Iddesleigh, Lord Acton, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Tait, Dean Stanley, Bishop Fraser, Sir George Jessel, Earl Cairns, and other leaders of the Victorian era. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1371. Wesley's Journal, The Heart of — **Edited by P. L. Parker**

This is a one-volume condensation of Mr. Parker's four-volume edition of this famous journal, which gives as intimate and entertaining a picture of English eighteenth-century life as Pepys' *Diary* did for the previous century. Such a condensation was long desired by Edward Fitzgerald, who greatly prized the "Journal." (*Fleming H. Revell Co.*)

1399. Women Authors of Our Day in Their Homes — **F. W. Halsey**

A series of twenty-eight interviews with the most popular women writers of England and America, illustrated with pictures of their homes. The authors talk shop delightfully and informally. (*James Pott & Co.*)

NEW BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

★ **1469. Danish Life in Town and Country** — **Jessie Brochner**

Denmark, although the smallest of European kingdoms, has never, in the two thousand years of its existence, been subjugated by any foreign power. This is significant of much that is interesting in its history and observable in the character of its people and their mode of life today. Miss Brochner tells of this life in an interesting manner. (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

1364. Doukhobors, The — **Joseph Elkinton**

A concise and interesting account of the beliefs, practices, sufferings, and emigrations of the leading "nonconformist" sect among the Russian peasantry, now seeking asylum among the free institutions of the northern half of the American continent. (*Ferris & Leach*)

1363. Down the Orinoco in a Canoe — **S. Pérez Triana**

An interesting glimpse of Colombia and Venezuela may be obtained in this volume of an adventuresome cruise down the Orinoco. The narrative is a trifle amateurish, but the romance of the primitive country, and the novelty of the voyage make it a noteworthy minor book. (*T. Y. Crowell & Co.*)

1429. Business and Love — Hugues Le Roux

Americans are in a bad way, according to M. Le Roux. *Cherchez la femme!* The married women are restless and selfish and luxury-loving. Still worse, there are many women who are rebellious and irreligious enough not to marry. Statistics might have saved M. Le Roux much grief—but, perhaps, he favors bigamy or the practice of disposing of female infants. These American notes are certainly piquant. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1408. Discourses of Keidansky — Bernard G. Richards

Keidansky is a young Hebrew in revolt against the reactionary, revolutionary, and conventional ideas of our times. His discourses are seasoned with Attic salt, and overflow with much caustic wit and humor. (*The Scott-Thaw Co.*)

★ 1473. Essays and Criticisms — Robert Louis Stevenson

This volume is not a posthumous one, but it contains fugitive papers that have never before appeared in book form, and which will be practically new to most readers. There are essays descriptive of walking tours and of Swiss life, and criticism of the literary life, its ethics and its problems. The true Stevensonian philosophy and charm of style are to be found in these essays, and cannot fail to delight as well as instruct the reader.

(*Herbert B. Turner & Co.*)

★ 1458. French Impressionists, The — Camille Mauclair

This is an exceedingly interesting little book. It deals with a phase of art unusually attractive to the ordinary person and full of the modern spirit. The artists whose work is described and illustrated (1860-1900) are: Renoir, Manet, Degas, Claude Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Cézanne, Berthe Morisot, Mary Cassatt, Jongkind, and Théo van Rysselberghe. (*E. P. Dutton & Co.*)

1405. Happiness — Carl Hilty

A series of brief but engaging papers on philosophic idealism by the professor of jurisprudence at Bern University. They can hardly fail to help one in the search for highest happiness—"The Art of Having Time," alone, sends one a long step forward. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1372. Literary Landmarks of Oxford, The — Laurence Hutton

This volume is virtually a reprint of lectures delivered by the author at Princeton. They represent the fruit of a six months' vacation spent at Oxford in the endeavor to disinter from the records some of the sayings and doings of those worthies who have made Oxford famous. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1441. Musical Education — Albert Lavignac

To all students of music, and to parents of children who are beginning a musical education, Miss Singleton has done a real service in the translation of this admirable, thorough work of Lavignac's. There is not a practical point in a whole musical training on which he does not touch—including an instructive treatise on the different instruments. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1445. Souls of Black Folk, The — W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

This volume of essays and sketches shows "the spiritual world in which ten thousand thousand Americans live and strive," and is an earnest endeavor to throw light on the problem of the color line, which, the author says, is the problem of the century. (*A. C. McClurg & Co.*)

PSYCHOLOGY

★ 5111. Law of Mental Medicine, The — Thomson Jay Hudson

Dr. Hudson thus declares the object of his book: "To assist in placing mental therapeutics on a firmly scientific basis, and incidentally to place within the reach of the humblest intellect the most effective methods of healing the sick by mental processes." This is an ambitious programme on a particularly interesting theme, but Dr. Hudson's treatment of it, though terse, is singularly clear, sane, and suggestive. (*A. C. McClurg & Co.*)

THE NEWEST FICTION

1358. Anna of the Five Towns — Arnold Bennett

A quiet but realistic picture of life in the English pottery country. It chronicles episodes in the gradual emancipation of a young girl from the miserly meanness of a narrow religious environment. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1450. At the Time Appointed — A. Maynard Barbour

A story of mining and mystery, starting off with a murder and loss of mental power, and proceeding to a dramatic close when the mystery is solved and the mental power of the hero is restored, "at the time appointed" by fate and circumstance. (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*)

1354. Before the Dawn — Joseph A. Altsheler

This is a stirring story of life in Richmond just before and during Grant's celebrated siege. There is an air of mystery throughout, some impetuous and dangerous lovemaking, and a description of the Wilderness battles that is grimly realistic. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1350. Better Sort, The — Henry James

This volume takes its name from the first of eleven short stories, all in Mr. James' characteristic vein of psychological analysis, and are no better or worse than the usual style of thing from his provoking but clever pen. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1394. Blue Goose, The — Frank Lewis Nason

This is a capital story of modern Western mining life, with the usual accompaniment of labor disturbances, Eastern interference, and love to complicate matters. "The Blue Goose" is the name of the tavern where all the deviltry is hatched, and the French proprietor and his associates are very cleverly sketched characters. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1433. Brewster's Millions — Richard P. Greaves

This is a breezy story of how young Brewster, of Chicago, in order to inherit his grandfather's seven millions, had to spend his uncle's million within a year. His experiences and expedients make up a breezy and readable yarn to read in an idle hour. (*H. S. Stone & Co.*)

★ 1475. Bubbles We Buy — Alice Jones

The title suggests the struggle for prominence characteristic of modern social life. But there is much more to the story than this. The law of heredity, a family mystery, and a love episode of much originality form the elements out of which Miss Jones has elaborated a story of great interest. The scenes are laid in Canada, the United States, England, and the Continent, and we are introduced to a number of clever people whose actions are dominated by the will of a strange old man. (*Herbert B. Turner & Co.*)

✠ 1335. Calvert of Strathore — Carter Goodloe

This sprightly tale has a theme new in American historical romance—the career of Jefferson as Minister to France. Calvert is his secretary, and his adventures in love and diplomacy make a readable story. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1431. Canterbury Pilgrims, The — Percy Mackaye

This is a four-act poetical comedy, audacious in conception, delightful and amusing to read; full of Chaucerian touches, and a succession of most artistic pictures that will make it a delight to witness on the stage when Mr. Sothern produces it. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

✠ 1340. Captain, The — Churchill Williams

A Civil War romance dealing with the career and exploits of General Grant and his operations south of Mason and Dixon's line. The pictures are well-grouped, the hero faithfully portrayed, and the love-story interesting and eventful. (*The Lothrop Co.*)

★ 1463. Captain's Toll-Gate, The — Frank R. Stockton

The situation which Mr. Stockton has amusingly exploited in *The Captain's Toll-Gate* is that of a pretty girl at a house-party with three declared lovers, and a fourth whose proposal is always imminent. She gravely keeps them all dangling while she weighs in the balance of her favor their merits and demerits. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

★ 1479. Castle Omeragh — F. Frankfort Moore

Mr. Moore has deserted Bath and its gay Pump Room, and takes us to Ireland during Cromwell's attempt to subjugate it. Castle Omeragh is besieged and gallantly defended, and we get a very graphic picture of rural Ireland under the Protector's iron rule. Father Mahoney is a man of infinite resource, but the exigencies of the siege and of two brothers' love-making during that anxious time tax it to the uttermost. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1357. Chameleon, The — James Weber Linn

A searching and convincing study of the *poseur* as he is in public and private. Also a picture of life in the West, a mushroom university and its petty politics, and a love romance, all very cleverly done, and unflatteringly true to nature. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

✠ 1341. Circle, The — Katherine Cecil Thurston

An ambitious and most successful novel by a new English writer. It traces the career of a poor young Russian Jewess of genius and beauty who is given an opportunity to exploit both on the stage. The story gives the results of her experiment on herself and her friends. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1378. Cliveden — Kenyon West

A Revolutionary story of love and war. The scene centres around the now famous old Chew House in Germantown, Philadelphia. The Red and the Blue are rivals not only in war but in love, and endless complications and adventures are the result. (*The Lothrop Co.*)

1392. Comedy of Conscience, A — S. Weir Mitchell

The conscience belongs to Miss Serena Vernon; it is of the New England variety, of course; and the comedy is furnished by a valuable diamond ring of which Miss Vernon becomes possessed most unwittingly and unwillingly. Dr. Mitchell gets much fun out of a slight incident. (*The Century Co.*)

1380. Conjuror's House — Stewart Edward White

This is a story of the Hudson Bay country when it was under the autocratic sway of the Scottish Factors of the famous Fur Company. Ned Trent, as a democratic "free-trader," dares the wrath of the local autocrat and carries off his daughter after a hard fight. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1410. Conquering of Kate, The — J. P. Mowbray

Kate is one of two charming sisters who lived some thirty years ago in Southern Pennsylvania on a huge unremunerative estate. John Burt comes to it as overseer, and a very pretty love-story ensues. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1400. Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse — Dora Greenwell McChesney

A tale of the grim Puritan days when Roundheads fought with Cavaliers, having a mystery cleverly concealed until the very end. A Captain of Ireton's Horse falls, in due course, in love with an Irish Royalist maid, but the real hero is fierce, fanatical Cornet Strong. (*John Lane*)

1384. Darrel of the Blessed Isles — Irving Bacheller

The story of a mysterious and philosophical clock-tinker of vast Shakespearean erudition, a blithesome foundling boy, and a stray dog, who take us delightedly on a voyage to the "Blessed Isles of Imagination," too seldom visited in these days. (*The Lothrop Co.*)

★ 1468. Detached Pirate, A — Helen Milecete

The "pirate" is the ex-Mrs. Colonel Gore, who has been legally "detached" from her consort on account of his jealousy, and goes to Halifax as Gay Vandeleur. There she falls in with many smart people, good and bad, among them her former husband. The complications that ensue are exciting and diverting, even if a little improbable. They are related in a series of vivacious letters written to Gay's friend Vera. (*Little, Brown & Co.*)

★ 1470. Dominant Strain, The — Anna Chapin Ray

This is a strong and well-written story, whose title expresses its treatment both of heredity and of the musical temperament. A woman marries a man to reform him, and fails; a musical star wins more than artistic triumphs; and a number of other people add their quota of clever sayings and doings to round out a most readable tale. (*Little, Brown & Co.*)

✠ 1324. Donna Diana — Richard Bagot

A story of modern Rome and the Roman Church, in which newly-awakened love leads the heroine from the cloister to the hearth. This is the third of Mr. Bagot's ecclesiastical trilogy. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

★ 1474. Dowager Countess and the American Girl, The

Lilian Bell

A better book than its predecessor, and in no way dependent on it, *The Dowager Countess and the American Girl* sets forth the nagging, hectoring, and hostility shown the young American bride of Archibald Cavendish by his mother, the Dowager Countess of Mayhew. Sir John again stands by the young American in her "foreign" surroundings like a trump. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1397. Filigree Ball, The

Anna Katherine Green

Mrs. Green's latest and one of her very best stories of mystery. A bride is found lying shot through the heart—the third mysterious death in the uninhabited, ill-reputed Moore House. Mrs. Green develops the situation clue by clue, step by step, cleverly keeping the suspense and mystery intact until the surprising discoveries which precede the end. (*The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

✠ 1325. Flowers of the Dust

John Oxenham

John Oxenham has written a story of the Franco-Prussian war, *Flowers of the Dust*, which possesses a mysterious plot, cleverly concealed, cleverly unravelled, plenty of exciting, if somewhat sanguinary, incident, clever description, and crisp dialogue. (*A. Wessels Co.*)

1391. From a Thatched Cottage

Eleanor G. Hayden

A word and a blow, murder and remorse, hatred and love, all contribute their share in this story of life in an English rural hamlet among farmers and poachers. The sombreness of the story is relieved by many touches of genuine humor. (*T. Y. Crowell & Co.*)

1375. From the Unvarying Star

Elsworth Lawson

The scene of this story is laid in a country parish in Yorkshire, where the hero is a dissenting minister of liberal views and emotional nature, both of which are sorely tried by his experiences. It is not a problem novel in the current meaning of the phrase, though it deals with the *results* of which the ordinary problem novel usually furnishes the *details*. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1401. Girl of Ideas, A

Annie Flint

This story has a novel and unique plot, developed with much skill, ingenuity, and humor. The heroine is a disappointed literary aspirant who starts an office for the sale of "ideas" to publishers and writers. It is a clever satire on literary works and ways. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1415. Golden Fleece

David Graham Phillips

This story satirizes panoramically, keenly, humorously, and truly, the hunting of the American heiress by an impecunious English earl. He stalks his game in New York, Boston, Chicago, and Washington; bags it, loses it, and returns to England. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1421. Gordon Keith

Thomas Nelson Page

This is the first novel Mr. Page has written since *Red Rock* appeared. Its hero is a Virginian; its heroine is from New York. The period extends from the close of the war down to our own times; and the scene shifts between Virginia and New York. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1451. Grey Cloak, The — Harold McGrath

This story is written for that large class of people who seem to possess an inexhaustible appetite for Marquises and Chevaliers, rapiers and daggers, point lace and diamonds, adventure and mystery. It supplies these in profusion and should satisfy the most romantic. (*The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

1353. Grey Wig, The — Israel Zangwill

Mr. Zangwill's latest volume will be warmly welcomed. It takes its title from the first of six stories which picture the life and character of the London Ghetto with wonderful skill and realism. The stories are full of pathos, keen sarcasm, and wit. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1416. Handicapped Among the Free — Emma Rayner

"It's sure the biggest curse that could fall upon a man to be born a nigger in a white man's land." This cry of a man in sore distress is the burden of a really noble book which avowedly aims for the betterment of the negro's position in the South. It is vibrant with sincerity, abounds in human interest, and should be commended to every reader. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1423. His Daughter First — Arthur Sherburne Hardy

This novel contains a triple love-story, and its plot turns upon the entanglements of an upland house party and upon stock-market complications. It is a picture of present-day society life in America. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1393. Horses Nine — Sewell Ford

Nine stories of nine horses in various walks and runs of horse life. They are capital sketches, lending no undue psychological motives to their subjects, but showing observation and sympathy. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

✠ 1338. In the Garden of Charity — Basil King

A serious and sad study of the marriage problem. Charity Pennland, a Nova Scotian, marries a soldier who, during his subsequent absence of eleven years in war service, makes a mock-marriage with a half-Greek girl. He dies. Charity's attitude toward the poor deluded girl and her babe is the theme of the story. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1374. John Percyfield — C. Hanford Henderson

The author calls this "The Anatomy of Cheerfulness." It is fiction and a little more. The more is a discussion of all sorts of 'isms, the fiction the doings of the "United Kingdom" (represented by one female each), the châtelaine, John Percyfield, and Margaret in a pension-château on Lake Geneva. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

✠ 1337. Journeys End — Justus Miles Forman

A charming little novelette detailing some American experiences of an English heir to a dukedom, whose poverty and pride drive him to America. The story ends with a puzzle as distracting as that of *The Lady or the Tiger.* A popular actress is a character. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1367. Karl of Erbach — H. C. Bailey

A vivacious and graceful novel, which might be historical and isn't, with scarcely a threadbare incident or worn-out character in it. There is intrigue in *Karl of Erbach* and murder, war, and love making, but they are played to skilful variations of the old historic tune. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

★ **1453. Kempton-Wace Letters, The** — **Anonymous**

Herbert Wace, an Anglo-Californian, a professor of Economics, and a self-satisfied, self-centred materialist, attempts to prove to his old London friend, Dane Kempton, an ardent idealist, the superiority of intellectual affinity over merely sensuous love. The letters that pass between the two reveal the pros and cons of the controversy in a quite unusually clever way, but Wace's theories fail as completely as his practice, and Hester Stebbins, his betrothed, tells him so at the end. Barbara agrees with her. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

✠ **1329. Lady Rose's Daughter** — **Mrs. Humphry Ward**

A brilliant and consistent picture of the social progress in London of a beautiful and ambitious girl who is handicapped by a bar sinister and by a fatal disingenuousness of temperament. Mrs. Ward has drawn her inspiration for this heroine from Mlle. Julie de Lespinasse, whose *Letters* have just been published in English form. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1413. Land of Joy, The — **Ralph Henry Barbour**

This is a capital story of Harvard undergraduate life. The chief interest centres in the relations of John North and his *protégé*, Phillip Ryerson, a hot-tempered young Virginian whose sister John adores. Phillip has a love affair of his own. The local atmosphere is admirably reproduced, and the book is a simple and humorous comedy of college life. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1366. Lees and Leaven — **Edward W. Townsend**

This is a "New York story of today." It contains a bountiful supply of incidents and of characters. The incidents are typical and the characters individual, and both are admirably drawn. Business stress, newspaper hustle, and the gay life of theatre and *café* are all sketched with skill and lightness. The book is New York in miniature. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1389. Legatee, The — **Alice Prescott Smith**

A clever study of character contrasts. A Virginian moves to a Wisconsin lumber town, and encounters a rich variety of adventures, including a strike, a forest-fire, and an affair of the heart. The forest-fire scene is a dramatic episode. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1373. Lieutenant-Governor, The — **Guy Wetmore Carryl**

A political story of the Pennsylvania coal fields, not openly hostile to labor, but antagonistic to the socialistic ideas of the labor party. As a story, it has an unhackneyed plot, and is told with animation. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1349. Life Within, The — **Anonymous**

A Christian Scientist propagandist novel, but a good story for all that. A young girl of good family is engaged to a young doctor. She becomes a convert to Christian Science and commences to treat her neighbors. Complications—social, medical, and legal—ensue, and the once peaceful town is speedily divided into hostile camps. (*The Lothrop Co.*)

★ **1456. Life's Common Way** — **Annie Eliot Trumbull**

"Life's common way" is beset with pitfalls for the wariest; how much more for the unwary and the unfaithful! Such is the idea which this excellent story unfolds with strength and skill. The hero, a clever but weakly ambitious man, is false to the fundamental virtue of honesty, and falls by the way, wrecking his happiness and his future, and involving that of his wife and friends. (*A. S. Barnes & Co.*)

1365. Light Behind, The — Mrs. Wilfrid Ward

This is a story of contemporary English social, literary, and political life, chiefly concerned with the fortunes of a brilliant, ambitious, but unhappily married social leader and a young man whom she patronizes, but whose weakness trips her up and brings down her house of cards about her ears. It is well written and distinctly above the average. (*John Lane*)

★ 1465. Log of a Cowboy, The — Andy Adams

No fiction this, but animated fact. To drive three thousand one hundred long-horned, long-legged cattle from the Rio Grande to Montana is not a pacific undertaking. *The Log of a Cowboy* is an unsophisticated and true record of such a five-months' drive, made in 1882, by the A No. 1 "outfit" to which Andy Adams belonged. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

★ 1477. Love of Monsieur, The — George Gibbs

In his last story Mr. Gibbs took us "in search of Mademoiselle." This time a haughty young English beauty goes "in search of Monsieur," whose love she has spurned. There are stirring adventures on sea and land, and while it is not an historical novel, the flavor of romance recalls the best of that class of fiction, without its limitations. (*Harper & Brothers*)

✠ 1347. Lovey Mary — Alice Hegan Rice

A happy little book, as the sequel to *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* was bound to be. Although Lovey Mary starts out with quite different views (if she may be said to have views), she soon finds herself in the Cabbage Patch, and there Mrs. Wiggs reigns supreme and dispenses her voluble and versatile optimism as of yore. (*The Century Co.*)

★ 1476. Main Chance, The — Meredith Nicholson

A "traction deal" in a Western city is the pivot about which the action of this clever story revolves. But it is in the character-drawing of the principals that the author's strength lies. He has given us a group of men and women in whom we become very much interested. Exciting incidents develop their inherent strength and weakness, and if virtue wins in the end, it is quite in keeping with its carefully-planned antecedents. (*The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

1385. Mannerings, The — Alice Brown

A study of marital infelicity, in which a high-strung woman is mated to a dull-witted sort of knave, and in which two other couples embark at length on the uncertain sea of matrimony. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1411. Marjorie — Justin Huntly McCarthy

A pretty little tale of philanthropy and piracy told in a monologue by Master Raphael Crowninshield, an actor therein. The philanthropy was the project of Captain Marmaduke Amber; the piracy was the work of Cornelys Jensen, who thought a bird in the hand worth two in the bush. (*R. H. Russell*)

✠ 1336. Master of Warlock, The — George Cary Eggleston

A Virginia war story, in which neither Mars nor an ancestral feud can overcome Venus and Cupid. "Jeb" Stuart figures as a match-maker as well as a soldier, and the author gives a very true portrait of this brave and lovable man. (*The Lothrop Co.*)

★ **1478. Mettle of the Pasture, The** — **James Lane Allen**

The mere announcement of a new book by James Lane Allen sends a flutter of anticipation through the literary world, which will be followed by a breeze of enthusiasm when it is found that it resembles Mr. Allen's earlier romances, and has a heroine who is the acme of beauty, refinement, and grace. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1425. Middle Aged Love Stories — **Josephine Daskam**

Seven stories of the loves of middle-aged people, humorous and pathetic. They possess individuality and that quality which has made Miss Daskam's former books so enjoyable. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

★ **1462. Modern Obstacle, The** — **Alice Duer Miller**

The modern obstacle to marriage—what else but the lack of money? A girl of luxurious necessities, whose beauty and charm demand an exquisite setting, finds the obstacle greater than love. If the lover is ready and even eager, by quietly committing suicide at the end of six months of marriage, to ensure the necessary luxury—what then? *The Modern Obstacle* is a decidedly clever picture of our society, which too often offers up Cupid a sacrifice to Mammon. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1412. Mystery of Murray Davenport, The — **Robert Neilson Stephens**

This is not, strictly speaking, what one would call a "detective" story, though the mystery would have interested even S' rlock Holmes. It is the story of a disappointed misanthrope who sudden disappears from human ken, under suspicious circumstances. (*L. C. Page & Co.*)

1414. No Hero — **E. W. Hornung**

In this story Mr. Hornung has taken leave of his cracksmen and heroics and has written a very readable, natural story of the infatuation of a young Eton lad for a widow older than himself, the intervention of a third party, and the entanglements incident to his mission. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1382. On Satan's Mount — **"Dwight Tilton"**

A very melodramatic story of love, business, and politics, portraying the probable future supreme strife of labor and capital in this country. The two rivals are caricatures of John Mitchell and J. P. Morgan. (*C. M. Clark & Co.*)

1403. Our Neighbours — **Ian Maclaren**

A bright series of stories, grave and gay, and short papers descriptive of the author's experiences as a traveler and lecturer in Europe and America. It is filled with wholesome spirit, humor, and manly pathos. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1417. Pagan at the Shrine, The — **Paul Gwynne**

The quaintness of custom, primitiveness of life, and unconscious picturesqueness of the most Spanish of Spaniards, their folk-lore, superstitions, loquacity, and love of merriment are charmingly depicted in this novel of Andalucia. The story itself is a tragic one. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1359. Pearl-Maiden — **H. Rider Haggard**

A tale of adventures many, which befell a Christian maid at the period of the destruction of Jerusalem. The fall of the Holy City is vividly described, as is also the Triumph of Titus. Some 200 Essenes are Miriam's guardian angels, helping her in her hours of greatest need. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

1426. Spectre of Power, A — Charles Egbert Craddock

It is a long time since Miss Murfree has written a story, and her welcome is all the more assured. She sticks to her Tennessee mountains, but goes back to the time of the struggles of the French and English in the early eighteenth century for possession of the Cherokee territory. The story abounds in adventure, mystery, peril, and suspense. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1379. Spoilsmen, The — Elliott Flower

A clever and convincingly realistic picture of municipal politics in Chicago; of the unavailing struggles of a poor man to keep honest and keep in politics; and of a rich young man's whirlwind campaign in order to win a girl's love. A good story, with a good lesson in it for "reformers." (*L. C. Page & Co*)

1356. Squireen, The — Shan F. Bullock

An Irish story portraying a typical Celtic temperament whose progress, downwards and upwards, retains our interest and enlists our sympathies, although we cannot restrain our resentment against the hero's vagaries that wreck the peace of his home and neighborhood. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

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A very delightful love story of the olden time in rural England. No problem disfigures it; much quaint knowledge and humor distinguish it; while jealousy and pride create interesting situations. (*F. A. Stokes & Co.*)

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A novelette of the courtship of Aaron Burr, narrated by Master Hartrigg, ex-schoolmaster and actual sergeant in the Continental Army. It is a bright, imaginative little tale of the beginning of what was in reality Burr's happy married life. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

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A story of Northern Georgia. The plot is original: that of vicarious restoration, or expiatory substitution. The hero is a young fellow, poor but honest, whose foster-father—a confessed murderer—brings him up to lead an upright life, and thus to atone for his wrong-doing. (*Harper & Brothers*)

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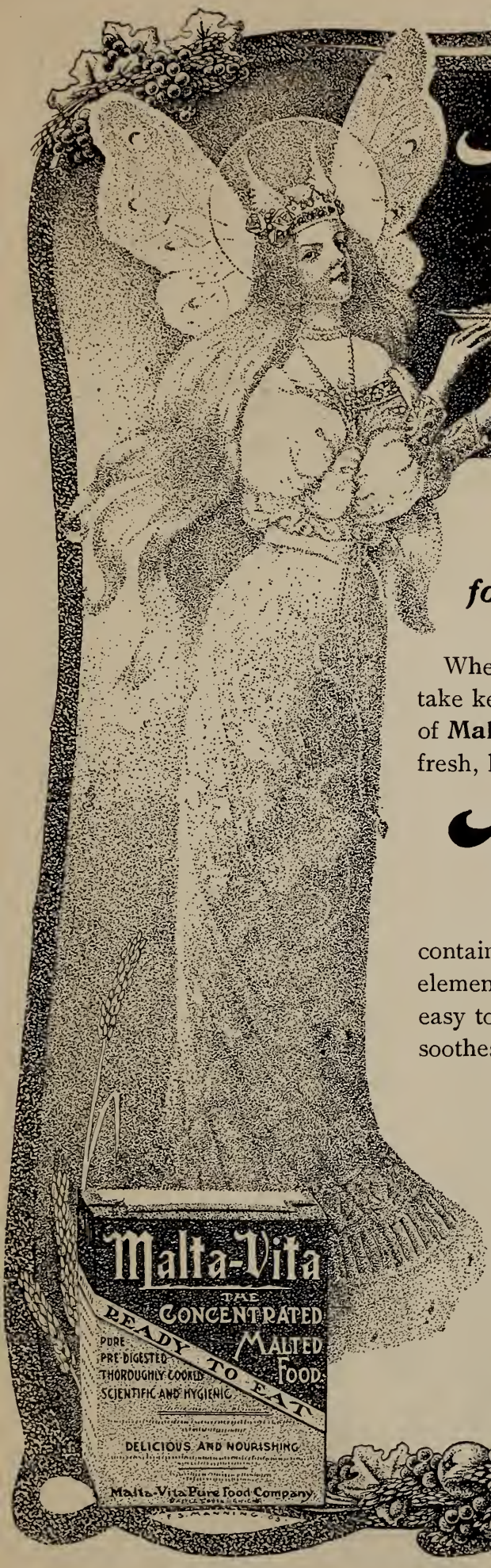

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