

A SOUTHERN WOMAN AUTHOR

MRS. CORRA HARRIS ON THE PROBLEMS OF HER SEX.

Marriage, Suffrage and the Modern Woman's Ideals—Mrs. Harris's Newest Book—No Setting, No Little Green Bay Ago About Her, She Explains.

Mrs. Corra Harris, who came into literary prominence a year or so ago with her book "A Circuit Rider's Wife"—she is herself a circuit rider's wife—is in town arranging for the publication of her new story, "The Recording Angel," the scene of which is laid in the South, as was "A Circuit Rider's Wife" and "Eve's Second Husband."

"I'm an ordinary person," she says, "without any trimmings. I have no setting. I have no little green bay ago. Many writers seem to me like little mustard seeds with little green bay egos. They think they must play up. So they hunt for a little setting to correspond. If they haven't got one they buy it, like a gilt frame."

"I'm just a respectable woman of 42—at least I think I'm respectable. And I've lived too close to the elbows of God all my life to hunt for a gilt frame now."

The frameless writer, who has created pictures of Southern life that her readers are going to frame her in, anyway, goes on to say that she talks, because she likes to talk, because she likes to talk, because she knows she is talking through her hat. So she is going to safeguard herself by talking facts about the new story which is to begin its serial appearance in the Saturday Evening Post this summer, and will come out between covers in the fall.

"The Recording Angel" is set in and around Ruckersville, Georgia—the oldest town in Georgia. I am a descendant of Joseph Ruckers, who figures in the story. It is an attempt to explain the listlessness of the Southern character, the lack of enterprise of it.

"It is governed by a dogmatic idealism, and its possessor is left continuously discouraged; he doesn't do, because he can't achieve his ideal. And we have nickel and dime novels for the people. Ruckersville was nearly forgotten until circumstances cast it upon the national canvas. Joseph Ruckers Lamar, our latest Chief Justice, is a descendant from this same Joseph Ruckers, who, much gossip has had it, owned 1,100 slaves. He only owned 600. I know; it is matter of family history.

"The plot of my story—rather the scene, for my stories have no plots, as records of life have no plots—is laid in Ruckersville and in Elberton. Elberton, named for Elbert Ruckers, a brother, is a younger sister of Ruckersville, which has outgrown it, as many younger sisters do."

Mrs. Harris is shortly to sail for Europe to get material for a series of papers on the women of the Old World for the Saturday Evening Post.

"Not that I have one qualification," she says, "but the prospect fascinates me; it is completely an adventure. I've had no preparation—the decision has been suddenly made—and I don't even know what part of Spain Munich is in—or Barcelona. As nearly as I can make out, I'm to find out how much ahead or how much behind the American woman the women over there are. All women are a foreign language, and I'm to translate the Old World women, as it seems to me, in comparison with ours.

"Most women are pathetic pindlin' souls. They have the disposition and the wings of angels, but no feathers—fortunately for the men. They have the disposition to fly, and the more they have the easier it is for the men to firmly plant on the earth to catch them, for, flying, they send down little kite strings of sentiment.

"Compatibility is not a basis for happy marriage anyway. Divorces on the ground of incompatibility always amuse and amaze me; it is like a woman's getting a divorce from another woman. Marriage depends upon admiration and toleration; upon the discovery not of faults but of virtues and charms. I don't believe any intelligent men and women are compatible. I'd surely want to get a divorce from a compatible man.

"The militant mind of the modern woman is funny compared with the sweet maternal mind that used to be hers. I am interested in suffrage, and the keenest disappointment of my life is that New York is the only State that has never invited to a meeting to see the suffragists actively at work, but my interest is like that of Zacheus up the tree. I'm gentle, mild, peaceful, not excited over it.

"Our women in the South never think of rights in marriage; we just take them—always adding ourselves to, never subtracting ourselves from our husbands. The new woman, it seems to me, has sounded a false alarm. Her house is not really afire; it only needs cleaning up. "Isn't it funny," the frameless writer interrupts herself, "that one can't escape the green bay swish of the branches? And she once more seeks safety in hard facts and tells how about ten years ago she made her first literary venture. She continues:

"I never create or imagine characters. They are all living or have lived; most of them are composite characters, for one can never learn to know one person well enough, even after years, to write about him alone completely. I did attempt one creation.

"Out of my imagination I produced Sister Glory White in 'A Circuit Rider's Wife.' And I learn that the 'original' has been discovered and receives company Sunday afternoons as Sister Glory White. She has even written to me corroborating her feelings and actions as I delineated them."

An interesting thing about the writer who is so afraid of the wishing of her green bay branches is that she talks as she writes; and that is as she thinks. And although she has been heralded as presenting extraordinary revelations of the feminine soul, a curious and dominant impression is left that she "thinks like a man."

To turn to "Eve's Second Husband," recently published, and to quote from Eve, whose thoughts are her creator's, and who nevertheless needn't fear the green bay swishing:

"This is the truth. Many women in their nerves, and nearly all men in their appetites, remain childlike to the last. The woman about to have hysterics would take a highball she would avoid the hysterics and be drunk instead. If the man about to take his accustomed highball resisted the temptation he'd have hysterics instead and remain sober. We are only male and female in gender. Otherwise we are very much alike," says Eve in another place, "a wife never gives her husband anything in the first place it is neither moral nor decent to do so. The second time she says 'no' while he will surely commit the same fault again. Besides, love has nothing to do with forgiveness. That day I loved Adam as never did before."

It was a radiant happy day for

AN AUTHOR IN THE FAR EAST

THINGS FREDERIC S. ISHAM MAY PUT INTO A BOOK.

Incidents of Travel Recorded in Letters to His Publishers—Englishman Who Didn't Laugh at a Joke—Had Coffee in Java—Modern German Enterprise.

Rambling somewhere in the far East gathering material for more books is Frederic S. Isham, who believes in giving his publishers an account of himself every now and then. Whenever something happens that strikes him as being out of the ordinary he incorporates it in one of his letters. Apparently Mr. Isham doesn't mind letting his publishers into his confidence in these matters. Perhaps he knows that these incidents are going to be soot sufficiently to bear the stamp of novelty when they get between the covers of a book.

He has noticed for one thing that a Chinaman is the quickest sort of person to take a hint. He met a European merchant who was doing business in Shanghai and employed a number of natives in his shop. It was found that silver coins were disappearing from the till. The merchant knew that it was hard to catch a Chinaman in the act of stealing, so he resorted to another plan.

He filled his till with counterfeit silver. That, he thought, was the same as telling the guilty member of his staff that the stealing had been discovered and that if it stopped nothing would happen. The counterfeit money disappeared and the thieving stopped.

Down in the Malay peninsula Mr. Isham ran across an Englishman who upheld the traditions of his race. He appeared to fail to see the point of a story and then—but here is the incident:

On a coaster sailing below the equator one of the smoking room monologues experts was saying that his impressions of the Straits Settlements could be summed up in the picture of a strong black man standing in the centre of a muddy stream trying to split a rock with a shirt. It seems that that story is so well tested that the speaker knew it couldn't fail to get a laugh. Only one man out of the seven refused to laugh. He was the Englishman.

"What's the matter, old chap?" asked Isham. "Don't you see the point or are you waiting until to-morrow to wake up to it?"

"See the point? I should say I did," retorted the other wearily. "I ought to be the man who owned the shirt!" He had lived in the Orient twenty-five years.

Great as has been the English influence in this region it was found that the cars on the newly constructed railway from Penang to Kuala Lumpur and thence to Singapore are American in type and design. John Bull has given over the compartment idea and has provided cars in which you can actually look from end to end.

But Mr. Isham doesn't recommend the two days trip through the jungle and rubber plantations. He thinks that the traveller who loves his comfort had better stick to his boat. It was 12 degrees Fahrenheit in Mr. Isham's car when it reached Kuala Lumpur. That was the hottest trip he ever took, "and I've crossed the Chinese desert, thirty-six hours, in midsummer," adds the author.

Another thing that he didn't like was the experience he encountered when he tried to get a cup of good tea or coffee. "This," he writes, "is only on a par with conditions in so many of our little American hamlets and villages where good water, rich cream and good chickens for the residents are practically non-obtainable—the same having been sent to town. In Calcutta I heard an American in the best hotel there say to the waiter: 'If this,' indicating the contents of a cup before him, 'is tea bring me coffee. If it is coffee bring me tea.' And the waiter, a Eurasian, who had no sense of humor, took away the drink and platonically brought something else—equally bad, no doubt.

"So after India, Burma and the Malay peninsula we waited with bated breath for the coffee of Java. Java coffee! The excellence of it was a childhood tradition. The coffee 'mother used to make' was compounded of real Java in Java surely we would find a neater of the gods!

"What did we discover? An extract of coffee served in little tiny castors. It would have made the gods ill. Another illusion gone! Don't go to Java for real Java coffee. If you must go, get it from Java, Michigan, or Paris, Ohio, but you won't find it in Java. Not for money!"

Lots of things appear to have been contrary to their appearances over there. In a little bungalow kind of hotel in the Straits Settlements Mr. Isham saw an Englishman who looked like a typical aristocratic class of England. If this is the loudly that the boy could have heard him a quarter of a mile away. "That must be a very important person," I said one night to the European proprietor of the place. "Mr. Isham writes, 'What is his title?'"

"Title? Oh, that's only a clerk in the general store who sells trash. Think tin coffee!"

"Sells trash? A clerk? If that's all there is in that voice, then who in heaven's name is that insignificant looking little man over there who seems half afraid to make himself heard?"

"That, said the half-native, is Lord So-and-so, ex-Governor of the province. P. R. Q. & Co., and owner of the great rubber plantations we have. A great power in the States," proudly, "his income last year was a cool million. He's inspecting one of his properties now."

"RITA" FORSAKES FICTION.

She Has Written Fifty Novels and Has Become Pessimistic.

The popular novelist "Rita"—in private life Mrs. Desmond Humphreys—has resolved to write no more books for a time. She has become pessimistic.

"I have climbed up to a certain point on the Hill Difficulty," she says, "and there I stand for a breathing space. I look below and around and I ask myself 'Cui bono?'"

"A goodly array of work stands behind me. The early books, with their crude ideas of life, their girlish theories of romance, still sell and are still republished. The later ones, those in which the thought and experience of years has been garnered, form a more and somewhat different collection. But even as I number the varying editions I realize how poorly one is compensated for such labor."

"And beside that realization stands another and more disheartening discovery—how seldom does one's best work achieve recognition or popularity. That is a fact which most authors learn sooner or later. Popular taste is not critical taste. Popularity means an easily caught or sensationality tricked public; it means momentary enthusiasm, quick forgetfulness."

"If only the best work received the best payment, what a difference there would be in English literature! But also the worker must live and support a family, and if a publisher is a strictly business eye he must keep a strictly business eye in his head. But brains are no enviable asset in the market, for the brainworker is often the worst paid and most long suffering of all the paid slaves of humanity."

"I contrast two of my own books, 'Souls' and 'Calvary.' 'Souls' ran into eleven editions and still sells eight years after its first appearance both at 6 shillings, 3 and 4, and in paper covers at sixpence. 'Calvary' never reached a second edition—and it is the best book I have ever written."

"It has brought me numbers of appreciative letters, much appreciative criticism, a wide circle of intellectual friends, but it has been a complete monetary failure. So much for good work. Yet I don't mind doing it, it is worth suffering for, but when you ask me if it is to have a successor I can only reply, 'Cui bono?'"

"Dame Durden" is the title of the first of "Rita's" novels, and "Calvary" is the story of the making of Teacoth Mosslich. Dr. Coward and Sir Edgar are making a world tour, visiting the principal cities of Canada and the Western cities of the United States, whence they intend going to Australia and British South Africa.

Miss Constance d'Arcy Mackay, author of "The House of the Heart" and "The Silver Thread," two collections of plays for children, will have the distinction of being the first woman to produce in America a pageant for children when on May 20 she produces in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, "The Decant of Patriotism." Louis N. Parker, the English playwright, was the originator of this idea in England, where he successfully produced the Sherborne pageant with the assistance of the officials of Toynton Hall.

Prof. Philip S. Allen of the University of Chicago has prepared a more elementary reader than his successful book called "Horens." The second, entitled "Deheim" and to be published on May 20 by the Holt, will contain stories, giving incidental pictures of German life, bits of verse and songs with music.

Gen. Frederick Funston, who rose so rapidly from the ranks of the volunteers with the Cuban insurgents to his present rank in the United States army, has turned author, and he recounts in the June Scribner's the story of the making of Teacoth Kansas and its record in the Philippine later articles of his to be published as "Up the Road to Malolos" and "Calocan and the Trenches," true narratives of exciting and desperate warfare.

Miss E. B. Dowling, the title of whose book, "Other People's Houses," caused discussion at the time of its publication, shows that her aptitude in selecting titles will remain in her new book, "A Big Horse to Ride," which is shortly to appear.

William Romaine Paterson, author of "The Old Dance Master," formerly wrote his novels under the pen name of Benjamin Swift. Besides his fiction Mr. Paterson is the author of several philosophical works. He is a graduate of Glasgow University, where he received his M. A. with honors in philosophy. Mr. Paterson lives in London.

Anthony Hope, whose latest novel, "Mrs. Maxon Protests," was published last week in London in one of the fine old houses on Bedford square, near his friend, Forbes Robertson, the actor. He spends his summers at Overstrand, near Cromer, on the coast, where much of his writing is done. His wife was an American girl, Miss Elizabeth Sheldon of New York.

Owen Wister does not agree with the opinion that good literature goes unappreciated by the great mass of people. In the preface to his "Members of a Family" he says:

"Editors have at times lamented to me that good work is not distinguished from bad by our multifarious millions. I have the happiness to know the editors to be

ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.

Thirty Important Plays Contained in Prof. Neilson's Book.

The second volume in the "Chief Poets Series," now in process of publication by Houghton Mifflin Company, is Prof. Neilson's "Chief Elizabethan Dramatists." By his selection and arrangement the editor gives a comprehensive view of the drama of this period. He manages to include within less than 900 pages thirty important plays, four by Marlowe, including "Doctor Faustus," "Every Man in His Humour" and three other plays by Ben Jonson, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" and two others by Beaumont and Fletcher, three by Fletcher alone and three by Dekker.

Besides these the authors he includes are Lyly, Peele, Greene, Kyd, Chapman, Marston and Webster, Heywood, Middleton, Rowley, Massinger, Ford and Shirley, enough to keep classes in English literature busy in college, to supply all the sidelight, Italian, Spanish and French, and above all to provide all who care seriously for English literature with the opportunity to read for themselves with no great trouble the masterpiece of the most brilliant period the English drama has known.

MEANING OF "THE PATRICIAN."

Explanation of the Change in the Title of John Galsworthy's Novel.

There has been discussion among novel readers as to why John Galsworthy changed the title of his latest work, just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, from "The Patricians," as it was called when published serially in the Atlantic Monthly, to "The Patrician." Some people believe that this was done to turn the full attention of the reader toward the hero, young Lord Milton, to make him more than ever the central character and less one of a brilliant group in which Lady Barbara played an almost equal part.

Another notion is that John Galsworthy endeavored in this novel not so much to present a single character of great moral strength and almost oxymoronic sense of honor, nor yet one small group of people of highest station and great power, as to place before the reader through this group of Indian plantations the entire aristocratic class of England. If this is the right explanation the noun "patrician" is used in a collective sense. The title "The Patrician" refers to the entire class, the entire class is taken to be typified by the group which John Galsworthy presents in his novel.

CURE FOR STRIKES.

Frederick W. Taylor Sees a Preventive in Scientific Management.

Frederick W. Taylor, author of "The Principles of Scientific Management," says that one of the most beneficial results of the introduction of his system will be the elimination of strikes. In his recent Carnegie Hall speech before the representatives of forty industrial plants Mr. Taylor said:

"Labor's fear of new methods is only the old fear of strange things. It will disappear with time. There are 50,000 men at work under scientific management, and they are receiving 30 to 50 per cent more wages than other men in the same trades outside."

There have been no strikes where the principle is in operation, although the most serious kind of strikes have been called in the same trades under other conditions.

It has been commented that in "The Principles of Scientific Management" Mr. Taylor tells how he spent thirty years and \$20,000 to find out what makes a man lazy.

English Authors in the "Index."

Persons reading prohibited books which appear in the "Index" incur excommunication forthwith. Among the English authors whose works are prohibited occur the names of James J. Barclay, Archbishop Fisher and Bishop Anderson, Bill Peacock, Galsworthy, the patriotic scholar, Hobbes, recently the names of the late Prof. Mivart of St. Mary's Hospital and Father Tyrrell, the ex- Jesuit, appeared.

Among those who have not incurred excommunication are the theologian, Canon Milton, Chillingworth, the divine and Jesuit soldier who in turn was Protestant, Papist and Protestant again. The works of the tinker dreamer of Bedford do not appear, nor do those of the creator of Gulliver's Land, and an English class is exempt from protestation, election and prohibition, but it is recommended that certain works should not be used in teaching boys. Some of the early reformers, Calvin, for instance, advocated an index of their own.

A Literary Event



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AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

Dr. Henry Coward, the "pioneer chorus master," who is making a visit to this country with Sir Edward Elgar, the composer, is the subject of a biography by J. A. Rodgers, in which there is a special chapter on the Sheffield choir, established in 1876 and internationally known through its renditions of "The Messiah." Dr. Coward and Sir Elgar are making a world tour, visiting the principal cities of Canada and the Western cities of the United States, whence they intend going to Australia and British South Africa.

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"Editors have at times lamented to me that good work is not distinguished from bad by our multifarious millions. I have the happiness to know the editors to be

wrong. Let the subject of a piece of fiction contain a simple, broad appeal and the better it is the greater its success, although the noble army of readers will not suspect that their pleasure is largely due to the skill.

E. B. Dowling, author of "Other People's Houses," has left New York for her summer home on Long Island. Miss Dowling recently turned over to her publishers the manuscript of a new novel entitled "A Big Horse to Ride," which will be published early this month.

Dr. George Bird Grinnell, editor of "Forest and Stream," is one of the consulting editors of the new book "Harper's Camping and Accounting." Dr. Eugene L. Swan, who has had experience in Y. M. C. A. and private camps, is the other contributing editor, his specialty being camp hygiene and what to do in case of accidents and illness. Garrett P. Serviss, the astronomical writer, furnishes a guide to mountain climbing in various parts of America.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has been spending the past month in London, where luncheon and dinners have been given for her by Lady St. Heller, Lady Sheffield, Lady Bell, Lady Playfair, Lady Waterlow, Countess Armin and Sir Charles Wyndham. On May 19 at a dinner given by the American Circle of the Lyceum Club she spoke for "The Guests," and at the Women Writers' Coronation dinner on May 20 she responded to "The Literary Life."

John Sweet in his "Public Education in California" gives an account of the origin and development of public education in

California embodying his personal reminiscences of half a century. As principal of grammar schools and of the Girls High School and Superintendent of Schools in San Francisco and as State Superintendent of Public Instruction in California he was an active participant in the early struggles in founding the public school system, the fight against political dictation, the framing of the school laws and their various revisions, and the growth of the system during its first half century.

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Advertisement for "The Colonel of the Red Hussars" by John Reed Scott, published by J.B. Lippincott & Co. Philadelphia. The ad features a portrait of a man in military uniform and the text: "JUST OUT THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE COLONEL OF THE RED HUSSARS' \$1.25 Net".