

Literary Notes and Criticism

Notes of Travel Far and Near in California.

A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD: A Narrative of Personal Experiences. By Frank R. Rowland. 8vo. pp. 32. The Century Company.

CAMP AND CAMINO IN LOWER CALIFORNIA: A Record of the Adventures of the Author While Exploring Peninsular California. By Arthur Walbridge North. With a foreword by Admiral Robert D. Ely. U. S. N. Illustrated. 8vo. pp. 346. The Baker & Taylor Company.

Mr. Franck's "Vagabond Journey," while far from being a novelty in the field of travel literature, ranks with the more vivid narratives of its class. Adventurous spirits have ere now made their way around the world without money, as sailors or tailors, merchants' clerks, chambermaids, cooks, waiters and what not, but he journeyed with a minimum of labor and comfort, indeed, for speed it almost would seem that nothing, except a well filled purse, is so effective as tramping it.

A Michigan village boy, Mr. Franck began unconsciously to prepare himself for his fifteen months' trip by working his way through college, his summers being spent in the West as a railroad laborer or harvest hand. His way of returning to Michigan University in the fall was that of the tramp, in order to save railroad fares. Thus he learned the ways of the American hobo, which, he found out afterward, are, with local modifications, the ways of hoboes the world over. He took a preliminary trip to England on a cattle boat in 1900, worked as a stevedore in Newhaven, visited the Paris Exposition, returned to London "broke," and shipped before the mast for his return trip. A course in sociology, the writings of Professor "Weary" Wyckoff and Josiah Flynt, and, no doubt, an innate penchant for "the road," suggested to him the long journey of which his book is the result.

He left America on a Canadian cattle steamer from Montreal for Glasgow on June 21, 1904, and reached Pajero Sound in September, 1905, on a "wind-jammer" from Japan, technically a stowaway. True to his plan till the very end, he "beat" and worked his way back to his starting point, the paternal home in Michigan. His trip without money, weapons, baggage or passport led him through England, Holland, the Rhine region, France and Italy; from Naples to Marselles, and thence through Egypt and Palestine; through the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean to Ceylon; thence through India, Burma, Siam and Japan. On his road he played many parts, tending cattle, doing odd jobs of every possible description, as stevedore in Marselles, interpreter and public scribe in Beirut, substitute circus clown in Ceylon, streetcar inspector in Madras, errand boy in Cairo—which, by the way, appears to be the white tramp's paradise in the Eastern Hemisphere. The tramps he met and associated with supply the most picturesque feature of the adventure—tramps of all nationalities, men of unmistakable education and men from the depths, fraternizing everywhere with the freedom of the road. In India he had the rare experience of hearing an Irish convert to Buddhism discussing comparative religion with a Hindu convert to Christianity. In Japan, during the Russo-Japanese War, he and a Chilean sailor slept in the deserted Russian consulate building in Yokohama, protected by its extra-territoriality, and in unexpected places in the Near East he happened upon natives who had been in "the States." The Italian pansantry he found to be hopelessly muddled on

the subject of North and South America, while in France he had great difficulty in allaying the suspicions of the gendarmes of an American who chose to tramp it in Europe.

He rarely dropped his disguise as a sailor. On the few occasions when he revealed himself as a man of education he aroused only prejudice against himself; the agents of many charitable institutions to whom he applied immediately drew the conclusion that there must be some dark passage in his life. Once it stood him in good stead:

The Warwickshire, of the Bibby Line, plying between England and Burma, put in at Marselles to await the arrival of passengers, and sent out a call for a sailor. It was the first man on board, displayed a discharge from the cattle boat and was called into the cabin.

"I don't tell in this discharge whether you are an A. B. or not," said the mate. "I am an A. B.," I replied, though I meant quite a different sort of A. B. from the one understood by my answer. I was signed on at once.

The book is first of all and all the time a personal narrative of unflinching interest. Its sociological value is slight. Mr. Franck draws but few generalizations and no social comparisons. The people he met and with whom and among whom he travelled he presents as individuals, not as representatives of types or races. He appears to have been utterly impervious to hardships of heat and cold and hunger and dress and lodging and of fith unspokeable.

With no geographical, geological or naturalistic purpose or mission, Mr. North has wandered through one of the least known parts of the northern half of the continent, and written a leisurely, pleasant account of his travels, in which description of mountainous country and vanishing Indians, of ruined missions and leisurely Mexicans, of rare towns and encountered "characters" is mingled with some hardihood, the North American's humorous way of taking things as they come and making the best of them, and an occasional shot at mountain sheep. He says:

Students of natural history, wise hunters and those museum specimens will smile when I state that the Southern big horn, or mountain sheep, has no wool and is not white. Nevertheless, I make the direct statement for the benefit of those not coming under any of the above classes. For I have not forgotten how, on my first hunt for mountain sheep, I searched the surrounding cliffs for a woolly white animal with big curling horns, and how, when I would have allowed it to escape as a deer that was in the steep place to bother it, had not its immense curled horns suddenly come into view.

In the chapter headed "Uncle Sam's Lost Province" Mr. North opens a forgotten page of American history on which is written the occupation of the peninsula by our troops in the Mexican War, the story of William Walker and the record of the negotiations for the purchase of the territory in 1850 and again twenty years later. He deals briefly with prehistoric stone writings, follows the Spanish orders up and down interior and coast, and is interesting all the while. This "terra incognita" is, indeed, a tempting region for the traveler in search of novelty and the activity of body, which is often the best of mental rest. Admiral Evans's brief foreword refers, as a matter of course, to Magdalena Bay. Besides the illustrations there are two maps. A bibliography and an index complete the book.

SUMMER STORIES

New Fiction by Four Popular Authors.

SIMON THE JESTER. By W. J. Locke. Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg. 12 mo. pp. 232. The John Lane Company.

AN INTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP. By E. L. Vornich. 12 mo. pp. 491. The Macmillan Company.

ARMS AND THE MAID; OR, ANTHONY WILDING. By Rafael Sabatini. 12 mo. pp. 267. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

JUST BETWEEN THEMSELVES. By Anne Warner. Frontispiece in color by Little, Brown & Co.

Time was when Mr. Locke mirrored the tragic-comedy of life through the intellect, in "Where Love Is," for instance. It was this aloofness that gave "Marcus Ordeyne" its distinction. Then came the turning point. Mr. Locke appealed to sentiment instead of to thought; the "Beloved Vagabond" was born, and behold, Anglo-Saxon sentimentality took him to its heart. Mr. Locke, seeing, understood, and took the hint. "Septimus" was but the Vagabond with his face washed, his clothes brushed, his personal habits improved, made respectable, and therefore presentable to a still larger circle of sentimentalist novel readers. Good material can be used more than once, if it is skillfully done. Hence, perhaps, also, the striking resemblance between Ordeyne's French housekeeper and the Vagabond's girl companion. Now comes "Simon the Jester," who is, in ingenious, indirect and subtly changed ways, but another Sir Marcus.

Simon learns from his physician that he has but six months to live, wherefore he decides to play a little benevolent game with death as well as with life. His wealth, which is of no further use to him, shall buy happiness for others; and he believes that one in his peculiar position can afford to meddle in other people's affairs of the heart. In the process he awakens to the meaning of life and the beauty of its emotional possibilities. There is, of course, a twist in the plot, which must not be revealed here. It is an ingeniously constructed story, amusing, clever, whimsical, the work of a finished craftsman, but—*conclusion*, as the French have it. The book will be popular, no doubt, for it is readable and sounds deceptively genuine as a new fable with the old moral of happiness through unworldliness. But "Simon the Jester" will not count heavily in the casting up of the artistic account of Mr. W. J. Locke.

Mrs. Vornich is an occasional novelist. Thirteen years have elapsed since the publication of her sensational successful "Gaddy," which was followed, at long intervals, by two other books from her pen, neither of them of any very momentous significance. In "An Interrupted Friendship" she returns to the period of her earliest novel, the first half of the last century, but, though the Gaddy is again the hero, oppressed Italy is its scene only in an episode toward the end. The patriot conspirator and man of much suffering is picked up in Ecuador, starving and in rags, by French expedition sent out to explore the northwestern tributaries of the Amazon. The adventures of this company in the wilderness are told vividly, but the interest centres ever more insistently in the mysterious war who guards his past so jealously, yet gains the good will and then the affection of them all. The character study is far more subtly en-

matic than in the earlier book; it searches deeper below the defensive armor of this extraordinary being, and finds his heart. The Gaddy falls in love with a cripple like himself. There are several well drawn minor characters in the story, which is an almost unrelieved litany of human woes, appealing, however, to intellectual interest rather than to human sympathy.

"Arms and the Maid" is a rattling historical romance. It begins with a quarrel over a woman's name spoken over the wine cups, and thenceforth the swift pace set never for a moment relaxes. Here are love and misunderstanding and magnanimity, courage and cowardice, honor and treason, adventure and daring and low intrigue, the snarl of private interests being woven into the larger plot for the throne of England which ended in Monmouth's execution. Mr. Sabatini strikes the right note, and keeps sounding it with convincing directness. His characters are blocked out in a few telling outlines, he succeeds in arousing the reader's interest in his heroine and he reflects, in the same simple manner, the atmosphere of time and place. There is nothing pretentious about the story, no pose of the historian turned novelist or the novelist turned psychologist. The book is just what one likes it to be, a story which can be read from beginning to end with unflagging interest in its incessant action.

Mrs. Dunn made up the party, which was to spend a delightful summer in the foothills of the Hartiz Mountains, "Just Between Themselves." There were her husband and herself and her cousin, Miss Grace; Mr. and Mrs. Ellerslie and Will Beiden, who was a bachelor. Mrs. Dunn, a woman of character, had made her life a study of the past, and she had made matters by bringing their eleven-year-old boy along from his school at Hanover, which was contrary to agreement; Mrs. Ellerslie was a flirt, and Mr. Ellerslie was jealous of Beiden. The ensuing complications form the light material with which Anne Warner has woven the fabric of her summer novel, after her own method, which has delighted so many readers before, and no doubt will entertain them again in these pages. Nothing tragic happens; the author only employs the little troubles of married life, the slight differences of tastes and opinions and points of view that go to prove the truth of the old saying that too much familiarity of intercourse is a serious strain upon even the sincerest friendship. Through the realism of the little haps and mishaps of their daily existence in the small German hotel is woven the romance of a budding love affair.

The author of that delightful book "The Great Lone Land," Sir William Francis Butler, died a fortnight ago at his Irish home. A day or two before his death he received a message from Mr. Roosevelt conveying the ex-President's hope for an early meeting and his admiration for Butler's well known book. The latter replied: "Regret extremely unable to leave room owing to chill. Please express to Mr. Roosevelt honor I feel at his kind message and reference, which I shall always prize, to my little book of forty years ago."

Mr. J. G. Sneed-Cox has just published in London the biography of Cardinal Vaughan, which has been awaited with interest since the death of that churchman, seven years ago. The successor of Wiseman and Manning had a long career and possessed a notable personality. Living in the full current of modern life, he nevertheless preserved something of the spirit of an older day, as witness the following note:

In later life, for the greater mortification of his body, he devised a form of punishment which required another sort of courage. For years he wore on his left arm an iron bracelet with spikes on the inside, which were pressed into the flesh. One which he had worn for some time had become so broken, and he made a new one, giving him a piece of the old one as a pattern. A day or two later the new bracelet was made to his satisfaction, but the spikes were blunt. The Cardinal handed it back with the words: "That is no use. He then gave more explicit instructions. It was to be made out of steel wire, piano wire, and the points were to be sharp. When it was made to his satisfaction, he told Monsignor Dunn to bring a pair of pliers and to fasten it on the arm, so that it could never be removed. When that was done the Cardinal brought his right hand down heavily on the iron bracelet and so drove it home. It was cut off his arm after death."

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M. Lenotre's forthcoming book is to bear the title of "A Gascon Royalist in Revolutionary Paris." Its hero is the Baron de Batz, an aristocrat of high qualities, who meets with many thrilling adventures in the city of the guillotine. M. Lenotre's successive volumes, all so closely packed with human interest and with heart-moving tragedy, promise to make a strange and stirring history of the revolutionary period. He is indefatigable in pursuit and study of original documents.

In a recent number of the "Revue des Etudes Historiques," M. J. Cart gives a new and well documented account of the famous massacre of the Swiss Guard at Paris, in 1792. In opposition to most French historians, he shows that those being by contract in the service of the King were not required to imitate the revolutionary forces; and especially that they were not the aggressors upon that exciting day in August. With respect to this last point the testimony of Major Bachmann of the guard, corroborated by all the officers, sub-officers and privates, is conclusive. Bachmann was, however, sent to the guillotine in spite of his protest that the revolutionary court had no jurisdiction over a Swiss soldier. The rest of the guard were imprisoned, but later, by an order of Danton, the entire force, to the number of 798, was massacred.

War with Switzerland was narrowly averted by the conciliatory action of the French government. A letter published by M. Cart, for the first time, and written by the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the diplomatic committee, advised the preservation of friendly relations between France and Switzerland, representing the latter as a strong barrier between France and her enemies. He adds: "I believe it would be infinitely wise to preserve the ancient alliance made with this brave and warlike people, which is the only alliance we have at this moment." In view of the facts presented by M. Cart, the Swiss need not be ashamed of the motto inscribed on the monumental sign of Lucerne: "Heli-vetorum fidei ac virtuti."

The first volume of the "Mémoires et Journaux du Général Decaen," issued by Plon-Nourrit, abounds in remarkable details concerning the armies of the First Republic on the Rhine. Decaen, formed in the school of Kleber, Hoche and Moreau, was one of the ablest generals of that period, but his outspoken honesty and his rugged honesty prevented him from making much headway with Napoleon. The work, which has great value to military students, is carefully edited and annotated by Lieutenant Colonel Ernest Picard and Lieutenant Victor Pauret. C. I. B.

Light on the Subject from the Saga of Heimdall. Frederick Boyle, in The Pall Mall Gazette.

It is indisputable that noble blood has never been recognized officially in England. Sagacious Hallam declares it "singular, a providential circumstance that in all the European countries of civilization and commerce was so little foreseen, our ancestors, deviating from the usage of neighboring countries, as if it were a crime, have guarded against that expansive force which, in bursting through obstacles improvidently imposed, has scattered her way through Europe"—alluding to the French Revolution. The auspicious "circumstance" was the limitation of nobility to the actual possessor of a title—which forbade the "establishment of a privileged class in this country such as existed elsewhere, and still exists in a measure. On the same unquestioned authority it may be declared that the law of England has never taken account of "gentlemen" appearing one status of Henry VI, which is not of general application. But the official or legal view is not always, nor often, perhaps, that of the public. "Noble blood" was, indeed, a fact with the "Doubtful" tribes—not to speak of mankind at large. It was based on divine descent. But a precious old Saga tells how Heimdall, one of the gods, travelled on earth upon the back of a reindeer, and he conferred orders of men. First he made the Thrall, with wrinkled hands and crooked knuckles, ugly face, bent back and long heels—it was a sort of instinctive knowledge that the working class is first in importance, for on it the others depend, after all. Then he made the freemen, whose beard is trimmed, hair loose and shirt well cut. Next the Jarl, or noble, with fair hair, bright cheeks, eyes keen as a young snake's, who made war and hunted, swam and learnt runes—that is, cultivated his mind. Last of all the King, appearing in a state of glory, and he made the Lord, who was to be the ruler of the Lord approaching. Ashamed of their number—which seems curious to begin with—she hid the ugliest in the chimney, and the noble, who was to be the ruler, and well made she kept wisely and cunningly at hand. The Lord was pleased with them, and appointed the eldest emperor, the next king, duke, governor, judge, sheriff in endless servitude to the burgess. Then Eve recollected the others and produced them, black with soot, unsightly with straws and cobwebs. The Lord exclaimed, disgusted, "None can make silver out of an earthen pitcher! These shall be ploughmen and tillers of the soil, keepers of oxen and hogs, etc., and in this wise they shall live, in endless servitude to the townsmen shall laugh them to scorn, but some may be suffered to live in towns, as puddling makers, butchers, cobblers, tinkers, costard mongers, osters and duns."

The last named we should call painters. By the way, Heimdall takes no account of traders, whether mayors or burgesses. They are not worth attention. But "chambers" and "going merchants" were an important class in Scandinavia, almost as enterprising as Vikings, and much more respectable. They are constantly mentioned in the Sagas among men of birth and standing. But on occasion the contempt of warriors and land owners for those who buy and sell their own goods is shown. Once we hear of a young chief who had been serving in a foreign land, persisting in his determination to fit out a ship for trade.

In the oldest sample of English literature extant, the hero, Beowulf, exclaims: "Better death than the life of a churl for the man nobly born!" The sentiment was not dated ridiculous in this country until a date which it would be very hard to fix, but it has been so, nevertheless, as soon as we find detailed information on such matters, it appears that nobles and gentry of long descent were putting the younger sons into trade. Indeed, Paul Hentzner wrote, in Queen Elizabeth's time, of the ancestor of the Cecil, that he was apprenticed by his father to a mercer, and poor gentlemen are used to do with their sons. One would think that pride of birth could not survive in the elder, who possessed the title and estates, when conscious that his young brother was serving in the shop. But it did, for we are not a logical race, nor consistent, as the philosopher love to remind us. About the time Hentzner wrote, Lord Brooke was hastily mentioned to inform a country neighbor that the house she occupied in London had been bought by a tradesman; doubtless your ladyship will not be surprised to hear that the "fellow" who appears that the "fellow" was the Lord Mayor. In spite of law and circumstances and common sense, the antique superstition of noble blood persisted.

In the time of a France, and on condition that the due withdrew to his estates it threw out the motion. In 1664 Louis XIV issued an edict permitting men of noble birth to do with their lands, which meant investing in the company. But it did not last.

ARCHITECTURE. THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND. Their Architecture, History and Antiquities. With a bibliography, itinerary and glossary. By practical handbook for students and travellers. By Helen Marshall. 12 mo. pp. 352. The Macmillan Company.

PIERRE LOTI His Visit to the Castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Paris, June 9.

Under the title "Le Château de la Belle-au-Bois-Dormant" Pierre Loti has collected a little bouquet of seventeen short stories having the fragrance and public charm of the dreamy, sentimental author of "Madame Chrysantheme" and "Pecheur d'Islande." The castle of the Sleeping Beauty is situated in the primeval forest of La Roche-Courbon, in Saint-tonge. The tale, which is like a bath of oblivion amid old trees and folklore, is a development of the Brittany proverb: "There are two things that even the Almighty Himself cannot make—an old tree and a gentleman!" In contrast to this one finds the gruesome story of the "Drowned Kitten." "First Aspect of London," a "View of Berlin," the pathetic fate of the artists' trysting place, Euzkaleria, which is transformed into a smart seaside resort, and "A Glance at Messina After the Earthquake." These delicately pencilled and daintily colored sketches, just issued by Calmann-Lévy, make good light reading for the summer holidays.

The posthumous novel of Edouard Rod, "Le Glaiive et le Bandeau," brought out by Fasquelle, is not the most profound work of the author of "La Sacrificée" and "L'Inutile Effort," but it may become the most popular. It is the story of the trial at Versailles of a young man falsely accused of murder. It is also a searching study of French criminal procedure. The absorbing interest of the drama never flags an instant, although the 371 pages of the book are exclusively devoted to the trial. They were written in the courtroom. "Histoire Prochain," by M. Albert Quantin, published by Fasquelle, is a socialist novel, giving a forecast of what we may

NOBLE BLOOD

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

Mr. Joseph Pennell has etched various studies of Pittsburg which are to be reproduced in the forthcoming number of "The Century."

"Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness" is the title of the book of Mr. H. Hesketh-Prichard, which the Sturgis & Walton Company will publish in the autumn. Mr. Prichard's "Don Q" chronicles have shown how effective is the pen he wields.

The author of that delightful book "The Great Lone Land," Sir William Francis Butler, died a fortnight ago at his Irish home. A day or two before his death he received a message from Mr. Roosevelt conveying the ex-President's hope for an early meeting and his admiration for Butler's well known book. The latter replied: "Regret extremely unable to leave room owing to chill. Please express to Mr. Roosevelt honor I feel at his kind message and reference, which I shall always prize, to my little book of forty years ago."

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The last named we should call painters. By the way, Heimdall takes no account of traders, whether mayors or burgesses. They are not worth attention. But "chambers" and "going merchants" were an important class in Scandinavia, almost as enterprising as Vikings, and much more respectable. They are constantly mentioned in the Sagas among men of birth and standing. But on occasion the contempt of warriors and land owners for those who buy and sell their own goods is shown. Once we hear of a young chief who had been serving in a foreign land, persisting in his determination to fit out a ship for trade.

In the oldest sample of English literature extant, the hero, Beowulf, exclaims: "Better death than the life of a churl for the man nobly born!" The sentiment was not dated ridiculous in this country until a date which it would be very hard to fix, but it has been so, nevertheless, as soon as we find detailed information on such matters, it appears that nobles and gentry of long descent were putting the younger sons into trade. Indeed, Paul Hentzner wrote, in Queen Elizabeth's time, of the ancestor of the Cecil, that he was apprenticed by his father to a mercer, and poor gentlemen are used to do with their sons. One would think that pride of birth could not survive in the elder, who possessed the title and estates, when conscious that his young brother was serving in the shop. But it did, for we are not a logical race, nor consistent, as the philosopher love to remind us. About the time Hentzner wrote, Lord Brooke was hastily mentioned to inform a country neighbor that the house she occupied in London had been bought by a tradesman; doubtless your ladyship will not be surprised to hear that the "fellow" who appears that the "fellow" was the Lord Mayor. In spite of law and circumstances and common sense, the antique superstition of noble blood persisted.

In the time of a France, and on condition that the due withdrew to his estates it threw out the motion. In 1664 Louis XIV issued an edict permitting men of noble birth to do with their lands, which meant investing in the company. But it did not last.

ARCHITECTURE. THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND. Their Architecture, History and Antiquities. With a bibliography, itinerary and glossary. By practical handbook for students and travellers. By Helen Marshall. 12 mo. pp. 352. The Macmillan Company.

PIERRE LOTI His Visit to the Castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Paris, June 9.

Under the title "Le Château de la Belle-au-Bois-Dormant" Pierre Loti has collected a little bouquet of seventeen short stories having the fragrance and public charm of the dreamy, sentimental author of "Madame Chrysantheme" and "Pecheur d'Islande." The castle of the Sleeping Beauty is situated in the primeval forest of La Roche-Courbon, in Saint-tonge. The tale, which is like a bath of oblivion amid old trees and folklore, is a development of the Brittany proverb: "There are two things that even the Almighty Himself cannot make—an old tree and a gentleman!" In contrast to this one finds the gruesome story of the "Drowned Kitten." "First Aspect of London," a "View of Berlin," the pathetic fate of the artists' trysting place, Euzkaleria, which is transformed into a smart seaside resort, and "A Glance at Messina After the Earthquake." These delicately pencilled and daintily colored sketches, just issued by Calmann-Lévy, make good light reading for the summer holidays.

The posthumous novel of Edouard Rod, "Le Glaiive et le Bandeau," brought out by Fasquelle, is not the most profound work of the author of "La Sacrificée" and "L'Inutile Effort," but it may become the most popular. It is the story of the trial at Versailles of a young man falsely accused of murder. It is also a searching study of French criminal procedure. The absorbing interest of the drama never flags an instant, although the 371 pages of the book are exclusively devoted to the trial. They were written in the courtroom. "Histoire Prochain," by M. Albert Quantin, published by Fasquelle, is a socialist novel, giving a forecast of what we may

NOBLE BLOOD

Light on the Subject from the Saga of Heimdall.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

Mr. Joseph Pennell has etched various studies of Pittsburg which are to be reproduced in the forthcoming number of "The Century."

"Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness" is the title of the book of Mr. H. Hesketh-Prichard, which the Sturgis & Walton Company will publish in the autumn. Mr. Prichard's "Don Q" chronicles have shown how effective is the pen he wields.

The author of that delightful book "The Great Lone Land," Sir William Francis Butler, died a fortnight ago at his Irish home. A day or two before his death he received a message from Mr. Roosevelt conveying the ex-President's hope for an early meeting and his admiration for Butler's well known book. The latter replied: "Regret extremely unable to leave room owing to chill. Please express to Mr. Roosevelt honor I feel at his kind message and reference, which I shall always prize, to my little book of forty years ago."

Mr. J. G. Sneed-Cox has just published in London the biography of Cardinal Vaughan, which has been awaited with interest since the death of that churchman, seven years ago. The successor of Wiseman and Manning had a long career and possessed a notable personality. Living in the full current of modern life, he nevertheless preserved something of the spirit of an older day, as witness the following note:

In later life, for the greater mortification of his body, he devised a form of punishment which required another sort of courage. For years he wore on his left arm an iron bracelet with spikes on the inside, which were pressed into the flesh. One which he had worn for some time had become so broken, and he made a new one, giving him a piece of the old one as a pattern. A day or two later the new bracelet was made to his satisfaction, but the spikes were blunt. The Cardinal handed it back with the words: "That is no use. He