

Literary News and Criticism.

A Guide to English Books with Colored Illustrations.

ENGLISH COLOURED BOOKS. By Martin Hardie. (The Connoisseur's Library.) 4to. Pp. xxiv, 390. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book carries the reader through one of the pleasantest of the byways of collecting, the pleasantest in which you may sometimes have to pay a pretty large sum for the object of your quest, but in which you have every chance of finding out a pretty little bit of the subject before you, otherwise, could he let himself go with about it? And at times he lets himself go with rather more enthusiasm than discretion. For rather more enthusiasm than discretion. For rather more enthusiasm than discretion. For rather more enthusiasm than discretion.

The third volume in the new edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Music" will be brought out within a few months. The proofs are now passing through the press.

"The Old Engravers of England in their Relation to Contemporary Life and Art" is the title of a volume recently announced by Cassell. Mr. Malcolm Salaman follows therein the evolution of the art from the early beginning of copperplate engraving in England to the decadence of line engraving at the close of the seventeenth century; thence to the introduction and development of mezzotint, the revival of line engraving in the days of Woollett, Strange and Sharp, and the rise of stipple engraving and of the color print in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

We have received an advance copy of the first number of "Putnam's Monthly," which will make its bow to the public next Tuesday. This periodical, which absorbs "The Critic" but retains Miss Glider's services, is a revival of the magazine which the same publishing house started in 1853, and abandoned four years later. It is to be miscellaneous in character, but if we may judge from the first number, is to give abundant attention to purely literary matters. Its opening pages are naturally devoted to a sketch of the old magazine, in which it interests us to note the following passage:

Daily journalism was evidently the main reliance of the new enterprise. Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau and Melville were almost the only contributors to the new enterprise who could be called "authors" in contradistinction to "newspaper men," and the newspaper men were preponderantly, almost exclusively, recruited from the staff of the Tribune. Quite rightly and inevitably so, since the Tribune, then in its twelfth year, had established itself as the organ of the humanities, the centre of all the virtuosity and nearly all the intellect of the place.

Two old Tribune men are conspicuous in the pages that immediately follow in this number. Mr. Stedman contributes some charming notes on the late R. H. Stoddard's last poem, which is included in the brief essay, with a portrait, and the editors print three undelivered addresses by the late John Hay, one of them a speech prepared in honor of Mr. Stedman, when the friends of the poet were contemplating a dinner to him in celebration of his seventieth birthday, three years ago. We must quote from this:

I began to hear of Stedman while he was hardly more than a boy, at a time when perhaps we thought more of the things of the spirit than we do now. The great crowd of poets was then in its meridian splendor; a younger trio were singing in the Middle States, Taylor, Stoddard and Boker, differing widely in character and circumstance, but bound together in true friendship and a genuine love of poetry, as they liked to call it—and after these, with the light of an auspicious dawn on the shining forehead, came the three young heirs of fame, Stedman and Aldrich and Howells. All the others have gone to their reward, but these three are happily with us to enjoy the sweetness of a righteous renown in the land of the living.

I remember how in an hour Stedman grew famous with that Tyrtæan ballad which rang like a reveille in the troubled and clouded morning of the great war, where the poet's voice gave forth the deep inspiration of the prophet. It was when the scaffold was building for John Brown, I have not lost the sonorous refrain in forty years:

"Virginius, don't do it, for I tell you that the flag will be with blood of John Brown's offspring was first planted by Scythian hands. And each drop of old Brown's blood, like the red core of the dragon, shall flame a fearful fury blinding through your wasted lands."

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Under the title of "The Man with the Muck-Rake," President Roosevelt's famous speech of last April is printed in the definitive text, with this terse appendix: "Five months have gone by since I made this speech. I have re-read it, and have added a few sentences, strengthening one paragraph. I believe more strongly than ever, if that is possible, in all that I have there-in said."

The Macmillans have just published a cheap edition in one volume, of the "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," published in two in 1904. The book contains a great deal of information important to the student of the pre-Raphaelite movement, and it gives us a portrait of a very attractive personality. It is good to have it in this more convenient form. The text is printed from the same plates, and though the illustrations are all halftones, where many of them in the first edition were in photogravure, they serve their purpose adequately enough.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new novel, "The Spirit of Bambata," which was reviewed in our column the other day, is in the English edition entitled "Benin." The Haggard family is an uncommonly literary one, all its members being given to authorship. A sister, Baroness d'Anethan, wife of the Belgian Minister at Tokio, is about to bring out a new novel, and which I have therefore "happened in Japan."

latic illustrations made by a Japanese artist, Mr. Yoshio Marukino.

We are to have another book from Mrs. Charles Brookfield, derived, as were the fascinating volumes on "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," from family papers. In the case of this new book—to be called "The Cambridge Apostles"—the material has been found among the earlier papers of William Henry Brookfield. He was one of the "Apostles," the group of young undergraduates including Tennyson, Hallam, Trench, Milnes, Spedding, John Sterling, Kingslake and Thackeray. It was a group of more than commonly brilliant youths, and there ought to be much that is interesting in reminiscences of their friendships. Tennyson was one of the best loved among them, and there are glimpses of his young comrades busy in copying the manuscripts of every new poem of his which they could get hold of.

It is said that only one uncut copy of "The Year of Wakedfield" is known to exist. This—which is true, at least \$2,500—is in the possession of an English collector who owns also the only uncut copy of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and one of the nine copies of Mrs. Browning's little book of sonnets privately printed at Reading. Another of these nine copies is in a Chicago collection. Any one of them will bring \$400 or more at auction.

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POSTED AS MISSING.

Under all her topknots she trembled like a stag. They cheered her from the shore and they cheered her from the pier. And under all her topknots she trembled like a deer.

So she passed, swaying, where the green seas run. Her wind-stiffed topknots were stately in the sun. There was glitter on the water from her red port-light. So she passed, swaying, till she was out of sight.

Long and long ago it was; a weary time it is—The bones of her sailor-men are coral-plants by this. Coral-plants and shark-weed and the mermaid's comb. And if the fishers net them, they never bring them home.

It's rough on sailors' women; they have to mangle hair. Or stretch at dunnage till their finger-ends are scarred. Thinking of the sailor-men who sang among the crowd. Hoisting of her topknots when she sailed so proud.

A SONG OF SEPTEMBER.

September has the golden sun. All golden is the harvest moon. And gold the gathered harvest now.

With gold upon the stubble field. And golden weed by every hedge.

And gold on all one parished weed. And gold upon the reed and sedge.

September with her paly gold. Her long gold lights on hill and lea. Gathers us homeward from the cold. Home from the mountains and the sea.

September brings the homing folk. And lights the fire upon the hearth. Calls homeward all the straying flock. To quiet household joy and mirth.

God pity now all wandering things. Now that the golden summer's dead. Or human folk or folk or things. And spill His blessings on their head.

THE VISIONARY CITY.

I gathered with a careless hand. There, where the waters night and day. Are languid in the idle bar. A little heap of golden sand; And, as I saw it, in my night. Awoke a vision, brief and bright. A city in a pleasant land.

I saw no mound of earth, but fair Turrets and domes and citadels. With murmuring of many bells; The spires were white in the blue air. And men by thousands went and came. Rapid and restless, and, like flame. Blown by their passions here and there.

With careless hand I swept away The little mound before I knew; The vision city vanished, too. And fall'n beneath my fingers lay. Ah! God! how many things I see. Cities that are not and have been. By silent hill and idle bay?

THE FEUDSMAN.

A Ballad of the Debatable Land, Circulated 1450.

From the London Spectator. Oh! I fared forth from my father's house Poor, naked, and alone, A tattered cloak and a rusty sword. Were all I called my own. The wind that whistled o'er the heath It cut me to the bone; But I turned my back on the kindly roofs. My face to the open moor. And my last farewell was the ruddy light That streamed from my father's door.

Oh! I came back to my father's house With spears on either hand. My charger baysed with gold and gems From shoe to chantry band. My cloak was lined with the ermine fur And jewels decked my brand; But my welcome home was a roofless hall With a shattered shield on the floor And fire-marked walls that echoed back The creak of the broken door.

So I gave my spears their quitance and fee And sat me down with the gold. That was paid in Byzant and Spantaland For the blood and the blade I sold To rebuild again my father's house As it was in the days of old; But I bade to chantry their work And the joiners all go free Or ever the house was finished and done. —And the things it lacked were three.

(Now 'twas Harry o' Hartsbane burst the door And let the reivers in. 'Twas Hugh of Hardriding coughed the spear That slew the last of my kin. And Watty o' Wanhope fired the hall. God burn his soul for the sin! But the three things lacking are all made good For a sign to the world and me. That the price of my father's blood is paid. —And the men who paid were three.

There was never a cap to the gable-end. There was never a ring to the door. And within the hall lay a broken shield On the broken carpet of floor. But I swore to finish the work myself. And I finished it as I swore. For Watty's skull is my roof-ridge cap. And the hand of young Hartsbane Is nailed to the door, and he buried Hugh. Where my father's shield had lain.

SAGE WILL FIGHT ON.

Contest Over the Probating of the Instrument Begins To-day.

The contest over the probating of the will of Russell Sage will begin to-day in the Surrogate's Court. It promises to be one of the most complicated and costly fights against the probating of a will that has ever taken place in this country. Objections are to be made to the probating of the will by counsel in the names of several of Mr. Sage's relatives.

The most formidable part of the contest will take form in papers filed by State Senator Edgar T. Brackett in behalf of a great-grand-nephew of the testator, Edson Cochrane, an eight-year-old boy, of Troy, N. Y. His petition is made in the name of the Adirondack Trust Company, of Saratoga Springs, the guardian of the child's estate. There are three points on which Senator Brackett will contest the probating of the will. They are:

First—That undue influence was exerted upon Mr. Sage in the making of the will by some persons unknown to the contestants, and, therefore, it is not his will. Second—That Mr. Sage was of unsound mind when the will offered for probate was drawn, and, therefore, it is not his will. Third—That the instrument filed was not properly executed, and is, therefore, not his will.

Senator Brackett arrived at the Hotel Manhattan yesterday, prepared to make a long stay if necessary in his fight for his client. In speaking of the contest he said:

I suppose the course of events will be about this: We shall meet to-morrow; proof of service of the citations on all the heirs at law and next of kin will be filed with the Surrogate, and who desires to answer to the petition for probate contesting the will. I do not know what any one else will do. I shall represent only an infant, Edson M. Cochrane, of Troy, N. Y., who is eight years old and who is a son of a grandniece of Mr. Sage. I intend to file objections to the probate on behalf of this infant, and to inquire somewhat into the circumstances of the making of the will. Such allegations must, of course, be filed at the time of the return of the citations. There are other proceedings that might be taken afterward, if no such allegations were filed then, but the ordinary method of procedure is to file such allegations on the return day if a contest is desired, and that is just why we are here.

Another lawyer who will appear to fight the will in the interests of a relative is Nelson P. Bonney, of Norwich, N. Y. Mr. Bonney represents Dwight Chapin, of Oneida, N. Y., a nephew. Mr. Bonney is a law partner of William R. Wilcox, the Postmaster, who may also appear in the nephew's behalf. Mr. Wilcox said yesterday that his firm had been retained by seven nephews and nieces of Russell Sage, the principal contestant being young Chapin.

The argument to-day will probably not be of long duration. The method presumably will be for Senator Brackett to file his opposing and contesting allegations. The Surrogate will then fix a day when the issues shall be tried. Six weeks have elapsed since the Sage will was filed. The delay in the filing of the proof of citations by the executors of the will was largely caused by the fact that many of the beneficiaries live outside of New York and in a number of instances notice had to be given by publication.

JEWISH NEW YEAR ENDS TO-NIGHT.

Rosch-Ha-Schonah Observed in All Temples and Synagogues.

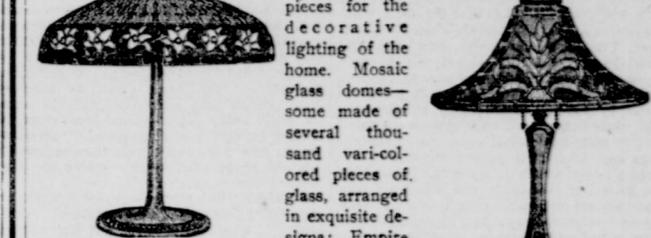
Rosch-Ha-Schonah, the Jewish New Year, which according to Mosala law dates from the creation of the world, and was begun at sundown Wednesday, will end to-night. Orthodox Jews throughout the world observe the day. The ceremony is identical with that which was carried out in the early days of the race, with the exception of the burnt offering commanded by Moses. This cannot be observed now because the succession of the priesthood has been lost and none other than the descendants of the anointed are permitted to offer the sacrifices which has been purified by fire. But this is typified by the lighting of a candle in a candelabrum suspended in front of the Ark of the Covenant.

Brooklyn Bridge as well as many piers were thronged with Jews, who offered prayers to have their sins washed away. There were services in all the temples and synagogues yesterday. According to the Jewish custom, calls on neighbors and friends were made, and the greetings of the day passed.

The Wanamaker Store Store Closes at 5:30 P. M. A Brilliant Display of LAMPS And the New Empire Lamp Shades

One of the most beautiful sections of the new Wanamaker Building is the Astor Place corner of the Third floor—the home of Lamps and Electricians.

Here is now presented an exhaustive showing of choicest American and imported art pieces for the decorative lighting of the home.



Silk Shades from Paris, with applique medallions of miniature paintings; Imported Colored-glass Bead Shades, in rich and elaborate workmanship—these and many more fill the Lamp Store with colored radiance, diffusing their various lights in every tint of nature and art.

Here are the new Empire Lamps—oil, gas and electric—with gilt brass columns, in classic designs—rich pottery lamps, metal lamps—EVERYTHING in lamps, from the simple table light at \$5, to most elaborate art pieces at \$275.

It is an exhibition that every artistic housekeeper will enjoy. Come. Here are a few descriptive price-hints:

- Fine Portable Electric and Gas Lamps. Portable Electric Center Table Lights, with mosaic shades; standards of solid cast bronze, in the Pompeian finish; shades are made of from one thousand to two thousand pieces of colored glass, representing fine floral and classic effects, such as Arbor with Grape-vine, Pond-lily, and Greek borders. At \$50, \$70, \$100, up to \$275. Other Portable Electric Table Lights, with plain-colored glass panel shades and fine standards. \$7.50, \$9.50, \$12, \$15.50, \$18, \$25, up to \$45. Portable Gas Lights, with plain and fancy columns on heavy bases, and in the newest styles and finishes. At \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5, \$7.50, up to \$15.50. New colored lead glass Mushroom Shades, beautifully decorated, in 10 and 12 inch sizes. At \$2.50, \$3.25, \$4, \$5, up to \$12. Colored Glass Bead Lamp Shades. Imported Shades, made of ten thousand to forty thousand beautifully colored glass beads; in 12 to 20-inch sizes; new shapes for table, reception or floor lamps. At \$15, \$18.50, \$20, \$25, \$30 and \$35. Domestic Silk Lamp Shades. Handsome Empire Lamp Shades, hand-painted on silk, in new shapes, at \$12, \$15, \$18.50, up to \$32.50.

Women's FALL COATS Splendid New Models Perhaps the emphasizing note of the broadcloth coats is the exceedingly effective braid trimmings—yes, and the graceful cut—that must be emphasized. The Tweed Coats are the quintessence of style and finish. \$8 has remarkable purchasing power where they are concerned.

Complete Shoe Store for Men Every Grade from \$3 to \$10 a Pair Starting with the sterling qualities represented by the Wanamaker Wear-Well Shoes for men at \$3, our new Shoe Store represents every grade and variety that the shoemaking craft has perfected up to the \$10 Wanamaker Shoes, representing the highest possible refinement of character, style and finish which hand-work can put into shoes.

Excellent Corsets Reduced at \$5 They look like ten-dollar waists. Snow-white; therefore, becoming. The soft silken charm of these new models is irresistible. The medallions are grace itself, the lace is filmy and beautiful, the cut smart and graceful, the finish satisfactory. Wonderfully fine waists for Five Dollars.

JOHN WANAMAKER Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co., Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Eighth to Tenth Streets.

Excursions. Republican State Convention, Saratoga, Sept. 25th, 1906. \$3.60 Round Trip Peoples Line

IRON STEAMERS CO. CONEY ISLAND. They Cannot Burn! They Cannot Sink! All tickets include admission to DREAMLAND, CONEY ISLAND.

COOK'S NIAGARA PARTY LEAVES SATURDAY. First section to-night—gets back Monday morning. A nice 2 day "Cooler." \$13.50 includes all expenses.

CHARMING EXCURSIONS WEST POINT, NEWBURGH AND POKEEPSA. Daily (except Sunday) by Palace Iron Day Line Steamers.

LAKE HOPATCONG New Jersey \$1.00 Central September 23d

Up the Sound SATURDAY—Str. "Orient" leaves New Pier E. R. R. (near Hanover St.) at 10:30 A. M. and West 23d St. at 11:30 A. M.

ANNUAL AUTUMN EXCURSION 40 MILES UP THE SOUND TO VALLEY GROVE, L. I. "SIRIUS" WILL LEAVE

FALL TRIPS! RED BANK LINE Leaves Franklin St. Pier 20, N. Y. Daily, 9 A. M., 9 P. M. on Sundays.

City Hotels. HOTEL GRENOBLE, 56TH ST. AND 7TH AVE. A SELECT FAMILY AND TRANSIENT HOTEL.

Notice of Summons. NEW YORK SUPREME COURT, COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

HOSPITALS NEEDED FOR TRACHOMA. Physician Says Authorities Can't Cope with Alarming Spread of Disease.

cases of trachoma in the public schools were so numerous that the hospitals were unable to handle them. By reason of the daily conditions of the treatment house rooms on the East Side, one-third of the school children there were afflicted with trachoma, he said, and the disease had spread to one-quarter of the school children of Brooklyn.