REX BEACH DROPS ALASKA

A NEW ORLEANS STORY COMING AFTER HIS PANAMA BOOK.

He Has, He Thinks, Discovered Some Thrilling Material—His Jump From the Brick Business Into Literature—Was to Have Been a Lawyer.

When Rex Beach finds some spare time between writing novels he is going to perfect and put into execution a plan by which present day best sellers will be made to look as atoms. His calculating business sense is hurt by the way in which the possibilities of reading matter are wasted.

"Look at the safety razor," he says. "It follows you to Oshkosh, Vancouver and Tallahassee: you can't escape it. If you want one it's right there waiting. But think of the places where if you wanted to get a copy of, say, 'The Silver Horde', you'd be disappointed."

"How many places?"

"I think I could name five or six," answers the novelist discontentedly.

He has reason for his discontent. His books have sold only into the hundreds of thousands, whereas there are millions of people in the country, all of them potentially available as readers. He has a scheme which some time when he has time he is——

"But I won't go into the details; it would be tiresome," he says with consideration. Protestations will not overcome his politeness, and he shuts the scheme carefully away.

There are those who would consider that this author hasn't done so badly in the matter of distributing his wares, considering that distribution has been a side issue. Rex Beach knows pretty thoroughly the A B Cs of book rights, serial rights, stage rights, amateur rights and all the other rights that come within the province of pen wielders and has always kept a sharp eye on the lookout.

"I was to have been a lawyer," he says, in apology for this unliterary trait, "and got started wrong before I went Klondiking. Then when I came back I was with a firebrick company—we had charge of a lot of work at the St. Louis exposition—so I can't help liking to see things pushed for all they're worth. Anyway when there's a public wanting to read certain things and the latter are waiting, wanting to be read, why shouldn't the two be brought together?"

This philanthropist is avowedly for what the public wants, and his books do not languish on shelves. Yet when he set out for Alaska in 1897 with a bunch of adventurous and gold seeking companions, forsaking the legal tomes of the Chicago College of Law, the literary thought of seeking material and local color never entered his head. The idea of writing for print didn't come to him until he had returned to Chicago and was working in the brick company.

"A fellow of our gang," he says, "wrote up some adventures which were published in an agricultural weekly—The *Poultry Review*, the *Practical Farmer*, or something like that. He got $10 a story, and I was immediately fired with ambition. Ten dollars for merely writing! It looked like easy money, so I sat down and tried writing one.

"I called it 'The Colonel and the Horse Thief' and sent it to *McClure's Magazine*. To my amazement it was accepted and, almost to my horror, a check for $50 accompanied the acceptance. This princely sum determined my future career.

"About then S. S. McClure was going through Chicago and I went to see him and made arrangements for writing some more Alaska stories. They were all right; then unfortunately I decided to be a real author, to cultivate a style. So I wrote some stories which it took me two years to sell.

"'The Spoilers' was a real story, dramatic and vital. All it needed was the telling. I knew it was just the sort of thing people would like to read, a melodrama, a dime novel. This was so; people did read it, all the more eagerly because Alaska hadn't been much written about then—by no one except Jack London, in fact. After the dime novel had made a go and I had a little notoriety to go on I wanted to try another book.

"I liked this writing business. It made money, it wasn't overly hard work and I'm pretty lazy and it was a pleasant thing to do. So then I tried a sort of pastoral, the country itself uppermost, you see; a 'purple distances' and 'snowy reaches' effect.

"When I found that went better even than the first I decided to try a third. 'The Silver Horde,' based on the salmon industry, was entirely different, treating the country along commercial lines.

"But now I'm done with Alaska; for literary purposes. I'm going back again with my brother-in-law, Fred Stone, Montgomery's better half, to get a blue bear for Mr. Hornaday at the Bronx zoo, but I'm written out up there.

"Besides," he adds, "attention is now turned in another direction. People are interested in what is going on down in Panama." And people are certainly going to get what they want if philanthropic Author Beach can help them to it. And he certainly can help them to it if his news sense stands by him as unfailingly as it has in the past.

"My great worry," he says, "is that some time when I get through a story I won't have another to turn to. So far I've been lucky, one has always been waiting.

"I went down to Panama to live some months for that story, came back to write it and before I got it finished my friend Parker of New Orleans put me on to my new one. I'm going down there right away to live a while and get the atmosphere. It's a great story about the Italian gang that ran New Orleans some seventeen or twenty years ago, dramatic and thrilling, with the most picturesque background in this country. I'm lucky it hasn't been used before this. So I'm off for New Orleans."

The author methodically puts back in the drawer the formidable looking bulk which is a few chapters from the bygone Panama experience, formidable because of its bulk, for Mr. Beach has never learned to think through the end of his fingers on typewritter keys, and writes out in long hand every word he has to write—the thousand or so he methodically allots himself each day.

Then, considering he must write the entire product over at least once, for the author confesses it is hard for him to get a story out of his head into printable form, he is excusable for the "Thank God!" which he is accused of having written across the bottom of the last page of proof of one of his books.

"So I'm off for New Orleans," he says, "I don't know just what I'll bring back."

If in addition to his story he brings back as many trophies as he has from climes already visited he'll have to rent extra space to keep them in. In his New York habitation there are skins of bears and snowshoes from Alaska, war feathers from the far West, guns from the days of Custer, leopard skins from Central America—each telling a personal story in connection with the author. The question of house room for more trophies doesn't seem to be troubling him much.

"Here's a picture of a house I'm thinking of buying down in South Carolina" he says. "Fine shooting down there."

"Fine shooting," he repeats reminiscently, looking at the photograph.

"If you'd ask me what this author's business is," says Mrs. Beach, "I'd tell you it is shooting; his and Fred Stone's."

And the author does not deny that guns will be taken along on the New Orleans trip.

THE PRICE OF BOOKS

In the Days of Manuscript Volumes Changes Wrought by Printing Press.

Cheap books, which may now be considered an insistent sign of the times, are by no means a new thing. The change is chiefly in the abundance and the excellence; at any time within the past two centuries or more it has been possible to purchase volumes of good literature at a very small price. It was the old manuscript book that was costly, says the London *Globe*, and that would be costly still if it were produced, the book that was written, illuminated, bound by hand.

In the thirteenth century, when a sheep might be bought for a shilling, a well written copy of the Scriptures cost about £33. If such a work were to be prepared now it would not cost much less; a sheep would cost far more than the shilling, but for that sum we can procure an excellent book, or perhaps two books.

It is the advent of machinery that has wrought the change. The charge for human labor remains very much what it was, particularly in matters of art and craft. With books the revolution was brought about almost immediately by the printing press. The cheap book is not a modern innovation. It began almost at once with the origin of printing. Hallam, though he did not think that manuscript books were always as costly as we imagine, says that "the price of books was diminished by four-fifths after the invention of printing."

A catalogue of volumes in the Sorbonne of the thirteenth century proves to us that a collection of about 1,000 books was valued at a price that ran to about £3 10s per volume. From this price, even if it be less than we may have fancied, there was an immediate drop when the art of printing arrived, and books could be purchased for four or five shillings of our present money, or even less.

If we pass to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we find that the relative cheapness is maintained. Some figures might be quoted which almost prove that certain books were cheaper two centuries ago than they would be now; for instance, Pope's "Essay on Criticism" was published at the price of a shilling; a new volume by Mr. Watson or Mr. Yeats costs five shillings, or at least three and sixpence.

It is true there is a difference in the purchasing power of the shilling, but even allowing for this the balance does not seem quite in favor of to-day. Of course we must remember that the cost of a new book of verse by a recognized poet is in some sort a fancy price. The demand is limited. Mere cost of production would be very much less.

But it is interesting to pick up old volumes at the second hand book stalls and notice the prices at which they were offered to the public. Sometimes the books are merely boarded, but often they have calf bindings of great excellence, and they are usually embellished with engravings that are of fine production, even when artistically we do not admire them.

There was Cooke's edition of the "British Poets," which Leigh Hunt liked so much. This was later than the time of Pope, it is true. It belonged to the closing years of the eighteenth century, and many of its volumes, such as Addison, Tickell, Congreve, cost only a shilling each; some, Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, were only sixpence, and very precious sixpenny worths they were. The same publisher offered "Rasselas" and the "Sentimental Journey" for sixpence each; "Gulliver's Travels" and "Joseph Andrews" for two shillings each. We can hardly consider the cheap book a boon limited to our day when we read these prices. Bell's "Poets" were published at very similar prices to those of Cooke, and were rather earlier. There was another excellent series called Dove's "English Classics."

As we advance to the nineteenth century we find cheap series of books multiply. Charles Knight in London and Chambers in Edinburgh did especially excellent work in this line. Knight about seventy years since issued a series of shilling books, some original, others reprints. Among these were new works by Craik, Lewes and Harriet Martineau, specially done for the series, and as such being most decidedly cheap. About the same date Clarke of Old Bailey was publishing excellent books at a shilling, and a little later there was a capital shilling series by Ingram Cooke containing such works as Walton's "Lives," Michelet's "Luther" and Voltaire's "Charles XII."

They were paper covered books of good size and clear type. There was another charming little series of its kind known as the "Cottage Library." It had its limitations, especially as regards accuracy of text, but it gave readers who could not afford more handy and nicely bound cloth copies most of the standard writers in poetry and prose at a shilling each. Editing is better now, but these books were really useful.

Undramatized Novelists.

From the London Globe.

Although a scene from "Pendennis" was dramatized last night Thackeray's work has not been adapted for the stage so often as that of Dickens, nor have the adaptations generally been successful. Thackeray was essentially a novelist to be read, not to be acted; there is little that is dramatic in his books, which deal with the lives of people as a whole, not as episodes. Dickens has been more successful on the stage, but none of his work, except "A Tale of Two Cities," which is known in drama as "The Only Way," has kept the boards for long.

It is curious that the most successful of the Victorian novelists on the stage was Mrs. Henry Wood, whose "East Lynne" has become a theatrical proverb for success. But the Brontes have never appealed to the dramatist, and no playwright has ever tackled either George Eliot or George Meredith, both of whom would probably spell ruin to any theatre that attempted to perform their works.

Wordsworth's Wedding Journey.

From the Manchester Guardian.

Long before Hawes Junction of the Midland and Northeastern Railways came into existence Wordsworth stayed at night at Ayngill and slept within a stone's throw of the spot where the Scotch express was wrecked. It was in October, 1802, when he was bringing his bride, Mary Hutchinson, home to Grasmere, after their marriage. Dorothy Wordsworth was with the happy pair. It is curious to read in her journal how even this leisurely post chaise journey was the occasion of an accident.

The mishap, whatever it was, necessitated the return of the horses to Leyburn and a long wait in the post chaise by the roadside till fresh ones could be obtained. William composed a sonnet in the post chaise," but it will not be found in any collection of Wordsworth's poems.

No. 28.

A different reason for buying this interesting book appears daily in this paper.

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TEN MOST VALUABLE BOOKS

FIRST ON THE LIST COMES THE GUTENBERG BIBLE.

Next Follows the Work of Early Printers in England and America—Costly Copies of Shakespeare—The List as Made Out by R. H. Dodd—Some Prices.

The most valuable printed book in the world is the Gutenberg Bible, which was printed at Mainz, Germany—the first printed book. Its present value would be hard to determine, as no copy has recently come up for sale, but the price steadily advances. In 1884 a copy in London brought £3,900, in 1897 the Ashburnham copy on vellum sold for £4,000. The late Mr. Hoe estimated that it would not be long before the price of one of these rare copies would come to $50,000.

After the Gutenberg Bible, Robert H. Dodd, who is an authority on rare books, places the Psalter dated 1457, which is the first book printed with a date. It has been said that this book if offered for sale would bring over $50,000.

A copy of the same Psalter dated 1459 was bought by Quaritch in London for something like £2,500. This book passed into the possession of Theodore Irving of Oswego, and later, with his library, into the possession of J. P. Morgan.

The "Receyyell of the History of Troy," printed by William Caxton, the first English printer, 1469-71, comes third on the list, being the first book printed in the English language. There are only a few copies of it known, and of these few a still smaller number are perfect.

The first edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," printed about 1478, is very rare and valuable, as are the 1485 edition of Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" and the First Folio Shakespeare. A copy of the First Folio now in the library of an American collector sold at the Van Antwerp sale in London a few years ago for £3,600.

The elaborately titled "Book of the General Laws and Liberties Concerning the Inhabitants of Massachusetts," printed at Cambridge, Mass., in 1648, is the first book of laws printed in what is now known as the United States. The only known copy of this book, which is in the library of the late E. D. Church of Brooklyn, is easily worth $20,000 or $25,000. It would probably bring much more even if offered for sale.

Antedating by eight years the first book of laws printed in this country is the Bay Psalm Book, printed in 1640, in Cambridge also—the first book printed in what is now called the United States. Of this book there are ten copies in all; the four perfect copies are those in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, England; in the Lenox Library in New York, in the library of John Carter Brown at Providence, and in the library of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt. It would be hard to tell the value of one of these perfect copies, as none has been offered for sale lately. The Vanderbilt copy, which was obtained for $1,200, would undoubtedly bring $10,000 to-day.

Extremely valuable as being the only perfect copy known is that of the first edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," the first book of Shakespeare's to be published.

Rounding out the ten most valuable printed books in the world Mr. Dodd would place the 1459 edition of the Psalter mentioned above in the final place on the list.

Missouri to Honor Twain.

Two bills are being prepared by members of the Missouri Legislature which provide for memorials to Mark Twain. One measure contemplates the purchase of the boyhood home of Mark Twain, associated with "Huckleberry Finn," which now stands within the corporate limits of Hannibal. The other bill provides $10,000 for a monument.

The Hannibal Commercial Club has announced that if the Legislature will provide a monument the citizens of Hannibal will furnish the most conspicuous point in that city as a site. This will probably be Lovers Leap, a bluff overlooking the Mississippi which is close to the cave made famous in "Tom Sawyer."

Competition in School Work.

Dr. Francis H. MacCarthy, author of "Hygiene for Mother and Child," declares that from the physician's standpoint the wisdom of encouraging the spirit of competition in school children by giving ranking marks or prizes is questionable.

"It would seem," he writes, "to introduce an element of stress and possible jealousy that is not in harmony with the simplicity of the child nature and is abnormal and unhealthy. It is more important that children should learn the meaning of work and the joy of work well done than that they should strive to attain the highest marks."

Ibsen's House.

From the London Globe.

In the little town of Grimstad, on the southern coast of Norway, is to be seen an ancient dilapidated and empty house, modest in the extreme even in its days of prosperity. It is only of one story, and was formerly a chemist's shop. The present proprietor is thinking of either selling the old place or rebuilding it. The alternative would be almost sacrilege, for it was in this modest structure that Ibsen served his apprenticeship and afterward carried on business as a chemist. He passed his time here during the agitated period of 1848 and the time of the first war between Prussia and Denmark. There he composed his poem dedicated "To Hungary," in his leisure at night he wrote "Catilina."

Against the alternative proposal of the destruction of Ibsen's house at Grimstad M. Georges Brandes enters a spirited protest and appeals to the Storthing to buy the house and preserve it as a national memorial. "Within the walls," writes M. Brandes, "Ibsen perceived the resplendent fame before him, both in poesy and glory. There he took the decision to abandon compounding juleps and cerates to dedicate himself to art. Grimstad when Ibsen dwelled in its midst possessed but 800 inhabitants, and the little structure, which it is hoped will be preserved, was the bourse of the town. The people gathered there to transact their business and discuss passing events. The souvenirs of Ibsen are rare in Norway—let us preserve the house."

Izaak Walton's Parish Church.

From the Westminster Gazette.

Clerkenwell parish church contains some interesting monuments. Among them is one to Bishop Burnet, the Whig historian, who was buried beneath the altar. There is also a memorial stone to Sir William Wood, the famous Clerkenwell archer, and author of a curious little book in praise of archery, called "The Bowman's Glory." When he died in 1691 three flights of whistling arrows were discharged over his grave, and this seems to have set the precedent for the three volleys now fired at military funerals.

Izaak Walton's son, Izaak, was baptized and buried here, and the Compleat Angler has made an entry in the register regarding his other son of the same name who became a canon of Salisbury.

A Bible of the Commonwealth.

From the London Chronicle.

As to Bibles produced under the Commonwealth, the most interseting is the polyglot edition of Bishop Walton of Chester. The work, which contained nine languages, was finished in 1654, and printed on paper which Cromwell had allowed to come into the country duty free, in addition to encouraging the editor in other ways. Consequently he was mentioned with particular respect in the preface.

But before many copies had been circulated the Restoration seemed imminent, so the reference to Cromwell was cancelled in all the remaining stock. Collectors nowadays are careful to distinguish between "royal" and "republican" copies of the book, of which the "royal" is more common.

...Just Published...

BERENICE

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AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

Sir Robertson Nicoll disposes of one pathetic story of a novelist's hardships thus: "I learn from my friend Arthur Spurgeon of the house of Cassell that while it is true that Robert Louis Stevenson received £100 on account of royalties for 'Treasure Island,' up to the present Messrs. Cassell have paid to him and his executors £4,400 for the book."

William Dana Orcutt, the author of the week's new novel, "The Lever," is a Boston business man as well as the author of "The Spell" and other previous novels, and he has used his observation of the modern business spirit in picturing the hero of "The Lever." On one man's marriage a friend exclaims: "It's bigamy; he's married already—to business!"

Georg Schock—this being the pen name of Miss Katherine Riegel Norse—is at work upon another novel and is spending the winter at the home of her father, who is a physician of Reading, Pa. Her previous novel, "Hearts Contending," was located in a neighboring village. In the new story she expects to make use of the familiar scenes about her and possibly some of the Heiligthal people of "Hearts Contending."

Henry J. Wood, the composer and orchestral conductor of London, who has just been advanced to knighthood in the list of new year honors, is the subject of Rosa Newmarch's monograph for the "Living Masters of Music Series," published by John Lane Company.

"In spite of an engaging and sometimes almost boyish manner," she says of his characteristics, "his amiability covers an inflexible fibre of will not to be bent or broken. It would be absurd, therefore, to pretend that he never made an enemy.

"He understands the true meaning and magic of cooperation in labor. No one minds working hard in the service of a man who never relaxes his own efforts until his object is gained. Except a few medical specialists it is doubtful if any man in London gets as much into the twenty-four hours as he does."

Ian Hay, the young Scotch author, who came into popularity with American readers last year through his two novels "The Right Stuff" and "A Man's Man," is now in this country on a brief holiday visit to his publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co. He witnessed the New Year's eve celebration in New York, to which city he is not a stranger, as may be inferred from his amusing description of Coney Island in "A Man's Man." He is a graduate of St. John's, Cambridge, and assistant master at Fetts College in Scotland.

Mr. Dixon, the author-actor-preacher, leaves to-morrow for Texas, where he will play the leading rôle in his latest play, "The Sins of the Father," in the principal towns of that State. In this way Mr. Dixon says he gains much experience from the inside in the art of dramatic writing. Last year when the principal actor in his play suddenly lost his life in Wilmington, N. C., the author of the play stepped in and played with success the rôle. This month a new novel from him will appear through Doubleday, Page & Co.

Unknown to many of his friends Herbert W. Fisher, author of "Making Life Worth While," was once an actor. It was while he was teaching English at the Thacher School in the mountains of southern California that the teachers, with the assistance of some of the boys, gave "Henry the Fourth" in an open air theatre by artificial light, mingled with moonlight.

"Your humble correspondent impersonated *Harry Hotspur*," wrote Mr. Fisher. "After *Falstaff* had lugged the corpse of the truculent *Harry* off the stage another of my amiable pupils confessed very heartily: 'Gee, Mr. Fisher, you croaked swell!' Then I realized that the time had come (being croaked) for my metempsychosis again into a lawyer."

Miss Mary Johnston, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Meredith Nicholson, William J. Hopkins, John Muir, Hugo Munsterberg, Havelock Ellis and Dallas Lore Sharp are among the authors whose new books will be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. the coming spring season.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's Home.

From the Westminster Gazette.

The pick and hammer of the housebreaker are busy now on the old Church House at Merton. Few buildings have seen such a whirligig of changes as this. In three hundred or so years it has been a farmhouse, a residential mansion, a workhouse infirmary, a French school, a calico stencilling works and a poultry farm. It was once the residence of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Nelson is traditionally supposed to have been an honored guest there during his residence in Merton.

The Sun. Book Exchange

Advertisements of second hand books for sale, exchange or wanted will be inserted in THE SUN, Saturdays, at 20c. a line (seven words to the line, fourteen lines to the inch). Display type not allowed.

Copy for advertisements under this classification must be received at THE SUN office not later than Thursday previous to Saturday of insertion.

The latest American and English books, also French and German novels, may be had at the Mercantile Library, Astor Place and Eighth St. Branch 141 Broadway, Room 715. Books delivered at residences.

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NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page.

distinct from poetic legends and superstitions on the one hand and philosophic conceptions on the other; he traces the history of this religion among the Greeks to the time of Alexander; he describes the worship; he shows the effect of religion on art, literature, society and philosophy, and takes a rational view of the blending of Greek thought and Christianity when the two meet.

Perhaps we would not have floundered so much in pursuit of the Ten Thousand, or cursed the characters of the generals, if "Xenophon's Anabasis, Book I.-IV.," had been served to our youthful palate in the attractive form in which it has been edited by Dr. Maurice W. Mather and Prof. Joseph William Hewitt (American Book Company). A historical introduction, maps and plenty of pictures to interest boys in what the Greek may hide, and frequent explanatory headings that are more helpful to the guesser than the restful entheuthen exelaunei with the needful stathmous and parasangs. There is a vocabulary; also an abundance of notes, though here the serpent's trail appears in the references to four distinct grammars. The book is bound in crimson and gold and has a gold coin stamped on the cover. Since Greek ceased to be obligatory the Grecians strive to make it attractive.

The views of a famous Greek worthy on education have been translated by Prof. Charles William Super, Ph. D., LL.D., for the benefit of American pedagogues in "Plutarch on Education" (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse). This contains three treatises, "The Education of Boys," "How a Young Man Should Hear Lectures on Poetry" and "The Right Way to Hear," besides an essay on Greek education by the editor. College boys have not changed much since Plutarch's time, for we note this warning: "So in the case of a public lecture not only a scowling look and forbidding mien, a rolling of the eyes and a swaying to and fro of the body and a crossing of the thighs are in bad taste, but a nod or a whisper to our neighbor, a smile or a sleepy yawn or a dejected look is equally so."

The explanation of the services at the Church of the Ascension given at the end of the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant's little volume, "Socialism and Christianity" (Brentano's), should satisfy all fair minded persons as to their character. The book contains half a dozen short articles on workingmen, the poor, divorce, the negro and other matters that interest both sociologists and religious people.

The whole ground, both of country roads and city pavements, is covered in a treatise called "The Art of Roadmaking," by Harwood Frost (The Engineering News Publishing Company, New York). Though a technical book it is not beyond the comprehension of laymen who are interested in this important matter. Modern machinery and modern methods are described and attention is given to the means for saving the roads from wear and tear.

During the last half dozen years Henry Clews has expressed his views in many articles and speeches. These have been gathered in a thick volume entitled "Financial, Economic and Miscellaneous Speeches and Essays" (Irving Publishing Company, New York.) The book is adorned with a portrait of Mr. Clews.

The author of "The Memoirs of Prince John de Guelph" (B. W. Dodge and Company, New York.) seems to have hazy ideas as to the nature of evidence. He asserts that he is a son of the late King Edward VII. He apparently has had a rather adventurous career.

Books Received.

"Modern Theories of Criminality." C. Bernaldo de Quiros. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"Criminal Psychology." Hans Gross. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"Correction and Prevention." 4 vols. Edited by Charles Richmond Henderson. (Charities Publication Committee, New York.)

"The Jukes." Robert L. Dugdale. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Annals of Yorkshire House." 2 vols. A. M. W. Stirling. (John Lane Company.)

"Regeneration." H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

"The Efficient Layman." Henry Frederick Cope. (The Griffith and Rowland Press, Philadelphia.)

"The Pianoforte and Its Music." Henry Edward Krehbiel. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"A Short History of Women's Rights." Eugene A. Hecker. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Messages of the Poets." Nathaniel Schmidt. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"William Morris." J. W. Mackail, LL. D. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

"The Fruits of the Tree." William Jennings Bryan. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"Complete Auction Bridge." Hellespont. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"Master and Maid." Mrs. L. Allen Harker. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Story of Modern France." H. A. Guerber. (American Book Company.)

"The Higher Education as a Training for Business." Harry Pratt Judson. (The University of Chicago Press; The Baker and Taylor Company.)

"The Lever." William Dana Orcutt. (Harpers.)

"Howards End." E. M. Forster. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Elisabeth Koett." Rudolf Hans Bartsch. (Desmond FitzGerald, New York.)

"Rose Wallingscourt." Kathryn McCue. (Cochrane Publishing Company, New York.)

"The Unfading Light." Caroline Davenport Swan. (Sherman, French and Company, Boston.)

"The Moonlight Sonata." M. A. B. Evans. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Baldur the Beautiful." Grace Denio Litchfield. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"A Blossom of the Sea." Lyman C. Smith. (New Amstel Magazine Company, Wilmington, Del.)

"For Charles the Rover." May Wynne. (R. F. Fenno and Company, New York.)

Crabbe's Frugality.

From the London Chronicle.

The death of Crabbe's granddaughter reminds one how very frugal was the poet's lot. So simple indeed did his mode of living become that many suspected him of Jacobin leanings, especially as he had little liking for home politics.

Money bewildered him, and when John Murray paid him 3,000 guineas for his copyrights he carried the money home in his vest pockets that he might show it to his son John.

A Thrilling Tale of the Klondike

JUST PUBLISHED

THE TRAIL of NINETY-EIGHT

By

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THE MAKING OF BOOKS.

Prof. Hannis Taylor, who has an international reputation as the author of "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution" and who recently discovered the Pelatiah Webster pamphlet, will publish in the spring an authoritative work on "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution" through Houghton Mifflin Company.

Sir Gaston Maspero's new book, "Egypt: Ancient Sites and Modern Sciences," to be published January 21 by the Appletons, deals with the aspect of Egypt as it has presented itself to the author on his yearly voyages up and down the Nile to inspect the monuments in his official capacity as director of the Service des Antiquites. M. Maspero is one of the foremost living Egyptologists, the author of "New Light on Ancient Egypt," "The Passing of the Empires" and "Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria."

From Cuba has come the suggestion that a translation of "Edison: His Life and Inventions" would reach in a beneficial way the Spanish reading youth. The suggestion was made to the Harpers by a citizen of Havana, who says that already American educational and scientific books are becoming known, through translations, to the present school going generation. The young Cuban mind is waiting for more books of such achievements.

It is explained by Cassell & Company, publishers of this month's "The Truth About Egypt," by J. Alexander, that "J. Alexander" is a nom de plume, the use of which has been deemed advisable owing to the amount of secret political information contained in the book and the position of the author.

A notable contribution to the biographical literature of this country is found in the prison diary of Alexander H. Stephens, brought out recently by Doubleday, Page & Co. The editor, Myrta L. Avary, brings to light and places in readable literary form an account of the incidents and reflections of the Confederate Vice-President when he was confined in Fort Warren, Boston harbor. To the autobiographical material she has added a sketch of his life.

An unusual old record is the subject of a paragraph in Stewart Edward White's "The Rules of the Game": "Bob began to chop above and below the wrinkle in the bark. After ten minutes careful work he laid aside a thick slab of wood. The inner surface of this was shiny with pitch.

"The space from which it had peeled had filmed over the old blaze that constituted the early and careless survey record, protecting it against the new wood and bark which had gradually grown over it.

"Thus, although the original blaze had been buried six inches in the living white pine wood, nevertheless the lettering was as clear and sharp as when it had been carved fifty years before. Furthermore, the same lettering, only reversed and in relief, showed on the thick slab that Bob had peeled away. So the tree had preserved the record in its heart."

Robert W. Service, author of "Spell of the Yukon and Other Verses," who took part in the first rush to the gold fields of Alaska and who knows his country, has put the story into a novel which will be published next week by Dodd, Mead and Company under the title of "The Trail of Ninety-Eight."

Other books published at the same time will be a New England love story, "To the Highest Bidder," by Florence Morse Kingsley, and an adventurous tale of wild riding by moonlight and hiding at dawn, "The Great Diamond Pipe," by John Buchan.

PUBLISHED TO-DAY

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Poetry in Titles.

Some one with a taste for analysis has observed that there is a good deal of poetry in the titles of books, although sometimes they have neither rhyme nor reason. For instance, De Quincey, with his sensitive ear, could not abide such titles as "Burke's Works" and "Poems of John Donne."

William Dean Howells, it is noted, seems to have a peculiar affection for this metrical combination, as instanced by these titles: "A Pair of Patient Lovers," "A Parting and a Meeting," "A Hazard of New Fortunes," "Questionable Shapes," "The Son of Royal Langbrith," "The Quality of Mercy," "The Shadow of a Dream," "The Story of a Play," "Their Silver Wedding Journey," Mr. Howells's drama in blank verse, "The Mother and the Father" is written in the pentameter meter into which such phrases fit.

Care of the Eyes.

This advice as to the use of the eyes is given in "Class Teaching and Management," by William Estabrook Chancellor:

"Always hold your head up when you read. Hold your book 14 inches from your face. Be sure that the light is clear and good. Never read in a bad light. Never read with the sun shining directly on the book. Never face the light in reading. Let the light come from behind or over your left shoulder. Avoid books or paper printed indistinctly or in small type. Rest your eyes by looking away from the book every few minutes. Cleanse your eyes night and morning with pure water."

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