

HUGH FULLERTON'S AMBITION

WANTS TO QUIT BASEBALL AND WRITE BOOKS LIKE LOCKE'S.

In the meantime he is writing a Cook Book With Recipes of His Own—Yet Though Baseball Comes Him to Facts His Fancy Has a Some Chance.

Perhaps no wider nor more appreciative circle of readers can be boasted of by any writer, especially at this time of year, than the people who daily or weekly or monthly, in any old kind of periodical, read the chronicles by Hugh Fullerton of the national game.

But what are the plaudits of the multi-million comparison with the cold criticism of the few? The baseball writer is asking himself. He asked the question to loud the other morning in the lobby of the Hotel Colonial, not too loud, for Cuba to the right and to the left, lolling about in pre-Superba relaxation might have overheard and misconstrued the remark; so he modified the naturally soft and unctuous Fullerton voice as he led an alien spirit off to listen to the unburdening of his soul.

It developed that he longs to write real literature, "something worth while, you know," he explained.

"For example, like—"

"Like Locke," he replied promptly. "If I could write stuff like William J. Locke's, I'd be the happiest man in America. There's writing that is writing. That man knows how to treat the English language."

"And don't you?"

"I? I've written baseball for twenty-one years. It makes me feel the jar just to think of what I write. Now Locke's—what do you call it?—style—is immense. And there are his characters."

"But think of the opportunity you've had for character study. Think of the countless heroes—"

"Oh, the baseball boys are all right. And the live stock out there, the Cubs today are the finest bunch you could find, but—"

"The sorrowful brown eyes of the coming delineator of he-knows-not-what trailed off into futurity somewhere seeing visions psychological such as are not found in the baseball column. After a while they returned accompanied by a back to earth sigh.

"For twenty-one years," he continued, "I've lived baseball. Do you know what that means?"

"Off in February for the season's campaign, to loaf around in the morning with the team and talk over the game of the afternoon before and the afternoon to come, to sit on the bench all afternoon, to eat baseball with dinner, to handly points all evening, to write copy between times. And all this through March, April, May, June, July and up to November."

"There's three or four months left, to be sure, when you are at liberty to dig up bad records in public men's secret past, unearthing depths of corruption in big organizations and so on, but even in these passing delights you are not permitted to forget that baseball is your métier. As a special favor to you it is dished up for conversation at all times. But I've attained my baseball majority. I sometimes think I can imagine no circumstances as happy as some place somewhere where the baseball language is unknown, where no one has ever heard of a baseball and where the newspapers come in from the outside world with every baseball item clipped."

"Some time I'm going to live in such a place. I think I've found it—a nice little ranch up in Oregon. I'm going up there to live and cook and be happy."

"Cook?"

"Why, yes, Cook. Didn't you know I cook?" Mr. Fullerton looks more pained. If possible, then when discussing his baseball grievances and his literary ambitions, "I cook. Ask any of my friends. Ask my wife—that's why she married me."

"That's the only thing in this world I really can do—cook. I have only one superior in the country, Benny Benjamin, sporting editor of the San Francisco Chronicle and in my estimation I surpass him. Perhaps he has got me beat in his artichoke salad, and he keeps tight as to how he makes it. Now, if he'd only come across with that recipe perhaps I'd let him collaborate on the cook book."

"The cook book?"

"Why, yes, the cook book." Again the pained expression in a superlative degree. "You didn't know I was writing a cook book? I am—writing a cook book. It is to be a model cook book, designed for the use of young married couples—of which in most cases I fear the young wife will do the cooking. But in any event the recipes will be made so clear, directions will be so full, that results cannot be very dangerous. The recipes are all my own."

"What is the method of making recipes, of going about getting ingredients together in correct proportions?"

"There is no method," Mr. Fullerton's manner has lost almost all trace of sorrow, of subdued restraint, there is even a hint of enthusiasm as he goes on to discourse seriously of his natural art. "When I look at a chicken, salt, pepper, water, flour, etc., something within me, as it were, rises up and prompts me just when and how much of each to take. A sort of refined mental tasting."

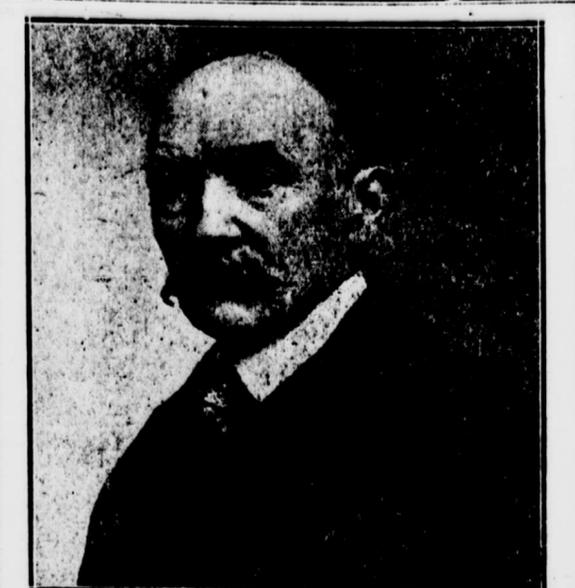
"If you're a natural born cook you'll just know how and no words can explain the method. And then it's your duty, if you're a natural born cook, to pass the results of your natural knowledge on to the world. That's what I'm planning to do. Now when I get up in Oregon—"

"Oh, the cook book will be your first real literary venture, then?"

"How can I write a cook book when I'm following the Cubs around over the country? They keep doing such extraordinary and brilliant things that it takes all my spare time to write about them. I'm lucky if I can ever get time to get into a kitchen for a few minutes to fix myself something fit to eat."

"And I'm getting so I hardly dare do that any more, it's so hard to get out. They try to keep me. Down in a North Carolina hotel, where I volunteered to show them how to dress and cook a turkey, I had to be rescued. They had never before known what a turkey tasted like. And they liked the taste. But somehow I didn't want to become a professional cook. I guess the idea wounded my finer susceptibilities. Cooking is my art. At home I raise my own vegetables and my own chickens—"

"In Chicago?"



THOMAS HARDY.

Thomas Hardy can remember when they put a man in the stocks in his native Wessex.

"I remember one perfectly when I was very young," he says. "I can see him now sitting in the scorching sunshine with the flies crawling over him. An architect first, then a poet, then a novelist, he has returned in his old age to the poetry of his youth, and one of his last works is a book of poems called 'Time's Laughing Stock.' The man who wrote 'Jude the Obscure' and 'Tess' and 'The Woodlanders' says that his favorite recreation is 'cycling and old church and dance music.'"

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AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK

The story is told in connection with the ways of the relic hunter that when Anthony Hope was last in America he and the late Major Pond ordered an elaborate breakfast one morning on the train going from Boston to Hartford. The cook was so slow that the broiled chickens appeared just as the hungry men had to change cars at Willimantic. Hope would have made off with a drum stick at least, but Major Pond disallowed him. A drummer bought the author's chickens and polished the wishbone to keep it as a souvenir.

John Muir, the naturalist and writer of California, has been visiting Boston this past week to renew his acquaintance with old scenes and friends, and he has been entertained by Prof. Charles S. Sargent and by the Anna Indian Club as well as by his publishers, Houghton Mifflin company. Mr. Muir, although more than 70, is still keen for travel, and a few years ago, in company with Prof. Sargent he journeyed around the world studying trees and plants. Now he plans to visit South America before returning to California.

H. Perry Robinson, author of "Essence of Honeycomb," just published, comes of a family of English journalists. One brother, Paul Robinson, who died a year ago, was famous for his correspondence. Mr. Robinson has spent much of his life in America and for many years he lived in Minneapolis, where he did newspaper work. Later he went to Chicago, where he made a study of railroad matters and was regarded as an authority on the subject. He is now in this country as a special representative of the London Times, with a roving commission.

Leah-Don Sir W. F. Butler, G. C. B., author of "Sir William Butler, an Artistic Biography," which has just been reported by the Scribners, is known as a soldier and politician as well as a writer. Without going to college he entered one of the old marching regiments with a lone war record and he served in India, Canada, South Africa and Egypt. Gen. Butler always had a point to most leading literary men of the places in which he lived and he cherishes especially recollections of Victor Hugo. Among his writings are "Life of Sir W. Pomeroy," "Charles Napier," "Great Lone Land" and "Red Hood, the Solitary Sioux."

Henry Sydney Harrison, author of "Queed," was at one time in his career a newspaper poet. "It is rather singular to reflect," he says, "that I am the author of over one thousand published poems. For over three years I wrote a daily rhyme for the Times-Herald of Richmond, six rhymes a week, Monday's paper containing a clipped rhyme. These verses were of every conceivable length and form and on every conceivable subject or on no subject at all. People used to ask me how I managed to keep it up, but of course it is the sort of thing which grows constantly easier, and it would have been better if I had written two or four rhymes a day, as indeed some bards do."

Mr. and Mrs. Montague Glass are to sail shortly for Italy where they will spend the summer. While abroad Mr. Glass will work on a novel, "Abe and Mawrus," a new volume of Potash and Perlmutter stories, is to be published in the fall by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The subject of Royal Cortissoz's memoir, "John La Farge," looked upon the work as practically autobiographical, and he did all he could to help his friend Mr. Cortissoz to get the work as accurate, comprehensive and sympathetic as possible.

"I have of course no idea," Mr. La Farge wrote to him, "of how you are going to handle the facts of my life as an artist, externally or internally. What I am anxious about is to tell you what I know and what I think of certain things I have done. . . . In the different cases of a good deal of my work these points of how and why I came to do a thing are important to me because they are usually unrelated to anything being done at that time."

Tertius van Dyke, a son of Dr. Henry van Dyke, has written for the June Century of "The Flavor of Life at Oxford" and what an enlightening and inspiring experience it is to study and dwell within the walls of this most ancient of all English universities.

In the same number Lady St. Helier has written of "The Trail of English Children" from the point of view of the aristocrat.

Brian Hooker has recently proved himself a versatile young man by (1) writing the libretto of "Mona," the opera by Horatio P. Parker which has just won the Metropolitan Opera House prize, and (2) by publishing in collaboration with his Yale classmate Welis Hastings a mystery story of modern days and ways, "The Professor's Mystery."

Having completed her popular "Sidney" series of books for girls Anna Chapin Ray has now written the first of a new series for boys, entitled "Buddie: The Story of a Boy."

The Book of the Moment

THE GRAIN OF DUST

the powerful new novel by

David Graham Phillips

"This is one of the most significant novels of the year so far in its constructive bearing upon the difficulties of modern existence. It deserves attention because of its singular merits."—The Independent.

"It is conceived in the same vein of sincerity and treats modern life with that firm and certain grasp which has compelled serious and nation-wide recognition for practically all of Phillips's work."—Philadelphia Press.

Pictures by A. B. Wenzell. Price \$1.30 net.

<p>By Caroline Fuller author of "Brunhilde's Paving Guest."</p> <h3>The Bramble Bush</h3> <p>"One of the brightest books of the year and one to be thoroughly enjoyed by those fond of good dialogue and witty repartee. The plot has to do with a summer home for painters, sculptors and literary folk looked after by an ex-actress."— Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.</p> <p>With Frontispiece, \$1.25 net.</p>	<p>By Priscilla Craven author of "The Pride of the Graftons."</p> <h3>The Rose With a Thorn</h3> <p>An international romance. The heroine is a charming American girl of great wealth who is sought in marriage by an impoverished English nobleman. The pictures of English society life are unusually well drawn. \$1.25 net.</p> <p>— Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.</p>	<p>By Rafael Sabatini author of "Arms and the Maid."</p> <h3>The Lion's Skin</h3> <p>"Cleverly constructed, witty in dialogue, entertaining from first chapter to last. 'The Lion's Skin' is as a green oasis in the sandy waste of the desert of the year's literary output."— San Francisco Chronicle. \$1.25 net.</p>	<p>By W. B. Maxwell author of "The Guarded Flame."</p> <h3>Mrs. Thompson</h3> <p>"The heroine is a middle-aged shop-keeper. And there is no hero. This may indicate that the book is dull, but far from being the case it is as sweet as a nut, is full of good human interest, and concludes with a genuine surprise."— Chicago Tribune.</p> <p>\$1.30 net.</p>
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Published by D. APPLETON & COMPANY, New York

A NATIVE PLAY IN INDIA.

Frederic S. Isham in Calcutta Gets New Light on the Happy Ending.

What constitutes a play with a happy ending depends on the point of view.

"While in Calcutta," writes Frederic S. Isham, the novelist, "we were advised to visit a native theatre to witness a genuine native play (not a modern Indian non-dramatic) because this particular play was generally considered most satisfactory on account of the felicitous denouement. 'It has the grand, the happy ending,' reiterated the native manager. 'It makes the audience feel, oh, so good! Yes; by Jove!'"

"It certainly had the 'happy ending.' The hero was killed, the heroine died; all the relatives of both and all their followers were slain by the Mohammedans, while to complete a climax of real, bona fide happiness all the women folk of the masculine dead walked to lively music to the burning places, where they underwent voluntary cremation after the fashion of the time. It was, as we say, a clean sweep."

There wasn't a good and worthy person left to tell the tale. Not a villain or villainess suffered a hair's harm. And all the while these good people were being 'wiped off the slate' the audience sat in a breathless state bordering on ecstacy.

"Did I tell false?" said the manager, rubbing his hands in delight. "Ever have you, so happy play in America? 'Not often,' said the Europeans present. 'Our dramatists are decadent. They are quite incapable of writing oh, so happy play!'"

"Fancy advertising this piece on Broadway as the 'most felicitous production of the day'! Yet something of the kind appeared on the native programme."

BY KATE LANGLEY BOSHER.

Sayings by Characters in Her New Novel, "Miss Gibbie Gault."

Here are some of the sayings, philosophical, humorous, &c., of the characters in "Miss Gibbie Gault." Kate Langley Bosher's new novel:

Ancestor worship isn't all Chinese. An ill bred gentleman born is still welcomed where an ill born well bred man is not invited.

I couldn't see a dog hit his tail on a fence and not tell him it was barbed if I knew it and he didn't."

Major Alden didn't really believe the Almighty made common people. He thought they came up like weeds and underbrush and, though you couldn't cut them down exactly, you must keep them down somehow."

Young people have very different ideas from their parents. They plank themselves right straight alongside of men and say they are just as smart as men are. Of course they are. Women have always known it, but they used to have too much sense to tell it."

I often think of what my old mammy told me the day I was married. 'Don't never forget, honey, that what you're marryin' is a man,' she said, 'and don't be expectin' of all the heavenly virtues in him. They ain't there.'"

There is nothing a man can stand so much of as praise.

With only occasional exceptions a woman has just about the kind of husband she makes the man who marries her become."

Through the ages man has been too sensible to wear petticoats and pink ribbons himself, but liking to see them worn he put them on woman and told her she was pretty in them."

An Irishman can talk a cabbage into a rose any day. And when he's got a rose to talk about his own tongue couldn't tell what it might say after it starts."

APT QUOTATIONS.

Hits of Verse Selected by English Readers to Describe Her Books.

Some of the prize winning quotations from English verse applicable to names of certain authors or books printed in the London Bookman are:

For "Shooting for Ladies," by Walter Winans: "The demand for craps goes on"—from Janvier's "Catching the Car."

For "Getting On," by John Adams Thayer: "She will very well pass for forty-three in the dusk with the light behind her."

For "Following Feet," by Charles E. Vivian: "Everywhere that Mary went The lamb was sure to go."

For "The Woman in It," by Charles Garvice: "An' I sez to my flutterin' heart—"

strings, I sez to 'em, 'Peace, be still!'"— Kipling's "Back to the Army Again."

For "All Things Considered," by G. K. Chesterton, or for "On Anything," by Hilaire Belloc: "The time has come," the walrus said, "To talk of many things:— Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax— Of cabbages—and kings."— from Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass."

For "A Man With a Past," by A. St. John Adecock: "I cried upon my first wife's dying day And also when my second ran away:— My third—"

"Well, then, your third," said Juan, "what did she die?"

She did not run away too, did she, sir?"

"No, faith! 'What then?' 'I ran away from her!'"

from Byron's "Don Juan."

For "The Straits of Poverty," by Ella MacMahon: "Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard To get her poor dog a bone: But when she got there the cupboard was bare, So the poor dog had none."

A volume on municipal commission government is announced for early publication by D. Appleton & Company. The book, by Clinton Rogers Woodruff, secretary of the National Municipal League, is entitled "City Government by Commission," and will give a definition and description of the system, a discussion of the principles underlying it and an account of its actual operation as well as of the results which have followed its application.

Included in the volume will be the texts of several typical commission charters, tables showing the results in upward of a hundred cities which are now governed under the plan, a considerable body of statistics and contributions from publicists and students, including Albee Bushnell Hart, Horace E. Deming, Rear Admiral F. E. Chadwick and E. R. Chesborough, who was responsible for the Galveston plan.

The league of which Mr. Woodruff is secretary has for the last seven years been giving attention and study to the subject of commission government of cities in all its phases.

The Literary Event of the Year

THE LONG ROLL

A Novel of the War Between the States

READY TODAY

By MARY JOHNSTON

READY TODAY

The Author of "To Have and to Hold," etc.

Walt Whitman said many years ago: "A great literature will yet arise out of the era of those four years, those scenes—era-compressing centuries of native passion, first-class pictures, tempests of life and death—an inexhaustible mine for the histories, drama, romance, and even philosophy of peoples to come."

"The Long Roll" is an important step in the fulfilment of this prophecy. The stage is of the largest—the whole South—though Virginia is the scene in which most of the action passes. The action is epic in its vastness and sweep. The human characters in the book play their part in a great national tragedy, of which their own affairs are but eddies in the stream.

As a picture of war—most absorbing and terrible of human subjects—the book in its vividness and gripping power, its largeness of action, can be compared only with such masterpieces as Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three" or the war novels of Tolstoy and Sienkiewicz. In the variety of appeal, ranging from grim realism to a fine idealism, the book need fear comparison with none of these. Stonewall Jackson, a chief character in the book, is delineated in one of the most masterly portraits in our literature.

The illustrations are a notable feature. Mr. N. C. Wyeth was especially commissioned by the publishers to paint a series of war pictures to illustrate the text. They are reproduced in full color, and are upon an artistic level that is rare in the illustration of books of fiction. Price \$1.40, net. Postpaid \$1.55.

THE LONG ROLL

By MARY JOHNSTON

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY