LITERARY NEWS, VIEWS AND CRITICISM

WOMEN EXPERTS AT FINE BOOKBINDING

Charges of $20 to $300 a Cover Suggest Big Financial Returns.

CRAFT ONLY IN INFANCY

Students Work for Love of It and Interest Grows Steadily.

Big financial returns to the workers are suggested by a craft which represents anywhere from $20 to $300 or so for a single order. But this is not the reason that learning fine bookbinding has been growing more and more popular among New York women in the last half dozen years and has reached the proportions of a fad, especially in fashionable circles.

With few exceptions the women who have taken up the work are not in it to make money—to make a living even, for the reason that teachers of fine bookbinding—extra binding is the correct technical term—tell pupils frankly at the start that no woman can support herself by doing this kind of work unless she takes to teaching it.

So far candidates for lessons have been actuated variously by a desire to do something out of the ordinary, to have an outlet for a certain degree of artistic talent or to have pleasant employment for idle hours. Sometimes a pupil turns up who has a genuine love for fine bookbindings and is captivated by the thought of being able to produce such beautiful things herself.

The story is told of one young woman who is dreaming of rebinding a whole section of her father's fine library with the handsomest of decorated covers. As to carry out this plan would take about twenty years, the binder working pretty nearly every day in the year, the owner of the library is not worrying much yet over the probable sum he shall have to hand out for materials. This young woman, as well as all the women who are taking lessons in fine binding, began the course quite expecting to spend at least six months and from $250 to $350 on lessons, besides an extra amount for leather and metals and gingham aprons.

Go into any of these studios of a morning and one is likely to see women done up in workmen's aprons who the evening before had been seen in a ballroom or at the opera in the very gladdest of attire.

"And this is far more interesting," said one pointing to the book cover she was tooling.

"I'm glad to have the chance to learn over here," another declared. "I love Paris, but I hate its studios, the places at least where one has to go to be taught fine binding."

Curiously enough it is only American women who have developed a fad for taking lessons in extra binding, although perhaps this is partly accounted for by the fact that only over here are there private binderies operated by women where the process is taught from start to finish. Literally these binderies may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and the owners had no idea when they began taking lessons that one day they themselves would be teaching.

"A European woman who has mastered the art of extra binding is rare. If one meets a woman in Europe who can qualify as an almost expert she is usually an American, but so far as is known no American has yet been bold enough to open a bindery there," said one of the teachers.

"There are only two places, I think, in Paris where women can go to be taught, for the reason that although there are dozens of splendid bookbinders in Paris, the system of specializing which prevails makes an all around expert somewhat scarce. In learning the craft one man chooses to stick to forwarding, another to finishing or to a certain class of decoration, and he learns that one thing perfectly and never does anything else. This applies to the very finest work.

"In the binderies operated by men over here pretty much the same plan is carried out, team work, as it is called, being quicker and as a rule less expensive, and until Miss Nordoff, a little German woman, started in about eighteen years ago to provide a place where women might learn fine bookbinding there was no place in New York, in this country in fact, where women could learn it.

"There would be no place to-day were it not for the private studios operated by women and the classes in some of the schools, the bookbinders' union shutting women out completely. In the commercial binderies young women are employed to sew, mend and make headbands, but that is as far as they can go.

"Now, I am a competent tooler, but if I found myself in need of work I couldn't get a job in any public bindery, in any bindery operated by men in this country. It shows the great interest taken by women in bookbinding that in the last year or two classes in bookbinding have been included in the schedule of some of the public schools and women's colleges."

"Undoubtedly the feature which most attracts pupils to these private binderies," a pupil who has also taken some instruction in Brussels said, "is that only extra binding is taught in them and in practically the same fashion as it was taught a couple of hundred or more years ago. When I completed a binding which included an elaborate decoration in gold tooling and had a white vellum doublure with a border of gold tooling, which is the height of every student's ambition to produce, I felt that I had lived to some purpose. I forgot all about the long hours spent in working with those delicate little tools practising, practising, practising, and the clumsy specimens I had turned out so often that I had begun to think I hadn't it in me to do anything but clumsy work.

"A binding like that would cost about $100 at least. I have seen some less beautiful that cost as much, but I wouldn't part with it for any amount of money."

"I do not take an order for less than $20," said this pupil's teacher, "and the highest sum I have received for a binding is $100. The highest price so far paid to a New York woman for a binding is $300, I believe.

"A binding like this," taking a good sized volume from a case, "costs $35. Yes, that was done by a pupil, a fashionable New York woman, and it almost never happens that a pupil stops taking lessons until she is qualified to turn out the very best work."

"But at such prices why is there not money in the work?" the teacher was asked.

"Because it takes so much time. That $35 binding, for example, takes nearly one month to do, the worker putting in six or seven hours work a day. Or take this gold decoration," showing another volume with a gold decoration divided into inch squares, each square representing a conventionalized scroll. "To finish one of those squares in seven or eight hours would be fast work.

"Another thing, orders for special bindings are not so tremendously common yet, although they do happen oftener now than formerly. Pupils whose work is known to publishers sometimes get orders through them from people who have a rare old book or a book precious because of some sentiment attached to it, or a Bible they want to give to an altar or something like that.

"One can hardly connect sentiment of any sort with a dictionary, but I heard of an old one which got a $50 binding recently because of certain associations the book has for its present owner.

"Most of the publishers are equipped to do fine binding or have special workers they rely on to do this work, and the only one so far which has put a woman at the head of this department is the Houghton, Mifflin Company, which recently engaged Miss Cole, a young California girl, as finishing specialist in its bindery at Cambridge, Mass. Miss Cole fills an absolutely unique position. There is no other woman in a like position the world over. What is more, she gets a man's salary.

"She had not been back long from Brussels, where she was the pupil of Louis Jacobs and took first prize at the International Exposition of Brussels, 1905, when she heard that the head post at the Houghton Mifflin & Co. bindery, which had been held by a man of unusual skill, was vacant. She made the trip to Cambridge to apply for the position, not knowing whether she would get it or get anything like the same salary given to the man. She got both.

"The lowest priced binding turned out by Miss Cole is $100. What her highest price is I don't know.

"One thing is certain, Miss Coles's preferment has created more enthusiasm among women for fine binding done by women. Women's private binderies are taken more seriously now, particularly as there are no private binderies operated by men to offset them, now that the Grolier Club bindery has gone out of existence.

"When the Grolier bindery was started it made something like a sensation in book circles. Only members of the club could be stockholders and only stockholders and personal friends of theirs could have books bound at the bindery. The workmen, imported from Europe, were experts in their line. They turned out beautiful work. But the bindery did not pay and about three years ago, I believe, it went out of existence."

From one point of view the private binderies cannot be classed at all as money makers, for the reason that none of the teachers will take large classes. Four pupils at one time is about the limit a teacher sets herself. The best known teacher of them all never takes more than three in a class and prefers two. The work is so particular that the closest watching is needed to get the best results, she says.

In one studio the teacher has departed from the rule so far in vogue by employing as an assistant a Frenchman who is an expert tooler, which is an indication, enthusiasts say, that women are laying a firm foundation for the building up of a really prosperous and lucrative business in extra bindings.

None of the teachers who have opened studios, or private binderies, as they are called preferably, needed to have any dread of rent day coming around whether pupils appeared or not, which is a point, one of them said, it was just as well to make when describing the work to ambitious beginners. Said the expert:

"The work interests women immensely. It is a fad for the time being with some rich women who want something new to fill in spare hours, but there is not a steady enough demand yet for lessons to encourage teachers to think that a well paying clientele can be secured the minute one opens a bindery.

"An encouraging feature, however, is that within the last twelve months more women are studying with the view of going to other cities to teach. Two of these I have in mind are going to a Western college in the fall and will include fine bookbinding in the branches they are to teach.

"The equipment of a bindery at the start costs only about $125. This is enough for two or three pupils, which is about all any of us had when we began.

"Why not include ordinary binding in the teaching?" the teacher repeated. "It is not wanted of us. Our strength lies in teaching what can't be had by women at any of the public binderies, and what is regarded as an accomplishment by most of our pupils who make a personal thing of it, forgetting the commercial side altogether.

"When Evelyn Nordoff started, she was laughed at by proprietors of binderies in general, and when she died two or three years later, it was supposed that her experiment would die too. But it did not. Friends of hers perpetuated the Nordoff bindery, which went along for several years and was succeeded by two private binderies.

"Now we have five in Manhattan and there has gone out from them pupils who are teaching in Pennsylvania, California, Illinois, Washington, D. C., and New Jersey. Some of the most beautiful bindings shown at the recent meeting of the Guild of Book Lovers were done by New York women who do not teach and never expect to teach. They do the work for love of it.

"Provided a woman works at home and has no rent to pay I think there is a chance that she might make enough working at extra binding to feed and clothe herself, but her work would have to be pretty well known to do that even."

The enterprise of one of the private binderies is shown by its having secured the agency for the English leathers prepared without acids, which formerly was in the hands of a man. Both French and English leathers, though, are used by the pupils, some of whom are not impressed with the extra durability of the English because the price is a little higher.

"And when it is a question of using light colors we always choose the French," the teacher said to make it clear that every single point incidental to fine bindings was considered as carefully on this side of the ocean as in Europe.

Of the New York women who are taking lessons simply from sheer love of the work and are doing beautiful work are Mrs. E. Raymond Lefferts, Mrs. R. E. T. Riggs, Mrs. James M. Flagg, Mrs. Stephen H. Olin, Mrs. H. K. Pomroy, Mrs. Frederick S. Sellew, Mrs. William A. Taylor, Mrs. Milton G. Starrett, Mrs. Harold Fitzgerald, Mrs. William E. S. Griswold, Mrs. James Dunne, Miss Caroline A. Weir, Mrs. William E. Wheelock, Miss Etta Mabel Clark, Mrs. W. M. Willbank, Mrs. Ernest F. Enrich, Miss Betty Collamore, Miss Sara M. Cunningham, Miss Thesta Caldwell, Miss K. W. Carmalt and Miss Clara Boardman.

Long Hair and Short Pay.

From the Youth's Companion.

Literary endeavors are not always rewarded so highly as some may think, according to this story from a German paper. A novelist of longer hair than pocketbook recently met a friend on the street.

"Hurrah!" cried the author. "I have just sold a novel!"

"Congratulations!" his friend said warmly. "And now you can get a haircut."

The writer's face fell. "No," he replied, "I should have to sell two novels for that."

WRITING AN IMPRESSION OF BROADWAY, U. S. A.

J. B. Kerfoot Found That Bowling Green Was Really a Tulip Bulb.

STREET OF GREAT RAPACITY

It Gobbles Wanderers and Is Headed for the North Pole.

A man out of Chicago has written the first volume long interpretation of the spirit of Broadway. He says that there is no presumption in his act and that on the other hand no real New Yorker could lift his vision, physical and mental, far enough above the familiar earmarks of his daily and nightly thoroughfare to get much of an impression beyond some details of topography or history.

In fact, J. B. Kerfoot rather doubts that he could catch and write successfully of exactly what it is that makes Halstead street, famous thoroughfare of his native Chicago, the Halstead street that it is, even though it has been many years since he left the scene of his taken for granted impressions and migrated to New York and remained. But when a year or so ago the Houghton Mifflin Company brought him a bundle of beautiful drawings by Lester G. Hornby, illustrating bits of Broadway along its length, and asked him to try his hand at furnishing some text, Mr. Kerfoot agreed to write something entitled "Broadway," provided he have a free hand.

They consented, and the interesting result, some one has pointed out, might just as well be called "Kerfoot" as "Broadway." And because it might as well be called the one as the other, and because there might be written an indefinite number of other impressionistic interpretations with similarly double titles, it is interesting to learn how the author of the first of them went about his task.

He was telling about it in the bachelor apartment where he machinates *Life's* book reviews and which golden-brownishly looks the part it should. Better than the owner himself looks his part; he is too squarely set up and a little too direct of manner to appeal to our ideals for literary personages, contributing to them only so far as to wear black bowed spectacles. He refuses to be "literary," anyway, despite his profession and his associations.

"They asked me to do this job," he said with a laugh, "because they thought I might be able to drag in some of the literary associations of the street and hitch the story along from one to another of them. Think of treating poor old Broadway in that way! As the one thing which it is not!

"I determined to try to find out the thing that it really is—the personality which distinguishes it from every other street in the world, and which makes it recognizable in all of its arts, surviving growth and changes.

"Of course I read books, hundreds of them, any and all I could find on the subject—histories, treatises and also maps. But not for direct use. I wanted to learn and digest, so to speak, all I could of Broadway's physical details, catalogues of facts of which the average New Yorker knows nothing and cares less and which might help reveal the personality of the street. I wanted to know why Broadway has always been, primarily, a wild and untamed thing which, once planted, grew its own way, heedless of attempts at restraint.

"The New Yorker may wonder why Broadway has cropped out here and here—and here; he may wonder idly for a moment, and then drops the thought. We are wont to take for granted the familiar things about us.

"Broadway is worth a keener analysis. It has never, from the first, been a given quantity. It is a still a growing organism driving its way toward the north pole, and we had better not forget it. Amazingly abrupt and apparently arbitrary in all its transitions, one section flounces into another, often changing its outward character over night, but never its inner spirit.

"Fifth avenue was planted. Broadway just growed.' But we should be warmer yet, I fancy, if we likened the difference between Broadway and other thoroughfares to that difference—not at all one of degree and yet not flatfootedly one of kind—that subsists between the domesticated duck and the canvasback; or, better still, to that between the pedigreed cat on the hearth and its striped relative in the jungle. Pennsylvania avenue and Halstead street are by geometry out of foresight. Broadway is feræ naturæ.

"That is why, from no matter what cross street you emerge on no matter what part of its course, some dim ancestral instinct in you stirs as if it recognized its enemy or its prey. If you come of the timid tribes—if your totem is the hare or the horse—you tremble imperceptibly, like your prototypes at the track of a bear. If you come of tougher breed—if the boar hound is the sign of your house—the hackles of your mind make ready to bristle.

"It is the taint of the untamed."

Mr. Kerfoot has evolved a conceit, relating back to the famous European tulip craze in the sixteenth century, which he uses for accounting in a way for the inherencies of Broadway through a Dutch racial instinct.

"Somewhere along back in fifteen hundred and fty odd," he says, "a globe trotting burgher from that watertight compartment in the North Sea which is known as Holland brought some tulip seeds home with him from Constantinople, and thereby earned the right, although his name has been forgotten and no tablet to his memory will ever be erected by any American society of Holland dames to figure as the authentic forefather of roadway.

"For those few tulip seeds (one imagines them sharing the capacious pockets of his square tailed coat with a Turkish phrase book and a flask of hollands) in due time became tulips. And these, having gladdened the eyes of our traveller's fellow countrymen, bred other tulips. And these not only bred others still but went intoxicatingly to the heads of a people whom no amount of schnapps had ever thus affected. So that soon there was no square tailed coat in all the Low Countries so poor that its pockets held no seeds. And before long about half of the bottom of that watertight compartment was sown to tulips. And the exchanges took to listing new varieties of that watered stock. And men speculated on margin in October bulbs and sold March tulips short. And finally, what with tending red and yellow tulips by day and dreaming of blue ones by night, the very noses of the nation took on a flowery hue, and throughout Europe a Dutchman was recognizable by his bulbous build.

"And thus it came about that when, in 1626, the Dutch East India Company sent Peter Minuit out to establish the trading post of New Amsterdam it was less of set purpose than by a sort of racial instinct that just behind the rear gate of his little fort he planted the unconsidered bulb of Bowling Green from which has sprung the amazing stalk Broadway."

Another characteristic of the street came to the interpreter, so he says, once when he was observing the motley which is Broadway just north of Canal street, and which gave him an accounting for Broadway's ability to maintain its individuality through all its widely variant parts.

"This was just the East Side showing through," he says. "It was simply the chemical discoloration of its retaining walls by the fermenting medley of mixed races that seethed and boiled behind them. And I pictured this strange street to myself as continuously throughout its length nothing in itself, but simply a sluiceway whose retaining walls were a succession of such seepings and discolorations.

"As I realized that, nowhere from the Battery to The Bronx, neither in the financial centre nor in the wholesale district, nor in the jobbing regions, nor in the shopping quarter, nor in the theatre circle, nor in any of the successive hotbeds of great hotels were the activities of the city mainly housed upon its sidewalks I began to glimpse another of the elusive secrets of Broadway. I knew at last how it came about that to those who know it Broadway is always seeming to hold the semblance of things, yet ever proving to hold the substance of none; how being everything by inference it is yet nothing by actuality. I understood at last its inexhaustible capacity to be all things to all men while being forever unable to be everything to any man who is not either a local counterjumper or a wastrel at large."

Another tendency of the street's, that of annihilating any stray street it may chance to encounter, reminds Mr. Kerfoot of a mountain bear story.

"In the heart of a mountain forest," he says, "I once saw (from a convenient notch in a big pine tree) a huge grizzly saunter majestically along a dim path in the dusk.

"I was a good twenty feet from the ground and the wind blew my scent too high over his head for my nearness to alarm him by apprising his alert nostrils of my presence. At the same time my elevation enabled me to see, approaching along the converging line of a well marked trail, a younger bear of a decidedly cocky cast of countenance and evidently out for an evening's pleasure.

"They met at the junction and the younger animal, evidently thinking that he had the right of way, attempted—with a friendly air that seemed to say, 'Why, hello, grandpa!'—to share the going with the intruder. But the latter, while never for a moment abating his dignity, and never, so far as I could see, breaking his even and deliberate stride, raised a lightning quick forepaw, gave a short raucous growl, and went on his even way—alone.

"If you follow up Broadway from where it starts a garden at Columbus Circle, past its noisy crossing of Columbus avenue at Sixty-sixth street; past the little subway kiosk and the towering hotel turrets at Seventy-second street; past where it finally abandons its fad for the automobile business at Eighty-sixth street, up a hill to Ninety-second street down to the 'bench' below, you will come to where the little village of Bloomingdale once stood and to where, at 103d street, the Bloomingdale road, having fulfilled its mission, came to peaceful end. The resting place of both is marked by little epitaphs on the nearby lamp posts, which read 'Bloomingdale Square.'

"Here, too, from the south, young West End avenue runs in, lined with perky residences and innocently bent upon its youthful business. But you will search for it in vain toward the north. Bloomingdale Square is where cocky little West End avenue met Grandpa Bear."

Mr. Kerfoot, after his observations, denies that Broadway ends at Albany.

"Let us no longer suffer from the purblindness of ancestral habit," he says. "Broadway occasionally lies low, like Bre'r Rabbit. But it never ends. Albany? Why, I myself know a place in Minnesota where it crops out for a mile or so. And I once landed for a few hours on the beach of an Alaskan fiord where two weeks before, so I was assured by the oldest inhabitant of the city that I found there, nothing but untrodden tundra and desolation were to be seen. At the moment, however, there were a frame gambling resort, a hotel like a gospel tent, and over two thousand inhabitants living under canvas and dreaming golden dreams. The hotel stood on a corner and displayed a sign that read 'All Drinks One Dollar.' In front of it stood a lamp post with a half burned candle in its lantern, and under the lantern two box slats had been nailed crosswise. On one was painted 'Twenty-third Street' and on the other was painted 'Broadway.'

"Albany! Nonsense! The last time I saw it Broadway was headed for the pole!"

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

William Bayard Hale, whose "Woodrow Wilson, the Story of His Life," was recently published, has just returned from South America where he accompanied secretary of State Knox on his tour of the Southern republics. Mr. Hale is at present contributing editor to *The World's Work*, and was the first man to work out the idea of spending a period of time in the White House to write a true record of Presidential life, and wrote "A Week in the White House with Theodore Roosevelt."

William Hard, author of "The Woman of To-morrow," this week delivered an address before the Southern Child Labor Convention at Chattanooga, Tenn. The author, who is an advocate of the abolition of child labor, pointed out that in the future the women who interest themselves in current civic problems will be the leading factor in the abolition of the evil.

Allen W. Jackson, author of "The Half-Timber House," lives in one himself, on the edge of the Lowell Memorial Park in Cambridge, Mass., which has all its living rooms at the rear overlooking the park and has the garage at one end of the street front and built right on to the building. Recently, as a sight seeing auto passed the house, the announcer was heard to megaphone: "We are now passing the home of a well known religious order. You will note the chapel door at the left."

George Randolph Chester has a particular aversion. It is purple. His particular delight is music of the Chopin, Liszt and Beethoven types. His particular hobby is the collection of small grotesque statuettes in ivory, bronze, and wood—all of whic hhe generically designates "junk." Each of these, selected after days of junk-hunting, is formally named—a diabolical-looking crow being known as "Billy-be-Ding; an atrocious Aztec idol as "O Shush"; and a little Chinese figure with marvellously carved toes as "O-Sammy-Sugar." The only tragedy that has ever marred the author's peaceful life was an accident to O-Sammy-Sugar, who had the gracefully upturned toe of his left foot broken off.

Edgar Jepson, the author of "Pollyyooly," wrote his first story when he was a college student. Up to that time he had always had the faculty of expressing himself fluently, but imagined that he could not construct story plots. He was compelled to write a story for an English class and took up a little incident of college life. The result was surprisingly successful, and ever since he has taken as his material incidents of real life.

THE BEST SELLERS OF HALF A CENTURY AGO

E. D. E. N. Southworth the Top Notcher and Her Books Have a Good Sale To-day.

HOLMES, FLEMING, DUPUY

Augusta Jane Evans's "St. Elmo" a Favorite—More Wit and Humor Than Now.

"What did we read fifty years ago?" That is a very small question, and yet the answer could be spread over volumes. Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte (E. D. E. N.) Southworth was the top notcher. Her stories had made the New York *Ledger* famous and its publisher rich. The *Ledger* put out 350,000 copies every Monday at noon, and you got a chapter or two of your eagerly waited for story for a nickel; and this condition went along very smoothly and very comfortably for nearly ten years, till the *Seasides*, the *Lakesides* and other broadside publications came down like a wolf on the fold and furnished an entire story—some of the best in the world—for a dime. The family story paper which thousands of families had stood by so loyally went into eclipse and out and away.

Mrs. Southworth has some sixty stories to her credit, many of them dealing with American life, manners, customs and institutions, especially in the South in the old slavery days. "The Hidden Hand," a story of the Mexican war, had a very large sale, and was reprinted in the *Ledger* by request. "Ishmael," and its sequel, "Self-Raised," are capital stories of love, honor and success. They were appropriated by the broadside publishers—pirates as they were termed by the original publishers—as fast as they ran out of copyright, and more than a million of each of these three books have been sold, and they still command a good sale. They can be purchased in numerous editions, mostly good and inexpensive.

The big dry goods shops came into the book selling game about this time, but they could not comfortably display the big broadsides, so it was up to the pirate publisher to provide something different. This was the cue for the large bindery establishments, business with which had been languishing during the heyday of the big broadsides, and they took up these stories and others, making beautiful 16mo books and selling them by the hundreds of thousands. Several of these bindery publishers are still at it and they turn out very creditable productions.

Mary Jane Holmes was in vogue in 1870 with "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers" and "Marian Gray." These stories made the *New York Weekly* an enormous success, and in 1872 it had attained a circulation of over 300,000 weekly; but it went out with the other weekly story papers on the advent of the broadsides. When Carleton put out a new Holmes book and Peterson of Philadelphia issued a new Southworth book, they were trade events, and the four jobbing houses of those days that did the distributing over the country worked nights. The Holmes books were taken up by the pirates as fast as their copyright protection period expired, and millions of them have been sold and they are still selling every day in the week.

When the "highbrows" have occasion to mention these books of Mrs. Southworth, Mary Jane Holmes, May Agnes Fleming and Eliza Ann Dupuy it is always with a sneer and with the qualification that "their literary merit is slight" or "all of which were very popular but quite worthless as literature." Be this as it may, that they were satisfying to the public is abundantly evidenced in the fact that the *Ledger* and the *New York Weekly* each had a weekly circulation of more than 300,000 copies, and these went into the homes and were eagerly read by nearly every member of the household. None of the pirates would undertake the publication of a book that was not worth an annual sale of 5,000 copies and this forty-two years after its original publication! How many of the present day favorites will appeal to the pirates of as many years hence?

Augusta Jane Evans was the great third win "Beulah." Her stories appealed to a more critical audience, and accordingly never reached the large sales accorded to her contemporaries. Her greatest seller, "St. Elmo," which did not appear until 1866, was not open to the pirates as were her earlier books. "St. Elmo" was a great favorite. The *Bookman* in a notice of Miss Evans's novels said: "With the exception of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Ben Hur' there has probably never been a novel written by an American author that has so endeared itself to the reading public. Not a line of it was penned that was not inspired by sincerity and belief in lofty ideals. It has done much to brighten the lives of hundreds of thousands of readers. * * * It is a noble work of a noble woman." Just before the expiration of its copyright an arrangement was made by one of the large distributing dealers for its use as a popular priced publication, and it is said they took over and sold more than 300,000 copies of the book for retail at 50 cents a copy. It was a handsomely made book and was embellished with eight or ten full page original illustrations by Culmer E. Barnes.

"Rutledge," by Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris, was very popular. It was followed by "The Sutherlands," which did not do as well as the first written book and has not endured. "Rutledge" is still enjoying a fair to middling sale in inexpensive editions.

"The Lamplighter," by Maria Susanna Cummins, enjoyed a phenomenal popularity, reaching a sale of 70,000 copies in a single year. It was translated into foreign languages and is still remembered for the idyllic charm and tenderness of its first few chapters. Her subsequent publications never did as well.

Susan Warner's "The Wide, Wide World" had a phenomenal popularity here and in England. It is still widely read, and there are several good, inexpensive editions on the market. Her subsequent works never attained to any great sale.

George William Curtis had some half a dozen books, but he is now best remembered by "Prue and I." It was the only one that the pirates distinguished by appropriating, and it still sells fairly well.

Donald G. Mitchell, (Ik Marvel), one of the most graceful and pleasing of early American authors, still remains with us in "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life." In the cheaper editions they had a very satisfactory sale and are still seen on the counters of all the great department stores.

Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" was appropriated the day it ran out of copyright, and one publisher is credited with having sold in forty-two weeks more copies of the book than did the original publishers during the entire forty-two years that it was protected. In the earlier years of its republication it sold for 25 cents, but it later gravitated to 10 cents and hundreds of thousands were sold.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and its companions, "Professor" and "Poet," are a great trio. The series of papers constituting the work gave Holmes a brilliant reputation. They were read from month to month in the old *Atlantic Monthly*, and just as eagerly read when they appeared in book form. They were duly taken over by the pirate publishers, but as popular editions they never scored high.

Longfellow's "Hyperion," "Outre-Mer" and "Kavanagh" were read by all the young women of the period. Ask your mother what she thinks of these stories and watch the glow of pleasure with which she talks of them. But the pirates, great judges of the commercial valu of their undertakings, left them severely alone—a pretty fair index of their present day popularity.

Joseph Holt Ingraham's "The Prince of the House of David" was the first of the great religious romances. It was the forerunner of "Ben-Hur" and "Quo Vadis" and the other imaginative romances that have since followed. It has never lost its popularity, and is selling better to-day than when it was first issued. "The Pillar of Fire" and "The Throne of David" never did as well as the first book.

Cooper was always a slow seller. "The Spy" selling best of all. Poe's "Raven" was spouted by every ambitious schoolboy, but the stories never made any strong headway. They were never really popular until the Hovenden edition in ten volumes came on the market at an extremely low price.

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From the Indianapolis News.

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