ELINOR GLYN IS HERE AGAIN

TO CORRECT FALSE IMPRESSIONS LEFT BY "THREE WEEKS."

She Thinks We've Misunderstood Her, but She'll Set It All Right in Her Next—Jarred on Her Arrival at the Hotel by Violent Color Combinations.

We have with us again, as the toastmasters say, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, author of "Three—" but what's the use of digging that up? Mrs. Glyn herself doesn't care to talk about the book except to the select few that really understand her soul vibrations. The world misunderstood her, Mrs. Glyn says, because the world, or a good part of it, is so self-conscious that it is hypocritical.

She is tired of being misunderstood, and she is going to tell the world in a series of essays what she thinks of it. That is her purpose in making her present visit to New York. Mrs. Glyn will arrange with her publishers for a new book to be called "Seeing the Truth." It hasn't been written yet, because she hasn't entirely gone over the field of things that need to be set straight. There are a lot of them—religion, literary criticism, social intercourse and frankness between men and women. And the keynote of the whole series of essays will be an arraignment of hypocrisy.

Mrs. Glyn glided from the Lusitania yesterday to a motor car which set her down at the Ritz-Carlton, Madison avenue and Forty-sixth street. In five minutes she was quivering from the form of nervous irritation that afflicts folk with a highly developed artistic temperament when they are precipitated suddenly into a conflict of unreconcilable colors. She had barely recovered when a SUN man called on her last evening.

If you have never seen Mrs. Glyn you might like to have a picture of her as she reclined on a pink silk couch. You saw, first of all, that she has a figure that needs no assistance from the dressmaker's art. Her hair, Titian red, was arranged closely about her head with a knot at the back. Her head is small, handsomely shaped and set on a graceful, slender neck. Her eyes are violet blue, set off effectively by straight black eyebrows. There is little color in her complexion, just a suggestion of pink on her cheeks. A necklace and pendant of diamonds gleamed at her throat and diamond rings flashed on her small white hands. Her age? You can ask the lady. THE SUN man had thought of doing it, but decided not to. She isn't young and she certainly isn't old.

All of these impressions naturally were not gathered in an instant. They arrived slowly as one looked. Mrs. Glyn likes to be admired. Tell her how handsome she looks and you will make as big a hit as if you told her that De Maupassant might have written his head off without getting into her class.

"The only thing I dread is old age," she said. "I never want to grow old. It's horrid. I shall try my best to be youthful, and when I see the crows' feet coming I'll never look in the mirror again. Maybe I shall go into retirement, found a convent and be the Mother Superior."

"You seem to be slightly nervous; has anything upset you?" inquired the reporter.

Mrs. Glyn arranged a fold of the teagown over the tip of a black satin slipper and shivered a trifle.

"I have just had a dreadful experience," she replied. "Imagine one coming to one's apartment worry from a steamer trip and violently dosed with magenta hangings and buff and mustard wallpaper. Can you fancy it? I protested most indignantly to the management and they removed the dreadful objects, or at least the magenta hangings, and gave me an opportunity to rest my soul. I love pink and blue. You should see my boudoir at home. It is the swee'est room. I never allow any but persons of whom I am very fond to enter it. It is my sanctuary. And my bathroom! It is wonderful, with its silver and marble panelled walls."

"One can see, Mrs. Glyn, that you are easily affected by discordant objects," the reporter interrupted.

"Dreadfully so," continued Mrs. Glyn, "and especially by discordant human beings. They jar me. They cast off so many false ideas. They have such wrong notions of things. They are pitifully self-conscious, which makes them hypocrites. The criticism of the book which gained me some measure of fame was based on hypocrisy. I never imagined that any one would think I had written it for the sake of sensationalism. To me the story of the queen and her young lover was a tragedy, a terrible one. My soul thrilled with it and I tried, feebly enough, to put down on paper the tremendous feeling of it.

"When I learned that people are afraid to look at naked human emotions and attempt to hide behind a stiff self-consciousness it set me thinking. The result of my thoughts will be a new book, not fiction this time, but a series of philosophical essays. I am going to set things straight if I can. I am in New York to arrange for the publication of the book. I don't even know who will publish it."

Mrs. Glyn arose to greet a woman friend.

"You darling!" cried her caller. "You are being interviewed. Don't deny it. I see it. I must go."

"Oh, no, sit down," said Mrs. Glyn. "I was telling the young man how some people deliberately misunderstand my work."

"Oh, how could they," said the caller. "How could anybody misunderstand you, Elinor? Why, I have just read your last book, 'His Hour.' I was thrilled by it. You held me breathless, dear."

"That," said Mrs. Glyn, "was because the book is real. It is an accurate picture of Russian society. It is a photograph in words."

"Did you find that Russian society is immoral?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Glyn. "Positively the reverse. The Russians are absolutely natural. They do not attempt to delude themselves. How can there be immorality in frankness?"

Mrs. Glyn has been pestered by folks who want to know how she gets her literary inspirations and what method she uses in constructing her stories.

"First of all," she exclaimed, "I am not what one would call a literary person. I write when a moving idea impels me. It doesn't make any difference what time of the day or night it is; if the idea catches me I must write. On the other hand I never try to force my mind. I don't sit down and compel myself to scribble a certain number of words in so many hours. There must be the direct inspiration, and when it comes I write for hours without knowing what is going on around me."

Autograph fiends burden her mail. Lots of them get access to her in person, though now and then she has an amusing or an annoying experience.

"Coming over on the Lusitania," said Mrs. Glyn, "I was reading one afternoon when a young man steered toward me. He held out a copy of 'His Hour.' 'Say,' he began, without any apology for the intrusion, 'say, you are Elinor Glyn, aren't you? Well, scratch your name in this book.'

"My first impulse was to be angry, but the thing was so unbelievably rude that it amused me. So I complied with his request. That was all he wanted. Away he went, perfectly content, it appeared."

Mrs. Glyn is here primarily on business but has received so many invitations from friends in society that her original programme for resting quietly has had to be modified.

NEW BOOKS.

Pennsylvania's Pioneers.

In the outburst of historical literature which has accompanied the awakening of the West to a sense of its own importance, and in the voluminous publication of records and other material that has accompanied it, attention has been turned chiefly to the French explorations, to Daniel Boone and the opening up of the dark and bloody ground and to Sir William Johnson's ventures among the Five Nations. One important centre of pioneer enterprise, which took the lead in settling the portion of the Indian territory that has been least backward in asserting itself, has been comparatively neglected, the Pennsylvania border that pushed its way into Ohio, and in the two volumes of "The Wilderness Trail" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mr. Charles A. Hanna strives to make good the deficiency.

It is a store of historical material that he has accumulated, a mass of antiquarian information full of romance and adventure which Mr. Hanna leaves his readers to pick out for themselves. As a rule he disdains to tell the stories for which he has brought together the evidence. His volumes will therefore be more useful to less industrious historians than to the general reader, which is to be regretted, for they are full of the most picturesque and entertaining Indian tales. The period more especially covered by Mr. Hanna's researches is the half century that preceded the Revolution. He begins with William Penn, however, in his searching account of the Indian tribes that lived on the soil of Pennsylvania and on its borders, west and north. He attributes, justly enough, the chief credit for the white man's advance to the trader. It is his insistence on the part the traders played that gives most importance to his book, for it has led him to seek for evidence in obscure places and to print much that is new and striking.

Under the laws or against them the traders sought their furs and skins and carried their guns and firearms far into the Indian country. Mr. Hanna, in his first volume, shows how they pushed the border through Pennsylvania to the headwaters of the Ohio. He is severe in his condemnation of the lack of enterprise and the cowardice of the government of the colony, which he contrasts with the enterprise of Virginia in endeavoring to push west. The deeds of George Washington before the Revolution, the fight for Pittsburg, the Braddock disaster, all have their place in these records.

When he gets to the Western mountains Mr. Hanna follows each trail into the Ohio Valley with that minute topographical accuracy for which Mr. Archer B. Hulbert has set the example. He leaves little or nothing for local antiquaries to add. With like care he deals in his second volume, with the Indian towns and the Indian trails in the new country. He follows his traders to the Mississippi; he demonstrates that John Finley, the trader, explored Kentucky before Daniel Boone; he makes out a strong case for his heroes, the Pennsylvania traders.

Any amount of picturesque material will be found in the records he has collected and published. His Indians are those of the romances of our boyhood, the Six Nations, Shawnees, Miamis, Mingos and so on. The land is that of Cooper and his less famous imitators. A whole generation of romance writers cannot exhaust the stories that can be dug out of these contemporary narratives. A whole library could be written about the halfbreed Montours alone, men and women, while that picturesque rascal George Croghan, the king of the traders, awaits a worthy biographer.

Mr. Hanna stops with the Revolution, which is convenient but regrettable. We hope he will feel encouraged to continue his record to the time when the Indians disappeared from Ohio and the Northwest across the Mississippi, even though it leads him out of Pennsylvania and away from his trader heroes. His volumes are fully illustrated with many excellent maps and interesting photographs of places. He has written a book of permanent value, of which other writers will make much use.

A Handsome Furniture Book.

It is a popular work that Mr. Edwin Foley has written in "The Book of Decorative Furniture" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), of which the first volume, a very large and beautifully printed quarto, is at hand. In this the author relates the history of furniture from the beginnings to the time of George I. He limits himself wisely to wooden furniture, beds, couches, tables, chairs, mantels, panelling and so on, and hardly touches on ornamental articles in other materials or on bric-a-brac.

The early history is perfunctory and slight, and might just as well have been omitted. In dealing with furniture outside of England Mr. Foley is pretty concise, but he gives explanations and definitions that will be helpful to the general reader, all the more because they are illustrated. With the British furniture he is fully at home from the time of the Tudors on; he covers the ground thoroughly with brief and clear descriptions in the text and with elaborate explanations of the many fine pieces that are illustrated in color.

The pictures are all by the author and are very numerous. The woodcuts are excellent illustrations, they explain the text and make clear the author's point. The large pictures are from paintings by the author of celebrated pieces, and for his purpose are preferable to photographic reproductions. The typography is very fine, and the volume is as decorative as the furniture described in it.

Many Lands.

A delightful book about "Egypt" which every traveller on the Nile should read has been compiled by Sir Gaston Maspero from the articles he contributed to *Le Temps* and other periodicals, and translated by Elizabeth Lee (Appletons). It demonstrates that an archæologist has his human and humorous side and furnishes an entertaining commentary to the guide books. The author takes his readers up the river from the delta to Assuan. His amusing account of the vessels the Egyptian Government provided for him strikes the keynote of his book. He tells what he sees on the way up the river; sometimes only the modern scene, sometimes a story of antiquarian research, but always entertaining. The book suffers a little from its being made of articles written at different times; a few notes bringing the information up to date would have helped. It shows the Nile Valley to those who visit it and to those who cannot go there in person in most attractive form.

After the flood of books in praise of Japan and the Japanese Evelyn Adams's "Behind the Screens in Japan" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) comes as a kind of tonic. The author professes to be an English woman who has taught in the Japanese schools. We fancy she never intends to return to the Mikado's empire. She covers the ground that other travellers have gone over, but dwells on the seamy side, which many readers have suspected. She shows up all the Japanese shams. "I can no longer look on floors of spotless mats with my old trusting admiration," she says. "Too often have I slept, or tried to sleep upon them, on broiling summer nights, tormented from below by those ubiquitous little creatures that hop, and tormented from above by those still more ubiquitous creatures that fly." It is the creatures that hop and fly that the reader of this book will meet, a wholesome counterblast to the Lafcadio Hearn adulation.

A useful little handbook of New York children who do not know New York has been put together by Esther Singleton in "The Children's City" (Sturgis and Walton Company). The author takes her youthful followers to the Aquarium, Central Park, the Zoological and Botanical Gardens, the Natural History and Metropolitan Museums, Morningside and Riverside and to the Statue of Liberty. The story form is still thought to be entertaining, but the book is a good guide to the city's free exhibitions.

Whether sporting adventures such as are recorded in "Unexplored Spain," by Abel Chapman and Walter J. Buck (Edward Arnold; Longmans, Green and Company), deserve the sumptuous setting the publishers have provided may perhaps be doubtful. The reader will find here descriptions of parts of Spain, perhaps not so unknown as the authors make out; many ornithological descriptions, accounts of chasing deer and boars, of pursuing the ibex and shooting wild fowl, and an elaborate treatise on bullfighting, surely not a novel topic in books about Spain. On the technical merits of the book we do not venture to pass judgment; they do not add to its interest for the general public, which is perhaps surfeited by books about Spain.

Books for the Young and Others.

From the Gaelic treasure of folk lore two collections come to us from Maunsel and Company, Dublin. "The Kilkartan Wonder Book" by Lady Gregory is charming. It contains sixteen stories, told in the delightful Irish-English that the author has employed in other books, which conveys the spirit of the fairy tales as no other medium can. The book is illustrated with colored pictures by Margaret Gregory in what we take to be an ingenious representation of youthful Irish art. The typography is beautiful.

The stories comprised in Ella Young's "Celtic Wonder Tales" are longer, making a book double the size of Lady Gregory's. They are told in the ordinary English, which does not detract from their poetical merit. The pictures, four of which are decorative designs in color, are by Maud Gonne, who appeared once in this country as the "Irish Joan of Arc." They are interesting and show technical skill. These books will be enjoyed by folklorists as much as they will be by children.

The Rev. Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady tries his hand at nursery tales in "Most Politely," illustrated by Will Crawford (The Crafters, Kansas City, Mo.). The typography would do credit to any press, East or West. The story begins promisingly with a polite little boy's adventures with animals of all sorts. The author's imagination gives out after a while, however; he gets out of touch with childhood, and the story ends rather tamely and prosaically.

The excellent colored pictures of common birds will make Mr. Burnham W. King's "Birds in Rhyme" (B. W. King, New York) attractive to children. There are sixteen of them, including the one on the cover. We wish we could say as much for the rhymes that accompany them, but the Muse has not been kind to the author.

An aid to nature study is provided by Marion Miller in "An Out of Door Diary" (Sturgis and Walton Company). This supplies blank pages for each month of the year on which children are expected to put down the flowers and animals they have seen, with the place. The pages are decorated with very pretty pictures, plain and colored.

The pictures and the rhymes of "The Golliwogs' Camp in the Far West," by L. C. L. and L. A. L. (Broadway Publishing Company) have been made by a girl of 13, according to the preface. This may perhaps excuse the borrowing from the well known English orginal, with which both pictures and rhymes compare favorably.

Little Monaco.

Even before it became notorious as a public gambling place, the little principality of Monaco attracted attention greater than its importance warranted. Its position near the frontier gave it a military value in the Italian wars, and the sovereignty, which its Princes managed to retain, gave them a certain distinction at the French court. The little town has a long history, which is now told in a rather flippant but entertaining manner by Ethel Colburn Mayne in "The Romance of Monaco and Its Rulers" (John Lane Company). The author takes on an air of vast erudition, but is plainly indebted for her information to a few local histories in French, from which she selects what she chooses, without taking much pains with the translation of idioms or with proper names. She relates some picturesque episodes in history, however, which even if they have little to do with Monaco are interesting and not overfamiliar. She touches on many amusing scandals, and perhaps she may plead that scientific history is out of place with Monaco and the Monegasques.

Monaco with its lovely bay and peninsula caught the eye of the early Greek navigators and was settled by them probably as early as Marseilles. They erected there a temple to Herakles Monoikos, and it is from this that the local antiquaries derive the name of the town, in spite of the two monks that act as supporters to its coat of arms. It may have been a place of importance, and it was mentioned occasionally in classical times and in the early Middle Ages. It certainly existed, as other unnoticed towns existed, during the historical medley which the author finds it necessary to recount at the beginning, ranging from the Phoenians and Romans to Charlemagne, the breaking up of the empire and the Hohenstaufen days. Whatever happened on the azure coast Monaco, though unmentioned, may have seen. It must have heard of Fridericus, stupor mundi, for instance, though he may have been unaware of its existence.

With Genoa and the Grimaldis the author gets nearer to her subject, though the part Monaco plays in the story is still inconsiderable. By the fourteenth century the Genoese Grimaldi had obtained possession of Monaco and made it their fortress. There is some justification therefore for describing the quarrels of Guelphs and Ghibellines, the rivalries of the great families Doria, Spinola, Fregoso and Grimaldi, the sea fights and piracy of the Genoese. The author is ready to fly off at a tangent with slight excuse. A Grimaldi fought at Crécy, so she tells the story of that fight; another fought against Carmagnola and the Venetians, which leads to another digression; she tells in full the story of wicked Queen Giovanna of Naples; she repeats Mary Robinson's impressions of the portrait of Beatrice d'Este; she gives the histories of Francis I. and of Charles V., all entertaining matter, but rather remote from the Grimaldis and more from Monaco. The book is illustrated with many portraits of all kinds of celebrities; the only two that are in any way relevant are those of the present Prince and his wife; there is not a Grimaldi in the lot.

More legitimate is the account of the Grimaldis who did rule in Monaco, or at least lived there at some time. They have all the picturesqueness that marked the renaissance tyrants in Italy; they betray each other, assassinate their relatives, fight their neighbors, particularly the Dukes of Savoy; their record is like that of nearly every family that obtained the supremacy in an Italian town. The names change but the stories are usually the same, and the author tells the Grimaldi tragedies vividly. The most important in the history of Monaco is that of the uprising in Genoa in 1506, when the people drove the nobles out and set up a doge of their own. The nobles assembled in the Grimaldi fortress at Monaco and the Genoese populace came by sea to drive them out. They were so bitter that a mob of the people accompanied the soldiers in order to have a hand in destroying their enemies; but the mob was driven away and the French soon came and restored the old order.

Monaco took the side of Charles V. against Francis I. and for eighty years prospered under Spanish protection; the Spaniards then took to oppressing people and ruler, and Honoré II. revolted and called in the French instead in Louis XIII.'s time. He was one of the best of the Monaco Princes, and the story of his diplomacy and the way in which he got the better of the Spaniards is the best told in the book. With the change and acquisition of a French title the Princes took to attending the French court and marrying French wives, and the character of the history becomes different. It is the wives who play the chief part now with the scandals they create. Monaco recedes again; it becomes merely a place of confinement when matters have become too bad. It is Paris and Versailles that provide the scene and gossipy French chroniclers who record the doings.

Here the disadvantage under which the author labors in not writing French is apparent; she is reluctant to repeat in English what has been said and is only able to hint at impropriety. The poor Princes had hard luck at court; they picked out lively wives and received scurvy treatment from the chroniclers, who represented them as boors and brutes. Their sympathies are with Charlotte de Gramont, with Marie de Lorraine, with Marie Catherine de Brignole, and not with the half foreign husbands whom they betrayed and made ridiculous. In two generations Monaco passed out of the male line of the Grimaldis through a daughter who married a Goyon de Matignon. He assumed the Grimaldi name and titles, and it is his descendants who now rule in Monaco.

The French Revolution wiped out Monaco's independence for a time and the Princes came near exclusion at the settlement. The author states that Monaco would have been annexed to Piedmont without any comment if Talleyrand had not of his own accord inserted the phrase: "Et le Prince de Monaco rentrera dans ses Etats" in the Treaty of Paris. His motive has never been explained; he may have meant it for a joke. With the restoration of the Princes the author assumes a higher moral tone. She tells all the scandals in their lives as she did those of the eighteenth century, but she now blames them for oppressing their subjects. None of them finds favor in her eyes, but her indignation rises as Monte Carlo looms in sight. Prince Florestan, with his low born wife and his behavior in 1848, excites her contempt, but not so much as the late and the present Princes, with their contracts with M. Blanc and the casino.

Her animosity against Prince Albert is marked. She tells the story of his first marriage and its dissolution with all the sordid details. She refrains from repeating the scandals concerning the people with whom he and his present wife associate, but refers her readers to the French author who does tell them. Regarding his scientific work, she merely quotes a French opinion: "A few quarts of sea water * * * do not suffice to wash out the stains of the blood of those who have killed themselves at the gaming table." She gives much statistical information regarding the gambling house and its administration of Monaco. The book cannot be taken very seriously, but it contains much entertaining matter, romantic history and picturesque scandal.

Other Books.

The German and Italian fashion of celebrating anniversaries or occasions by the publication of verse or prose seems to be gaining a foothold in America. The election to the presidency of the American Historical Society of Prof. Frederick Jackson Turner of Harvard and formerly of Wisconsin brought with it the publication of a volume of "Essays in American History" (Henry Holt and Company) dedicated to him by his Western pupils. It is a miscellaneous collection, more laudable, perhaps, for the intention of the contributors, who are all college professors, than for any important contribution any one of them makes to the study of history.

A new and handy edition of William Edward Hartpole Lecky's "Historical and Political Essays" is issued by Longmans, Green and Company. There are several literary essays in the collection, but the only purely political one is on "Old Age Pensions." Lecky's articles on "Thoughts on History" and "The Political Value of History" suffice to make the volume important to all historical students.

We note the publication by the Smithsonian Institution of the second volume of the "Handbook of American Indians, North of Mexico," edited by Frederick Webb Hodge, which is Part II. of Bulletin 30 of the Bureau of American Ethnology (Government Printing Office, Washington). This completes one of the most important ethnological works in existence, a definitive summary of the knowledge so far acquired about the aborigines, which we hope to review fully before long.

From the first volume of "The Book of Knowledge," edited by Arthur Mee and Holland Thompson, Ph. D. (the Grolier Society, New York), we get a very confused idea of what the book is about. It is intended to be an encyclopædia for children and is therefore written in simple language such as they can understand. It is put together, however, as though it were a sample volume, sections of scientific information, illustrated with sensational pictures, being thrown in with stories, sentimental biographies, poetry and so on. The tone of the work seems to be a mistake, in spite of President Finley's recommendation. American children, we imagine, have sense enough to take their facts straight from books of reference and do not need to be written down to. There is no need of extending kindergarten methods, which do enough harm, to older children.

A convenient and helpful little manual for writers has been prepared by Philip L. Jones, D. D., in "Script and Print" (the Griffith and Rowland Press, Philadelphia). Excellent and useful though these rules for punctuation, capitalization and so forth may be, they are subject, like all other precepts to the arbitrary rules of the printing office in which the manuscript is set up.

Fiction.

Once more Mr. Harold Bindloss depicts the advantages of the Canadian Northwest in "Sidney Carteret, Rancher" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). The hero is a pleasant fellow, an Englishman whose slowness and pertinacity are emphasized by the author, and who is unpractical in an abnormal degree. Although he does buy a ranch he is wholly unable to grasp the elementary facts in the business and is mercifully employed usually in other matters. There are two nice girls in the story, either of whom is too good for the young man. The mystery is rather clumsy; it speaks little for the intelligence of the persons concerned that they do not make it out at once. The story is all of open air life, however; it progresses in a leisurely manner that pleases, and the love making is engaging.

The dozen stories included in Mr. Jack London's "When God Laughs" (Macmillans) will please admirers of "realism." They are told with the directness that is the chief merit of this writer and the unpleasant brutality which he affects. Why murder or violence should be more "real" than gentler actions of mankind, or why calling a spade by some more offensive name should constitute reality or art, the literary historians may determine. The story that gives a title to the book is unusually disagreeable and false.

There is an engaging artlessness in Mr. Ripley D. Saunders's "Colonel Todhunter of Missouri" (The Bobbs-Merrill Company). Whether his hero is more specifically of Missouri than of the South generally may be doubtful, but he is very delightful, kindly, pugnacious and humorous. The fun is not forced, the episodes are natural and the story is dramatic. Most of the people that surround the Colonel are lovable. There may be a little too much about the political campaign, but the book makes pleasant reading that is exciting only in spots.

When the surgeon is exchanged for a pilot in the fog at the beginning of Mr. John Brandane's "My Lady of Aros" (Duffield and Company) the reader will expect an exciting tale of adventure. The surgeon develops a strange faculty for getting into trouble and is thoroughly mixed up in a blind Jacobite intrigue, an inexplicable Highland feud, many poetic descriptions of scenery and much topography of the Isle of Mull before he gains his lady love. The villain is preternaturally clever and bad; the hiding Jacobite is interesting, though his ac-

Continued on Eighth Page.

MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman is a Metuchen neighbor of Henry Mills Alden, but this picture shows her deriving inspiration for some of her intimate stories about you and me and the world of human folk down in the soft airs of Atlantic City. The method of locomotion shown in the picture is by no means a favorite one with Mrs. Freeman, who vastly prefers the automobile, and if you read the papers much you are undoubtedly acquainted with some tales of that gasolene Pegasus.

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Afternoons of Feb. 7th, 8th
Library, Manuscripts, Etc.
of
Samuel L. Clemens
(Mark Twain) Part I.

Books autographed and annotated by Mr. Clemens, many with manuscript notes inserted written in his happiest vein, 15 MANUSCRIPTS, including "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," "Adam's Diary," "The $30,000 Bequest" and "My Debut as a Literary Person," Mark Twain's Humidor, a bronze "Jumping Frog," Brass Andirons and other objects in bronze, pottery and glass from Stormfield.

Each book contains a certificate of the literary executor that the volume is from the library of Samuel L. Clemens.

Afternoons and Evenings, Feb. 9, 10
Library Autographs & MSS.
of the late
Judge Jacob Klein
of St. Louis, Mo.

Part I. Byron's Poems 1807, the first copy offered by auction in America; a presentation copy of Arnold's "Empedocles on Etna;" Suppressed Edition of Herndon's Life of Lincoln, First Editions of Bret Harte (100 lots), Field, Aldrich, Byron, Fiske (Large Paper), Browning and others; Publications of the Bibliophile Society, Doves and Kelmscott Presses; MANUSCRIPTS OF BRET HARTE, HOLMES, HALLECK and WALTER BESANT; letters of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Coleridge, Dickens, Field, etc.

PART II., containing equally important books, letters and manuscripts, will be sold on February 15th & 16th.

Sales Begin at 2.30 and 8.15 P. M.

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Of Inns, Hotels, and the Servant Question.
A Little Knowledge Is a Dangerous Thing.
The Professional Matchmaker and Family Circle.
A Nation of Mimics.
Of Shops and Public Offices.
The Lawbreaker and the Law.
Bribery and Corruption.
The Iiwake—A "Speak Because."
Certain Curious Characteristics.
The Awkward Age.
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Some Reflections.

The book is no surface picture of Japanese life, but a penetrating study of the country and its people based on a long residence in the land of the cherry blossom. It pierces the thin coat of modernism with which the little brown people of the East have industriously overlaid their ancient customs, and gives an unvarnished account of the sub-surface aspects of Japanese life and character. Every page of the book vibrates with life and scarcely one but has a spice of humor.

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