LITERARY NEWS, VIEWS AND CRITICISM.

WHEN ARNOLD BENNETT DISCOVERED NEW YORK

He Tells All About It in "Your United States," and Says He Likes Us.

HIS FIRST "INTERVIEW"

Broadway Left Him Speechless for the Time Being—He Writes of Its Perils.

And now comes Arnold Bennett to tell us again in print what an Englishman thinks of us. In *Harper's Magazine* for April, under the title "Your United States," appears the first of a series in which Mr. Bennett will give his impressions of this country. He begins with an analysis of his feelings upon first being interviewed and has some pointed things to say about his adventures with interviewers. This is how he describes his coming to land and his meeting with the ultramarine reporters.

"Excitement will indeed take strange forms. For myself, although I was on the threshold of the greatest adventure of my life, I was unaware of being excited—I had not even 'smelled' land to say nothing of having seen it—until when it was quite dark, I descried a queerly arranged group of different colored lights in the distance—yellow, red, green, and what not. My thought ran instantly to Coney Island. I knew that Coney was an island, and that it was a place where people had to be attracted and distracted somehow, and I decided that these illuminations were a device of the pleasure mongers of Coney. And when the ship began to salute these illuminations with answering flares I thought the captain was a rather good natured man to consent thus to amuse the populace. But when we slowed, our propellers covering the calm sea with acres of foam, and the whole entire illuminations began to approach us in a body, I perceived that my Coney Island was merely another craft, but a very important and official craft. An extremely small boat soon detached itself * * *

"The United States had stretched out a tentacle.

"In no time at all, as it seemed, another and more formidable tentacle had folded round me—in the shape of two interviewers. (How these men had got on board and how my own particular friend had got on board I knew not, for we were yet far from quayside.) I had been hearing all my life about the sublime American institution of the interview. I had been warned by Americans of its piquant dangers. And here I was suddenly up against it! Beneath a casual and jaunty exterior I trembled. I wanted to sit, but dared not. They stood. I stood. These two men, however, were adepts. They had the better qualities of American dentists. Obviously they spent their lives in meeting notorieties on inbound steamers and made naught of it. They were middle aged, disillusioned, tepidly polite, conscientious, and rapid. They knew precisely what they wanted and how to get it. Having got it, they raised their hats and went.

Apparently Mr. Bennett was relieved when he read the paper next day, for he records that "the printed stories were brief, quite unpretentious and inoffensive." He adds that one of the writers did, however, "let out that the most salient part of me was my teeth, and the other did assert that I behaved like a schoolboy," and explains that the alleged schoolboyishness was probably the result of his attempting to overcome his timidity and to appear dignified.

He says that he liked his first specimens of the race of interviewers—he isn't Americanized enough yet to use the word "reporter" out of quotation marks—but that they gave him "an incomplete idea of the race of interviewers in the United States." He says, still writing of the interviewer":

"Many varieties won my regard immediately and kept it, but I am conscious that my sympathy with one particular brand (perhaps not numerous) was at times imperfect. The brand in question as to which I was amiably cautioned before even leaving the steamer is usually very young and as often a girl as a youth. He or she cheerfully introduces himself or herself with a hint that of course it is an awful bore to be interviewed, but he or she had a job to do and he or she must be allowed to do it. Just so!

"But the point which in my audacity I have occasionally permitted to occur to me is this: Is this sort of interviewer capable of doing the job allotted to him? I do not mind slips of reporting. I do not mind a certain agreeable malice (indeed, I reckon to do a bit in that line myself). I do not even mind hasty misrepresentations (for, after all, we are human and the millennium is still unannounced); but I do object to inefficiency, especially in America, where sundry kinds of efficiency have been carried further than any efficiency was ever carried before.

"Immediately after my first bout with interviewers I was seated at a table in the dining saloon of the ship with my particular friend and three or four friendly, quiet, modest, rather diffident human beings whom I afterward discovered to be among the best and most experienced newspaper men in New York—not interviewers.

"Said one of them:

"'I was a reporter for twelve years, but I was cured of personalities at an early stage—and by a nigger, too! I had been interviewing a nigger prizefighter and I'd made some remarks about the facial characteristics of niggers in general. Some other nigger wrote me a long letter of protest and it ended like this: 'I've never seen you. But I've seen your portrait, and let me respectfully tell you that you're no Lilliam Russell.'

"Said my companion:

"'No importance whatever is attached to a certain kind of interview in the United States.'

"'Supposing I refuse to talk to that sort of interviewer?' I asked at the saloon table.

"'The interview will appear all the same,' was the reply."

Mr. Bennett having exhausted his first impressions of being interviewed, turns to his first vague vision of sky scrapers" and his sensations upon getting ashore. "I don't think that any American ever set foot in Europe," he writes, "with a more profound and delicious thrill than that which affected me at that instant." He passed as in a dream through the many activities of the pier, heard his name shouted by a man in uniform and thought, "Thus early have I somehow violated the Constitution of these States?"

But it was only a telegram and presently Mr. Bennett found himself tucked away with his friends in a taxi and was "off into New York." He writes:

"At the centre of the first cross roads I saw a splendid and erect individual flashing forth authority, gayety and utter smartness in the gloom. Impossible not to believe that he was the owner of all the adjacent ground disguised as a cavalry officer on foot.

"'What is that archduke?' I inquired.

"'He's just a cop.'

"I knew then that I was in a great city.

"The rest of the ride was an enfevered phantasmagoria. We burst startlingly into a very remarkable deep glade—on the floor of it long and violent surface cars, a few open shops and bars with commissionaires at the doors, vehicles dipping and rising out of holes in the ground, vistas of forests of iron pillars, on the top of which ran deafening, glittering trains, as on a tight rope; above all that, a layer of darkness; and above the layer of darkness enormous moving images of things in electricity—a mastodon kitten playing with a ball of thread, an umbrella in a shower of rain, siphons of soda water being emptied and filled, gigantic horses galloping at full speed, and an incredible heraldry of chewing gum. . . . Sky-signs!

"'I suppose this is Broadway?' I ventured.

"'It was. That is to say, it was one of the Broadways. There are several different ones. What could be more different from this than the downtown Broadway of Trinity Church and the crowded skyscrapers? And even this Broadway could differ from itself, as I knew later on an election night. . . . I was overpowered by Broadway.

"'You must not expect me to talk,' I said.

"We drew up in front of a huge hotel and went into the bar, huge and gorgeous to match, shimmering with white bartenders and a variegated population of men about town. I had never seen such a bar.

"'Two Polands and a Scotch highball,' was the order. Of which geographical language I understood not a word.

"'See the fresco,' my particular friend suggested. And from his tone, at once modestly content and artificially careless, I knew that that nursery rhyme fresco was one of the sights of the pleasure quarter of New York and that I ought to admire it. Well, I did admire it. I found it rather fine and apposite. But the free luncheon counter, as a sight, took my fancy more. Here it was, the free luncheon counter of which the European reads—generously loaded, and much freer than the air.

"'Have something?'

"I would not. They could shame me into drinking coffee, but they could not shame me into eating corned beef and granite biscuits at 11 o'clock at night. The Poland water sufficed me.

After leaving the bar Mr. Bennett and his companions "swept perilously off again into the welter," as he describes it. He pauses in the narration of personal impressions to relate that three of his steamer companions were that same night "thrown out of a rickety taxi into a hole in the ground in the middle of New York," and that one of them spent a week in bed under a doctor's care, and then goes on to describe his first experience in a New York railroad station and how he escaped from the town into the open country.

"We arrived at a terminus," he writes. "And it was a great terminus. A great terminus is an inhospitable place. And just here, in the perfection of the manner in which my minutest comfort was studied and provided for, I began to appreciate the significance of American hospitality—that combination of eager good nature, Oriental lavishness and sheer brains. We had time to spare.

"Then we were in the train and the train was moving. And every few seconds it shot past the end of a long, straight, lighted thoroughfare, scores upon scores of them, with a wider and more brilliant street interspersed among them at intervals. And I forgot at what hundreth street the train paused before rolling finally out of New York. I had had the feeling of a vast and metropolitan city, I thought, 'Whatever this is or is not, it is a metropolis and will rank with the best of 'em.' I had lived long in more than one metropolis and I knew the proud and the shameful, unmistakable marks of the real thing. And I was aware of a poignant sympathy with those people and those mysterious generations who had been gradually and yet so rapidly putting together, girder by girder and tradition by tradition, all unseen by me till then, this illustrious proud organism, with its nobility and its baseness, its rectitude and its mournful errors, its colossal sense of life. I liked New York irrevocably."

From the Putnams' Press.

The Putnams announce the publication to-day of the following books: The eighth volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature," entitled "The Age of Dryden," to which the contributors are Profs. John W. Cunliffe of Wisconsin, John M. Manley, Ashley H. Thorndike of Columbia, W. A. Neilson and G. P. Baker of Harvard, Albert S. Cook of Yale, Frederick M. Padelford of Washington, Francis B. Gummers of Haverford and J. E. Spingarn of Columbia; "The Social Evil," a second revised edition with new material covering the years 1902-1911, edited by Edwin R. A. Seligman, McVickar professor of political economy in Columbia University, and "Beyond the Law," by Miriam Alexander, which won the 250 guineas prize ($1,312) offered by Andrew Melrose, the English publisher, in the interests of good literature.

James F. Dwyer's Snake Story.

James Francis Dwyer, whose "The White Waterfall" has been announced, is an Australian and tells a story of the serious manner in which the Australian aborigine takes the religion of the white man. There was a missionary who preached to a tribe of blacks in northern Queensland, telling them in simple language of Adam and Eve and their downfall. The snake incident excited the colored converts, and the next day when the good man arrived at their camp he found they had collected some half hundred snakes. "But why do you want me to examine them?" he asked. The chief of the tribe winked knowingly. "You tellem of old snake that makem plenty trouble, Mr. Adam," he said. "We thinkem you find dat old feller with this lot."

The Macmillan Announcements.

The Macmillan Company announce the publication of the following books "The House of Fortune," a romantics tale of the days of the court of Charles II., by Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower"; "The House of Pride," another collection of short stories by Jack London, taking its title from the first story in the volume; "Food for the Invalid and the Convalescent," by Winifred Stuart Gibbs, and a new volume in "Macmillan's Standard Library Series," "Christianity and the Social Crisis," by Walter Rauschenbusch.

For April publication is announced a new edition of Joseph Conrad's novel, "Almayer's Folly," which the author made the basis of his recently published autobiographical "A Personal Record," and "Marcus Alonzo Hanna: His Life and Work," by Herbert Croly.

WRITING OF "BEST SELLERS" PAYS WELL

An Author Who Does One a Year and Makes Twenty Thousand Dollars by It.

NO SHORT STORIES FOR HIM

Looks on Writing as a Business and Aims to Please the Public Rather Than to Produce "Literature."

Latest among "literary confessions," seemingly so popular at the present time, is the report of an anonymous "best seller" who, through the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post*, tells how best sellers are scored and how a quarter million may be easily earned. He confesses coming from the middle West region, where, after serving in all the capacities known to a newspaper, he found himself at 27 essaying comic opera librettos.

"One of the boys suggested that I give up the comic opera idea and write a novel," he says. "I began one. Within six months it was completed. Enter the fairy story coloring. Two weeks after its completion the story was running as a serial in a New York paper. For the serial rights here and abroad I received $750. No more jokes for mine! Up to date, in cheap editions, that first novel has brought me in $12,500.

"I went at it again. Publishers all over the country were after me with fat contracts. I remained where I was, and today I am glad I did. An author makes a great mistake in changing his publishers after he has made his first strike. It creates in the second house a vague distrust that the author may change publishers again; consequently the book is not pushed as it should be. A dozen or more young writers have lost their public through this shortsightedness; and when you lose your public it is something you can never find again. Mine has been very loyal to me.

"Every time I complete a book my publishers and I meet and go over the ground thoroughly. We decide who shall illustrate it, whether it shall be dramatized, whether it shall be printed in cheap editions, when it shall be published. Always I leave the date of publication in their hands, for they know far better than I the psychological moment for the launching. And half the game is getting your book out at the right time. For my part I consider August or September the best time, because the fall book gets the benefit of the holiday sale. One thing we have never done, and that is to put more books on the market than we honestly believed we could sell. As a result, very few authors stand in better with the trade—meaning the jobbers and the booksellers. I am not averse to going in and shaking hands with a bookseller and asking him how the market is going. Why shouldn't I shake hands with him? He is one of the loyalest friends I have.

"'Here is a rattling good yarn,' he says to a customer. 'Know the author. Comes in when he happens to be in town. No great I am about him—just an ordinary human being like the rest of us.'

"Shrewd, you'll say. Well, maybe. Business is business. To be sure, I do not go round the country shaking hands with the booksellers. But if I happen to go to Pittsburg or Detroit or Baltimore, and plays take me here and there across the continent, why, I hunt up a dealer, buy some magazines, tell him who I am and talk shop with him.

"I used to have some fine ideas about book writing, but to-day, after eleven years of it, I look upon it as a business—a clean, honest business—and I am proud of it, for there must be some merit to my stories or I could not hold an audience for a decade. And every penny in the dollar is untainted. No one is forced to buy my books, no one has ever been tricked into buying a copy. Those who buy have bought them from the start. They expect excitement, fun, lots of dialogue, diversity of scenes, mystery, something they may begin after dinner and end at midnight. Problem novels? Divorce? Politics? Sociology? Never in the world. My public wants amusing romances; their problems they have with them always, and my business is to make them forget these for an hour or so. Some day—when I am 45—I am going to write the novel I have had in mind these ten years. Its canvas is as big as one of Tintoretto's. The probabilities are, however, that I shall never complete it.

"I have never had a first edition of a hundred thousand copies; my publishers have generally limited the advance printing to 70,000. Then we wait for reorders and fill accordingly. Thus you will never find a stack of my novels in a bookshop six or seven months after publication. The sale of a popular novel is made within five or six months; after that it is dead, very dead, unless it happens to be a 'David Harum' or a 'Cabbage Patch.' You never can tell what a book is going to do, however, that is always on the knees of the gods. Advertising pushes a book just so far; after that it has to be pushed by you and by me and by the other fellow.

"The English editions of my tales have been annual jokes. Less than £100 will cover all I have made from the Isles. Germany has paid me five times that amount, and even Italy hasn't been so bad. Once I wrote a historical novel, lots of fighting and sacrebleuing. An Italian dramatist made a drama out of it. I saw it one night in Rome. Everything had been eliminated but the gore. There was so much of that that it threatened to roll over the footlights and extinguish them. I had a great time.

"I write one novel a year, rarely anything else. For with me short stories literally are condensed novels. I should lack wisdom—commercial wisdom, if you will have it so—if I sold for five hundred dollars what I could, with a little more labor, sell for fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. I work perhaps six months; then I go fishing, or I pack up and go to Florence or Pekin or Bombay or Rio Janeiro. 'My office is where I can hang my hat.' I am an inveterate globe trotter. I believe in travel; the least it does is to keep the imagination fertile.

"I go over a story three times, once roughly, once carefully, and then I take it to the typewriter and add the final polish. I never sketch a scenario. I first find my happy ending; the events and climaxes that lead up to it are practically unknown to me until I get to them. I am often as much surprised as the reader is.

"Here is an illustration of the whimsical turns of fate: Some years ago I sent a short story to the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, but it didn't quite get there. I sent it to a popular magazine in New York. The editor and his readers accepted it, but the publisher himself said no. On rereading it I saw the possibilities I had missed. I made a novelette out of it that sold sixty-eight thousand in the regular and two hundred thousand in the cheap editions. It will be produced shortly as a play. And, as Henry James says, there you are!

"Here is my ledger for eleven years:

Royalties on eleven novels and three novelettes	$180,000
Royalties on dramatizations of same—so far	40,000
Serial rights	18,000
Total	$238,000
Outlay in pencils, paper and so forth—approximately	300
Total balance	$235,700

"Almost a quarter of a million. Quite a tidy sum for a chap, who, once upon a time all but ran his legs off for ten dollars a week. I have forgiven Chicago; it took a long time to do it. Some of the money I have still. I suppose this is due to the fact that it came in quicker than I could spend it. And I herewith forgive the critics, one and all. When I look at those numerals I rather believe I can afford to."

WOMAN FARMER AN AUTHOR.

Busy Life of Miss Edna Turpin, Creator of "Honey-Sweet," on Her Plantation.

Miss Edna Turpin, author of "Honey-Sweet," might be called a womanly woman had not that term been somewhat misused. She is from Virginia, very sprightly, very energetic, very kindly. With difficulty one remembers while listening to her chat of life on her farm that she is the author of several text books, of special high school and college texts of Matthew Arnold, Browning and other Victorian poets, and of "A Short History of the American People."

There is nothing about Miss Turpin to suggest the compiler of a history; there is much to recall her sympathetic little story of thirteen-year-old Anne, who found herself abandoned by her guardian on the deck of a liner about to sail for Europe and for whom was fashioned by an invalid friend the rag doll Honey-Sweet.

And Honey-Sweet was a real doll, Miss Turpin says; Anne was a real little girl. Anne's story was written down quite without forethought, quite without intention of ensnaring the public by means of the little wandering child and her rag doll.

"I wrote it in spare moments," says its author, "when I did not have to be outside superintending the work of the plantation. I did it very much as I learned what little Greek I know or as I embroider a dress."

And Miss Turpin told how she had had Greek verbs written on bits of paper and distributed in each room of her house, so that whenever she had a moment of leisure she could pick up one of them for study, and how whenever she embroidered a dress she had bits of the goods scattered about within easy reach, so she could save every minute in work.

Most women would consider all this enough; but Miss Turpin is also a professional farmer, and she remarks casually: "I am only incidentally a writer."

Her farm is one of the typical southside Virginia plantations. Out of the original 3,000 acres Miss Turpin manages and works 250. She has the distinction of being one of the chief cotton producers in her neighborhood and at the last fair of the Agricultural Association of Mecklenburg county she received the blue ribbon prize for her cotton. The judges were three men, so Miss Turpin felt that her farming was being taken seriously by her neighbors.

When asked if she had gone into farming scientifically she replied that she had to such an extent that she was a joint author, with Andrew Soule, in charge of the Georgia experiment station, of a book on agriculture.

"I thought at one time," she continued, "that I should take up the raising of hogs, but during the season following my experiments with them I was studying Renaissance art, and I found that the squealing of the little pigs sadly interfered with my reading. It seemed to me that pigs and art did not agree, so I gave up the pigs."

When seen during her recent visit in New York Miss Turpin was on her way to Washington, where for several months each winter she does historical research.

March Books by the Revell Company.

The March publications announced by Fleming H. Revell Company include: "The Cross," a devotional volume by G. A. Johnston Ross, M. A.; "How the Cross Saves," a devotional volume by Robert F. Horton, D. D.; "The Lore of Cathay," a popular new edition of Dr. W. A. P. Martin's work on the Chinese intellect; "The Church and Her Children," a solution of the problem of child attendance at church, by the Rev. Henry W. Hulbert; "The Call of the Christ," an exposition of the character of Jesus, by Herbert L. Willett, Ph. D.; "The Land of Your Sojournings," a collection of sermons and addresses by the Rev. Wilfred S. Hackett;" "The Quiet Time," including prayer pages for each day of the week, by S. D. Gordon; "In Bethany House," a story of social service by Mary Elizabeth Smith; "Jonah of Gath-Hepher," a story of the Bible prophet by the Rev. Edward A. Marshall; "The Acts, Epistles and Revelation," a volume for Bible study, comparing the Protestant and Roman Catholic versions, by Frank J. Firth, and several new volumes in the International Leaders Library—"Twice Born Men," by Harold Begbie; "The Personal Touch," by J. Wilbur Chapman; "Echoes from Edinburgh 1910," by W. H. T. Gardiner; "The Ministry of the Spirit," by A. J. Gordon; "Many Infallible Proofs," by Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.; "The Open Secret," by Hannah Whitall Smith; "Through the Eternal Spirit," by J. Elder Cummings, D. D.

Appleton's Spring Offerings.

The recent publications of D. Appleton & Co. include two notable biographies, "The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne," by Lewis Melville, and "Lafcadio Hearn," by Nina H. Kennard; a book on the training of children, entitled "The Coming Generation," by Dr. William Byron Forbush; a volume on "The American Transportation Question," by Samuel O. Dunn, editor of the *Railway Age Gazette*; "The American Year Book" for 1911, a record of events and progress in every department of human activity; a small elementary book on "Physiology" in Appletons' Science Primers; and three novels, "The Trevor Case," by Natalie S. Lincoln; "The Department Store," by Margarete Böhme, and the London literary sensation "Carnival," by Compton Mackenzie.

Offered by Sturgis and Walton Company.

March books announced by Sturgis and Walton Company include: "Jaconetta Stories," relating the many affairs of the heart of a flirtatious heroine, by Fannie Heaslip Lea, author of "Quicksands"; "Making Home Profitable," a practical exposition of profitable small farming, by Kate V. Saint-Maur, author of "Earth's Bounty"; "Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun," the seventh volume in this house's "Court Series of French Memoirs"; the eagerly awaited volume of unpublished Dickens letters, which presents 400 letters, under the title of "Charles Dickens as Editor"; an addition to the "Young Farmers' Practical Library" in L. W. Page's "Roads, Paths and Bridges," by the Chief of the Office of Public Roads, United States Department of Agriculture.

In the April **SCRIBNER**

Begins the Serial

The Heart of the Hills

by John Fox, Jr.

Author of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

THIS is a story of vivid contrasts. The people of the Mountains are brought in contact with the people of the Blue Grass. The main interest of the plot revolves about a boy and girl of the hills and a boy and girl of the plains. It is their development from crude childhood to wiser maturity that enchains the reader. They are *real* people, as appealing and lovable as *Chad* or *June* of Fox's previous stories. There are dramatic action, humor, sentiment and pathos, and something of political turmoil. It is a story near at hand in its people and interest—a picture of modern Kentucky. Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.

Subscriptions to Scribner's may begin any time

$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

HARPERS' SPRING BOOKS.

A Long List of Works of Fiction, and More Serious Volumes.

Harper & Brothers have a long list of spring books. The fiction includes "Greyfriars Bobby," the story of a dog, by Eleanor Atkinson; "The Man in Lonely Land," a new novel by Kate Langley Bosher, author of "Mary Carey"; "The Bantam," a preparatory school story, by Brewer Corcoran; "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser, in a new edition uniform with the author's latest work, "Jennie Gerhardt"; "Riders of the Purple Sage," which the author, Zane Grey, has laid in southern Utah among gunmen, rustlers and Mormons; "The Terrible Meek," a one act play dealing with the peace problem, by Charles Rann Kennedy; "Vistas of New York," by Brander Matthews; "Flower of the North," set in the Hudson Bay region, by James Oliver Curwood.

The more serious books include: "A Captain Unafraid," the adventures of Dynamite Johnny O'Brien, as set down by Horace Smith, containing accounts of many filibustering expeditions for the Cubans; "A Personal Record," by Joseph Conrad; "The House of Harper," 1817-1912, by J. Henry Harper; "Simple Italian Cookery," by Antonia Isola; "Eloquence," thoughts and counsel on the art of public speaking, by Garrett P. Serviss; "Socialism and the Great States," essays in construction, by H. G. Wells, Lady Warwick, Sir Guy Laukester, Roger Fry, Hugh P. Vowles, Miss Cecily Hamilton and others; "Ancient Types of Man," by Arthur Keith; "The Greatest English Classic," a study of the King James version of the Bible, by the Rev. Cleland McAfee; "The Expert Waitress," a manual for pantry, kitchen and dining room, by Anne Frances Springsteed; "Why the World Laughs," by Charles Johnston; "Harper's Guide to Wild Flowers," by Mrs. Caroline A. Creevey; "Music and Morals," by H. R. Haweis; "The Monitor and the Merrimac," told by the officers of the two ships; "The Road to Joy," a semi-devotional manual for Easter reading, by Louise Collier Willcox.

The Harpers' juvenile and school list contains: "Harper's Boating Book for Boys," illustrated; "The Book of Festivals," by Percival Chubb; "The Wonderland of Geology," by Edwin J. Houston.

AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE."

Better Known by Neighbors as a Fruit Dealer Than a Writer.

R. D. Blackmore was better known among his neighbors at Teddington on the Thames as a fruit man than as a novelist. His "Lorna Doone" first became popular in this country. It fairly went begging for some time until 1874, when the Harpers published it at the earnest request of one of the women members of their family, Margaret Durbin Harper, now Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley.

Marston, the English publisher of the novel, said that it hung fire for some time over there until the engagement of the Marquis of Lorne to the Princess Louise was announced, and then it began to sell. In some unaccountable way, he said, the English public evidently associated the title with the name of the Marquis, and so began to read the book.

Dana Estes & Co.'s Spring Printings.

Dana Estes & Co. announce for this spring "A Year With the Gaekwar of Baroda," an account written without any political bias, by the Rev. Edward St. Clair Weedon, M. A., of New College, Oxford, and "My Lady Castlemaine," a biographical account of the notorious Barbara Villiers, containing seventeen illustrations, by Philip W. Sergeant, author of "The Empress Josephine" and "Cleopatra of Egypt."

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

In recognition of his thirty-three years residence in St. Paul the sixtieth birthday of Dr. Samuel G. Smith was marked recently by a celebration at which addresses were made by Gov. Eberhardt, Mayor Keller, President Northrup of the State University of Minnesota and others. Recent books of Dr. Smith's are "The Development of Religion" and "Social Pathology."

Louisa Jebb thus tells how she went about writing her book, "By Desert Ways to Baghdad," just published by the Scribners:

"I took a pencil and marked a straight line from Constantinople across the Anatolian plateau and the Taurus Mountains to Tarsus.

"'That looks a good point to make for,' she said. 'Alexander led an army over the Taurus.'

"Then, having stopped within measurable distance of the sea, she drew her pencil eastward across the Euphrates to a point on the Tigris high up in the Kurdistan mountains; from here she drew another line, following the Tigris to Baghdad. At this point we were coming dangerously near the sea, so turning back she marked a line in the contrary direction across the Syrian desert to Damascus.

"'That will do for a start,' she said; 'we can fill in the details when we get there.'"

Humfrey Jordan, author of "The Joyous Wayfarer," just published by the Putnams, acquired his knowledge of France and the French which he has used in this book by personal experience. After graduating from Cambridge he went over to Paris and led the life of a student for two years, and since then he has spent much of his time wandering about France with a knapsack. He has also been a schoolmaster and lecturer in a provincial university.

Algot Lange, the author of "In the Amazon Jungle," was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, in the middle '80s, and though a young man has travelled widely and has lived in parts of the world where men do not as a rule travel. When he was barely 16 a family friend, who controlled a large merchant fleet, offered him the opportunity of sailing with the different vessels of his fleet to see the "corners of the earth." After Mr. Lange was graduated from the University of Copenhagen he came to America and entered the service of the State of New York as a photographer and in this capacity visited the West Indies, travelling in a mule cart and photographing. He started on his journey to the Amazon region in 1909, where he endured and survived many adventures. His companions succumbed to snake bite and beriberi and he himself was picked up by man-eating Indians.

COLLEGE WRITERS.

The Lend-a-Hand Dramatic Club of Boston announces that the prize offered for a play this year has been divided between Helen Miller, Smith College '10, fellow in English, and Aminta Fairgrave, '12. This competition is open only to undergraduate students of Smith College, and is for the best play not a farce. The value of the prize is $100.

Clarence Earl Simonson of Port Richmond, N. Y., has won the Morrison prize of $100 for the best poem written by an undergraduate of Cornell University. The prize poem is entitled "Helen of Heaven."

The Rev. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has offered two prizes for the best essays by students of Radcliffe College on the topic, "What Women Can Do to Further the Cause for Protection of Animal Life." The value of the first prize is $100, that of the second $35.

The Pen, Paint and Pretzels, the dramatic club of the undergraduates of Tufts College, has just presented three one act plays, all the work of students of that institution. "One on Williams," a play of modern business life, is by Frederick N. Weaver, '13, of Dorchester, and "After the Game," by Orlando F. Lewis, '05. The third play, "Long Distance," was taken from a back number of the *Tuftonian*, the college literary paper, in which it appeared anonymously.

Melvin T. Copeland, Ph. D., Harvard 1910, has been awarded the David A. Wells prize in economics for an essay on "The Cotton Manufacturing Industry of the United States." The value of the prize is $500. The first number of the *Architectural Quarterly of Harvard University* has just been issued. Its purpose is to present important work by students, special lectures delivered in the course and contributions by members of the teaching staff and graduates.

The American Peace and Arbitration League has provided a fund of $500 for prizes in a proposed oratorical contest by male undergraduates in colleges and universities throughout New York State; the speakers to select some subject connected with the international peace movement. The prize fund is contributed by Mrs. Elmer Black.

Nelson C. Field has offered a prize of $100 to the student of the University of Michigan who writes the best original poem during the present college year. The competition is open to all undergraduates of the university.

The subject announced for the H. M. Philips prize at Yale University is "The Treaty Making Power of the United States and the Methods of Its Enforcement as Affecting the Police Powers of the States." The value of the prize is $2,600 and the committee of award consists of Joseph H. Choate, Prof. John C. Gray, James B. Scott, J. M. Dickinson and Dean Rogers of the law school. The subjects for the Curtis prize in literary versatility include a one act play founded on Browning's "Clive"; "English Spelling Reform," a "Conversation in a Club," and a traveller's letter, with the place chosen by the writer.

A Dickens Letter.

From the Springfield Republican.

Text of the letter which Charles Dickens wrote to the artist, W. S. Elwell, at the time of his visit to Springfield in 1868:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,
Saturday, Twenty-first March, 1868.

DEAR SIR—I most readily comply with your request, by addressing this brief note to you. If I had received yours in due course my reply would have reached you sooner.

"And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us every one!" Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mr. W. S. Elwell.

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