AMONG THE BOOKS

Bismarck's Letters Have at Last Been Published.

Bear Earmarks of a Vigorous Censorship.

FEATURES OF INTEREST

Make Relations of William I and Chancellor Clear.

Items Which Will Interest the Book Lovers.

The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck, with other letters from and to Prince Bismarck. Translated by J. A. Ford. With portraits and fac-simile letters, has just been published in two volumes by the Frederick A. Stokes company.

The letters bear the earmarks of a somewhat rigorous censorship, the stamp of an "official publication." Nevertheless, they are well worth perusal if only for the revelations they make of the nature and personality of the emperor, of whose devotion to Bismarck there can be no doubt. The more one reads the more one is attracted to the first ruler of the United German empire, and the better able is one to understand why he tolerated the sovereignty which Bismarck assumed unto himself and in which he maintained himself until Wilhelm's grandson, the present kaiser, ascended the throne. Wilhelm's letters to Bismarck ring with true friendship, and, however much he may at times have had cause to distrust his chancellor's policy, they make it clear that for Bismarck the man he had the most whole souled admiration.

Nor is it difficult to perceive why Wilhelm had reason for being truly grateful to him. When Bismarck undertook the task of unshelling a united Germany he found himself confronted with the necessity of welding together a number of petty principalities, torn with jealousy and conflicting interests. He saw opposed to him the promotions of Austria, he was perpetually menaced with the danger of foreign interference before his plans were matured. But he was the personification of self-confidence, and believed himself equal to the burden. History tells us how he succeeded, first by cultivating the friendship of Russia, then by setting Austria by the ears, and, finally, through his wily nursing of the events that led to the war with France. The origin of that war is still a matter of debate, but we here find nothing exculatory save a letter from Wilhelm which shows that, in February, 1870, four months before the official Prussian story of diplomatic purport was published, the emperor had become cognizant of the Hohenzollern candidacy for the throne of Spain. But of information concerning Bismarck's share in precipitating the sanguinary conflict we glean nothing from the correspondence. One most interesting letter, revealing the subtle irony of the chancellor, does appear in connection, not with the cause, but with the outcome. Writing to Wilhelm a report of the negotiations for the capitulation of Sedan, he says:

"With respect to the political situation, I myself took no initiative, and the emperor went no further than to deplore the ill fortune of the war, stating that he himself had not wished for war, but was driven into it by the pressure of public opinion in France. I did not regard it as my office to point out at that moment that what the emperor characterized as public opinion was only the artificial product of certain ambitious coteries of the French press, with a very narrow political horizon. I merely replied that nobody in Germany wished for the war, especially not your majesty, and that no German government would have considered the Spanish question of so much interest as to be worth a war. I continued that your majesty's attitude toward the Spanish succession question was finally determined by the misgiving whether it was right, for personal and dynastic considerations, to mar the endeavor of the Spanish nation to re-establish, by the selection of a king, their internal organization on a permanent basis; that your majesty, in view of the good relations existing for so many years between the princes of the Hohenzollern house and the emperor, had never entertained any doubt but that the hereditary prince would succeed in arriving at a satisfactory understanding with his majesty the emperor respecting the acceptance of the Spanish election; that, however, your majesty had regarded this, not as a German or a Prussian, but as a Spanish affair."

BOOK NOTES.

Molly Elliot Seawell, who is a great friend and admirer of Cardinal Gibbons, made a special trip from Mauheim, where she spent the summer, to call on his eminence at Rome at the time of the Pope's funeral. It is said that Cardinal Gibbons read "The Fortunes of Fifi," Miss Seawell's new novel, in manuscript form, and that he laughed heartily over the interview of the little French heroine with Pope Pius VII. The cardinal is a frequent visitor at Miss Seawell's Washington home. The book is published by the Bobbs-Merrill company.

The chief of the bureau of equipment has advised the Bobbs-Merrill company that directions have been given to the commandant, navy yard, Brooklyn, to add "The Fillmore Hall," by Anna Katharine Green, to the list for crews' libraries in the United States navy.

McClure, Phillips & Co. will publish, during the month, a book on "The Lyceum and Henry Irving," by Austin Brereton. Mr. Brereton is one of the best authorities on the history of the English stage, and also a close friend of Henry Irving. He has been able to unearth matters of great interest, and his history of the "Lyceum" will contain much that is unknown and heretofore unpublished. It will be a complete history of the theater from its earliest phases up to the time of the last appearance of Henry Irving, and it will be illustrated with unique portraits of the actors in their various costumes, etc. Mr. Henry Irving has himself taken a keen personal interest in the book, and has lent the use of a great part of his valuable collection of lyceum mementoes. An edition de luxe will be printed on Japan vellum, and will contain the original autograph of Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

The Ladies' World, published by S. H. Moore & Co., has been enlarged and greatly improved in appearance. The October number contains many excellent features, including short stories and an excellent household department.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston, whose latest book, "The First of the Hoosiers," published by Dexter Biddle, is now scoring such an unprecedented success throughout the country, is an intimate friend of Mark Twain's. It is a treat never to be forgotten to hear these two distinguished gentlemen exchanging humorous anecdotes. Mr. Eggleston was speaking of ministers the other day at the Authors' club, and said in part: "I recollect a minister who, when called to account for his persistently ungrammatical speech, tearfully expressed regret, and said: 'Brethren, I can't help it. For years I have carried a grammar in my hat, but for the life of me I can't get it into my head.'"

J. B. Lippincott company announce that they will publish in this country shortly, in co-operation with Messrs. Duckworth & Co., in England, "A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times," by the distinguished Copenhagen actor, Karl Mantzius, translated by L. Von Cossel, with an introduction by William Archer. The first two volumes, which are almost ready, deal with the earliest times, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance. The third volume treats of the English drama in Shakespeare's time.

Country Life in America for November is the best number of that beautiful and practical magazine which has yet been issued. Prof. L. H. Bailey begins a new series of articles on "How to Make a Living Out of Doors." Walter Camp contributes "The English Golfers in America," an interesting analysis of the lessons to be learned from the recent international golf tournaments. The great feature of the number, however, is "The Training of a Hunting Dog," which shows just how to teach every important lesson a setter or pointer must learn. The twenty-three illustrations are a miracle of photographic skill and patience. "How to Grow Big Chrysanthemums Without a Greenhouse" sets forth a novel scheme which is so ingenious and practical that we expect to see it generally adopted during the coming season. "A Country Home for $800," tells how a young couple bought a farm of forty-two acres for $350 and rebuilt the old farm house with their own hands at a cost of $485.

In his new book, "Famous Actors and Actresses and Their Homes," Gustav Kobbe will give intimate glimpses of leading American actors and actresses as they appear in private life—their personal surroundings, tastes, and even whims: the film-entwined Richard Mansfield, Maude Adams, the farmer, John Drew and his vigorous sports; Annie Russell, who sails a yacht; William Gillette and his houseboat; Julia Marlowe and her out of door life in the Catskills; E. H. Sothern at home with his wife, Virginia Harned; Ethel Barrymore and her passion for music; and Francis Wilson, the bookworm. Additional chapters are devoted to the Lambs' club and the Players' club of New York. This handsomely embellished book will contain a photogravure frontispiece of Julia Marlowe, from a painting by Irving Ramsay Wiles and over fifty full page half tones and etchings, printed in tints. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, will publish the book in November.

Mary Mapes Dodge, the talented editor of St. Nicholas.

William Henry Johnson, author of "The World's Discoverers," a story of half savages or brave navigators during a thousand years, has written a companion book, entitled, "Pioneer Spaniards in North America," in which he takes up the story of Spanish exploration and conquest in the period immediately succeeding the discovery of America. Mr. Johnson's new book will be published, with numerous illustrations, by Little, Brown & Co., October 31.

Little, Brown & Co.'s November publications will include the following: "Famous Actors and Actresses and Their Homes," a handsomely illustrated book, giving the domestic side of the lives of popular stage favorites, by Gustave Kobbe, with photogravure frontispiece of Julia Marlowe, and over 50 half-tone plates and vignettes printed in tints (8vo., $5 net); "The Life Radiant," by Lilian Whiting, a book which is in a measure a logical sequence of "The World Beautiful" (12mo., $1 net; leatherette, $1.25 net); "New England History in Ballad," by Dr. Edward Everett Hale and members of his family, with ten full page drawings (small 8vo., $2 net); "Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent," by Fannie Merritt Farmer, author of "The Boston Cooking School Cook Book," with 25 illustrations in half-tone (12mo., $1.20 net); "Daniel Webster for Young Americans," containing of great speeches carefully edited and selected, with notes and introduction by Prof. Charles Richardson of Dartmouth college (fully illustrated, crown 8vo., $1.50); and "The Colonel's Opera Cloak," by Christine C. Brush, new edition with typical "color" pictures, by E. W. Kemble (12mo., $1.50).

Mr. James William Pattison, the author of "The History of the World's Painters," which Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Co. will publish this fall, is well known to artists all over the country. His original criticisms in the Chicago Journal are the most discriminating which are printed in the west, and the most scholarly. Moreover, they have an individuality which saves them always from the usual fate of art criticism—monotony. There is a vivacity in Mr. Pattison's style which is immensely attractive.

Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Gerard," Stanley Weyman's "The Long Night," David Graham Phillips' "The Master Rogue," Bruno Lessing's "Children of Men," and Joel Chandler Harris' "Wally Waldron," have all been put to press for second large edition.

The translation of Count Leo Tolstoi's "War and Peace," which McClure, Phillips & Co. have been announcing for this season, will be postponed until next season, owing to the serious illness of the translator, Mrs. Garnett.

The Century will publish during the coming year what seems likely to be pronounced a daring and unique piece of historical writing, "The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography," by S. Weir Mitchell, LL.D., author of "Hugh Wynne." Dr. Mitchell imagines Washington sitting down at Mount Vernon in his old age and recording, solely for his own eye, the story of his "youthful life and the influences that affected it for good or ill." It is promised that the author has so fully entered into the habit of mind of Washington that it will be impossible for the reader to separate in the text the passages taken out of his actual writings from those which Dr. Mitchell imagines him to write.

"The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton" is an excursion into a new field. The introduction of an Emir from far Arabia, in all his oriental magnificence, into the sooty atmosphere of South Clark street is in itself a diverting idea, but the serious splendor of his discourse as addressed to a commonplace young lawyer's clerk is quite as effective a contrast. Mr. Middleton's bland acceptance of these adventures is as funny in its way as anything else in the book. Herbert S. Stone & Co. are the publishers of the book.

Illustration from "The Master Rogue," Just Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"DON'T GET AS APOPLECTIC AS—YOU KNOW YOU STOLE YOUR START."

CORN AND COTTON.

Egypt and Argentina as Competitors of United States.

While Egypt is building dams for the purpose of increasing her cotton area in the fond hope that she will yet be able to supply England's needs, although she grows at present less than three million bales, Argentina rises up to snatch away from us the corn scepter. But Argentina, like Egypt, has a hard road to travel.

Argentina's lands are fertile, her climate suitable for corn growing, and her rainfall is reasonably abundant. At present, however, her corn crop is confined to 4½ million acres, as against 94 million acres in this country. She grew last year 120 million bushels, as against 2,500 million bushels in this country. But she got 20 bushels from an acre, and 44 cents in gold for each bushel, so that the product expressed in dollars and cents was $12.20 per acre. In this country we got last year but 27 bushels to the acre, worth 40 cents a bushel, or $10.80 an acre.

At present Argentina's crop is largely needed at home. She is scarcely known as a world's purveyor of corn, and it is not easy to see when she will enter with force and volume of product the world's market. She is not half so large as the United States, and her population is not 7 per cent of that of this country. Who then is to cultivate a great corn crop? Where, indeed, is it to be grown?

When Egypt raises under irrigation the world's cotton, Argentina may grow the world's corn, and the one is as improbable as the other. They have not the acreage, or the population or the energy or the capital to accomplish their respective tasks. Corn and cotton are our special crops, but we have to share with Canada, Russia and other lands the production of wheat.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Profiles.

It is hinted about that the old-fashioned silhouette will be shortly recalled into fashionable favor. After a long reign of photographic likenesses the black and white shadow portraits of 30 years ago, the kind the great-grandmother used to have made, will hold sway in the libraries and family sitting rooms of all really proper people.

Profile photographs have for some time been affected by the beautiful women of America. It is said that the American woman's profile is the finest in the world—that it is the most clear-cut and finely modeled of any other type. Generalities like this are hard to prove. It cannot be denied that some of the finest profiles in the history of feminine beauty are to be found in America; but whether the average is markedly higher in this country than anywhere else is an open question. This abundance of good profiles in America, especially among actresses and society leaders, may be the secret of the introduction of the silhouette fad. But the ordeal is a trying one to any woman when it comes to a faithful delineation of her profile in shadow. It is a fine-molded face indeed which looks well in a shadow picture seen sideways. If the nose turns up the least bit in real life it is sure to point skyward in a silhouette. If that organ is even a trifle above the usual size it will appear huge in a shadow profile. A projecting upper lip or a projecting under lip become positive deformities in a silhouette no matter how slight they may be in the original.—Atlanta Journal.

Saves Two From Death.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. E. Haviland of Armonk, N. Y., "but, when all other remedies failed, we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had consumption in an advanced stage, also uses this wonderful medicine and today she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infallible for coughs and colds. 50c and $1.00 bottles guaranteed by Arnold Drug Co., 31 N. Kansas avenue.

MR. BOWSER'S TRAVELS.

His Trip Was a Brief One and Full of Experiences.

There was a preoccupied look on Mr. Bowser's face as he reached home the other evening, and even after she had stolen half a dozen glances at him Mrs. Bowser could not determine whether he had developed a new soft corn or had been buying stock in an airship. Dinner was over before the mystery was solved. When he had lighted his cigar he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I am called to Chicago on business, and shall probably be gone for four or five days. I shall leave by the 10 o'clock train in the morning."

"Then you will want me to pack your grip tonight," she replied.

"Thanks, but I will do my own packing. I remember how nervous you got over putting up a shirt and two collars for me when I had to go to Boston for a day last year. If I had a month to spare, I should tell you to go ahead, but as I have only a few hours and don't want you to come down with nervous prostration, I will toss the few things I need into the grip with my own hands."

"I will toss the few things I will need into the grip with my own hands."

"I don't remember anything about being nervous when you went away last year," answered Mrs. Bowser.

"No? I left you on the verge of a collapse, and I believe you had to call a doctor after I was gone. I am not laying it up against you. Women can't help their nervousness. If we were going away together and we had a trunk to pack, you would leave out fifty different things we ought to take along, and I should probably have to tone you up with brandy before we got away. After I have finished this cigar I will do the packing, and you will see how coolly and calmly I do it."

Mrs. Bowser smiled a smile to the cat, and the cat winked a wink back. They knew all about Mr. Bowser's cool, calm ways and they were willing to wait for the fun to begin. Twenty minutes later he had finished his smoke and asked for his grip. It was upstairs, and Mrs. Bowser had started to beat the way when he suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"By the Great Horn Spoon! but have I been an ass enough—"

"What is it?" she asked.

"I bought my railroad ticket this afternoon, so as to have no bother about it in the morning, and I've—I've lost it! Woman—"

"You can't have lost it."

"But I tell you it's gone! Woman, have you or that blamed old cat been picking my pockets?"

"How silly for you to talk that way! Feel in all your pockets. You can't have lost it."

Mr. Bowser, who was all in a tremble, and his face flushing red and white, jammed his hands into one pocket after another, and the ticket was finally found coiled up with his handkerchief.

"Ah, I remember now," he said, as he smiled at her in a patronizing way. "You'd have carried it around in your hand and laid it down anywhere, but I simply forgot for an instant. I think I shall take about four shirts and two nightshirts with me."

"But what can you do with so many?" she asked. "You don't expect to change shirts two or three times a day, do you?"

"Supposing I am taken sick, or meet with an accident and have to go to the hospital? I don't want them to think I am some roustabout off a steamboat. A woman never thinks of those things, while a man always does. Put out eight shirts, if I have got them, and as many pairs of cuffs, and twelve collars and four neckties."

Mrs. Bowser laid them out like an obedient wife, and smiled as Mr. Bowser looked from the heap to his satchel and back.

"Perhaps six shirts, eight collars, six pairs of cuffs and three neckties might possibly do," he mused. "Yes, I will try and get along with that many, and in case of accident you can come on with the rest. Now, then, that's all; and you see it has taken me about three minutes, where it would have taken you two hours."

"But you want a couple of pairs of socks, don't you?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Yes, I will take them along. I should have remembered them in a minute more."

"And you want two or three clean handkerchiefs?"

"Y-e-s."

"And you've forgotten your comb and brush."

"I was just about to ask for them. Well, that's all; and here I am all ready to start. Woman, let this be a pointer for you."

With that he snapped the jaws of his grip together and was about to bear it downstairs when Mrs. Bowser said:

"How about your toothbrush? Are you going to borrow one in Chicago?"

"I want it, of course, and I was about to ask where it was. Don't imagine I shall forget anything."

"Are you going to take your shaving outfit along, or go to a barber shop?"

Mr. Bowser flushed up and his ears twitched, but he crowded in the outfit without a word, and was on his way downstairs when he suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"By the living jingo, if it hasn't gone clean out of my head!"

"What is it now?"

"Why, the man told me what time the train went, but I've forgotten whether it was twenty-two minutes before or after 10 o'clock. I asked him for a time-table, but whether he gave it to me or not—"

"Be cool, Mr. Bowser," she cautioned; "be cool and calm, and don't get a nervous collapse."

"Who's getting a nervous collapse?" he shouted. "I have no doubt that I brought a time table home with me, but you've probably gobbled on to it to make me miss my train. That's one of your little tricks, but it won't work."

He went to the telephone and rang up the ticket office, the baggage express and three or four other folks, and at length discovered that the train started exactly at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Bowser waited until he had secured this information, and then quietly asked:

"You secured your parlor and sleeping car tickets, of course?"

"By John! By John!" he gasped, as he jumped up.

"That's just like a man, but you can probably get them in the morning. You, of course, don't object to riding backwards all day and taking an upper berth at night?"

Mr. Bowser jumped for the telephone and raised the central office a foot high, but after half an hour of hallooing he was no better off.

Mrs. Bowser had one more shot to give him before they went to bed to leave the hanging satchel on a chair in the sitting room.

"You haven't put in your reading glasses, you know," she said, "and without them you would not be able to read a newspaper. They are on the mantel there."

He gave her a look intended to break at least half the bones in her body, and then put the glasses in the grip, which, by this time, he had opened and closed at least 20 times.

Ten minutes later he observed that it was bedtime. He didn't want to get an early start, and he wasn't afraid of not getting as much sleep as usual, but there was no need of adding to the wealth of the gas company by sitting up and looking at the walls. They had got to bed, and Mrs. Bowser had just been treated to his first snore, when he suddenly sat up and called out:

"Jinks and jingles, but did I pack up any collars or didn't I?"

"Of course you did—eight of them," she replied.

"I don't think I did, and if I didn't I shall be in a nice fix when I get to Chicago. I'll just run down stairs and see."

He stumbled downstairs through the darkness, barking his shins on a rocking chair, and just saving his nose from an open door, and, after lighting up the gas, he found the collars all right and returned to bed. This time he slept until midnight. Then Mrs. Bowser heard him utter a grunt as his feet struck the floor.

"What is it now?" she asked.

"Did I put in that bottle of colic cure? You know I am apt to be taken with colic while traveling."

"No, you didn't put it in, but I'll see to it in the morning."

"I'll see to it myself this very minute," he muttered, and down he went on another visit to the grip. He felt that he was now thoroughly equipped and he slept fairly well until 6 o'clock in the morning, when he got out of bed and began dressing.

"Why, it's a whole hour too soon," said Mrs. Bowser, as she awoke.

"Yes, I know that it's early, but there may be a telegram for me, or Skinner may want to see me before I leave. I'm needn't get up till 7 o'clock."

She did, though, and breakfast was prepared and eaten, and during the next two hours Mr. Bowser divided his time between giving her advice as to how to act in case the house took fire and opening and closing his grip. He was finally off, and Mrs. Bowser and the cat waved him adieu from the front steps. An hour passed and some one was heard to unlock the front door. It was Mr. Bowser, grip in hand, and his face almost as white as flour.

"Why, what on earth have you come back for?" asked Mrs. Bowser in astonishment.

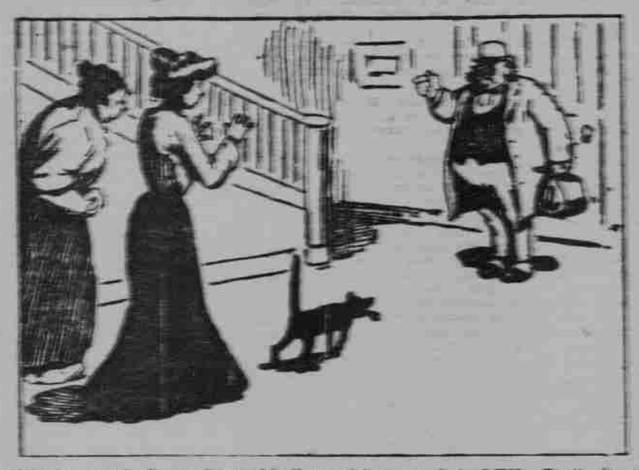
He looked at her without replying.

"What is it?"

Still no reply.

"Have you been stricken dumb?"

"Woman, don't play the hypocrite with me!" he shouted, as he flung the grip the whole length of the hall at the grinning cat. "You had one of your hirelings on the street car pick my pocket of $100, and I've come back home and Chicago can go to grass."—(Copyright, 1903, by C. H. Lewis.)



"Woman, you had one of your hirelings pick my pocket of $100. Don't play the hypocrite."

Took the Hint.

A gentleman visiting a seaside resort on the east coast recently passed into the lifeboat station. The man in charge, a typical old salt, hitched forward with the customary:

"Show you round, sir?"

The visitor in the course of a subsequent chat, chanced to remark that the old salt appeared to have "quite a snug little berth here."

"Fair, fair," returned the other, quick to seize an opportunity, "but it might be better. My living depends a good deal on the liberality of the visitor—an' its very precarious."

"Indeed?" smiled the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," went on the old salt, as he led the way into the shed. "It's this way. Visitors don't think. Now, the majority of 'em gives me a tip after I've shown 'em round. That ain't satisfactory to nobody, as sometimes I find as I ain't shown 'em half enough for their money, an' sometimes too much! Take it from me, sir, the best way is to stump up at the start!"

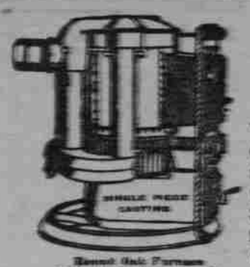
The visitor took the hint, and proceeded at once to "stump up!"—From The Bits.

Warm Indeed.

Corinne—"Don't you think it has been a very cold summer?"

Ethel—"Dear me, no. I have had seventeen proposals."—From Puck.

Teacher—"Johnny, you may define the first person." Johnny—"Adam."—Town and Country.



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