Books of the Week

Mary MacLane Is Heard from Again—Biographies, Autobiographies and Reprints Announced for Fall.

MARY MACLANE'S "Annabel Lee," reviewed on this page, will revive interest in an original but somewhat outré personage, who has, however, in this book sacrificed some of her originality in the effort to tone down her outré characteristics.

The new announcements from publishers are full of interest. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are especially fecund in new books of a biographical character.

The tendency toward reprints, noted last week, is again notable in this week's batch of announcements. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish a complete edition of the poetical works of J. T. Trowbridge. This new edition, issued in attractive library style, presents for the first time a definitive collection of Mr. Trowbridge's metrical work. Many of the earlier pieces have been revised, and a careful selection has been made by the author.

The same publishers have nearly ready a compilation of the "Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia of Dante," with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton, whose too infrequent writing upon Dantean subjects is always eagerly awaited.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have just ready a new illustrated edition of Bayard Taylor's best novel, "The Story of Kennett," first published nearly forty years ago. It is illustrated with photographs of the scenes described in the story. The Putnams also announce interesting additions to their "Ariel Booklets," a reprint of the little classics of general literature.

A new edition of Hakluyt Voyages—the first since 1600, when Hakluyt published his own revised and enlarged second edition—is in preparation by the Messrs. Macmillan Company, and we are also promised a new de luxe edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, with many additions from unpublished sources.

POSTHUMOUS "Memoirs of George Elers," . . . Captain in the 12th Regiment of Foot.

CAPTAIN GEORGE ELERS (born in 1777; died in 1842) was an officer in the British Twelfth regiment of foot, whose early years of service were spent in India and whose birth and connections brought him everywhere into contact with notable people of various sorts.

Maria Edgeworth, the novelist, for example, was a relation of his, with whom he corresponded from abroad. The Duke of Wellington, when Sir Arthur Wellesley, was his friend and fellow officer in India. In short, he was in a position to give many interesting glimpses of social and military life in Great Britain and India at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. It is for this reason that when the manuscript of these memoirs was recently discovered in Lord Monson's library at Burton Hall by Mr. George Leveson Gower (Lord Monson being the nearest of kin of the deceased old bachelor), it was decided to give them to the world substantially as they were written.

They form odd enough reading. The bluff, kindly and worldly minded officer talks with perfect freedom and frankness. The "glimpses" he gives are not flattering to his friends and acquaintances. His self revelations are occasionally more amusing than edifying.

It was a hard drinking, hot headed, brawling society, that of the Regency, and Captain Elers was acquainted with not a few of its choicest blacklegs, blackguards and blaguers, both male and female.

There were bullies who were ever on the lookout for a brawl or a duel. On the ship which took young Elers over to India a young Irishman of his own age (about eighteen) very gravely addressed the mess one evening after dinner in these words:—

"'By Jasus, gentlemen, I am conscious you must have the meanest opinion of my courage. Here have I been no less than six weeks with the regiment, and the divil of a duel have I fought yet. Now, Captain Craigie, you are the senior captain of the regiment, and, if you plase, I will begin with you first; so name your time and place.'

"Now, very many of the subaltern officers were of the same stamp of my friend Mr. Derby. So a man could not be too guarded in his conduct with such heroes."

Nor was it only the subaltern officers who did the brawling bully act.

In India Captain Elers made the acquaintance of Sir Henry Gillam and Major Yeatman. An officer named Captain Bull, "a remarkably fine young man, and of very quiet and gentlemanlike manners," was unfortunate enough to be sent on a detachment with these gentlemen, who made themselves so disagreeable to him that he withdrew his name from this detachment mess. They took offence at this and desired him to state his reasons for so doing. He gave as a reason that he was every day expecting a young lady from England to whom he was to be married, and he wished to live more economically in order to meet the expense that he should necessarily incur. They and their friends would not receive this as an excuse. They said it was an affront to the whole mess, and they took up dice to throw who should call this poor young man out and who should be the second. The lot fell upon Lieutenant Sands, and Major Yeatman as the second. Poor Captain Bull was killed at the first fire.

The duellists were acquitted by the Indian courts, but were subsequently "broken" by a court martial, of which Captain Elers was a member.

Captain Elers' most intimate friend was Lieutenant Colonel Henry Hervey Aston, a man of magnificent presence and great courage and a beautiful dresser.

"His stock of clothes, &c., that he bought in England, was immense—I have heard from fifty to one hundred pairs of boots. I remember on the passage out I had a painful boil on my arm; the scar I have to this day. He lent me a loose jacket to wear. I said I was afraid I should deprive him of it, as there were no laundresses on board ship. He said, 'Never mind; I have two hundred more.' His tailors made for me when I returned home—the Croziers, of Panton square—and they assured me they used to take him home thirty coats at a time. And if they did not fit exactly he used to kick them out of the room."

Colonel Aston engaged in so many duels that his friends, not unnaturally, credited him with a quarrelsome temper. Captain Elers is at some trouble to explain that this was a mistake. "But," he goes on, "he was very fond of quizzing odd looking people, and, having the advantage of birth, fortune, youth and figure, he thought perhaps that people not having these advantages were fair game. Hence the scrape he got into with an Irishman one night at Ranelagh. Aston was walking in the rotunda with some men of fashion, when they met FitzGerald, who by his accent and queer, unfashionable appearance caught the eye of Aston and every time he met FitzGerald he took off his hat and bowed low to him, inquiring how he left all his friends in Ireland. The Irishman stared and declared upon his conscience he had never set eyes upon the gentleman in his life. His companions cleared away the mist by informing him that it was the famous Hervey Aston who was quizzing him. This enraged the Irishman and he began to be saucy and showed fight and Aston gave him a most dreadful beating and then held him up toward the lights and said, 'He would do.' The Irishman, of course, called him out and shot Aston through both cheeks, carrying away one of his double teeth, the Irishman very facetiously observing that 'Now he would do.'

"Another duel he fought was with Mr. Home Sumner. It was during the Ascot races. Riding past the Bush Inn at Staines, he saw two ladies, giggling and laughing, leaning out of the window; he, happening to have an orange in his hand, threw it at them, but missing them, hit Mr. Sumner, who was in another part of the room. Sumner came to the window in a great rage and said he would give five guineas to any man who would inform him who threw the orange. 'Well, then, it was I who threw it,' said Aston. Down came Sumner in a fury, puffing and blowing, and in the meantime Aston got off his horse, and Sumner giving some language that gave offence, Aston pitched into him and beat him as usual. Of course a duel followed, and poor Sumner got hit on the hip.

"Aston had fought three other duels in England with the circumstances of which I am unacquainted. He once told me he had a battle with some impudent footmen at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, who were insulting modest women by using indecent language as they were leaving the theatre. He cut one of his knuckles against the teeth of one of these miscreants. It must, no doubt, have been very severe for him to have recollected so trivial an affair."

Finally Aston himself was killed in a duel in India. Captain Elers was privileged to see the corpse:—

"He appeared just as though he were asleep—his long, dark eyelashes closed and the sweetest smile upon his lips. It seemed to give the assurance that his immortal soul had taken its flight to the realms of bliss."

Captain Elers' orthodox British piety crops out, it will be seen, in strange places—nowhere more strangely than in some comments upon his unsuccessful courtship of a young lady whose mother interfered to break off the match.

"A more amiable girl could not possibly exist than the young lady the object of my affections, and she behaved throughout this unfortunate business with the most devoted attachment to me and was ready to make the greatest sacrifices. I firmly believe, such is the goodness of Providence, that everything in the end is for the best. I found out afterward that there was decided insanity in her family. One of her sisters destroyed herself and two of her children are at this instant confined in a private madhouse. The young lady herself married a clergyman, and I have heard died raving mad during one of her confinements. All this misery I escaped."

And the clergyman? Why did Providence neglect him?

The civil society of the period does not seem to have had much better manners than the military. Royalty itself set a bad example.

One Colonel Calcraft told Captain Elers a story about "our late excellent King William IV." when Duke of Clarence.

When Calcraft was in England he attended most of the fashionable parties where the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., was in the habit of going.

At that time the Duchess of Cumberland gave large supper parties, previous to which faro and other games of chance were played by the young men of fashion, and Calcraft used to act as croupier for the Duchess. One night after supper the Duke of Clarence, who at that time had very boisterous spirits, suddenly attacked Calcraft, asking him to drink a glass of wine and making use toward him of a most offensive expression. The ladies all stared, and the Duke again applied the offensive appellation. A dead silence took place when Calcraft rose, and, addressing His Royal Highness, said that whatever difference there might be with respect to their rank, he would not allow such offensive expressions to be applied to him, and that if His Royal Highness again made use of them consequences would ensue very unpleasant to both of them. The Prince of Wales, who happened to be present at supper, got up and in his dignified way said:—

"Mr. Calcraft, I insist that you instantly leave the room. Any disrespectful language applied to my brother in my presence I consider as an insult to myself."

Poor Calcraft was obliged to leave the room, and was for a long period "cut" by their Royal Highnesses—both of them, it will be remembered, uncles of Queen Victoria.

On the whole the most pleasant personage who figures in these pages was Sir Arthur Wellesley. Captain Elers gives the following description of a dinner with him in India:—

"Colonel Wellesley kept a plain but good table. He had a very good appetite, and his favorite dish was a roast saddle of mutton and salad. This dish was placed opposite him, and he generally made his dinner off it. He was very abstemious with wine; drank four or five glasses with people at dinner, and about a pint of claret after. He was very even in temper, laughing and joking with those he liked, speaking in his quick way and dwelling particularly on the few (at the time) situations he had been placed in before the enemy, the arrangements he had made and their fortunate results, all of which were applauded by his staff, who had shared in the glory and peril. This generally formed the topic of conversation after dinner. He was particularly severe upon any neglect of the Commissariat Department and openly declared that, if he commanded an army, he should not hesitate to hang a commissary for any dereliction of duty."

Captain Elers tells one or two stories which show Wellesley as a man of marked generosity, but, years later, in a letter to a friend, he asks, "Has this man a heart?" (D. Appleton & Co.).

WAGNER'S Parsifal, . . . By Oliver Huckel

MR. HUCKEL has undertaken to retell—in blank verse modelled upon Tennysonian lines and otherwise reminiscent of the "Idylls of the King"—the story of what he considers Wagner's masterpiece. He has followed the opera as closely as was consistent with his epic plan.

The legend of the Holy Grail, in which Parsifal plays his part, took many forms during the Middle Ages. It was told in slightly varying ways in the twelfth century by the French writers, Robert de Borron and Chrestien de Troyes, and in the early thirteenth century by Wolfram von Eschenbach in the strong German speech of Thuringia. The substance of these legends was that the precious cup used for the wine at the Last Supper and also used to receive the Saviour's blood at the Cross was forever after cherished as the Holy Grail. It was carried from the Holy Land by Joseph of Arimathea and taken first to Gaul and later to Spain to a special sanctuary among the mountains which was named Monsalvat. Here it was to be cherished and guarded by a holy band of Knights of the Grail. The same legend appears in the chronicles of Sir Thomas Malory, but instead of Gaul early Britain is the place to which the Grail is taken. Tennyson's "The Holy Grail" in his "Idylls of the King" largely follows Sir Thomas Malory's chronicles.

Wagner, on the other hand, followed more closely in the steps of Wolfram von Eschenbach. The present version, therefore, is Wagnerian in story, though Tennysonian in style.

It is so painstaking and scholarly a performance that one hates to say to Mr. Huckel what Jeffrey said to Wordsworth, "This will never do." Perhaps Mr. Huckel may console himself with the thought that the world has decided that Jeffrey was wrong.

So let me quote the opening lines of his work, and the world reached by the HERALD may judge for itself whether this carefully polished but quite uninspired verse will do as a paraphrase of Wagner or an imitation of Tennyson:—

Within a noble stretch of mountain woods,
Primeval forest, deep and dark and grand,
There rose a glorious castle towering high,
And at its foot a smiling, shimmering lake
Lay in the still lap of a verdant glade.
'Twas daybreak, and the arrows of the dawn
Were shot in golden glory through the trees,
And from the castle came a trumpet blast
To waken life in all the slumbering host—
Warriors and yeomen in the castle halls,

"OUT for the Coin," . . . By Hugh McHugh

HUGH McHUGH, a pseudonym said to cover the personality of an author already known for his excursions in German-American dialect, will be recognized as the author of the "John Henry" books. This is the fifth of the series and shows John Henry as a speculator in Wall street, and, incidentally and accidentally, as a prodigal returned to the paddock.

As a master of current slang, illuminated by a strong individuality, which raises him to the dignity of a creator rather than a disciple, "John Henry" has traits that kin him to "Chimmie Fadden." He moves in a higher circle, however, and his philological diversions occur amid a larger and more intricate vocabulary of verbs and nouns.

Here is how the book starts out:—

"Seven thousand ahead in seven days!—John, if you keep that up you'll set Morgan back among the pikers!" Bunch Jefferson joshed me as we ducked out of a broker's office and headed up Wall street for Broadway.

"It does look like a skeeze!" I answered, swelling up fore and aft, as I gave Bunch the easy money gaze.

"I've got money now I can't spend. Every morning I crawl into the bank with a bundle of bills that a horse couldn't kick apart in a week!"

"Say! Bunch, the receiving teller up at the Money Barn has gout in his fingers from counting the kickful of yellowbacks I unload on him every day. If my luck holds out and I keep on Pierping I'll have to build my own bank."

Here are a few more specimens of John Henry's conversation selected at random:—

"Let's have sixteen bars rest on this Uncle Peter gag. I know he's the man who invented money and then sat down on his invention, but why tease ourselves by walking around the mint when the gates are all locked?"

"Old Bill Gray is only an imitation financier. He's nothing but a piker. Whenever he lost two dollars he made the office boy jab the hypodermic needle into his shoulder in order to put strength enough in his arm to pay up.

"I'm wise to that old jojo. Every time he won eight dollars he used to run out in the street and faint there, so as not to wear out his office floor. Don't unveil any Bill Gray statues near me, Bunch, or I'll get critical."

"Murf was all to the good. He had a Kentucky dialect that sounded like a pink tea on a moonshiner's lawn and he was made up to look like something that could be but didn't seem possible."

"'Jealous!' I retorted. 'You! in a minute! Why, you'd be over the hills to a shack in the woodlands in jig time if you only had nerve enough to lure that girl of yours away to a minister and have him rivet the handcuffs on!'"

"MORS et Victoria," . . . Historical Drama

THE author is anonymous, but his blank verse shows a practised hand. It is nowhere great, but it sustains itself at an even level of metrical performance that is above the average. The scene is laid in France shortly after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The heroine is maid of honor to Margaret of Navarre. Persecuted at the court by the attentions of the Duke of Guise, she flees to her father's castle to place herself under his protection and that of her lover. But her lover is a Huguenot, and when the Duke of Guise, insolently following the girl, fills the village with his Catholic soldiery, the young man declines to be guided by prudence, even when urged by his mistress, and places himself at the head of the little band of Huguenots, who refuse the mass and sing their quaint old songs of worship. In defiance of the treaty, the Duke's soldiers massacre the helpless Huguenots, and the heroine chooses to die with her lover, who has persuaded her that love outlasts the grave. Thus is death swallowed up in victory. (Longmans, Green & Co.).

WITH the Current . . . . . Magazines

REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT opens the September Atlantic with a same and suggestive article on "Why Women Do Not Wish the Suffrage," an attitude which he attributes not to any inferiority of woman to man, but to her essential difference, bodily and mental.

"These twain," he says, "are not identical. They do not duplicate each other. Man is not an inferior woman. Woman is not an inferior man. They are different in nature, in temperament, in function. We cannot destroy this difference if we would; we would not if we could. In preserving it lies the joy of the family; the peace, prosperity and well being of society. If man attempts woman's function he will prove himself but an inferior woman. If woman attempts man's function she will prove herself but an inferior man."

Now the military function in all its forms and phases belongs to man, and to man alone. He has no right to thrust it upon woman or to ask her to share it with him. It is his duty, and his exclusively, to do that battling with the elements which wrests livelihood from a reluctant or resisting nature, and which is therefore the prerequisite to all productive industry, and that battling with the enemies of society which compels them to respect its rights, and which is therefore the primary condition of government.

"The question, Shall women vote? is really, in the last analysis, the question, Ought women to assume the responsibility for protecting person and property which has in the past been assumed by man as his duty alone? It is because women see what some so called reformers have not seen, that the first and fundamental function of government is the protection of person and property, and because women do not think that they ought to assume this duty any more than they ought to assume that police and militia service which is involved in every act of legislature, that they do not wish to have the ballot thrust upon them."

Sir Leslie Stephen contributes the first of a series of "Some Early Impressions," the present one dealing with undergraduate life in England fifty years ago; M. A. De Wolfe Howe writes "The Literary Centre," a description of literary Boston at about the same period of time, and there is the usual agreeable miscellany of stories, essays and poems.

Waldon Fawcett describes in the September St. Nicholas the success of a savings bank experiment tried by a Washington, D. C., public school, a success which is likely to set other schools experimenting along the same lines. This school savings bank is conducted in every way just like a real bank. The principal makes himself responsible for the safe keeping of the funds, and at the close of each day's business deposits the daily receipts in one of the city's ordinary commercial banking institutions. Pupils are tellers and bookkeepers, doing all the work involved, and the children's pennies foot up already to the respectable fund of two hundred dollars.

The twelfth census takes ten quarto volumes, ten thousand pages, to hold its condensed information—information of vital importance touching our population, our agriculture, our manufactures and our vital statistics. "Noteworthy results" of this twelfth census will be presented by W. R. Merriam, Director of Census, in the September Century. Figures will be quoted, among other topics, on the rapid growth of population, interstate migrations, city and country residences, illiteracy conditions, the status of agriculture and manufactures, the growth of trusts and expansion in the export trade.

"ANNABEL Lee," . . . by Mary MacLane

LOOK at the portrait which forms the frontispiece to this the second of her books, and you will realize that a change has come over Mary MacLane. The little wild girl of the West, impudent, untrammelled, scornful, ignorant—but refreshingly herself—has disappeared. The Mary MacLane of to-day has become conventionalized and—Bostonized.

Now, there was a time when Boston was the centre alike of American intellect and of American fanaticism; and as genuine and untrammelled in the one mood as in the other. To-day, alas! she is the home of the decorous freak—the anti-imperialist, the Christian Scientist, the spookist, the woman suffragist. Her spontaneity has departed. She is smug, commonplace and

respectable, even in her revolts. Mary MacLane has sojourned there long enough to be influenced by her.

This book, though still a little freakish, is eminently decorous. We miss in it the delightful absurdities and crudities—the individual tang—that piqued and stimulated in the first.

"Annabel Lee," to be sure, is a remarkably clever book for a girl of twenty-one. But nobody would have remarked it had this been her first book.

In the book that was her first Mary MacLane tells what, as a bright and unconventional girl of eighteen, she thinks. In the present she tells us what, as a bright and somewhat conventional girl of twenty-one, she thinks she thinks. The difference is enormous. Though the second book is more mature and more rational, one hoped more from the immaturity and unreason of the first.

People asked of the first book, "Is Mary MacLane insane or an embryo genius?" Nobody will question the sanity of her second book. But nobody will read into it the potentialities of genius.

On the other hand, nobody can prophesy with certainty concerning a girl of her age and present attainments. She may come into her own again—and with larger possessions. On a higher level of age and attainment she may regain herself. To be your own self when your self counts for something is to be a genius. Time alone will determine whether Mary MacLane's self will ever count for anything.

This book is nearly all about Boston or Boston matters. It purports to be a series of imaginary conversations between Mary MacLane and "Annabel Lee," all the more imaginary for that "Annabel" is a statuette picked up by Mary in a Boston junkshop. The conceit is rather conventional and is not worked out with special ingenuity.

"Do you like Boston?" Mary MacLane is asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I am fond of Boston. It fascinates me."

"But not fonder of it than of Butte, in Montana?"

"Oh, no," said I hastily. "Butte, in Montana, is my first love. There are barren mountains there—they are with me always. Boston doesn't go to my heart in the least, but I like it much. I like to live here."

Here, however, is a bit that is quaint and amusing:—

"'Truly," said my friend, Annabel Lee, 'there is much, much in Boston. Tell me more.'

"'Well, and there is the South Station,' I went on. 'Oh, not until one has ambled and idled away a thousand hours in that place of trains and varied peoples can one know all of what is really to be found within its waiting rooms.

"'I have found Massachusetts there—not any Massachusetts that I had ever read about, but the Massachusetts that comes in from Braintree and Plymouth and Middleboro carrying a Boston shopping bag; the Massachusetts that is intellectual and thrusts its forefinger through the handle of its teacup; the Massachusetts that eats soup from the end of its spoon; the Massachusetts that is good hearted but walks funny; the Massachusetts that takes all the children and goes down to Providence for a day—each of the children with a thick, yellow banana in its hand; the Massachusetts that has its being because the world wears shoes—for it is intellectual and can make shoes.

"'And in the South Station, furthermore, there are people from the wide world around. Actors and authors and artists are to be seen coming in and going out and sitting waiting in the waiting rooms. Some mightily fine and curious persons have sat waiting in those waiting rooms, as well as dingy Italians with strings of beads around their necks.

"'And in the South Station there are so many, many people that, once in a long while, one can meet with some of those tiny things that one has waited for for centuries. In among a multitude of faces there may be a young face with lines of worn and vivid life in it, and with alert and much-used eyes, and with soft, dull hair above it. In a flash one recognizes it, and in a flash it is gone. It is a face that means beautiful things, and one has known it and its divineness a long, long time. And here in the South Station in Boston came the one gold glimpse of it.

"'And in the South Station, as much as anywhere, one feels the air of Boston.

"'The air of Boston, too, is wonderful, and 'tis not free for all to breathe. 'Tis for the anointed; the others must content them with the untinted, unscented air that blows wild from mountain tops and north seas. But for me, I have eyes wherewith to see, and since the air of Boston has color I can see it. And I have ears wherewith to hear, and since the air of Boston has musical vibrations I can hear it. And I have sensibility; wherefore, all that is pungent in the air of Boston, and all that is fine, and all that is art, and all that is beautiful, and all that is true, and all that is benign, and particularly all that is very cool and all that is bitterly contemptuous, are not wholly lost upon me.'"

HISTORY of the . . . . America's Cup

THIS timely and interesting pamphlet, published by the Mail and Express, sums up succinctly but satisfactorily the story of the America's Cup from the time when it was won by the despised Yankee vessel down to the third attempt at its capture now making by Sir Thomas Lipton.

Numerous illustrations add to the value and the attractiveness of the brochure.

CONCERNING Books . . . . . and Bookmen

JUDGE CONDE WILLIAMS' book of reminiscences, "From Journalist to Judge," which is about to be published in England, promises some amusing stories. Judge Condé Williams served under M. de Blowitz on the Times staff. Here is a De Blowitz anecdote:—

"He strongly objected to the idea that the Times possessed any representative in Paris save himself, but he was at the mercy of the other two of us for his English. And when on one occasion, wishing to use our press ticket for the tribune at Longchamp for some purpose of his own, he told me that he would take my Sunday's duty as racing reporter upon himself, the result was disastrous. For the eminent one confused the names of the progenitors of the competing steeds with those of their jockeys and wired the winners to our esteemed journal as having been ridden by their own sires."

A new life of Robert Stephen Hawker is to be published by Mr. John Lane. Two biographies of Hawker already exist, one by Mr. Baring-Gould, the other by Mr. Lee; but neither was entirely satisfactory. Hawker's latest biographer has collected a considerable amount of fresh material, which includes a letter describing Tennyson's visit to the delectable Duchy.

The September Reader is responsible for these two stories:—

George Ade is a constant victim to witticisms on his name, but he is used to it by this time, and they don't worry him seriously. He says about the worst one he ever heard was in Boston, when a facetious young woman in spectacles greeted him with, "Dear me, what a pity, in your business especially, that your first name isn't Lemon;" and the best one he heard was in Chicago.

A friend of his, a fellow newspaper man and a bright chap, had been knocked senseless by a street car and Ade dragged him to the sidewalk and began trying to restore him to consciousness. He was so successful that before a doctor arrived the injured man opened his eyes and recognized his friend bending over him.

"Oh!" he said, faintly, "It's the first aid to the injured," and then he went back again and waited for the doctor.

"The Toilers of the Home," by Miss Lillian Pettengill, will be brought out next week by Doubleday, Page & Co. Miss Pettengill, a graduate of Mount Holyoke, made a careful study of the serving girl problem when she was in college. She decided that she must become a servant herself in order to understand the conditions. After graduating she worked over a year, as she herself puts it, "in the kitchen of strange women for my daily bread," and then wrote "The Toilers of the Home." In the foreword she says:—"Why am I, then, as I am? Because I have observed, heard, read and believed that the respectable American girls who work will cheerfully starve and suffocate in a mill, factory or big department store rather than grow healthy, opulent and fat in domestic service. How can my country women with their own living to make be so blind to the butter side of their bread? This is what I proposed to find out." The book is said to be not only a close sociological study, but also very entertaining.

George Flemming, whose dramatization of "The Light That Failed" will be produced in this country next month, is really Miss Constance Fletcher, the daughter of an English clergyman. She has written some successful novels of her own. The stage version of "The Light That Failed," by the way, will accept the happy ending of the novel as Mr. Kipling wrote it for the first edition, published in 1891, and the illustrated edition that Doubleday, Page & Co. are about to publish, with scenes from the play, while not departing from Mr. Kipling's latest text, will be arranged to show the outcome that appeals most to the dramatist.

An interesting brochure on "The Doones of Exmoor" has just been published in England, which has for its object a consideration of the evidence for the stories in "Lorna Doone." The author concludes that the Doone tradition is of greater antiquity than has been generally supposed, even by Mr. Blackmore, and dates it as far back as the incursions of the Danes during the reign of Alfred the Great. He also corroborates the statement that Mr. Blackmore got his clew for the weaving of his romance from a story entitled "The Doones of Exmoor," published at one time in that old established family magazine The Leisure Hour. The unfailing delight which this story yields to readers, new and old, year after year, is attested by the fact that the Harpers report it as in constant demand.

Mr. Henry James has prepared for Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. two volumes on "William Wetmore Story and His Friends," prepared from the letters and other papers left behind him by Mr. Story. They could not have fallen into better hands than Mr. James' and we hardly need the publisher's announcement that the two volumes bear throughout ample evidence of Mr. James' fine judgment and literary skill. Story was a man of versatile gifts, a sculptor, a lawyer, a poet and a prose writer. Born at Salem, Mass., in 1819, he was educated to follow in the footsteps of his father, Joseph Story, but gave up a most promising legal career to become a sculptor, and lived mostly in Rome after the year 1848. Among his statues may be mentioned those of Edward Everett and Josiah Quincy, in Boston, George Peabody in London, and "Cleopatra" in New York. Besides his well known legal treatises, he wrote several volumes of poetry, "Roba di Roma," "Fiammetta," &c. He was acquainted with many famous people and his correspondence with them forms a most interesting feature of this biography.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish shortly a new life of Henry Ward Beecher, by Lyman Abbott. Dr. Abbott, who was Beecher's successor in the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, says in his preface:—"The purpose of the volume is not to tell the full story of Mr. Beecher's personal life; that has already been done by his wife, son and son-in-law, a volume which is essentially biographical and to which I could add nothing. It is not to write the life and times of Mr. Beecher. He was so identified with all the great events of his time that to write such a volume would be to write the history of the United States in what is perhaps the most critical and certainly the most dramatic period of the national life. In this volume I, his friend, who gladly acknowledge my own indebtedness to him, speak to interpret the life and character of a man of equal spiritual and intellectual genius, whose faults were superficial and whose virtues were profound." In view of the several memorials to Beecher which are now on foot this interpretation of the great preacher has a timely interest.

Two books of autobiographical reminiscences announced by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are full of interest. The first is "My Own Story," by J. T. Trowbridge, which is already familiar to many through its serial publication in the Atlantic Monthly. The other is "The Reminiscences of an Astronomer," by Simon Newcomb.

Professor Newcomb, the distinguished American astronomer, will here give his reminiscences of a long acquaintance with scientific men and movements. His residence for more than forty years at Washington and his visits to Europe have brought him into social relations with many of the most interesting public men of his day on both sides of the Atlantic. He writes with charming frankness and modesty of his own career, and he has many things of value to say on such subjects as great telescopes and their work the transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882, President Garfield's illness, and the Lick Observatory. The book is a very readable one and will prove of unusual interest to all intelligent readers. The selection of Professor Newcomb as president of the Congress of Scholars, which will assemble at St. Louis in September, 1904, indicate his position as student and scholar.

Messrs. Macmillan announce for early fall a new novel by Mr. Charles Major, entitled "The Forest Hearth." This is a departure from the old England fields tilled in his former fictions, "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." It is a story of Indiana life during the thirties and deals with modern human beings, of whom the author knows from having talked with them and their descendants in his youth, and with a region which he knows from having lived in it all his life. Indiana was settled by a curious mixture of races, including men from the South, East and North; Englishmen, Irishmen and Frenchmen. They differed in culture as much as in origin; not a few of the Englishmen were university graduates.

J. McNeill Whistler and his work will be one of Macmillan's most important art books for the autumn. This study and appreciation of one of the world's great artists was completed by its authors, Alfred G. and Nancy Bell, a few weeks before Whistler's death. It is not the authorized biography of Whistler the man, though the man enters into it more or less. It is, rather, a careful and detailed study of his work, his genius and his aims. Forty reproductions in half-tone of Whistler's best work will illustrate it.

Among novels promised for the autumn special interest attaches to Marion Crawford's "The Heart of Rome," which will attempt to do for the Eternal City from the point of view of a Catholic what Hall Caine and Marie Corelli and Paul Bourget and Zola and Mrs. Humphry Ward have sought to do from the Protestant, or sceptic point of view. In other words, it will exploit, through the medium of a modern love story, all the manifold elements that go to make up the life and atmosphere of the Eternal City as it exists at the present time. We are promised a picture of Roman and Italian life more intimate than any that has yet appeared. For though the author is an American by birth, he is almost an Italian and a Roman by education and sympathy.

Strange, Barefaced Frauds in the Literary World—News and Notes of the Autumn Season in England.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

LONDON, Saturday.

ONE of the most barefaced literary frauds that can be recalled has just been perpetrated on the Literary World. It was discovered by the editor of the Academy that the article entitled "Dual Personalities," signed "A. N.," which appeared in the Literary World last week, was taken bodily from so recent an issue of the Academy as February 14 last. Naturally the editor of the Literary World feels very sore at the fraud perpetrated on him, and he says this week's matter will be the subject of a judicial investigation.

Fraud on the Editors.

The Literary World, he continues, has often printed in its correspondence column many bitter complaints about the bad behavior of the editors, but very little is ever said of the grievous frauds sometimes perpetrated upon the editors by contributors.

This is a particularly flagrant one. An individual writing from a well known West End club submitted a number of typewritten articles to the editor, who, suspecting nothing, accepted one of them and promised to consider the others. No sooner, however, had the first appeared than the Academy spotted a barefaced fraud. The editor of the Literary World betook himself to Scotland Yard, so he says, and obtained some interesting information about the antecedents of the perpetrator.

It is premature to say yet what the developments may be, but the article in question would not have been used so readily had not the name and the place from which it was sent appeared quite sufficient testimony of good faith.

Etiquette of Literature.

Some surprise is expressed in literary circles that a certain weekly paper should have published a protest by Professor Renier, of Turin, and Dr. Alexander Luzio, director of the Royal Archives at Mantua, against the use made of their writings in Mrs. Ady's books on Beatrice and Isabella d'Este, which have received most congratulatory reviews as being invaluable to all those interested in the life and art of the Italian Renaissance. But the point in question seems to be how far one author is justified in quoting from others. It is not as if it were a case of plagiarism. As the St. James' Gazette remarks, surely an Italian writer, say on Charles of England, would be well entitled by literary etiquette to avail himself of the writings of an authority such as Dr. Gardiner and others, provided acknowledgment was made.

Now, Mrs. Ady most distinctly acknowledges her indebtedness to the gentlemen who protest against what she has done both in her list of authorities and her footnotes, while in the prefaces of both books she pays explicit and unreserved tribute to them as the latest and greatest authorities on her subject.

"The Nemesis of Froude."

Sir James Crichton Browne and Alexander Carlyle have finished their reply to Froude's posthumous volume on the Carlyle controversy. Lane is now printing "The Nemesis of Froude," as the reply is entitled. It may be looked for some time in September. It is said to be resolute and frank, as indeed the discussion has been all through.

I am sorry to record the death after a long illness of Lord Leighton's sister, Mrs. Sutherland Orr, a close friend of Robert Browning. She compiled a most helpful handbook to the works of Robert Browning, which ran through several editions. She also wrote an authoritative biography of that poet, and several years ago she contributed sundry articles on philosophical topics to the Contemporary Review.

NEWSPAPERS. NEWSPAPERS.

The Picture Miser of Wall Street

While jealous of his art treasures, he was a man with a big heart and a liberal hand. His life forms an unequalled romance of the "Street." He kept more than seven thousand costly canvases in a dingy New street room, where he worshipped them daily. The article is sympathetically written and illustrated with photographs of some of the masterpieces.

LIVE EXPERIMENTS IN SOCIOLOGY

at Fairhope, Ala., and Leclaire, Ill. The first is a single tax town and has successful enterprises; at the second a millionaire manufacturer shares with his workingmen and dwells among them.

NEW YORK'S STREET TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

It is growing graver each day, and you will be interested to read and study the illustrations of the plans for relieving congestion at Herald square and at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street.

COMIC SECTION.

Buster Brown figures in a most remarkable adventure, as do the Brownies and the Small Potatoes. Then there are rhyme, quip and story by Tom Masson, Horace Seymour Keller, Matthew Lang, Jefferson Irving, Wells Hawks, H. I. Horton, John Ernest McCann, Joe Cone, F. P. Pitzer, Fulwell Wise, Harold Wilder and Mary Rue.

GIANTS OF THE BROADWAY SQUAD.

These Brobdignagian policemen are a fine set of men, as you will learn when you read the article in which Colonel Kipp, of the Police Department, tells how to become a good policeman and how one may rise to rank.

FERNCLIFFE THE BEAUTIFUL.

John Jacob Astor's home is the subject of a carefully written and beautifully illustrated article. It also deals with young Vincent Astor, who is an interesting and energetic young person.

DEMON MASKS OF THIBET.

The feature of the great mystery play in Lhasa, the Holy City. The Sunday Herald has secured a set of photographs showing their grotesque horror. A description of the ceremony and the testimony of the man who witnessed it.

DON'T FAIL TO READ IN TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY HERALD

A BEAUTIFUL ARM.

It is a poem, and the woman who is the possessor thereof knows it full well. Next Sunday's Herald contains beautiful photographs illustrating this point and telling how a woman may have shapely arms and how to retain their charm of line and roundness.

IN THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

A man possessing much information concerning woodcraft tells of the trails and nature's guide posts, showing how to find your way if lost in the wilderness.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

He has an interview with Diana of the Tower on an occasion when she takes a vacation to see just what real Manhattan is like. Very diverting.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

His wholesome humor has carried sunlight into thousands of hearts. He is now an ordained minister. He tells how it feels to turn from humorist to preacher. There is an appreciation by Eli Perkins, a brother humorist.

FOR THE WOMEN.

There are a variety of features, including luxury and hygiene of modern baths, teagowns, matinees and negligees; mountain climbing in New York's backyard, and something about elegant economies.

WHEN MAN BEGINS TO FLY.

A period not far distant, if we are to believe experts. There are two in New York. One tells how an aeroplane ship will fly; the other demonstrates in detail how the kite foretells the success of the airship.

Little Love Stories of Manhattan

Cleverly written and marked by an intimate knowledge of the city and terse character drawing. They are by Melville Chater. The first is called "Cupid Skyscraper." It deals with the doings of the Real Thing and the Perfect Lady.