WAR EXPERIENCES OF A BOOK

OLIVE SCHREINER'S "WOMAN AND LABOR" TWICE WRITTEN.

The Manuscript Burned in the Boer War and the Book as Now Published Mrs. Schreiner's Recollections of the Original—Her Views of Woman's Future.

The history of "Woman and Labor," Olive Schreiner's new book, is interesting, representing as it does her life's work. In the form in which it has just been published it is a portion of a much larger and more comprehensive work.

"In my early youth," she says, "I began to write a book on woman. I continued the work till ten years ago. When I was 18 I had once a conversation with a Kafir woman, still in her untouched primitive condition, a conversation which made a more profound impression on my mind than any but one other incident connected with the position of woman has ever done.

"She was a woman whom I cannot think of otherwise than as a woman of genius. In language more eloquent and intense than I have ever heard from the lips of any other woman, she painted the condition of the women of her race, the labor of women, the anguish of woman as she grew older and the limitations of her life closed in about her; and yet, this was not the interesting point.

"When I went on to question her there was not one word of bitterness against the individual man, nor any will or intention to revolt; rather, there was a stern and almost majestic attitude of acceptance of the inevitable; life and the conditions of her race being what they were. It was this conversation which first forced upon me the fact, which I have since come to regard as almost axiomatic, that the women of no race or class will ever rise in revolt or attempt to bring about a revolutionary readjustment of their relation to their society, however intense their suffering and however clear their perception of it, while the welfare and persistence of their society requires their submission.

"When this division, dealing with primitive and semi-barbarous womanhood, was ended, about the year 1888, I went on to work at the last division, which I had already begun.

"In this I went on to deal with what is more popularly known as the women's question, with the causes which in modern European societies are leading women to attempt readjustment in their relation to the social organism, with the direction in which such readjustments are taking place and with the results which it appears likely such readjustments will produce."

After working on the book for eleven years, in 1899 Mrs. Schreiner had finished these chapters and had had them bound in a large volume with the preceding divisions. Then she was compelled, on account of illness, to leave her home in Johannesburg, South Africa, and spend some time on a lower level. In two months the Boer War broke out and the military authorities refused to allow her to return to her home or to communicate with any one there. Some eight months later, when the British troops had taken and entered the city, a friend on the British side who had been allowed to go up wrote to Mrs. Schreiner that he had found her house looted, her desk forced open and broken up and its contents burned. The manuscript of her book, the labor of years, had been destroyed.

Later when residing in a little up country hamlet surrounded by all the horrors of war she wrote "Woman and Labor," a remembrance of a part of the larger book. While she was writing armed native guards were standing against the uncurtained windows of her room, so that it was impossible to open the shutters. This made the place so dark that even the physical act of writing was difficult.

"I was living in a little house on the outskirts of the village," she says, "in a single room with a stretcher and two packing cases as furniture and with only my little dog for company. Thirty-six armed African natives were set to guard night and day at the doors and windows of the house, and I was only allowed to go out during certain hours in the middle of the day to fetch water from the fountain in the middle of the village or to buy what I needed. I was allowed to receive no newspapers or magazines.

"Under these conditions I felt it necessary that I should resolutely force my thought at times from the horror of the world around me to dwell on some abstract question, and it was under these circumstances that this little book was written.

"A year and a half after, when the war was over and peace had been proclaimed for about four months, I with difficulty obtained a permit to visit the Transvaal. I found among the burned fragments the leathern back of my book intact, but the front half of the leaves had been completely burned away, the back half of the leaves next to the cover were still all there, but so browned and scorched with the flames that they broke as you touched them, and there was nothing left but to destroy it.

"I even then had a hope that at some future time I might yet rewrite the whole book. But life is short, and I have found that not only shall I never rewrite the book, but I shall not have the health even to fill out and harmonize this little remembrance from it."

Mrs. Schreiner has a dream of a happy day to come to woman.

"The ancient Chaldean seer," she says, "had a vision of a Garden of Eden which lay in a remote past. It was dreamed that man and woman once lived in joy and fellowship till woman ate of the tree of knowledge and gave man to eat, and that both were driven forth to wander, to toil in the bitterness, because they had eaten of the fruit.

"We also have our dream of a garden, but it lies in the distant future. We dream that woman shall eat of the tree of knowledge together with man and that side by side and hand close to hand through ages of much toil and labor they shall together raise about them an Eden nobler than any the Chaldean dreamed of, an Eden created by their own labor and made beautiful by their own fellowship.

"In the Apocalypse there was one who saw a new heaven and a new earth; we see a new earth, but therein dwells love—the love of comrades and coworkers.

"It is because so wide and gracious to us are the possibilities of the future, so impossible is a return to the past, so deadly is a passive acquiescence in the present, that to-day we are found everywhere raising our strange new cry, 'Labor and the training that fits us for labor!'

"This is our demand: We demand that in that strange new world that is arising alike upon the man and the woman, where nothing is as it was and all things are assuming new shapes and relations, that in this new world we also shall have our share of honored and socially useful human toil, our full half of the labor of the children of women. We demand nothing more than this and we will take nothing less. This is our Woman's Right."

As to how woman may adequately perform lofty labors in as yet untried fields Mrs. Schreiner has her convictions, which she portrays figuratively:

There was a bird's egg once picked up by chance upon the ground, and those who found it bore it home and placed it under a barnyard fowl. And in time the chick bred out, and those who had found it chained it by the leg to a log, lest it should stray and be lost. And by and by they gathered round it and speculated as to what the bird might be.

"One said, 'It is surely a water fowl, a duck or it may be a goose; if we took it to the water it would swim and gabble.'

"But another said: 'It has no webs to its feet; it is a barnyard fowl; should you let it loose it will scratch and cackle with the others on the dung heap.'

"But a third speculated, 'Look now at its curved beak. No doubt is it a parrot and can crack nuts!'

"But a fourth said: 'No, but look at its wings. Perhaps it is a bird of great flight.'

"But several cried, 'Nonsense! No one has ever seen it fly! Why should it fly? Can you suppose that a thing can do a thing which no one has ever seen it do?'

"And the bird with its leg chained close to the log preened its wings. So they sat about it speculating and discussing it and one said this and another that. And all the while as they talked the bird sat motionless with its gaze fixed on the clear, blue sky above it.

"And one said: 'Suppose we let the creature loose to see what it will do,' and the bird shivered. But the others cried, 'It is too valuable; it might get lost. If it were to try to fly it might fall down and break its neck.' And the bird with its foot chained to the log sat looking upward at the clear sky, the sky in which it had never been—for the bird—the bird knew what it would do—because it was an eaglet!"

Evidently it is meant that woman will know what to do when her opportunity comes.

A HEROINE OF THE FAR NORTH.

Meleese Thoreau's Story Made the Basis of a Novel.

James Oliver Curwood, author of "The Honor of the Big Snows," a novel of the far North, has had many curious and exciting adventures in his years of exploration and travel. He tells an amusing story of one.

"It was my first trip to James's Bay," he says. "We reached the bay just at sunset, and camped within a hundred paces of the water, which stretched away as far as the eyes could see. It happened that I was the first to awaken in the morning, and when I crawled out of my tent I gave a yell that aroused the camp.

"The sea was gone. Not a sign of that vast stretch of water could I find except the great, hollow, partly grass grown dip in which it had been. My first thought, and a natural one, was that my reason had left me for an instant.

"Where had the sea gone? Had we really camped on its shore the night before?

"I strained my eyes, but could see nothing but that dip, speckled with pools of water. At the time I was in the company of a big Hudson Bay Company man, and I turned to find him laughing. Then the explanation came forth. At this point James's Bay was unusually shallow, and at low tide the sea dropped back seven miles! During the night the sea had actually left us seven miles inland."

Up in this country lives, in the life, the heroine of the book, the wife of its hero, Jan Thoreau. Just thirty years ago Meleese Cummins was born up in the Lac Bain country, on the edge of the Barren Lands, 500 miles from civilization, and in the years of girlhood and womanhood that have passed since then she has made herself the Florence Nightingale of the North.

This woman, who has never seen a great city and who has never come into personal touch with the great civilization to the south, has done for the whites, halfbreeds and Indians of a wilderness what but few women have ever done for their kind in more civilized communities, and when at Medicine Hat, Rudyard Kipling was told about her he said, "What a splendid character for a book!"

Mothers for hundreds of miles about her cabin home know Meleese Thoreau. Each year, winter and summer, she travels hundreds of miles in canoe and on dog sledge to care for those who are sick, and during the summer and autumn months her cabin home is turned into a school for the little Indian and white children, who come to her from many miles around. Two years ago there was a smallpox epidemic 100 miles north of her home, and for weeks Meleese nursed the sick, without taking the malady herself.

And the romance of Mr. Curwood's almost historical novel is true, even to the inseparableness of Jan Thoreau and his beautiful wife. Years have not dulled the epic love that began away up at Lac Bain when Jan first came to the baby Meleese. Their story is a true story—the story of a Jean Valjean and a Cosette in real life; and it has even been made into song by the people of the North.

THE MAKING OF BOOKS.

A second posthumous volume of O. Henry's stories is announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. for publication in the fall under the title "Sixes and Sevens," which was chosen by Mr. Porter. Although the volume "Whirligigs" was the last of which he had the personal selection of stories, the forthcoming selection will be the final volume of his stories. It will be followed later by a volume containing letters, documents, essays and other papers, including a sketch of his life.

This week Doubleday, Page & Co. publish three books of widely different character: "Panther's Cub," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, the story of a pampered opera singer; "Music of the Wild," by Gene Stratton Porter, an elaborate nature volume containing many illustrations, and "Household Plumbing and Sanitation," by J. Pickering Putnam.

A new novel, the scene of which is laid in Dartmoor, by Eden Phillpotts, is published this week by John Lane Company under the title of "Demetra's Daughter." "John Redmond" is a biographical study in Irish politics by L. G. Redmond-Howard, illustrated and containing a photogravure frontispiece and covering such topics as the Parnell crisis of 1890-1893, the Home Rule bill, the South African War and the present advance toward Irish autonomy. "The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art, 1911" comprises articles on decorative and applied art by E. G. Halton, L. Deubner and A. S. Levetus and contains over 500 illustrations, including seventeen color plates.

Among the recent publications announced by Longmans, Green & Co. are: "A Saga of the Sunbeam," the story of the latest cruise of the Sunbeam owned and navigated by Lord Brassey through Iceland and Labrador waters, by Horace G. Hutchinson; "Cat's Cradles from Many Lands," by Kathleen Haddon, fifty-nine illustrations showing how the game of cat's cradle is played by people all over the world; "Alcoholic Fermentation," by A. Harden, Ph. D., D. Sc., F. R. S., head of the biochemical department of the Lister Institute, Chelsea; "The Intellectuals," by Canon Sheehan, a description of thirty-seven meetings of a literary club in a south of Ireland town.

Prof. L. B. Bailey's "The Country Life Movement," which was announced for publication several weeks ago, comes after numerous delays from the press of the Macmillan Company this week. The postponement was necessitated by certain changes suggested to the author by the report of the New York State Commission on Distribution and Population, of which he is a member. From the same house comes this week "The Practical Flower Garden," by Helena Rutherford Ely.

Harper & Brothers announce that they are publishing this week four new books: "Memories and Impressions," by Ford Madox Hueffer; "The King Over the Water," a novel by Justin Huntly McCarthy; "Natural Christianity," by Dean Fremantle of Ripon; "The Birth of Worlds and Systems," by Prof. A. W. Bickerton, and "The Well Beloved," in the new thin paper edition of Thomas Hardy's novels.

The same firm is reprinting this week two of its recent books, "The Skipper and the Skipped," by Holman Day, and "The Technique of the Novel," by Prof. Charles H. Horne.

A new edition of "Rhodes' English Esperanto Dictionary" is being issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company. It includes a vocabulary of geographical names, personal names, international roots and is aimed to provide a complete working handbook of the universal language.

D. Appleton & Company publish this week the new novel by the late David Graham Phillips, "The Grain of Dust," the scene of which is laid in New York. For publication toward the end of the month are announced: "The Training of Children in Religion," by the Rev. George Hodges, which is described as a practical guide for parents, guardians, Sunday school teachers, clergymen and all interested in the welfare of youth; "The Social Direction of Human Evolution," by Prof. William E. Kellicott, an outline of the science of eugenics; "Educational Problems," in two large octavo volumes, by Dr. G. Stanley Hall; and for the first of May under the curious title, "Which Is My Husband?" a novel translated from the French of Jules Claretie by Mary J. Safford.

The significance of the title of Miss Caroline Fuller's novel, "The Bramble Bush," which is issuing from the Appleton press, is thus explained by one of its chief characters, a sculptor:

"This artistic life is very like the bramble bush that the 'wise man in our town' jumped into 'and scratched out both his eyes.' All of us get our eyes scratched out at some time or other, and the successful chap is the one who has grit enough to jump into another bush and scratch 'em in again.

"The cynics are those fellows who stick in the first bush permanently and stay blind. And all the lost eyes of all the impaled cynics sprout into new brambles to scratch and tear each other and everybody that comes within reach."

J. Pickering Putnam's new book, "Household Plumbing and Sanitation," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., contains an interesting chapter which enlightens as to how plumbers' bills may be reduced. The author discusses two systems of plumbing, the two pipe system and the one pipe system recommended because of its greater simplicity and less expense, both systems being illustrated by diagrams. He predicts that as soon as some popular misconceptions regarding sanitation are removed the simpler system comes into use.

The way in which "The Autobiography of Richard Wagner," concerning which one American publisher said he would willingly lose $5,000 for the sake of publishing it, came to be written and kept secret for forty years is interesting.

Between the years 1868 and 1873 Wagner compiled his memoirs from diaries and other memoranda which he had kept for thirty-five years, but as they were very frank and discussed not only the affairs of the author but also the affairs and characteristics of other prominent people he took the utmost precautions to keep his work a secret. As it was impossible at that time to secure duplicate copies by means of a typewriter the book was set up by French compositors who did not understand German, twelve copies were printed and the type was then distributed.

Of these eight copies were entrusted to Frau Cosima Wagner and four copies were distributed among the author's nearest and dearest friends, the greatest care being exercised that in the event of the death of any of these five people the closely guarded memoirs should be turned over to one of the survivors. In this way the secret was kept so closely that although Wagner died twenty-eight years ago very few people even in Germany have known that his autobiography was in existence.

Henry Holt & Company have arranged with Lieut. Arthur A. Clappe of the Royal Military School of Music and formerly teacher of music at West Point for an illustrated book on "The Wind Band and Its Instruments." While there are a number of books upon orchestras the publishers, so far as they have been able to learn, have found that there appears to be no book in the English language dealing with wind instruments and the wind band.

The same house announces that another edition of Mrs. Albee's "Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens" is on the press, closely following her "The Gleam," a spiritual autobiography. "Classical Rome," by H. Stuart Jones, M. A., formerly director of the British School at Rome, a new volume in the Grant Allen's Historical Guides Series, is designed not to give practical information but to supplement the guide books which do.

Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover announce the transfer of the publications of the Davis Press of Worcester, Mass., to their list, with the exception of the "School Arts Book," which has been sold to the National Arts Publishing Company of Boston.

Among the authors represented in the Davis Press list of books are such teachers as Henry Turner Bailey, editor of the "School Arts Book"; Dr. James Parton Haney of New York, Augustus F. Rose of the Rhode Island School of Design, James Hall of the Ethical Culture School of New York, Fred H. Daniels, supervisor of drawing in Newton, Mass.; Luther W. Turner of the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa. It is the intention of the present publishers of these books to revise and enlarge a number of them with the next edition.

Dr. Max Kullnick, whose biography of Col. Roosevelt A. C. McClurg & Co. are about to issue in translation, says of his subject:

"He tested also the teachings of his professors and often argued with them for hours, for he could not rest contented till they had proved to him that he was in the wrong or they had acknowledged their own mistakes. His habit of viewing everything with a critical eye and of inflexibly sticking to what he believed to be right—which some called stubbornness—did not help in the least to remove from him the stigma of 'a queer fellow.' But he seemed indifferent to the opinion of others. The free life of his boyhood had given him a high measure of self-esteem. * * * Harvard men of the ordinary type considered him 'more or less crazy' by reason of those peculiarities."

Cassell & Co. announce a new and revised ninth edition of W. W. Greener's "The Gun and Its Development," "the shooter's encyclopædia." "The Unknown Isle," by Pierre de Coulevain, translated by Alys Hallard, has already reached a sale of 112,000 copies in the French. "The Book of the Coronation" is to be issued in May and is a souvenir with color medallion portrait of the King on the cover, eight large color plates and many illustrations.

Coincident with the publication of Price Collier's new book, "The West in the East from an American Point of View," in the latter part of April, Charles Scribner's Sons will issue a new edition, at half the price of the original edition, of "England and the English from an American Point of View," the book which made Mr. Collier's reputation.

The Scribners will publish in May in their "General History of Art" series of handbooks "The History of Art in France," by Louis Hourticque, inspector of Fine Arts of the city of Paris, who points out that "the art of our country has never been exhibited in its ensemble except in the treaties on universal art, where the French chapters are arranged in their time and place, or in the general histories of France, where one sees the names of artists at the end of the volume, like the baggage at the end of a train. Why has it never been considered useful to coordinate these different chapters, as has been so often and so well done for our political and literary history?"

QUARITCH OF LONDON HERE

HE REPORTS GOOD TIMES IN THE BOOK MARKET ABROAD.

Prices Going Up All the Time When Rare Books Are Sold—French and German Collectors Active—Incautious Buyers to Blame for High Prices They Pay.

Bernard Quaritch, the London bookseller and publisher of art books, arrived yesterday on the Lusitania. Mr. Quaritch brought some news of interest to collectors and said that the book market in London had been good of late.

"I have just published a fine book on Worcester porcelains," said Mr. Quaritch at the Belmont yesterday, "and I am doing a book that I think will make a stir on Persian, Turkish and Eastern miniatures. By miniatures is meant in this case the illuminations in books, such as used to be in some of our earliest books. There is nothing Chinese or Japanese in the work.

"The material has been put together by Dr. F. R. Martin, who is a Swede by nationality, and who is perhaps the greatest expert on Persian rugs in the world. Dr. Martin has succeeded in getting together copies of a lot of these miniatures and in many cases tracing the artists.

"It is extraordinary how prices for rare books go up all the time. You sell a man a book at a pretty good price and then five years later you have to give him a much larger sum to get it back.

"There is one important library sale that is coming off soon, when the Huth collection will be disposed of. This was founded by Henry Huth somewhere in the '30s or '40s, and was continued by his son Frederick, who died the other day.

"In the collection are a large number of early printed books, together with other rare items of English literature. I do not know the size of the library, but the catalogue consists of five large volumes. It will be sold at Sotheby's.

"There are books sold nowadays in London that bring all sorts of unexpected prices without, according to the connoisseur, having any merit to warrant such figures. For instance, a Bible fetched nearly $5,000 at a sale now going on, but it was only a thirteenth century manuscript and it hadn't any extraordinary merit.

"The fact that prices have been so good is not due by any means to the demand in London alone. Many of the rare books sold are going to the Continent. The French have always been great book collectors and now the Germans have begun to go in for the same things to a large extent. Then of course the Americans warm things up a bit."

"Is there any rule governing the price of a rare book?" Mr. Quaritch was asked.

"The only thing that regulates the price is the fact that two men may happen to want it," was the reply. "Then there are some men who will go to each of half a dozen booksellers and tell each he wants him to look out for a certain book for him. At an auction when this particular book is put up each of these half a dozen dealers is likely to big against the rest and so they run up the price until the customer pays two or three times as much for the volume as was necessary.

"A man makes a great mistake in letting too many persons know what he is after. The quieter you are when it comes to getting hold of old books the cheaper you are apt to get them.

"The book market is the most sensitive of any market in the world, it takes so little to send prices out of reach. When the late E. Dwight Church, whose collection was sold here the other day, was buying Shakespeares and Mr. Perry of Providence was also buying in London everybody got to know about it and the chances are that these collectors paid out sums that were far in excess of what they needed to pay for the books they got."

MUSIC FOR THE BLIND.

Its Circulation Nearly as Large as That of the Embossed Books.

One of the interesting departments in the Library for the Blind at 444 Amsterdam avenue is the circulation of sheet music, which nearly if not quite equals the distribution of books. Nearly 4,000 sheets of music, which include all the best compositions, are done in American braille and sent out to the musical blind throughout this State, New Jersey and Connecticut.

Unlike the method of printing music for the seeing, the two clefs are printed separately, first all of the treble, then all of the bass, with the pedal marks along the left margin. Many prefer the English braille because a few bars, first of the treble, then the bass, are printed.

While the library is open to readers from 1 to 5 daily comparatively few persons avail themselves of the opportunity, since books are delivered free either by post or express. According to a law passed about 1904 books for the blind may be sent free through the mails provided printed labels are used in each case. However, as each separate volume weighs between four and five pounds postmen are not asked to deliver them, some friend of the reader getting them at the post office. If it happens that the person to whom the books are sent lives far from a post office then they are forwarded by express prepaid.

In the Amsterdam Avenue Library for the Blind there are in circulation to-day nearly 5,000 volumes and nearly 4,000 pieces of music, besides nearly all of the embossed magazines in English, French and German and one or two in Esperanto.

It is estimated that there are 3,000 blind in this State, and some idea of the extent of the circulation of books from this library can be had from the fact that some 1,300 books a month are in circulation and 1,100 of these go through the mails.

As a rule the average person has little conception of the size or style of books for the blind. Where one volume of ink printing or two at the most will suffice to produce a novel, embossed printing requires anywhere from three to fifteen, about 13 by 14 inches in size, the width varying from three to five inches.

"Adam Bede" fills eight of these big books. To read "Nicholas Nickleby" one must go through ten volumes, while the Bible fills eleven and the works of Shakespeare cover fifteen volumes, including a condensed biographical sketch and a general introduction. Roosevelt's Message to the Fifty-ninth Congress, "The Strenuous Life" and William H. Taft's "Present Day Problems" each fill two volumes, while Mary Shipman Andrews's Lincoln storiette, "The Perfect Tribute," has one fat book all to itself.

Although everything that is published in the way of reading matter for the blind is bought by the library, yet it is said that there is a great dearth of good reading matter, especially of a lighter sort. This lack of fiction in embossed print opens up a field for the volunteer copyists. It is not a difficult thing to do, although the operation is somewhat tedious. There is a machine that comes for the purpose, and with a little experience any one is able to use it.

Blind persons are exceedingly fond of detective stories as well as of love stories, but they always want the latter to turn out well. There seems to exist an instinctive dislike among them regarding any books about the sightless, and even Helen Keller's book, "The World I Live In," is taboo.

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

Dr. and Mrs. Rinehart (Mary Roberts Rinehart, the novelist), and their two young sons, who have been abroad since last October, have just returned to their Pittsburg home.

Friends of Emerson Hough, author of "The Purchase Price," "54-40 or Fight," etc., explain that perhaps the reason there is so much atmosphere in his romances is that he writes his stories in a Chicago office, on the top floor of a skyscraper.

Coningsby Dawson, author of "The Road to Avalon"; "The Road to Happiness," just published, commenced his literary career five years ago with a book of poems published by the Macmillan Company. Since that time he has issued two novels and seven volumes of criticism in "The Reader's Library," of which he is joint editor, a work planned to cover the whole of English literature, published by the Harpers. Within the last year and a half he has come to the front as a magazine contributor, to such periodicals as *Harper's Magazine*, the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, the *Adventure Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*.

Dr. Henry Smith Williams, author of the recently published book, "The Science of Happiness," stands six feet, five inches in his stocking feet, weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and has a muscular development of corresponding proportion.

A large Middle West industrial corporation has taken at his word Frank E. Wallis who, in his "How to Know Architecture," expressed the theory that a commercial group of buildings might be as dignified and beautiful as a college group. The corporation has given the author a commission for such a group of buildings on the condition that he fulfill the conditions outlined in "How to Know Architecture."

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, whose new novel, "Jane Oglander," is to be published by the Scribners the latter part of this month, is the daughter of Louis Belloc, a French barrister, and of Bessie Rainer Belloc, through whom she is descended from Dr. Joseph Priestley. She was educated at Mayfield Convent in Sussex and has made a special study of French history, contemporary literature and biography. In 1896 she married Frederic Sawrey Lowndes, M. A. For her latest book, which is a novel of English country life, she has drawn an ambitious and unscrupulous Greek heroine, who brings in the old Greek idea of Nemesis.

Ellsworth Huntington, whose new book, "Palestine and Its Transformation," is published by Houghton, Mifflin Company this week, is now making studies in the south central part of New Mexico as research associate of the Carnegie Institution at Washington. Mr. Huntington, who is assistant professor of geography in Yale University, is comparing the Otero Basin—with its peculiar hills of white gypsum sand, its ruins, its soda lake, its high mountains, and its Apache Indians—with the natural features and people of Palestine, Persia and Chinese Turkestan, which he described in his book just published and in his previous volume, "The Pulse of Asia."

Frank Norris aroused a controversy by his declaration that New York, San Francisco and New Orleans were the only "story cities" in the United States, and O. Henry wrote a story about Lexington, Ky., especially to disprove the statement. The latest opponent of the theory is Miss Edna Ferber, who launches a novel of Milwaukee, "Dawn O'Hara." Miss O'Hara, the heroine, a newspaper woman on a Milwaukee paper, finds there are lots of things besides beer and socialism to make Milwaukee famous, and her creator, who found them first, uses them to prove that the city has as much to make it an individual "story city" as has New Orleans with its Creoles or San Francisco with its Barbary Coast.

Gustav Frenssen, author of "Klaus Hinrich Baas," never saw a piano until he was 20 nor an oil painting until he was 25. He has yet to hear opera, doesn't care for architecture and never saw a play until he was so old that "Julius Cæsar" struck him as being artificial. He doesn't claim to care so much for the cultural elements of life as the determining elements.

Jack London has appeared before the public in many a guise, but his latest is that of ethnologist, according to the San Francisco *Argonaut*, which says the author's latest book, "Adventure," should be read "if only for its tehnological value"—a statement which may surprise the author himself.

Owen Wister in his new book, "Members of the Family," which is to appear in May, reintroduces Scipio Le Moyne from "The Virginian" to his readers. At the opening of the new book Mr. Wister pictures the cattle era and the vanished West, but at the end he gives a glimpse of the West that has taken its place.

Meredith Nicholson in his *Atlantic Monthly* essay on "The Provincial American" covers ground that he expects to use in several forthcoming novels dealing with Indiana life and the problems of the people of the midwest during the past twenty-five years. The first of these books, begun before "The Siege of the Seven Suitors" was written, is now being worked on again. Mr. Nicholson has been getting ready for this work for a number of years and had the programme in mind when he wrote "The Confessions of a Best Seller" for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The Illinois and Iowa towns Moline, Davenport and Rock Island, making altogether a population of only 100,000, do not claim to be literary centres yet, although they and their society are the setting of two of this spring's leading novels, "The Chasm" by George Cram Cook and "The Visioning" by Susan Glaspell.

A copy of the former book in Davenport was almost the cause of a catastrophe. A hostess who wanted a novel bridge prize got a copy of "The Chasm," which was just out. She hadn't read it, but knew merely that the author was then living in Davenport. The next day the prize winner hunted her out and held up page 60 of the book for the alarmed hostess to read:

"That evening she [the heroine] went to a bridge party. That night she went to bed sick of bridge, but with endless hours of it looming upon her from all quarters of Moline, Davenport and Rock Island. Human conversation was at a low ebb among the ladies of the three cities."

And the bridge hostess is still explaining.

Susan Glaspell has had the distinction of having a first edition sold out "sight unseen," as the traders say, before the manuscript was seen or even named. Her first novel, "The Glory of the Conquered," published last year, had so great a success that before "The Visioning" was named, when it was merely announced as "a new novel" by her publishers, the advance orders came in and swallowed up the first edition.

Dr. Scott Nearing added to some of the ideas advanced in his "Social Adjustment" when he was addressing the women of the Plastic Club, Philadelphia, recently.

"What are you going to do with the boundless leisure you have now and the added leisure that may come with votes?" he asked. "You must either continue to use it for selfish ends as you do now or turn your attention to some useful trade. Why, from 30 to 60 per cent. of your time is taken up in personal adornment, fixing your hair, &c. As it is now man is the producer, woman a non-producer; man bears the burden, woman gets the fun."

Vaughan Kester, author of "The Prodigal Judge," began his literary work while the Kesters were living in the "Big White House," as it was called, on Riverside Drive in New York. He wrote here "The Manager of the B. and A.," a railroad story. His next book, "The Fortunes of the Landrays," was written at Woodlawn Mansion, the home which Washington bequeathed to his adopted daughter, Nellie Custis. When the Kesters migrated from Woodlawn to Angill Castle, Westmoreland, England, the novelist found material to use later in his story of Jamestown. He has now returned to America, to Gunston Hall, Virginia, where "The Prodigal Judge" was written.

Edgar B. Bronson, the writer of true Western stories, was lately removed from the Hotel Manhattan to a local hospital suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, from which he is now said to be recovering.

Ernest Thompson Seton, chief of the Boy Scouts of America, has just returned from a two months tour of England, during which he reviewed the Boy Scouts of that country and told them what American boys are doing. Next month his "Rolf in the Woods" will be published by Doubleday, Page & Company.

Irving Bacheller's new book, "Keeping Up With Lizzie," was made the text for a sermon the other day by the Rev. Cleland B. McAfee of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, who illustrated the power of example by the way in the novel the grocer starts out to make a queen of his daughter, Lizzie, and incites the whole village to an extravagance which is nearly the undoing of most of the characters.

Dr. J. H. Jowett, New York's latest transatlantic preacher, whose newest book, "The Transfigured Church," has just been published by the Revell company, was entertained at dinner in Buckingham Palace by King George and Queen Mary just before his departure for this country. For the last weeks of his stay in England all of his services were thronged and standing room was at a premium with those desiring to hear his farewell sermons.

Following close upon the arrival of Dr. Jowett to this country comes the report of the call of a Chicago preacher, and an author also, Dr. A. C. Dixon, to the Metropolitan Tabernacle of London, the pulpit made famous by Spurgeon. Reciprocity with Great Britain seems begun. Another Anglo-American exchange is effected by the invitation to Dr. R. A. Torrey, the evangelist, to hold meetings at Cambridge University, and the invitation to the Rev. F. B. Meyer of London to go to Chicago under the auspices of the Moody Bible Institute.

Montague Glass, historian of Potash and Perlmutter, though now a resident of away up town New York, was born in Manchester, England, and came to this country in 1891. Here he practised law and came into intimate contact with clients of the type he has made famous in his stories. Although he has been writing for about a dozen years it was only about two years ago that he gave up the law and became a professional writer. He confesses, however, that for some years before he had been making as much money from his stories as from his legal practice because he wrote more then than he does now that he has no other profession. He is now planning a novel to be placed in the hands of his publishers before the end of the year.

"The Peace Problem," by Frederick Lynch, just announced by the Revell Company, and covering the whole history of the peace movement since the first Hague conference, has so interested Andrew Carnegie that he has written the introduction for it.

R. G. Moulton, in his just published "World Literature," has some unusual views on the use of translations in reading foreign literatures.

"I remember," he says, "hearing a man of the highest academic position and one who had taken the highest classical honors of his university describe his own introduction as a schoolboy to Virgil. It was the custom of the school for three classes to take their Virgil together; the highest of the three could perhaps prepare two hundred lines for a lesson, the next class one hundred, the third, to which the speaker belonged, only fifty. Thus his first acquaintance with the 'Æneid' consisted in reading lines 1-50, lines 201-250, lines 401-450, and so on."

So Prof. Moulton, though not in favor of what is popularly known as cribbing, does believe in a literary presentation in English of the whole of a foreign work, even though it entails an honest use of translated books.

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, whose new novel "Brother Copas" will come this month from the Scribner press, was born at Polperro, in Cornwall, where his family had lived for generations. "Q," to use the title under which his first books were published, received his school training first at Newton Abbot, in Devonshire, and later at Clifton College, where he had T. E. Brown, the Manx poet, for a master. He won a scholarship which took him to Oxford, where he was when he published his first story, "Dead Man's Rock," in 1887.

Sir Wemyss Reid was starting the *Speaker* and "Q" joined the staff and was a regular contributor for some years. After four or five years, feeling the strain of town life, he went to live at Fowey at "The Haven," whose garden can be splashed by the sea waves. "Q" works through the mornings but gives up the afternoon to rowing up the river, cricketing or some other outdoor sport. Fowey on the Cornish coast is the town he has celebrated under the name of Troy in his books. Not long ago he was presenting certificates to members of an ambulance class at Fowey.

"Years ago," he said, "an old Cornish fisherman at a similar class was asked how he would treat the apparently drowned. 'Well,' he replied, 'the first thing we always did was to empty the man's pockets.'"

"Glad he wrote it; can't be too many such books of clear fun."

That is what the Evening Sun thinks about the new book by

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THE BOOKS THEY ASK FOR.

Hard Propositions Put by Customers Up to Salesmen.

The manager of the book department of a New York department store declares that fully three customers out of ten want just what they want when they want it, but somewhat harass the clerks by not knowing either the name of the book or that of its author.

Colors, says he, seem to be the chief thing they remember. One woman said that she had had a blue book by a certain writer of juveniles (name forgotten) and she wanted another right away—but this time, for a change, it must be a red book, as her son was getting tired of having his library in blue.

Another woman in the worst of the holiday rush wanted to get another copy of the book she had purchased the week before, "a green book about five by eight. I can't remember the writer or the title, but please hurry up and find it for me. I've got to catch the New Brunswick train."

Even dealers in books are not always certain, and the sales clerk of the Stokes company, New York, says that last week he received a telephone call from one of the largest retail dealers in the city for a number of copies of "Wheat of the Netherlands." It proved that the dealer wanted "Masters of the Wheatlands," by Harold Bindloss.

Book Which Had Charms.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* tells a story of a reviewer who went to lunch with a friend taking with him several new books, which he planned to read during the afternoon. The friend, being of a literary turn of mind, picked up one of the books after he had given his order to the waiter and casually glanced at its first page.

It was F. Marion Crawford's "Wandering Ghosts" and it caught the reader's interest, and though the lunch came and was served and the reviewer protested, he read on and on. The reviewer waxed angry, according to his own account of the incident, and nevertheless had to eat his luncheon alone, although the friend, who got the first reading of the book, seemed to be compensated for the loss of material food.

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.

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