LITERARY NOTES.

For forty years the English artist Harrison Weir has been engaged upon an exhaustive work which owes both text and illustrations to his hand. His hobby is poultry, and now, at the age of eighty, he is bringing out the second volume of this "Book on Poultry."

Writing of Theodore Roosevelt in the pages of "The Reader," Mr. George Horton points out that it is unfortunate for children that the President hasn't time to write a book for them. For Mr. Roosevelt, the author declares, is a really "remarkable story-teller for children, and his stories are not of the sort which so many grown-ups write, professedly for the young, but really comprehensible only by the old; he tells real children's stories, that are listened to by the little folk with breathless interest. He is an unfailing fountain of ghost stories, hobgoblin and fairy tales, adventures with were-wolves and demon bears."

Here is an amusing story of what truly happened at a public library in Virginia as told in the same magazine:

"Good maw'n, ma'am. You all got Ella Wheelah Wilcox's 'Poems of Pleasuah'?"
"Why, no, we haven't, Uncle John," said the librarian, apologetically. "We haven't a copy of that in the library. What else would you like?"
"Thank'ee, ma'am. You all got Ella Wheelah Wilcox's 'Poems of Passion'?"
"No, we haven't that, either, Uncle John."
"W-w-w-ell, then, give me 'Gibbon's Rome!'"

Progressive physicians and surgeons naturally wish to know exactly what can and what can not be done with the X-ray. Perhaps they may not care to procure and operate the apparatus necessary for its generation and application. The majority of them would doubtless prefer, when occasion arises, to invoke the aid of a man who has made a special study, and has mastered the technique of this new agent. In any case, however, a familiarity with its possibilities is an important part of a doctor's mental equipment. The latest addition to the literature on the subject, "Röntgen Ray Diagnosis and Therapy," has been made by Dr. Carl Beck, professor of surgery in the New-York Post Graduate Hospital and visiting surgeon to St. Mark's Hospital and the German Polyclinic. It comes from the press of D. Appleton & Co., includes 460 pages and contains 322 illustrations. Though the chief service performed by the X-ray is to reveal the position and outline of fractures, the situation of foreign bodies that have become embedded in the tissues, and the existence of dislocations, yet it can be made to yield much valuable information about a variety of other pathological conditions. Finally, it sometimes exercises a remedial influence upon cancerous and kindred disorders. Dr. Beck has presented all of these aspects of the matter in a way that will inspire the admiration of his professional brethren. The diagnostic and therapeutic virtues of the Röntgen ray receive the most attention from him, of course, but he also describes the instruments which it is customary to use, and devotes several pages to the Finsen system of treatment and the properties of radium.

The recently published memoir of John Bellows, the English Quaker, contains this amusing story: "I remember Professor C. telling me, some twenty years ago that a quantity of wine was laid down in the cellars of Charles II in the year of the great fire of London, from which each succeeding monarch had drunk a glass once a year on the anniversary of that event. This went on till a little before the time Professor C. mentioned it to me—Queen Victoria duly taking her glass of the wine, until she found it so unpleasant that a bottle of it was sent to Professor C. to be analysed and reported on. He found it to be pure vinegar—all the alcohol having disappeared; and thereafter the time honored custom of the sovereign's tasting it was discontinued."

There are some piquant glimpses of celebrities in the just published recollections of John Coleman. Driving past him in Hyde Park, long ago, came "a woman of exceptional beauty, in an open victoria, with a cavalier younger, and, if possible, more debonair than herself":

Resplendent in all the colors of the rainbow, his crimson vest festooned with a huge gold chain, his great flaming eyes flashing fire from out the heart of a black pansy, and his hyacinthine locks clustered in great flakes of glossy curls—such was my first glimpse of "the wondrous boy who wrote 'D'Alroy'" and of the beautiful Lady Blessington! Sometimes the seat of the future Prime Minister was occupied by the redoubtable "Pelham," the most floridly dandified of all the dandies. Slender and elegant, languorous and affected, Roman nosed, wasp waisted, wax moustached, luxuriously whiskered, his curled hair glittered in the sunshine like a golden nimbus. It seemed scarcely possible to realize that this staylaced, barbered, powdered, pomatum'd coxcomb should not only be a man of genius, but the most prolific author in the brotherhood of letters.

Here are Thackeray and Dickens at the farewell dinner to Macready: "Charles Dickens (a capital after-dinner speaker) was at his best, and ranged from grave to gay with equal facility; indeed, his speech was as florid as his costume, which was striking enough in all conscience. He wore a blue dress coat, faced with silk and aflame with gorgeous brass buttons; a vest of black satin, with a white satin collar and a wonderfully embroidered shirt. When he got up to speak, his long curly hair, his luxuriant whiskers, his handsome face, his bright eyes, his general aspect of geniality and bonhomie, presented a delightful picture. I made some ingenuous remark upon the subject to Thackeray, who blandly rejoined, 'Yes, the beggar is beautiful as a butterfly, especially about the shirtfront.'"

Few mental exercises involve more genuinely hard brain work than the solution of puzzles, rebuses and charades, yet there are many persons who find in them the keenest delight. For such, Charles Rollin Ballard's little book, entitled "Tangledom," will furnish many an evening's entertainment. It is a collection of over 150 rhymed charades and enigmas, of greater or less difficulty, to which no answers are furnished by which the indolent minded can take unfair advantage of himself. There is, however, an appendix, in which the author cleverly gives certain hints by means of which the correctness of the answer can be gauged without being of any particular assistance to him in arriving at it. In solving half a dozen of the puzzles taken at random, it is apparent that some of them are rather far fetched, but perhaps that is no great objection, as it tends to increase the difficulty of solution. The book is published by De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., of Boston.

"The Mary Kingsley Travel Books" is to be the general title of the series of works, known and unknown, which is to be brought out in England for the delectation of collectors as well as of book lovers. "The London Standard" says of this series: "The early volumes will include 'The Golden Trade,' by Richard Jobson, being an account of the discovery of the River Gambra and the golden trade of the Æthiopians, first published in 1623, and never reprinted in book form; 'Paesi Novamente Retrovati,' which is said to be the oldest collection of travels ever published, the original date being 1507; and 'A Cruising Voyage Round the World,' by Captain Woodes Rogers, which recounts this explorer's experiences in the South Sea and the East Indies between the years 1708-'11.

It is complained by the London "Saturday Review" that no complete life of either the great Marlborough or his duchess exists. It expresses a hope that Lord Wolseley will find time to finish his biography of the duke; and it admits that the reason for the lack of the desired work "may well be that it is only to-day that the material for portraiture on the requisite scale has been collected and is beginning to be understood. But the initial difficulty remains for both the man and the woman. Despite the brilliant bravura portraits of Macaulay and Thackeray, Marlborough's secret—the secret of his life, his genius and his ambitions—has not been successfully fathomed or revealed. And it would be impossible to draw the true picture of Sarah Jennings without having first unlocked the unprobed recesses in her husband's career."

That a man can tell a good story does not necessarily imply that he can write a good story. The anonymous author of the "Confessions of a Railroad Man" was so entertaining on a coastwise trip he took a year ago that a number of the passengers begged him to put his experiences in a book. One of them, a literary man, helped him to do it. The result is a number of yarns strung together in rather haphazard fashion—yarns that may sound pretty well when told as personal experiences, but do not by any means "do for the men who secure the business that keeps the railroads moving what Kipling, Cy Warman and the short-story writers have done for the trainmen and drivers of locomotives." It is not "a distinct contribution to American literature." The following is a characteristic anecdote of the author's experiences as a freight agent:

The —— Manufacturing Comapny, with huge mills 150 miles outside the city, was one of the most extensive shippers in Boston to points West and Southwest. . . . The general manager of this company controlled its shipments. . . . Repeated attempts to see this great man resulted in failure. My card was sent back each time with the laconic message, "Too busy to see you." At length, after long study, I hit on a plan that I thought would work. This company had agencies in Memphis and New-Orleans for the sale of their goods to cotton growers. As it happened, I knew a New-Orleans business man who handled the line of goods this company had to sell; he had called on me the summer before and left his card. This I now hunted up, and, taking my athletic friend, the northeastern agent of the U. Railroad, to protect me in case the general manager should take my intrusion too seriously, I presented myself at his office one sunny afternoon, and sent in the card of my New-Orleans friend. . . . Finally the general manager said, "What can I do for you, sir?" The crucial moment had arrived. I braced myself with a supreme effort and said: "Mr. ——, what I have to say I know will surprise you, but I beg you will listen until I get through." This introduction did surprise him, but he was still more surprised when I told him I was not what I had represented myself to be; that I was, in fact, so and so—at the same time handing him my business card. His face flushed with anger, but he soon controlled himself, looked me over a moment in silence and then asked my reason for presenting myself in such a manner. I told him I had called a dozen times and had always been told he was too busy to see me. He finally took the matter in good part, listened to my story regarding our route, rang his bell, called in his assistant and told him if my rates were the same as our competitors' to give me some of the business.

Mr. Brandenburg's painstaking observations of immigration methods—observations made in Italy and in the steerage in the disguise of an immigrant—have reached their conclusion in the literary sense in the current number of "Leslie's Monthly Magazine." The remedy which he suggests for all the evils of immigration is "that until such time as treaties can be concluded with immigrant producing countries, the immigrants be examined in their home district by an itinerant board of not fewer than three American inspectors, chosen subject to the rules of the Civil Service. The work of acceptance and rejection should be anticipated in Europe and the flood of undesirable immigrants checked at its very source." It is said that the government will try his plan.

Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, himself an Englishman, does not think that his countrymen pursue the right methods in the observation of foreign life. He says in his introduction to M. Emile Boutmy's study of the English people that those Britons who are not casual pleasure seekers, but are settled in foreign lands for serious purposes, "sometimes are as insensible to the local and national interest of what is going on around them as are the holiday makers and amateurs of climate in a watering place." We imagine that the same thing might justly be said of people of other races living in a foreign land. Mr. Bodley adds:

An eminent authority on education in England once asked me to give him some aid in a tour he was undertaking, in order to make a report to the Education Office upon a certain category of schools in provincial France. He informed me that a bishop had given him for this purpose letters of introduction to the chaplains of the Anglican churches in France. I took the liberty of telling him that for a person engaged in an inquest upon French education letters of introduction to the English chaplains in France would not be more serviceable than to a Frenchman arriving in London to inquire into our Parliamentary system would be similar letters of recommendation to the French milliners of Bond-st. My remark erred if anything on the side of understatement, as it is possible that a French milliner in London might be acquainted, in some capacity, with a member of Parliament. But I doubt if an Anglican chaplain in France ever occupied his extended leisure in cultivating relations with a French schoolmaster.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, it is understood, is ambitious in literary directions and has more than one piece of writing under way. As a singer also, we may say in passing, she has apparently taken up a new rôle. This is what Mr. Arthur Symons writes of her latest appearance in London:

Dressed à la Pompadour, and with powdered hair, a new Yvette who has forgotten the learned Paris face as she has forgotten the long black gloves, she sings, with an articulation itself a very elaborate art, old French songs, which she takes out of dusty shelves and restores, with all their old gesture and odor, to daylight. Mme. Guilbert has long been a fine artist, in the sharp, nervous, somewhat brutal modern way, a Forain; she has become suddenly another kind of artist, with the eighteenth-century grace, precision, sensibility, witty delicacy, a Fragonard.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

From The Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Bizzey—I notice you're cleaning house, Mrs. Newcome, and I was afraid you might be tempted to throw your rubbish out on the back lot. I just wanted to say that we don't do that sort of thing here.

Mrs. Newcome—I burned all our rubbish in the furnace this morning, Mrs. Bizzey, including an old book on "etiquette" which I might have saved for you.

JAPAN, RUSSIA AND UNITED STATES.

Where the Sympathies of This Country Should Be in the Present Conflict.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have read with much interest the letters in yesterday's Tribune headed "Why Japan Is At War," for I wished to learn why, and also to gather from the article why the sympathy of the United States should be so strongly on the side of Japan; so strongly as to alienate a powerful and friendly nation that has shown us in so many ways her friendship and earnest desire to serve us.

I regret to say that in neither letter have I found sufficient reason for this sympathy. The letter of Mr. Henry Clews tells me in the first paragraph that the Japanese love their Emperor, and that the Russians fear theirs; in the second paragraph, of the discipline of the Japanese, of their earnestness and interest in the war; in the third, of the education of the Japanese; in the fourth, of their adaptive qualities; in the fifth, of his services to the Japanese government in a financial way. All this is interesting and instructive, but not what I am after.

The letter of the Marquis Ito says the Japanese "are to a certain extent fighting the cause of all," because the policy of Russia has been the "monopolization of natural resources of the country she conquers and annexes" and that Japan is fighting for the principle of "fair competition all around." Beyond this statement I find nothing in his letter to warrant our sympathy and account for our position of unfriendliness to our former friend and ally, Russia. I sincerely believe I have not missed any point in either letter, and, in a spirit of fairness, I would ask, if this is all, why are we so foolish as to place ourselves in such a ridiculous and absurd position as we are in? Bismarck says in his autobiography: "In time of peace I consider it wanton self-debilitation to attract or encourage ill temper, unless some practical political aim is connected therewith, and to sacrifice the liberty of one's future decisions and connections to vague and unrequited sympathies." It seems to me that we have deliberately—no, not deliberately, but unthinkingly, foolishly and wantonly—self-debilitated ourselves by making of a friend an enemy, and by taking into our friendship a nation that has never shown us friendship in any material way.

The statement of the Marquis Ito that they are for "free competition" is not justified by the camphor monopoly of Japan. Since Japanese domination of Formosa the production of camphor and its distribution is a close monopoly, and I believe the same policy will be pursued by Japan wherever she has opportunity.

Now, while we may respect Japanese shrewdness, versatility, courage and many other estimable qualities, I must say that I am surprised at the position taken by many of our citizens toward Russia. It reminds me of Milton's "swinish gluttony, which, with besotted, base ingratitude, blasphemes his feeder." We owe to Russia our national life. Is there any doubt of this? There is none in my mind. Now, if we prize that life, should we not be most grateful to its preserver? Without Russia's moral support to us in the 60's—and not alone her moral support, but her active sympathy—our country would have been divided. It is not fair to say now, forty years later, that contemporary opinion regarding the matter was mistaken; the opinions of those who saw things at close range must be taken as correct. Mayor Lincoln of Boston at a banquet to the officers of the Russian fleet on June 7, 1864, said:

It is under no ordinary circumstances that we are assembled this evening around our festive board; the time, the place, the state of our beloved country, the character and position of our distinguished guests, give to the occasion a significance and interest unexampled in our municipal annals.

Our people are drawing near to the close of a desperate struggle which is to determine the integrity of our national existence. At such a time we are assembled here to entertain by becoming hospitalities the representatives of a foreign nation whose sympathy has uniformly encouraged our efforts, and who will rejoice with us in the triumphal success of the cause to which we have given our best blood and treasure.

The true fraternal relation of one nation to another is shown when one is suffering in adversity and the other with manly courage and unselfish devotion seeks to cheer by its moral influence and to show by outward demonstrations the strength of its friendship and the cordiality of its regard. I can assure you, Mr. Admiral and gentlemen, that this assembly is convened for no idle purpose. The occasion may last for an hour, but the sentiment is sincere and enduring; you have offered us your hand as a pledge of friendship in this day of our severest trial. We accept it, and may the God of nations grant that in future nothing may occur to cause its withdrawal or to alienate the cordial relations now existing between the people of our respective nations.

The Hon. Edward Everett said:

Russia was one of the first to recognize our independence. In the War of 1812 she offered herself as a mediator; we accepted the offer, but England rejected it. But it is during our own tremendous struggle that Russia has shown herself the wise, the firm, the consistent friend of our country.

His peroration was as follows:

I respond, therefore, Mr. Mayor, to your toast with cordiality and emphasis. I recognize in the Russian government a long, steady and consistent friend, and I contemplate with patriotic pride the kindly tie which unites the two great governments and peoples by the golden chain of friendship and peace. Never, never may its links be parted.

Mr. Richard H. Dana, jr., proposed the following toast:

The friendship of Russia and America, beginning with our national existence, in our darkest hour showing no abatement, may it last as long as there is Russia in the Old World and the United States in the New.

Rear Admiral Stringham offered the following:

Russia, the great empire of the North; the United States the great republic of the North; may they continue to be true to each other until the compass forgets to be true to the Pole.

At the festival given in honor of the Russian sailors of the fleet at Music Hall on June 8, the following song was sung by the assembled school children:

Sea Birds of Muscovy, rest in our waters,
Fold your white wings by our rock-girdled shore;
While with glad voices its sons and its daughters
Welcome the friends you have wafted us o'er.
Sea Kings of Neva, our hearts throb your greeting.
Deep as the anchors your frigates let fall,
Down to the fount where our life-pulses beating
Sink the kind accents you bear to us all.
Fires of the North, in eternal communion,
Blend your broad flashes with evening's bright star.
God bless the Empire that loves the Great Nation,
Strength to her people! Long life to the Czar!

As one of the school children who sang this song with gratitude and devotion in my heart, who looked upon those bearded friends as preservers of our nation's life, I ask, in Heaven's name, what has happened to make us forget all this so soon? Are we dead to all sense of gratitude, and will our faith go down in scorn to posterity as that of Carthage did?

Let us pray that wisdom, good faith and good sense may come to our diplomats, and that the "evil days come not" when they shall say, "Where shall America look for friendship and allies?" We are the laughing stock for those nations for which we are not the scowling stock, and we will in need look in vain for help and friendship after Russia's experience with our pledged friendship.

Boston, May 30, 1904. E. C. MARSHALL.

MORE PLAYGROUNDS FOR CHILDREN.

Needed to Keep Them from Trouble with the Law, It Is Asserted.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Of all the work undertaken to make good citizens none have been more successful than the opening of public playgrounds, especially in a city like New-York. Here the congestion of population increases every year. The open lots of a few years ago are to-day covered with apartment hotels and business houses. Those who suffer because of this progress are the little ones who have been deprived of their birthright—play. With no place left for the children to play, they have had to utilize the streets.

With this condition has arisen a conflict between the child and the policeman. To overcome this dilemma playgrounds have been opened, and unless they are continued and increased we will have a source from which criminals are produced. With boys chased by the "cops" and more than forty arrested in several days for playing in the streets, one can well stop to ponder if the discontinuance of playgrounds is not a mistake.

Wherever a vacant lot is available it should be used for the children to play in, and, if necessary, the city should see that the place is made clean and clear of debris. This would not cost much, and the return in building up good citizens would be enormous. The grounds around the new Cathedral are shady and parklike, where trespassing is not allowed. These, too, could be made use of by the children as a playground. Another lot, at Ninety-ninth-st., could be made into an excellent playground for the little children. One could go all through the city south of One-hundred-and-tenth-st. and find a few open spaces not being used for any purpose except to be surrounded by hideous signboards. Manhattan Square, which was last year and all winter a playground, adapted by the children for play facilities, is to-day without the happy children formerly to be seen there, because the landscape gardener is making the square to please the æsthetic sense of the public.

Superintendent Maxwell, if he had done nothing else for the children than to establish vacation schools and playgrounds, would deserve the highest praise. The end of all effort is the propagation of children; and unless we continue our efforts to make it possible for the children to be trained on the playground instead of on the street, we will educate citizens opposed to the guardians of the law, and perhaps opposed to the law itself. With playgrounds no curfew bell is needed, and the street will not attract the child after an afternoon spent amid the democracy of a crowded playground.

I doubt not the testimony of the judges of the Children's Court would verify the above remarks, for they constantly have brought before them a large number of cases of children arrested for playing in the street. Never before was it more noticeable than now to see our asphalted streets made playgrounds, where boys play ball, causing windows to be broken and high hats to be knocked out of shape by a base hit from the bat of a lusty youngster. It is to be hoped that Mayor McClellan will see that more playgrounds are practicable and worth while. H. ROOSEVELT OSTROM.

New-York City, June 1, 1904.

ON THE DIVIDE OF THE ANDES.

From Field and Stream.

All things come to him who rides a good mule. And, sure enough, at last I stood on the top of that greatest of natural monuments of the West. It was a moment that I had dreamed of; and when we dream of a moment, and the moment becomes a tangible reality, it takes time to readjust our thoughts if we are to readjust them at all, for there is much fiction in the world, and particularly in the world of dreams.

To admit the truth, the moment was not what I had pictured. There I stood, a drenched, cold, hungry American, under a cloudy sky. And one may reason as one will, being wet is not a romantic predicament. But, wet or dry, hungry or otherwise, 'neath clouds or sunshine, I was, nevertheless, on the summit of the great Andean Cordillera. I stood face to face with a great milepost of my life, 16,300 feet above the sea. Everywhere, to the right and left of me, before and behind me, was a landscape of snow. And on every side the mountains stretched to the dark horizon, so far, oh! so far away. To the west of me little rivulets of liquid snow forked into one another and flowed to the Pacific. To the east of me, and not many yards away, a little stream was gathering momentum for its long race to the Atlantic. Behold, the Great Divide.

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