MODERN WARFARE.

A TREATISE BY AN OFFICER IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

THE CONDUCT OF WAR. A Short Treatise on Its Most Important Branches and Guiding Rules. By Colmar Freiherr von der Goltz, Lieutenant-General in the Prussian Army. Translated by Major G. F. Leveson, D. S. C., Royal Engineers. (Forming the Fourth Volume of the Wolseley Series, edited by Captain Walter H. James.) Octavo, pp. xii, 285. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is well understood nowadays that the art of war cannot be learned from books. In fact, in some of the most important military schools instruction in the higher theory of war has been abandoned. Nevertheless, it is true that this theory is a most important object of study. There are general principles and rules for the conduct of war that can be established, and the thorough understanding of them is indispensable both for the soldier and for the student of military history. The trouble lies not so much in the inadequacy or uncertainty of the theory of war as in the practical difficulty of applying it under the complicated and often exceptional conditions of an actual campaign—a difficulty of which experience and native military genius furnish the only certain solution. Books, therefore, which expound this theory from the point of view of a thorough knowledge of military science and history will always possess great value, and to works of this class this volume by Lieutenant-General von der Goltz unquestionably belongs. Though designed for the young military student, it may be recommended especially, on acount of its freedom from technicalities and its lucidity of statement, to the layman who desires to understand the general principles of military operations.

The scope of the work is defined in the introduction. For the modern European military writer, the author remarks, the preliminary operations of the mobilization and strategical concentration of armies are the matters of most moment, and "it is now frequently supposed that the whole conduct of war is comprised in this one section of it." This results from the development of railways in the western part of Europe, which renders possible the rapid massing of troops. This transportation of immense bodies of troops "assumes the form of a military work of art, which gives an opportunity for the strategical specialist to show off his brilliant qualities." Not all localities, however, in which war is likely to occur are so well provided with means of transportation—a point which the present struggle in South Africa emphasizes—and it is "overlooked that even in the west of Europe the importance of railroads for the use of troops during an action is inconsiderable." But in any case, the subsequent operations—the action of masses of troops after they have been deployed—"are and always will be the most important branch of the conduct of war," and to these, accordingly, the author directs his attention. Furthermore, he limits himself to general consideration—the collation of "the various ways of manipulating troops which can be made use of in war"—reserving for another work the treatment of the practical problems involved in the leading of troops in the field.

These operations belong, in general, to one of two classes—strategical and tactical. Of these important and not easily defined terms two definitions are given, one by the author and one from Clausewitz, both of which are suggestive. Strategy, says the former, "deals, speaking generally, with the broad measures which have for their object to enable the troops to enter on the decisive struggle under the most favorable conditions. Tactics, on the other hand, include all dispositions for the decisive struggle itself." According to Clausewitz, "tactics is the study of the employment of military forces in the combat, and strategy the study of the employment of combats for the purposes of war." These two definitions together furnish, perhaps, as good an account of the matter as has been given in the same space. Strategy and tactics, again, fall, each of them, into one of two classes, in accordance with their employment for offensive or for defensive purposes. That is, there are both offensive strategical operations and defensive, and offensive and defensive tactics; and this fourfold division is made by General Von der Goltz the foundation of his discussion of his theme. To notice his terse yet lucid exposition in detail is impossible. It need only be said that he nowhere falls into the error of treating the distinctions between the strategical and the tactical, the offensive and the defensive as fixed lines of demarcation, but, on the contrary, emphasizes the fluid character of such categories when applied to the actual operations of war.

In an introductory chapter on "the main features of the modern conduct of war" several principles are laid down by the author which it is well, just now, to keep in mind.

"If we now sum up," he says, "the distinctive characteristics of the modern method of conducting war we shall find them to be as follows: (1) calling up the military resources of the country to such an extent that, victory being gained, we may proceed to enforce a favorable peace with the least possible delay; (2) placing all our forces in readiness at the very commencement of the war; (3) a ceaseless and untiring prosecution of the campaign until the organized resistance of the enemy is broken in decisive battles, after which, until the conclusion of peace, a less strenuous action and one more sparing of the 'instrument of war.'"

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

TWO INTERESTING BIOGRAPHIES OF THE EVANGELIST.

THE LIFE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY. By His Son, William R. Moody. Octavo, pp. 590. Fleming H. Revell Company.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF DWIGHT L. MOODY. By the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. Octavo, pp. xi, 555. Philadelphia: John C. Winston & Co.

Each of these books purports to be in a measure the only authorized life of the evangelist. William R. Moody undertook his work in accordance with the expressed wishes of his father. The publishers claim that it represents in a peculiar sense the family view of Mr. Moody, which is doubtless the case. Dr. Chapman, on the other hand, says that his intimate knowledge of Mr. Moody as a coworker and friend of many years made him especially fit to give an estimate of his life. The public, we suspect, will take only a languid interest in these rival claims, and will judge each book on its merits. As to workmanship, William R. Moody's book is the more attractive, and it contains many illustrations possessed by the family only. Dr. Chapman's book, though not so rich in detail, gives a better general view of the evangelist in his relation to the outside world. It has also many excellent illustrations.

In the introduction William R. Moody makes special acknowledgment of the valuable assistance of the Rev. John B. Devins, of "The New-York Observer," in preparing the biography. The work contains forty-eight chapters, giving a minute chronicle of the evangelist's career. While there are some things that might wisely have been omitted, the biographer, on the whole, shows good taste and a becoming reserve. The style is interesting, and the many anecdotes of Mr. Moody are well told and readable. One story about Henry Drummond is worth repeating. In 1875 Moody and Drummond were the guests of Edward Denny, near Tunbridge Wells, England, and Moody was asked to give an informal address. "No," he replied, "You've been hearing me for eight months, and I'm quite exhausted. Here's Drummond; he will give us a Bible reading." Whereupon Drummond took out of his pocket a little Testament and, after reading the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, "without a note and in the most informal way gave that beautiful exposition, which has since become so widely known to thousands under the title of 'The Greatest Thing in the World.' Three years later, when visiting Northfield at Mr. Moody's special request, the exposition was repeated both at the Students' Conference and the August Conference, and in response to Mr. Moody's urgent plea it was later published in its present booklet form."

Dr. Chapman gives an excellent bird's-eye view of Moody's career, but neither of the biographers succeeds in giving an unbiassed picture of Moody as he was. While these bulky volumes will not take their place among the classics of biography, they will furnish a valuable mine for some future chronicler who will write of Moody and his work from the point of view of the judicial historian.

RECENT EDITIONS OF FICTION

SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES IN NEW DRESS.

THE SECRET OF THE CRATER. By Duffield Osborne. 12mo, pp. 312. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE LAST SENTENCE. By Maxwell Gray. 12mo, pp. 491. D. Appleton & Co.

THE NOVELS AND STORIES OF FRANK R. STOCKTON. 12mo. Vols. XIV and XV, pp. 247 and 300. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Secret of the Crater," by Duffield Osborne, whose novel, "The Spell of Ashtaroth," published several years ago, called public attention to a writer of exceptional imaginative gifts, was first presented to the public through the pages of "Lippincott's Magazine" under the title of "A Mountain Moloch." Just why the title should have been changed is not altogether clear, for, of course, the publishers could not have been so injudicious as to wish to mislead readers. Indeed, both names are given on the title page. The fact remains that the practice of changing titles in reprinted books is distinctly annoying to the reader who does not keep a close watch on the literary market. In "The Secret of the Crater" Mr. Osborne openly follows in the footsteps of Rider Haggard and the writers of the ultra-romantic school. That is, he starts out by throwing probability to the winds, and he undertakes to tell a lively story of adventure. Accepting the author's point of view, the reader can follow the episodes with a good deal of excitement, that is, if his sense of humor does not interfere. Mr. Osborne writes in so clear and vigorous a style and now and then makes observations so pointed that he surely could do better work if he would take his art more seriously. The next time he writes a novel it would pay him to try to get some human nature into his pages.

Now, human nature is just what makes Maxwell Gray's novel, "The Last Sentence," a thoroughly vital work. And yet it has a strong plot interest, too. It was brought out some time ago, when it did not receive the attention it deserved. So the Appletons, contrary to their practice, which is to publish only new books in "The Town and Country Library," have added it to this series of novels. It is far superior to the average tale of its kind. Of course, it will not be read with satisfaction by those people who want their fiction to be kept cheerful. But there is a place for tragedy in fiction, as there is in life, and in this instance the pathetic story is told in a style that has wholesomeness and vigor.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton must view with a rare pleasure the beautiful Shenandoah edition of his works which the Scribners are now bringing out. Volumes XIV and XV have just come to hand, preceding Volume XIII for a reason due to unexplained exigencies of publishing. Volume XIV contains "The Associate Hermits," and the companion volume is devoted to short stories, including "The Lady or the Tiger?" and several other favorites. When complete the edition will be one of the finest examples of bookmaking we have had from an American publisher in recent years. Best of all, with his gift for keeping the world smiling, Mr. Stockton deserves being so delightfully "collected."

A NEEDED HANDBOOK.

OUR RECENT ACQUISITIONS SEEN AT A GLANCE.

AMERICAN COLONIAL HANDBOOK. A Ready Reference Book of Facts and Figures, Historical, Geographical and Commercial, about Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii and Guam. By Thomas Campbell-Copeland, Assisted by Maria Soltera and Maurice Magnus. Second Edition; 16mo; pp. 181. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is the sort of book which may perhaps be serviceable to the politician, student and traveller where more elaborate publications would demand more time and trouble for the employment of their information. In its flexible covers and diminutive form it goes easily in the pocket, and reference to it is further made easy by a skilful arrangement of the material. In six brief pages the history of Cuba from the date of its discovery is sufficiently traversed, and these are followed by a catechism which includes a remarkable abundance of facts, considering the space to which it is confined. The catechetical form suggests the elementary textbook, but it is nevertheless not to be despised by readers of any age desiring to fix certain facts in their minds. The configuration of the country, the climatic conditions, rivers and harbors, highways and roads, modes of transportation, population, educational and agricultural systems, the tobacco industry, finance, commerce and shipping, are all tersely described. The geography of Cuba is then treated in considerable detail. The Cuban and English names for things in the vegetable, mineral and animal kingdoms are tabulated; the system of weights and measures is recorded; there are notes instructing the reader as to routes and fares from points in the United States to Cuba, and a brief bibliography indicates the authorities suitable if deeper investigation is contemplated. As the title of the book shows, the scheme embraces Porto Rico and the Philippines, Hawaii and Guam, as well as Cuba. The editor has accomplished a workmanlike piece of condensation, and an excellent little index puts the finishing touch to it. For practical purposes, and especially for use in moments of haste, it is a very creditable publication.

ZOLA'S OPINIONS.

From The London Daily News.

In conversation to-day with a Russian newspaper representative M. Emile Zola said that so far as he was concerned the Dreyfus case was finished. He worked for the officer's liberation, and that was obtained. At the same time the novelist said that he and his friends were still at the disposal of the liberated man if he wanted their help, but they did not see the necessity of the re-establishment of his innocence, that is to say, his rehabilitation. M. Zola further said that the Dreyfus case was like others which came before the courts early in the twenties. Its development showed the terrible danger of militarism. He also believes, according to his reported utterances, that if a strong man were to arise he could seize the reins of government without difficulty, but no such person is to be seen. Questioned as to the significance of the recent municipal elections, M. Zola merely said that Paris was a big baby.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

From The Chicago Tribune.

"We use the expression, colloquially, 'out of his head,'" the instructor remarked, "to describe a man's condition when he is not in his right mind, or, as we sometimes say, is 'beside himself.'"

"Ah, yes," said the foreigner, who had mastered the language in its plainer forms and had advanced to the study of idiomatic English. "And when a man ees out of hees head and beside himself, it ees at such time he can climb up on hees earl"

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

CURRENT TALK OF THINGS PRESENT AND TO COME.

McClure, Phillips & Co. will bring out Miss Gertrude Hall's first novel, "April's Sowing," in September. It will be illustrated by Orson Lowell.

It was at first thought that the body of the late Stephen Crane would not be brought here. But it was decided by his relatives that he should be buried in his own country. His widow and niece sailed for New-York this week by the North German Lloyd Line, and are expected to arrive here with the body next Wednesday. On the following day services will be held at the Seventh Avenue Methodist Church, near Fourteenth-st., at 10:30 a. m. The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley will make an address. The burial will take place at Elizabeth, N. J.

Rudyard Kipling's stories of the South African war began to appear serially in England early in the present month. Their appearance in this country has been delayed for some unexplained cause. Now we are informed that one of these, "The Outsiders," will be published in the July number of "McClure's Magazine," and that the Fourth of July number of "Collier's Weekly" will contain another, "Folly Bridge."

Anna Katharine Green calls her new detective story, which will be issued early in the autumn, "The Circular Study," from the room in which the studious hero does his work.

Here is a new proof that the dialect school of literature has sustained a complete reverse. An enterprising firm of publishers in Boston has announced a new edition of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" with all the Scotch dialect taken out! Is not this trimming your sails to the wind with a vengeance? What does Ian Maclaren think of it? Or can it be that he knows nothing about it? The publishers take it for granted that they are doing a laudable thing. The book, they remark complacently, "has probably reached the enormous sale of several million copies, and yet to millions of American readers it is a closed book, because of the Scotch dialect, which is not understood even by a majority of intelligent and cultured readers." They are also careful to add that in spite of their changes the work will retain all its "sympathy and pathos." It is kind of them not to take those out, too.

The Macmillan Company has in press an elaborate work on "Historical Jurisprudence," by Guy Carleton Lee, of the historical department at Johns Hopkins University. It traces the development of judicial systems from the earliest Egyptian papyri, monuments and ancient records, treating it not only historically, but from the economic and social point of view as well.

A Councilman of Cambridge, Mass. is trying to secure an appropriation from the city for the purchase of Elmwood, the home of James Russell Lowell, for use as a public library.

The Appletons are preparing to bring out a new edition of "The Red Badge of Courage," with a portrait of the author and with a biographical sketch by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock. It was Mr. Hitchcock who accepted the book from Mr. Crane, at the recommendation, it is said, of Mr. W. D. Howells.

An American editor is making a collection of "literary blunders," which he hopes to publish between covers some day. Here is one, taken from Mr. Clodd's memoirs of Grant Allen, which he may consider worthy of record. It consists of a letter written to Mr. Allen by an unknown admirer. "Pardon the liberty I am taking. In your clever story of 'The Great Ruby Robbery,' you mention Browning being splendid for the nerves. Is there such a thing? Would you give me the address to obtain it? I am a dreadful sufferer of nervousness; under such circumstances you will accept my apology for troubling."

Miss Mary E. Burt has made a collection of stories for children by W. D. Howells, called "The Howells Story Book," designed for use in schools. It has been illustrated by the novelist's daughter, Miss Mildred Howells, and it will appear very shortly from the press of the Scribners.

Mr. James Lane Allen's much heralded novel, "The Reign of Law," which was to appear early in the present month, will be held back in this country till next Friday, when it will be published also in a large edition in England and the British colonies.

Among the volumes taken over from the Doubleday & McClure Company by McClure, Phillips & Co. are Miss Ida M. Tarbell's "Lincoln," Mr. Hamlin Garland's "Grant" and Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action." It is to be hoped that in time we shall be able to straighten out the list of publications of these two firms. At present, their relations seem very perplexing, especially as they involve also the third firm of Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Harpers are shortly to bring out what promises to be an attractive book for summer reading, in a collection of light essays by E. S. Martin, who for several years has conducted the department known as "This Busy World" in "Harper's Weekly." It will bear the curious title of "Lucid Intervals."

Paul Leicester Ford is completing a Christmas story to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It will be called "Wanted, a Watchmaker."

Doubleday, Page & Co. have in hand the autobiography of Booker T. Washington, the negro educator. It will probably appear in the autumn.

The Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, has lately sent out a curious little book, about two inches square, advertising its publications. It is called "A Booklet of Successful Books and Authors." It offers one of the many evidences which we have had of late that activity in American publishing is not confined to New-York, Boston and Chicago. The list includes twenty names, less than a half dozen of which are familiar to the reading public of the East; but of course we all know James Whitcomb Riley, Robert J. Burdette, Frank L. Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Charles Major. Of these Mr. Major is by far the most interesting. A comparatively short time ago his name was unfamiliar to us. Then we learned that his book bearing the somewhat suspicious title of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" had been read by many thousands of people. It finally reached the East, where it had another harvest of popularity. Now it has been dramatized by Mr. Major, and next winter we shall see Miss Julia Marlowe play the leading character. So Mr. Major has become a very important figure, and the information regarding his career presented by this "booklet" is welcome. In the language of the writer of the biography, which may be regarded as distinctly an "appreciation," "when a man does something by which the world is attracted we immediately feel a curiosity to know all about him personally." The biographer then proceeds to tell us not all about Mr. Major, but enough. He was born in Indianapolis more than forty years ago; he studied at the University of Michigan; he read law with his father, and in 1877 he was admitted to the bar. For many years he devoted himself to his law practice; then literature diverted him. "Balzac, 'tis said, when he felt the inspiration of a new novel in his brain, retired to an obscure room, and there, with a pot of villanous black coffee at his elbow, wrote night and day, almost without food and sleep, until the book was finished. Some authors use only the morning hours for their literary work; others prefer the silence of night. A few cannot write save when surrounded by books, pictures and luxurious furniture, while some must have a bare room with nothing in it to distract attention. Mr. Major wrote 'When Knighthood Was in Flower' on Sunday afternoons, the only time he had free from the exactions of the law."

D. Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, has written a novel with the invention of an air ship as the central figure. The Harpers have it in press.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are soon to bring out a new edition of the books by Hamilton Wright Mabie.

"The Century" for July will contain eight full page illustrations by Castaigne of scenes from the Paris Exposition. No text will accompany them, but in the same number will appear the sixth of Richard Whiteing's papers on the French capital, under the title of "Artistic Paris."

There are signs indicating that the American magazines are slowly winning their way into the favor of the English readers. In a few years it is possible that several of our more popular periodicals will be extensively circulated in England. This carries with it the promise of growing favor on the part of English readers toward American authors and a greater interest in subjects relating to American life. It is worth noting that, though books by English authors are very popular in this country, the English periodicals have had comparatively little success here. In recent years the efforts of several publishers to circulate English magazines in the United States have met with conspicuous failure.

KIPLING AT GLOUCESTER.

HOW "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS" WAS WRITTEN.

From The Boston Transcript.

When Rudyard Kipling came to Gloucester, one June day four years ago, to gather material for the work that was afterward known as "Captains Courageous," he stopped at a private cottage over on the tongue of land that forms the outer boundary of Gloucester Harbor. This little projection is charted as Eastern Point, and Eastern Point Light and Dog Bar Breakwater are at the extremity of it.

Here the author put in the entire summer with his wife and little girl.

During his stay at East Gloucester Mr. Kipling did not mix much with the local people. On their side the people of Gloucester did not generally come to know him. Doubtless a large number of the summer residents of the place could have identified him, but not many citizens of the city knew him by sight.

Mr. Kipling gave up his cottage in September, and never, so far as known, did he return to it. But in April of the next spring he revisited Gloucester and stayed five days, and again in May he returned for a stay of a week. During these later visits he put up at a modest, comfortable hostelry in the heart of the business area, that may as well be called the Smith House as any other.

It was late in the afternoon of a nasty, rainy April day that Mr. Kipling arrived in Gloucester for his first spring trip. He looked pale and used up when he reached the hotel. A big man was with him. This man registered for both as "Dr. —— and friend, Vermont." Mr. Kipling's only luggage was a handbag of moderate size. While he was drying out, the dripping guest explained to the sympathetic hostess how he came to be in such a plight. She can repeat the conversation almost word for word to this day:

"We arrived in Boston from Vermont this morning. I intended to take a train and come to Gloucester at once, to make ready for a long planned trip to the Grand Banks, but something put it into my head to first take a run down to T Wharf" (T Wharf is the wholesale fish market at Boston). "It happened that as we were walking down the wharf we heard somebody speaking of a vessel that was about to leave for Gloucester. I could not let such a chance go by. I asked where this vessel lay and hunted her up. There she was, the Venus, Captain Dench, a skipper I met when I was here last summer. I felt at home on the Venus and jumped aboard without further question, taking the doctor with me, and then asked Dench if I might make the trip to Gloucester with him. He said 'Certainly; come along. Glad to have you.'

"But, Mrs. Smith, I never put in a meaner afternoon in my life. I was sick before we were out of the harbor, and it was only moderately rough even outside, hardly that, as your fishermen have it. I was sick all the way down, and got no relief until we were at the entrance of your harbor here. Then I felt better. That little trip, however, has given me all I want of fishing for a while. I did have it in my head to make a trip to one of the big banks, but I think now that I will give over that idea. I fear it would not be quite to my taste after my little experience of this afternoon."

While Mr. Kipling was at the hotel they found him a most desirable boarder. He had some ways peculiarly his own, but these were not in the slightest degree objectionable. For instance, he always wanted the same seat in the dining room that he had occupied at his first meal. If he came in and found this seat taken he would quietly retreat and wait till it had been vacated. He was not at all disagreeable about it. He explained that this was a little weakness of his. At table Mr. Kipling "was no great shakes as an eater," to quote the clerk. He ate of the plainest food, and lightly of that. "He picked at his food," said the landlord, who wished to see him devour great roasts and things. But he liked beer. He had it for dinner and supper, and seemed to enjoy it immensely.

One of his particular requests was that no merely curious people be admitted to see him. When strangers would come inquiring for Mr. Kipling it often happened that their quest would be sitting there in the office, so close to the callers that he could have reached out his hand and brushed their clothes. At these times the author would peep over his paper at the clerk and shake his head warningly. Then he would settle back and prepare to enjoy the eager questions of the curious ones. Not infrequently he would stare in a casual sort of way at these inquisitive visitors, much as would any man vaguely interested through sheer sympathy in another's hunt. He would smile furtively after the exit of such as had seen and not recognized him. It was the host's opinion that many of these did recognize him as he sat there, but they lacked the nerve to address him after his presence had been denied.

To the ordinary observer he appeared to be a sturdy character, one with a mind and a will of his own and a thickset body to back it up. "He looked somebody," the landlord put it, "and like a man who would have his own way." His extreme carelessness in dress and his unassuming ways did much to lead superficial people who did not know him to pass him by without a second glance. If it were an undistinguished character who dressed as Mr. Kipling did, he would be sized up by the populace as of a "sloppy" sort. All the raiment considered needful by Mowgli's sponsor for a trip of a week to a civilized town was what he carried on his back and in his modest handbag.

Besides being a slack dresser, he held utterly impractical views on all matters pertaining to his wardrobe. In the regeneration of Kipling's kind good housewives make reputations. His absentmindedness—or his carelessness—for it is probable that he cared not a straw for these things—led a good old lady at the house to venture a guess that here was a man that trusted to his wife to keep him looking respectable when at home. . . .

When Mr. Kipling came to the Smith House in April he was given a corner room that overlooked the busiest square in Gloucester. The corner opposite this room was the favorite loafing ground for fishermen ashore. It may have been because of this interesting outlook that Kipling insisted on having his old room when he came back in May, or it may have been merely his customary preference for things he had tried before, as witness the case of the dining room seat and the Venus.

Afternoons and evenings were spent by the author in his room. His waste basket was regularly littered with discarded sheets torn into minute scraps. He used paper of a rare blue tint folded double, so as to make a 6 by 9 page. These he would pack with close lined penmanship that was difficult to read.

Every morning at 8:30 o'clock, or pretty near to it, Mr. Kipling was at the breakfast table. Every afternoon at 5 he was busy with his daily plunge. He liked his bath about an hour before supper, he said. It was generally past midnight when the light in his room was seen to be out.

The wizard of the seven seas spent his mornings prowling about the docks. He was ever seeking light on fishing and fishermen. There was once a marine reporter who came to interview him. Mr. Kipling soon discovered that his visitor was pretty well posted on the business of the port. The meeting came near resulting in an interview by the author. However, the reporter printed what he got out of it, and it is not improbable that Kipling printed his side of it, too, though in a different way, and much condensed. "He's a pretty good pump himself," commented the reporter, coming away.

Mr. Kipling would question anybody that came to his line. He dearly liked to corral a likely looking salt and lead him along the smooth path of reminiscence until a pleasant footing had been established. To such he would listen sympathetically, deftly inserting leading questions here and there. Kipling would stay by just so long as the spinner of salt sea yarns had a whoop left in him.

Also did Mr. Kipling like to get into a dory and row along the harbor front. In these trips the big doctor would be planted in the stern. The author would take position on the after thwart and attend to rowing. Mr. Kipling always insisted on doing the rowing himself. Evidently he wished to experience all the trials of the true sailorman. He had a way of looking over his shoulder as he rowed that may have been an innocent imitation of lone fishermen as they could be seen any time rowing around the harbor. Only no real fisherman would bother to keep a lookout ahead with a partner in the passenger's seat to watch out for him. It is possible that Kipling did not wish to make use of his companion in that way. It is not likely that he was an unthinking plagiarist in this case, but rather that he wanted to do all the looking about as well as all the rowing himself. When anything up in a dock struck him as of possible interest, in he would paddle and investigate. He had a great fancy for cruises in and around fishing craft at anchor in the stream or tied up in the docks. He would steer close up to their sterns and squint over their quarters, or he would run up and hook on to their bobstays and take a long sight along the bilge of them from there. He was clearly bound to observe everything to be observed.

With most of the weight in the dory piled into the stern, the boat would be tilted well into the air, not at all after the manner of fishermen with a haul of cod or haddock aboard. In such a case the men of the banks always strive to keep the boat on an even keel. Drop a deep sea fisherman from the clouds into a dory and he will trim ship as instinctively as he will slat at a dogfish on sight. It is not likely that Kipling gave this point sufficient attention or he, too, would have sought to sail his galley more on a horizontal plane.

These people of Gloucester who had the luck to spend an hour with Kipling speak of him as an unassuming, likable man. He would have been entertained to the limit of the city's hospitality, but he simply would not stand for it. He seldom ate a meal away from the hotel, and then it was no more than an informal tea somewhere. It may be noted, as an instance of the author's occasional thoughtfulness for others, that he once returned to the hotel, after he had gone two blocks, to tell the clerk that they must not keep supper for him, as he was going to dine out that evening.

The chronicler of "Captains Courageous" never made a trip to any of the fishing banks frequented by the men of Gloucester. Unquestionably he intended to go, and, to a man of his thorough methods, such a trip would have been deemed of great importance indeed. But the fact remains that he did not go. It must have been as he hinted in the Smith House, that after his jolting experience in the Venus he had no stomach for the discomforts of longer voyages. Yet it is a pity he did not make the needful passage to the banks. It would not have mattered much which one he visited. Had he done so he would have avoided many errors that the seafaring people of Gloucester were quick to see.

Kipling got his practical experience in two or three day trips on the sloop Venus. The Venus is a good boat of her kind, but she is not the kind that the residents of the greatest fishing port in the world would show you if you asked for a sight of a typical fisherman. To begin with, this is a sloop, and where is the man of Gloucester that would reverence you for taking your hat off to a sloop when the harbor is alive with models of the handsome schooners that have made a name all the world over for stanchness, speed and beauty? Kipling's trial boat is of the kind that Gloucester people call a "smoke boat." That is, she fishes for dealers who smoke or dry their stock. These boats leave early in the morning and are usually back before dark. They rarely go out of sight of land, and as rarely stay out over night. The Venus is one of the best of these small boats. She is of about twenty tons, a fast, able little craft, and her skipper, William Dench, is reputed to be a capable man in his line.

ENGLISH OPINIONS ON COPYRIGHT.

From The London Academy.

Sir Martin Conway writes:

"Seeing that landlords and other owners of property are permitted to hand down from generation to generation, without limit of time, possessions originally only purchased, stolen, squatted on, or otherwise acquired, an author, who creates out of nothing a work of literature or art, should à fortiori possess for himself and his heirs, successors, and assigns, a right over his creation no less limited. The law places an author in a less favorable position than a landlord, because it was enacted for authors by landlords."

Mr. W. H. Mallock writes:

"As a matter of equity I agree with what I gather to be Sir Walter Besant's opinion, that copyright ought to be perpetual. So I think ought patents to be, if it were not for the accidental reason that their perpetuity might interfere with independent but better inventions of a similar but superior kind. This objection, however, does not apply to books. I think the successive inheritors or purchasers of copyright should be obliged to register their rights (paying some small fee) under pain of forfeiting them."

Mr. Herbert Thring writes:

"The discussion in your paper with regard to perpetual copyright is very interesting to me as secretary to the Society of Authors.

"There is one point, however, that seems to have escaped those gentlemen whom you have asked for their opinion.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw considers perpetual copyright a piece of rapacious impudence.

"Mr. Courtney thinks a book is a national possession, and the other writers seem to think that the public has a certain claim, after a certain date, to the author's property. This point, then, is clear, from the expressed opinions, that literary property belongs either to the author and his descendants, or to the public 'after a certain term.' If these opinions are carried to their logical conclusion, then the public should reap the benefit financially as well as intellectually.

"Non-copyright books should be published subject to State jurisdiction; and when the publisher had received a fair recompense on his outlay, then the public ought to receive the balance.

"It appears to me extraordinary that none of your contributors have taken into account the fact that neither the public nor the author's descendants reap the benefit, but the publishers.

"Do I understand that it is the general opinion of literary men that the profits arising from the judicious administration of literary property should belong to the publisher, rather than the author's representative or the public?"

SIMPLICITY VERSUS ECCENTRICITY.

From A. W. à Beckett's "London at the End of the Century."

I have been told that the simplest costume is the best for a private fancy ball. The first dress of Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons" is an excellent example of the simple combined with the effective. All you require is a "jumper," a belt, blue trousers, and gaiters worn over your shoes. But simplicity can be carried too far. A friend of mine once went to a costume gathering as the Ghost in "The Corsican Brothers." All he had to do was to take off his dress coat and waistcoat and paint a blood stain on the left side of his shirt over the region of his heart. But the effect was rather repulsive, and before the end of the evening I found the deceased Louis dei Franchi hiding behind curtains and in other ways attempting to escape observation. On the occasion to which I refer I appeared myself as a Crusader, and I thanked my lucky stars that I had not lived in the time of Peter the Hermit, as I certainly should have shrunk from visiting Palestine in such an embarrassing costume.

The weight of chain armor is enormous, and if you do the thing thoroughly, and allow the chains to cover the soles of your feet, dancing of the most elementary quadrille becomes next to an impossibility. The dress itself was certainly imposing. It had been lent to me by the late Mr. Alfred German Reed, and had been worn by Mr. A. W. Law in a "first part" at the St. George's Hall—the site of the far famed "entertainment" after the clever "illustrators" had migrated from their first home, "the Gallery of Illustration." The costume was perfect. One of the details was a heavy helmet of the saucepan-minus-handle order of sartorial architecture. This head covering caused me infinite trouble. If I put it on it tumbled off, and if I laid it on a seat it was sure to be the cause of considerable inconvenience to those who rested without noticing its presence. I remember that it was the means of making "a professional beauty" adopt an expression never seen in any of her numerous cartes de visite. Another drawback to the Crusader's armor was the facility with which the wearer dropped his rings. I found that my peregrinations could be easily traced by my steel castings. Under these circumstances I cannot conscientiously recommend the costume of Richard Cœur de Lion to any one who values peace and comfort.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

THE LAW OF THE ANIMALS. A Treatise on Property in Animals, Wild and Domestic, and the Rights and Responsibilities Arising Therefrom. By John H. Ingham. 8vo, pp. 800. (Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co.)

CHINA, THE LONG LIVED EMPIRE. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. 8vo, pp. 466. (The Century Company.)

MUMFORD MEMOIRS. Being the Story of the New-England Mumfords from the Year 1655 to the Present Time. By James Gregory Mumford. 8vo, pp. 248. (Privately Printed by D. B. Updike, the Merrymount Press, Boston.)

OLDEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD. An Account of the Religion, Wisdom, Philosophy, Ethics, Psychology, Manners, Proverbs, Sayings, Refinement, etc., of the Ancient Egyptians. By Isaac Myer. 4to, pp. xxiv, 502. (Edwin W. Dayton.)

THE HOUSE OF CARIBOO. And Other Tales from Arcadia. By A. Paul Gardiner. 16mo, pp. 218. (A. P. Gardiner.)

A HISTORY OF EDUCATION. By Thomas Davidson. 12mo, pp. 292. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

FIFTY YEARS OF THE HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC IN SOUTH AFRICA. (1795-1845.) By J. C. Voigt. In two volumes. 8vo, pp. Vol. I, ix, 350; Vol. II, 316. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE. By Christian Reid. 12mo, pp. 500. (Marlier, Callanan & Co.)

THE RECENT PAST. From a Southern Standpoint. By Richard H. Wilmer, Bishop of Alabama. 12mo, pp. 294. (Thomas Whittaker.)

THE FILIPINO MARTYRS. A Story of the Crime of February 4, 1899. By an Eye Witness, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. 12mo, pp. 212. (John Lane.)

THE SECRET OF THE CRATER. (A Mountain Moloch.) By Duffield Osborne. 16mo, pp. 312. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE LIFE OF ISAAC INGALLS STEVENS. By His Son, Hazard Stevens. With Maps and Illustrations. In two volumes. 8vo, pp. Vol. I, xix, 480; Vol. II, 530. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

EUROPEAN TRAVEL FOR WOMEN. Notes and Suggestions. By Mary Cadwalader Jones. 16mo, pp. 301. (The Macmillan Company.)

FAMILIAR FISH: THEIR HABITS AND CAPTURE. A Practical Book on Fresh Water Game Fish. By Eugene McCarthy. With an Introduction by Dr. David Starr Jordan. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 216. (D. Appleton & Co.)

APPLETON'S ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA AND REGISTER OF IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1899. Third series, Vol. IV. 4to, pp. 878. (D. Appleton & Co.)

AN UNPARDONABLE LIAR. By Gilbert Parker. 16mo, pp. 185. (Charles H. Sergel Company.)

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