JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS DEAD

MADE FAMOUS BY HIS UNCLE REMUS ANIMAL STORIES.

He Delighted Old and Young by His Folklore Stories About Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit, Which He Heard in His Childhood in the South Night After Night.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 3.—Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus) died at 8 o'clock this evening. Cirrhosis of the liver with other complications that affected his heart were the cause of his death. Up to 4 o'clock this afternoon Mr. Harris was conscious and talked cheerfully to his wife and children who were gathered about the bed. Shortly after 4 o'clock he said in a low tone: "I have always been curious to know what was on the other side." Then he sighed: "I am very tired," and became unconscious.

The name of Joel Chandler Harris immediately suggests Uncle Remus to everybody who is familiar with his works, for it is upon the popular appreciation of his animal stories, as told by Uncle Remus, that his place in literature rests. Mr. Harris was on the editorial staff of the Atlanta *Constitution* in the late '70s when he was asked to try his hand at writing sketches for that newspaper to take the place of the Uncle Si stories which Sam W. Small had been writing. In his childhood in the South he had spent night after night listening to the folklore of the negroes and as he had never seen them in print he began the Uncle Remus series. They attracted attention everywhere and were extensively copied.

The success of his writings he could not understand, as he considered himself merely a reporter of the stories told to him when he was a boy. In style and diction he may have done much better work, but these stories were a discovery of new material and as such attained instant popularity, a position of unchanged affection and absolute security against the copyist and the imitator.

The material had drifted around the quarters of the negroes in the old slavery days, had undoubtedly been familiar to many generations of Southerners, yet Mr. Harris was the first to recognize its literary possibilities. It has been an interesting study to trace back the origin of these stories of Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit. They had been identified even in detail in the West Indies and on the Brazilian main, wherever slaves were brought from Africa. Upon the African West Coast the same actors and the same play have been found from Cape Coast Castle southward, even into Portuguese territory. Recent studies whose results have been detailed in THE SUN have identified the same stories upon the Eastern coast of Africa with the whole continent between. Mr. Harris was inclined to deprecate the popularity which Uncle Remus attained, but the verdict of the people was keener to recognize their true value as new material in American literature.

Mr. Harris was born on December 8, 1848, in the little village of Eatontown, in middle Georgia. Before he was 6 he could read, and "The Vicar of Wakefield" stimulated the imaginative side of his nature and led him to devour anything in print that came to his hand. His early education was gained at the village academy, and when he was 12 years old he heard that Col. Turner, a wealthy neighbor, who published a weekly paper called the *Countryman*, needed a bright boy to learn the printer's trade. Young Harris had a head full of literary schemes. He went after the job and got it. The work wasn't hard, and Col. Turner, who had a large library, gave the boy every advantage of it. In his own way he studied literature and soon began writing essays, which the *Countryman* printed. But the civil war brought about a great change.

Eatontown lay in the path of Sherman's march, and Turner fled, leaving Harris to occupy his mansion and save what he could. The invaders treated him fairly well, helped themselves to what they wanted and committed no outrages, but the war left the country in such a condition that Harris decided to seek a wider field. He found employment on newspapers in Macon, New Orleans and Savannah. In the last named city he was an editorial writer on the *Morning News*, and there he married Essie La Rose, daughter of a French-Canadian. The yellow fever epidemic in 1876 drove him to Atlanta, where he became a member of the editorial staff of the *Constitution* and gained some attention as a poet before the Uncle Remus stories put his other work in the background.

The success of Uncle Remus led to the publication in book form of "Nights with Uncle Remus" in 1883, "Mingo and Other Sketches in Black and White" in 1884, and in 1887 "Free Joe and Other Gregorian Sketches." All of these books were popular in England as well as in this country and the proceeds from their sales were considerable.

He continued his routine newspaper work, however, and it was not until 1900 that he finally left the *Constitution* to devote his entire time to books and their making.

"I want to devote my whole time to work that is more profitable as well as more congenial," he said to a reporter at that time. "Just say in a kindly way that an old family horse growing tired of stopping before the same doors every day has kicked out from the harness and proposes to keep the flies off in his own way."

He wrote many books in addition to those about Uncle Remus and Br'er Rabbit. Some of them are "On the Plantation," "Little Mr. Thimblefinger," "Sister Jane," "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," "Balaam and His Master," "The Story of Aaron, So Named, the Son of Ben Ali," "Stories of Georgia," "Aaron in the Wild Woods," "Tales of the Home Folks," "Georgia from the Invasion of De Soto to Recent Times," "Evening Tales," "Stories of Home Folks," "Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann," "On the Wings of Occasion," "The Making of a Statesman," "Gabriel Tolliver" and "The Little Union Scout." About a year ago he assumed editorship of *Uncle Remus's Magazine*, published in Atlanta.

In 1907 he went to Washington and was invited to dinner at the White House by President Roosevelt. Mr. Harris has no love for evening dress—a "shadbelly coat," as he called it—so formality was waived in his case and he appeared in a sack suit. When he got back to Atlanta they asked him about the dinner and why he was invited to the White House.

"Really, I don't know," he replied thoughtfully, "but I have a faint suspicion that the President knows more about my books than I do and he wanted to tell me about them."

KEIR HARDY, M. P., COMING HERE.

He and Other Foreign Socialists to Help in the Campaign.

The New York section of the Socialist party reported yesterday that Keir Hardy, M. P., the leader of the radical element in the labor group in the British House of Commons, is coming here on a lecture tour in the interest of the Socialist party's campaign. Keir Hardy is a miner.

Ignatz Danjinsky, a Hungarian Socialist leader, and A. C. Meyer, a member of the Danish Parliament, are also coming here in the fall, and will take the stump for the Socialist party. Meyer is a machinist and has been a prominent member of the Danish Social Democratic party since 1895.

The New York State convention of the Socialist party will begin to-day at the Labor Temple, Eighty-fourth street, near Second avenue. Josiah Wanhope, a Socialist editor, is talked of as the candidate for Governor.

East Orange Relaxes on Its Anti-Sunday Delivery Ordinance.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., July 3.—In order to avoid the defence of half a dozen suits the city of East Orange has decided to allow the delivery of perishable articles, including ice cream, on Sunday, pending a decision in the suit instituted by Francis J. Pursell. The latter obtained a writ of certiorari and also a stay from Chief Justice Gummere.

GARTER SNAKE EVICTS MARY.

And Now There's a "To Let" Sign on Her Battery Park Summer Home.

Say, if you were a lady wearing a Merry Widow hat with a horned owl upon it and when you woke up and found a common or garden snake in your lap the horned owl failed to make good by snatching the reptile and flying away with it what would you do? Wouldn't you give that Merry Widow the hook? Mary Maloney did, anyway.

Mary Maloney, Battery Park's leading settee holder, had just such an experience yesterday. Mary arrived in Battery Park two weeks ago, having closed her apartments on Blackwell's Island for the summer. Blackwell's is all very well during the major part of the year, but the really élite make a point of beating it away with the first hot days and when it comes to beating it away Mary is in the van.

Immediately on reaching Battery Park Mary opened her bungalow, which same is the first bench to the left as you come out of the Aquarium. From the slats of her bungalow Mary has a superb view of the harbor, including the Statue of Liberty. The free baths are in the immediate vicinity. Splendid fishing is to be found in the Aquarium, and tea is served at 5 o'clock every afternoon at the harbor squad close by.

Mary certainly has one of the finest spots in Battery Park. Other summerers there have cast envious eyes on that bench of hers, but Mary is muscular and so proficient in the gentle art of boxing that to approach her bench with a view of sitting down upon a small portion of it is about as safe as lounging near an old fashioned windmill on a breezy day.

Accordingly Mary was inhabiting her bench around noon yesterday indulging in a siesta. Dreamily she opened her eyes and as she awoke refreshed by the cool breeze from off the bay she felt something in contact with her arm. Instantly she sat up and took notice. There was a snake wrapped like a bracelet about her fair wrist.

Well, everybody said afterward that his first thought was how maybe the siren on the fireboat New Yorker had broken its valve. Then it was seen that no fireboat could let out a screech so shrill, and all the settee holders, rising up in alarm, flocked to see what was the matter with Mary.

But they found her strangely composed. She had throttled that serpent with a crook of her little finger and as the reptile cast a dying glance full of anguish at her Mary folded her arms and addressing the surrounding populace remarked:

"Say, do I look like Eve? I knew perfectly well he was real because the ones I see is orange color, and then I don't generally see them, only red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats."

A murmer of admiration arose from Mary's audience at the clearness of her logic and Policemen O'Mara and Flynn, who had hastened to the spot, after batting the vanquished reptile over the head with their nightsticks held it up for inspection.

"It's a garter," said O'Mara.

"The idea," exclaimed Mary and she withdrew blushing.

When she had been assured that everybody agreed it was a boa she consented to come back.

The serpent was taken up to the Church street police station.

The front curls, once known as bangs, which Capt. Eddie Gallagher wears stood stiffly straight when the garter snake was flopped down on the desk before him.

"I only use perfume," cried the agitated skipper. "Only a little plain cologne on my mustache and forelocks." And when they told him it was really dead he looked unspeakably relieved.

The garter snake was finally suspended over a locker on the dock just in back of the ship news office. But Mary has gone away from there, and on the slats of her bench is chalked: "To Let."

BLUE ARMY AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

Prevent the Brown Forces From Dynamiting a Bridge—New Jersey Infantry Depart.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., July 3.—Everybody in Pine Camp was awakened this morning by heavy firing, a night attack being made. A Blue force retreating south from Ogdensburg to Carthage had to pass a bridge. An advance guard of the Brown army was in pursuit and its commander received orders to attack the Blues and gain the bridge. The first troop of the National Guard of New Jersey was with the Brown army in this engagement, Col. J. Gray Estey of the First Vermont National Guard commanding. The Blue army was in command of Col. H. W. Freeman, N. G. N. J., and among his troops was the First Regiment of Infantry of the New Jersey National Guard. The two attempts of the Brown army to dynamite the bridge were unsuccessful and at 6 o'clock recall was sounded, the Blue army again being declared victorious.

The New Jersey Infantry, with a look of health on the face of each man, left for home this afternoon. To-morrow the Essex Cavalry will leave at 3:30. Latest reports are that the Third Pennsylvania Infantry will arrive about noon on July 6. The regiment is under command of Col. W. C. Price, Jr. The twelve companies comprising the regiment are all from Philadelphia. The departing troops were paid off to-day, about $15,000 being distributed. The Essex cavalrymen will get theirs to-morrow.

U. S. Grant 3d, First Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, arrived at the camp last night. He will be the guest of his father for a few days. His wife, a daughter of Secretary Elihu Root, accompanied him. Mrs. F. D. Grant is expected to-morrow.

The world's record for entrenching troops was broken last night by a company of the Engineer Corps during the attack on Watertown. Privates Barry, Rivers and Lindman clipped several seconds off the previous record for building one trench nine feet long four feet deep and four feet wide, their time being one hour and five minutes. The company broke the record for entrenching an entire company by thirty minutes, the time being an hour and thirty minutes.

To-morrow will be given over almost exclusively to athletics and sports.

DIMES WERE WHITE HOT

When Secret Service Men Invaded Alleged Counterfeiters' Factory.

What looked like a prosperous business in private coinage was interrupted yesterday morning with the arrest of Christopher Smith, otherwise known as Christy the Bum, and Patrick J. Connolly, who were arraigned before United States Commissioner Alexander on the charge of making and passing spurious coin.

Small shopkeepers of the upper West Side have been annoyed for several weeks by the presence of counterfeit coins in their receipts. Secret Service Agents Callahan, Burke, Thomas, Preuster and Rubino, who had been shadowing Smith and had followed him to the house at 331 Eleventh avenue, raided the place yesterday. Both Smith and Connolly were there; also some plaster moulds. Connolly declared that the moulds had been left by a man several days before and that he knew nothing about them. He was unable, however, to explain the presence of several spurious dimes in the moulds at a white heat.

The men were held in $2,500 bail each for further examination.

WALES'S QUEBEC VISIT.

Prince Will Stay in Canada Just a Week—Earl Roberts's Tour.

OTTAWA, July 3—Word has been received here that the Prince of Wales will land in Quebec on the afternoon of July 22. He will sail at daybreak on the 29th. He will place wreaths on the Wolfe and "Aux Braves" statues.

Lord Roberts has invited Col. Denison of Toronto, who was on his staff in South Africa, to accompany him during his Canadian tour.

NEW BOOKS.

Dan Smith Was Spared; Lynx Eye Did It.

It may be learned at page 18 of Mr. Arthur Goodrich's story of "Gleam o' Dawn" (D. Appleton & Co.) that a series of disturbances frightened Mr. Huntworth's gray mare "Across the stillness rang a piercing shout." The shout "grew into a wild yell." The yell in several of its qualities further was "shrill, increasing, echoing, echoing, echoing." Coincidently with the yell—as we must suppose, since it was unceasing—"there came a rush of sound." Accompanying the sound "a brown blur dashed through the shadows"; and our feeling is that the gray mare was not to be blamed.

If she had been piebald or if fortune had provided her with four white feet the reasonableness of her agitation would in our opinion have been neither greater nor less. She had absolutely a good right to be disturbed. Off she bolted, straight for the sheer precipice at the edge of the lake. Huntworth unaided never could have stopped her. His face was set, but what did that avail? "In vain he tugged at the rein. In vain he whispered, commanded, cajoled." Happily Dan Smith, the young half breed landscape and figure painter, was at hand. He might have been in Paris, in which remote and alluring city he had sojourned for some time in the study of his art. Only recently he had returned. The primeval forest had called to him. The present day equivalent for the wigwam had beckoned him home. His Indian blood had responded. It had beaten up memory and sharpened instinct with desire until he had to come.

Moreover he had an injured mother to avenge. The beautiful Gleam o' Dawn had been abandoned by her white husband, whose name in the tribe was Blue Cloud, when little Dan was only 3 years old. The perfidy of the white Blue Cloud had killed her. Where was this Blue Cloud now? If the thunders of heaven had spared him it was plain that Dan's hunting knife had business to perform. The gray mare would have gone over the precipice if Dan had not overtaken her on his powerful bay horse, named "The Wind," and headed her off. It was at the very edge of the cliff that Dan waved his hand toward the lake below and inquired pleasantly: "It is a gret beeg jump, n'est ce pas?" But why was Huntworth, though grateful, so reticent and marked by so melancholy an air? And why just previously had Pierre, the idle and ever lurking Indian, behaved in so surly and ominous a manner, acting strangely in the presence of Nini, the heroine of the tale, and shedding about himself a distinctly uncanny atmosphere? We are going to tell.

This Pierre was a gloomy soul. He had cause. He had memory. Years before he had borne another name. He was Lynx Eye. He had loved Gleam o' Dawn. He had fought with Blue Cloud for the hand of that peerless maiden. It was a fight with knives. Blue Cloud had won by a trick. Lynx Eye had devoted himself to looking for Blue Cloud after that faithless squaw man had run away and after sorrow had killed Gleam o' Dawn. At last he had found him. He told Dan Smith. The effect upon Dan was hardly to have been doubted. It may be read: "The Bible dropped from Dan Smith's hand with a thud upon the floor." It is not recorded that the thud was a dull thud; possibly an oversight. The story further says: "Dan Smith was transformed. Every mark upon him of civilization was suddenly erased. He had become a thing primitive, elemental, savage."

Every attentive reader of recent fiction knows what those words, "primitive" and "elemental," import. It is known to the experienced reader what dire business they portend. It is hardly necessary to relate that Lynx Eye's "low whisper was more like a venomous hiss than a human sound," or that after his revelation, as he glided to the door, "a tongue of lightning licked about him with unnatural sinister flame." Truly he was decorated like the Evil One. Nini came in. The lightning continued to play. It had been thoughtfully retained and was still playing when Dan rode off. It may be read: "Dan Smith had disappeared, but still they stared at the spot where they had seen him clinging to the back of the rearing, maddened bay horse, a weird, unearthly shape in the glare against the pallid green of the forest." Nini "sank into a pitiful heap upon the floor" and moaned, "He'll be killed! He'll be killed!" Of course she loved Dan. We are glad to add that her fears for him were not borne out by the event.

We suppose it is no harm and perhaps it is no revelation to say that Blue Cloud was Huntworth. It is gratifying to know that Dan Smith was spared from the doubtful duty of making an end of his father. Lynx Eye performed that painful business. Anybody doubting that it was painful may read: "Wild screams, inhuman snarls of anger and suffering echoed horribly in the silence. The two bodies slipped to their knees, becoming one in a black, swaying, disfiguring blotch upon the circle of mild light. Arms were raised more slowly, shaking with weakness. The hacking blades made slow, trembling tracks of glitter. There was a low, expulsive sigh. A body tumbled backward and lay a huddled heap upon the ground. A tall figure staggered to its feet with a rending cry of victory. Dimmed eyes stared upward unseeing. The cry trailed off in a hoarse, scarcely audible name—'Gleam o' Dawn.' The figure tottered drunkenly, lurched forward and fell in a crumpled mass, one outstretched hand still gripping the bloodstained knife. The deep silence of the forest, the peaceful beauty of the serene heavens remained." The notes of a fiddle betokened the coming of an unapprehending visitor upon the scene. It was the good priest who had long been going about in disguise. He ran away at once when he saw what had happened. Who shall blame him?

A less painful picture awaits us. Still a picture of some intensity. It may be read further on: "Nini raised her head, and in her tearful, glorified look she gave herself wholly to him forever. With a low moan of joy he half stooped, half drew her up to him. Their lips clung, pressing closer, whiter in an agony of giving." The reader must not think that the manifestation was merely saccharine and ordinary. Far from that. "It was deeper than passion. Their very souls, chastened by suffering, awakened to that eternal love that passes all understanding, breathed together. With a soft sigh of supreme content Dan Smith drew back at last, nestling the brown head against his bare neck. A smile of infinite compassion, of almost divine happiness, illuminated his face as he looked up." We do not know why he should have felt compassion. It appears that the girl was happy. He was happy. It is possible that his smile here is not quite thoughtfully characterized.

We had almost neglected to say that when Lynx Eye toppled and yielded to the power of gravitation for the last time he "fell thuddingly." We should have felt ourselves culpable if we had left that out.

A Man of Genius.

We are not long in making acquaintance with the emotional and sentimental and poetical quality in M. P. Willcocks's story of "A Man of Genius" (John Lane Company). This is another tale of Devon, that land of strong imagination and strong events. We have the laborer, John Darracott, torn by his hopeless love for Thyrza Braund. John had a great frame in which "the good blood circled steadily with the tide of perfect health." His jet black hair and beard were touched with silver, from which we infer that he was getting on to middle age, and "his quiet eyes, set deep in a swarthy face, were dusky, like the dark shadows on a still pool." We read that "the massive outline of his rough hewn head" and "the great jaws that cleft ridge-like round his cheeks" betokened quiet tenacity; still he was utterly upset when he learned from Thyrza that she could not love him. He neglected his duty as coast guard that night, so there was nobody to see the vessel that came ashore or to save the men who were aboard—of course a disturbing and shocking state of things.

Ambrose Velly was the man of genius. He was also the man that Thyrza loved. We may regard the two for a moment as they are pictured in the poetry of the story. We read: "Opposite him on the flags of the kitchen Thyrza was dancing with half closed eyes and a body that answered dreamily to the notes of the fiddle. She took as many shapes, it seemed, as the curving back of a wave that falls wind driven on the rocks. At one moment she was dancing as lightly as the mist that rises from a waterfall, at another as gayly as the dewdrops that sparkle in the grass, and again as slowly as the foot of age that walks deathward. * * * Ambrose was now playing the old tune, 'The Wind Among the Barley'—playing it with an intensity that thrilled with the warmth of things. As he played he passed in fancy from one delight to another, from the rustling sweep of the bearded heads in the rush of the jolly wind to the lingering breath of cows in the lane, from the sigh of the breeze in the pines to the roar of the tides that tear at the cliffs. He had become a child of the wind." And we must say that we are satisfied from the description that genius was really in him and very fervently at work.

The story tells how the spirit to be an architect stirred in Ambrose; how he was sustained by his strong mother and hindered by his weak father; how a rude daughter of the soil, according to her own downright narrative, managed to get husbands as often as she needed them; how the mother of Ambrose kept in a carved oak chest in the parlor a marble image of her dead baby daughter, who had been born with a deformity; how in Damaris Westaway, the vicar's daughter, "the mind behind the blue gray eyes, the blue gray of the far hills, was alert, the heart quick beating with the tide of life and the pulses rhythmic with the great calm things of the world"; how Ambrose, the vicar's daughter, the vicar and Dr. Dayman, the learned and admirable physician, discussed questions of art and science and religion and looked over Calvert's woodcuts and Ambrose's drawings together in the course of pleasant days; how the vicar became sceptic; how also he became rich and thought of making over his money to an institution; how "with the skilled hand of Minerva to give him victory in art and Juno of the fruitful breast to give him the produce of the earth, Ambrose Velly might have fared well enough," but how there concerned herself with him a third goddess—to wit, "she who comes dove drawn, but with the power of the great eagle, to spoil and raven;" how accordingly for Ambrose "the altar of Venus was to stand hard by the temple of Juno and under the awful frown of Minerva"; how he married, somewhat tardily, the lovely and loving but wholly uncultivated Thyrza; how it would have been better perhaps if he had married the vicar's highly educated daughter; how Thyrza was jealous and ran away to John Darracott, who respected her scrupulously; how John was drowned presently in the course of his work as a lifesaver; how Thyrza was persuaded by Damaris to go back to Ambrose; how Ambrose built the Oratory and became famous, and how at last, notwithstanding all the troubles of folks, "out of the unseen peers the star and even from the heights of this life there are hands uplifted to its clear shining, hearts that answer to its hope."

Our opinion is that this story has a little too much ornamentation, that it is unduly florid in places. Still it has a great deal that will interest and impress the reader. In the estimation of many, we dare say, it will not be at all too sentimental or too soaring or too sad. We sincerely hope as much. As for the peering and shining of the star, why, it might be Ibsen finishing off "Little Eyolf."

Campaign Literature.

Those who wish to inform themselves regarding the intellectual equipment and mental calibre of the Republican candidate for the Presidency will find their opportunity in "Present Day Problems," by William H. Taft (Dodd, Mead and Company). Of the addresses contained in the volume, that on the "Federal Judiciary" was delivered in 1895; the inaugural in the Philippines belongs to 1901, the rest are of the last two or three years, and some of the last few months. They give Mr. Taft's views on public matters of the most varied kind in an official test.

Of a different character is "The Real Bryan," by Richard L. Metcalfe (Personal Help Publishing Company, Des Moines, Iowa). This is a selection of extracts of varying length from Mr. Bryan's writings and speeches, and is intended to show his opinions about things in general as well as on political questions. It will serve too to introduce his literary style to those unacquainted with it. The frontispiece is a very benign portrait of Mr. Bryan holding his grandchildren on his knee.

A Charming Book.

No book more fitting than Sir Philip Sidney's "The Defence of Poesie" could have been chosen for a place in Mr. Lewis Einstein's "The Humanist's Library" (D. B. Updike, the Merrymount Press, Boston). It is literature, it is humanism, and at the same time it appeals chiefly to the more refined taste for which limited editions and bibliophile treats are prepared.

As in the other volumes of this series the mechanical excellences are beyond criticism. The type and the page are beautiful, the slight adornments are artistic, the paper is a delight, the simple binding is in admirable taste. The text is taken from Dr. Ewald Fluegel's authoritative edition. To the "Defence" are added Sidney's "Letter to Queen Elizabeth" and his "Discourse in Defence of the Earl of Leicester" and a short introduction by Prof. George S. Woodberry. It is a noble monument of English in a dress that is worthy of it.

A Book on Jewelry.

A very pleasant volume on "Jewellery" has been contributed by Mr. H. Clifford Smith to "The Connoisseur's Library" (Methuen and Company; G. P. Putnam's Sons). Of course in ranging from the Egyptians and Phoenicians to the *Art Nouveau* with limited space and a body of material that is almost boundless the author can have little to say that will be new to the collector and little that is not already familiar to the connoisseur. He will be of great help, however, to the general reader and to those who have a fancy for jewelry and would like to know something about its history, and his book may well start the neophyte into the paths that lead to expert knowledge.

Mr. Smith imposes two very sensible restrictions on himself. In the first place he limits the definition of jewelry for the purposes of his book to ornaments of the body, and besides the chronological order includes one of the manner in which these are worn, from head to toe; thus in each period he proceeds from tiaras and hairpins to necklaces, brooches, bracelets, rings, belt clasps, and so on. This involves omissions that will be quickly noticed, but space and order call for the narrower classification. In the second place he dwells more fully on British art than on that of the other European countries, on the ground that it has been studied less and that his readers will find good books that treat fully of the subjects he only touches upon.

The result is that he is clear and intelligible on the subjects he has picked out as being important. The volume is beautifully gotten up, as are the others of the series; the illustrations, colored and plain, are adequate, but, above all, the impression of the black type on the good unglazed paper is a comfort to eyes that have to see only too much of modern bookmaking.

Our Own Bugs.

The interesting volume on "American Insects" written four years ago by Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University for the handsome and useful "American Nature Series," published by Henry Holt and Company, appears in a second edition. Besides the necessary revision and a new analytical table of contents this edition contains an extremely entertaining chapter on the behavior of insects, in which the current views about reflexes, instinct and intelligence are summarized.

Prof. Kellogg has the gift of making a technical subject attractive and popular without sacrificing scientific accuracy; he also knows how to present both sides fairly when opinions differ. In the first three chapters he explains the general facts that apply to all insects and their classification. Then he describes the orders one by one with much fascinating detail, winding up with some of the broader questions, such as "Insects and Flowers," "Color, Pattern and Their Uses," "Insects and Disease," and so on. At the end are practical directions for collecting insects. The book is thoroughly readable, it can be understood with no previous training in nature study, and is well suited to start youth on entomological investigations. The creatures described are always with us and supply immediate material for personal investigation to the inquiring mind.

The illustrations are very good; it is a pity that the helpful little line that shows the real proportions in some of the pictures should not be used with all that are magnified. It is more descriptive than a numerical statement.

Picture Books.

A convenient little manual by Prof. G. Carotti of Milan, "A History of Ancient Art," has been revised for English students by Mrs. Arthur Strong, Litt. D., LL. D. (E. P. Dutton and Company). It contains in compact shape the more recent views regarding Greek and Roman art, with short summaries of Egyptian and Oriental art, useful lists of works that remain and good bibliographies. Its chief characteristic, however, is the employment, following the example of M. Reinach, of what may be called microphotography, minute pictures that give an idea of the object described. This little volume contains more than 500 of these. It is more surprising that so many of them are good and serve their purpose than that some, especially those of paintings, should be indistinct.

The large size of the page, a small oblong folio, makes the beautiful pictures very effective in "Gardens, Old and New," by H. Avray Tipping, of which a third series is published by George Newnes (Charles Scribner's Sons.) Like the preceding volumes, it is practically an album of Mr. Charles Latham's fine photographs, the explanatory text being limited to what is simply essential. It will increase admiration of the English country and English homes, for most of the beautiful gardens and buildings shown are far from celebrated, many indeed must be nearly unknown even in England, though places like Hatfield House and Castle Howard are found here.

The Stevenson part of Mr. J. A. Hammerton's "In the Track of R. L. Stevenson and Elsewhere in Old France" (E. P. Dutton and Company) is the least satisfactory, though the most thorough. The author has travelled in out of the way places in France armed with a good camera, and has attached his pictures and his descriptions where he could to some literary peg. He follows Stevenson closely in his two journeys, so that his pictures should help those who like to "extra illustrate" their editions, but it is rather annoying to follow his rather adulatory comment on journeys that shunned the eyes of observers. The pictures and the descriptions are interesting enough to stand by themselves without dragging in Tartarin and Mr. S. R. Crockett and the rest.

Again a book by Mr. Albert F. Calvert on "Granada, Present and Byegone" (J. M. Dent and Company; E. P. Dutton and Company). It is an attractive volume with twenty pretty water color pictures by Mr. Trevor Haddon and many pencil sketches by half a dozen artists. The author tells the story of Granada and the Alhambra in his way, which will be satisfactory for the general reader. He seems as incapable of selecting pictures as of choosing photographs; he turns the whole lot over to the reader. As the sketches are slight and have little character the result is repeated views taken pretty nearly from the same spot, till the reader becomes rather tired even of the Court of Lions and the external appearance of the Alhambra. The delusion about the architectural proportions is kept up by the omission of figures to indicate the real size in nearly all the pictures.

Fiction.

In spite of the repelling title and of the absurdly sensational illustrations, there is some good work in Mr. Ambrose Pratt's "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire" (R. F. Fenno and Company). The first episodes are bright and well told, and the adventurous hero and his obliging chronicler give promise of character. Very soon, however, the author's imagination gives way, the adventures become as commonplace as all criminal stories, they are blurred in the telling, and the ingenious detector and his admiring scribe sink to the puppet state that seems to be the unavoidable fate of all such duets.

M. Gaston Leroux's "The Yellow Room" (Brentano's) starts as the story of the elucidation of a mysterious assault on a young woman, but turns soon into a glorification of a French cub reporter with a big head. It is strange that in the land of Gaboriau the elements of detective fiction should already be forgotten. The reader is led arbitrarily from one critical point to another, according to the reporter's fancy, and is landed in a solution that is prepared by nothing in the story and that involves a mass of condensed and not wholly intelligible information in the last few pages. The translation has been done in haste by some one not very familiar with French; there is hardly a page that will not cause mirth to any one that knows the language.

Once more Mr. William Le Queux ventures jauntily into a form of fiction of which he knows nothing, with disastrous effect, in "The Lady in the Car" (J. B. Lippincott Company). He essays the Raffles style describing the successive exploits of a band of malefactors. The episodes, unfortunately, have little interest, the crimes are not described adequately, and the vulgarity of the actors is neither entertaining nor does it resemble anything in nature. There is art in criminal fiction as well as in the other kinds, and it must be studied before an author can "dash off" a Raffles or a Sherlock Holmes tale.

A mixture of motives brings to grief as a story X. Lawson's "Sydney Carrington's Contumacy" (Fr. Pustet and Company, New York.) The author wishes on the one hand to inculcate Catholic doctrine, and on the other to develop a rather intricate plot involving three young women. This breaks naturally into two branches, which should have been kept separate. The ardent young Catholic is charming and the episodes that relate to her hang together well. Among them is an attractive picture of a missionary priest. The sick girl's story, when it is finally told, is told well, but though the people are pleasant the author does not succeed in making the dramatic side of the tale blend with the other, and brings in much that seems immaterial.

Another phase in the "novelising" of plays. Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne" achieved success as a story nearly half a century ago. It can be second only to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the number of its performances as a play. Yet here is Miss Clara Morris turning the play again into a story in "The New 'East Lynne'" (C. H. Doscher and Company). It is probably not the adapter who asserts on the title page that it is "a new and original story."

With the assistance of earthquakes and other convulsions of nature Mr. L. P. Gratacap in "The Evacuation of England" (Brentano's) turns the Gulf Stream into the Pacific, to the great disturbance of northern Europe. He accompanies these with various speeches on political and economic subjects, but disappoints his reader by devoting the greater part of his attention after his cataclysm to the details of his imaginary abandonment of Britain, including a State procession by the King. The reader's belief in the author's forebodings is somewhat shaken by his installing Mr. Roosevelt in a third term in the year 1909.

Other Books.

Why "Leaves from a Life" (Brentano's) should be published anonymously is a puzzle, for the author establishes her identity clearly and from the start. She is a daughter of W. P. Frith, R. A., the painter of the "Railway Station" and the "Derby Day" and other once famous pictures whose vogue passed long before he reached his ninetieth year. She has written an extraordinary book, which casts a curious light on Victorian British society and on the makeup of the middle class female mind. Through her father she met many persons of prominence, literary, dramatic and artistic; some she knew quite intimately, most she seems only to have seen occasionally. Of all she gives her own personal impression; it is not clear always whether it is her recollection of the time she knew them or the modification brought on by a pretty caustic old age. She seems to be a perfect repository of scandalous gossip; she gives little idea of the persons she tells of, with a few exceptions, save as regards looks and dress, but few escape without a hint of something unpleasant in their domestic relations, with no positive statement. She is as frank about her own family, perhaps even a little more vindictive. There is a little retrospective description to be obtained from the book, a few anecdotes not always new, but it may secure fame as a classic of ill nature.

The problem is not "How to Cook Fish," as Olive Green (G. P. Putnam's Sons) puts it, but how to cook fish well. The author is apparently trying to establish a numerical record, for she includes over 1,300 recipes in her book. A proper classification might have reduced this number seriously. In the first place the boiling of all big fishes can be done in only one way; in the second, in the matter of frying, it matters little what the little fish or the piece of large fish may be. The author, however, has chosen to give her recipes, fish by fish, and the repetitions are therefore numerous. She cooks salmon, including canned and smoked salmon, in 130 different ways. It would have been merciful here and in other cases to indicate the hundred ways in which it had better not be cooked. The frogs' legs seem to be an intrusion, and some fish, such as swordfish and the cuttlefish of the Italian restaurants, are left out. The recipes are all clear and practical, however, and it will be hard for the young housewife who trusts to the book if she does not secure variety.

It is to the make believe camper who yearns for running water and electric light that Mr. Oliver Kemp addresses himself in "Wilderness Homes" (The Outing Publishing Company). He shows him how his log cabin may be constructed from material near at hand, with all the comforts of his city home. The book will appeal and will be useful to a large class of persons who go into the woods.

The title "Famous French Salons" (Brentano's) chosen by Frank Hamel, is a rather deceptive misnomer, for most of the nine noted French women he writes about had nothing to do with "salons." They were all women of mark, however, from the Grande Mademoiselle down, and about them he has grouped the literary people with whom they were connected. A little more description in each case, or footnotes at least, would seem necessary from the point of view of the English reader, and perhaps the references and allusions that were generally understood a generation ago may not be wholly intelligible to a French generation that does not care to read about its literary past.

The lectures on "The Constitutional Government of the United States" delivered by President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University before the Columbia University are printed by the Columbia University Press (Macmillans).

There is no law against writing "blank verse," and Mr. John Jay Chapman in his "Four Plays for Children" (Moffat, Yard and Company) occasionally achieves what the French might call "a fine line." Yet much of his verse is only prose cut up in lengths, and why he should address these plays to children it is difficult to understand.

Books Received.

"The King's Customs." Henry Cotton and Henry Hurst Holland. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"Colonel Saunderson, M. P." Reginald Lucas. (John Murray; E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"Fate's a Fiddler." Edwin George Pinkham. (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.)

"Poems." Elizabeth Helène Freston. (Broadway Publishing Company, New York.)

"The Hindu-Aryan Theory on Evolution and Involution." Tirumangalum Crishna Soundara-Rajan Iyengar. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

"King Edward VI." Sir Clements R. Markham. (Smith, Elder and Company; E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"The Twentieth Century American." H. Perry Robinson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Mexico." A. A. Graham. (Crane and Company, Topeka, Kan.)

"The Irresistible Current." Mrs. I. Lowenberg. (Broadway Publishing Company.)

"Rivulets of Song." Percy D. McCallum. (Broadway Publishing Company.)

"Work and Habit." Albert J. Beveridge. (Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.)

"Fiftieth Annual Report of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York." Edited by George Wilson. (Press of the Chamber of Commerce, New York.)

"The Victorian Chancellors. Vol. II." J. B. Atlay. (Smith, Elder and Company; Little, Brown and Company.)

"Betty of the Rectory." Mrs. L. T. Meade. (Grosset and Dunlap, New York.)

"Old Cottages and Farmhouses in Surrey." W. Galsworthy Davie. (B. T. Batsford; William Helburn, New York.)

"The Branding Needle." Eugène Sue, translated by Daniel De Leon. (New York Labor News Company, New York.)

"Elementary Experiments in Psychology." Carl E. Seashore. (Henry Holt and Company.)

"Ueberwunden." Otto Ernst, edited by James Taft Hatfield. (Henry Holt and Company.)

"Der Schwiegersohn." Rudolph Baumbach, edited by Otto Heller, Ph. D. (Henry Holt and Company.)

THE SEAGOERS.

Passengers on the Liners That Leave for European Ports To-day.

Sailing to-day by the American liner St. Paul for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton:

Capt. Fitzhugh Lee, Prof. M. D. Berlitz, Mrs. George B. Appleton, the Hon. Theodore Burton, the Hon. John Dalzell, the Hon. Albert Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edmiston, Dr. C. P. Grayson, Dr. and Mrs. A. P. K. Harvey, Mrs. Frederick Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Nixon-Nirdlinger, David Graham Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. Preston, Lillian Russell, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. F Savage, Mr. and Mrs. Bartow S. Weeks and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sheppard.

Passengers by the Red Star liner Finland, off for Dover and Antwerp:

Judge and Mrs. Mortimer C. Addoms, the Rev. Dr. W. J. MacDonald, Mrs. J. Burton Parsons, F. M. Passow, Justice and Mrs. Francis M. Scott, Capt. and Mrs. E. W. Taylor, the Hon. Henry Lane Wilson, Dr. Alice R. Easby, Mr. and Mrs. F. de P. Foster and the Right Rev. Thomas D. Brown.

Aboard the Atlantic Transport liner Minneapolis for London:

W. Lionel Bishop, Frederick Hardcastle Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hoadley, Mrs. Harold Raymond, Mrs. Charles E. Whitlock and Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Myles.

Passengers by the Cunarder Etruria for Queenstown and Liverpool:

D. D. Tooker, Mrs. E. G. Alger, Luther Conant, Mrs. W. B. McEwen, Earl W. de Sand, Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Torney, Dr. Lansing Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bryan, Mrs. Richard A. Vail and Miss Fanny Vail.

Sailing by the North German Lloyd steamship Koenigin Luise for the Mediterranean:

Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. William Bloodgood, L. De Witt Taylor, the Rev. and Mrs. Edwin B. Olmstead, Mrs. Royal Fuller and Dr. William J. Robinson.

By the Anchor liner California for Glasgow:

James M. McCutcheon, De Forrest A. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Herrick, Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Grey, Amzi T. Dodd, Prof. J. L. Bothwell, Mrs. John Van Vleck and the Rev. James H. Amiss.

Passengers by the Hamburg-American liner Pretoria for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Hamburg:

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Whittlesey, Dr. F. C. Herrick, the Hon. G. W. Gibson, the Hon. Charles B. Dunbar and Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Armstrong.

Judge Denis O'Brien Home Again.

WATERTOWN, July 3.—Judge Denis O'Brien, formerly of the Court of Appeals, who retired from the bench on January 1 because of the age limit, has just returned from Italy, where he has been spending a few months. Before he went away he was not very well, but he has now entirely recovered his health. Asked about his plans for the future Judge O'Brien answered, "I am going to resume the practice of my profession."

Gans—Sternberger.

Announcement was made yesterday of the marriage of ex-Assistant District Attorney Howard S. Gans to Mrs. Birdie Stein Sternberger on Thursday afternoon. The Rev. Dr. John Elliot officiated. The ceremony was performed in the apartments of Mrs. Solomon Stein, mother of the bride, in the Majestic Hotel. The guests were limited to the immediate family and friends of the bride and bridegroom.

Bethard—Suggs.

DENISON, Tex., July 3.—Vice-President and Assistant General Manager A. D. Bethard of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, and Miss Anna Suggs were married here last evening. They left for Galveston, where they will take steamer for New York

New Justice on the Bench.

Franklin Chase Hoyt, the new Justice of the Court of Special Sessions, took his seat yesterday for the first time. He sat with Justices Wyatt and Deuel.

BOOKS—All out of print books supplied no matter on what subject; write me stating books wanted; I can get you any book ever published; when in England call and inspect my stock of 50,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright st., Birmingham, England.

NOVELS—Behn, Egan, Smith, Reynolds, Ainsworth, Marryat, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson. PRATT, 161 6th av.

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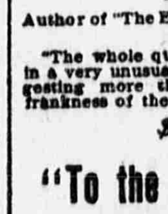

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