## SOME NEW BOOKS.

### Half a Century of Prison Reform.

W oever has any interest in prison reform, as what intelligent or benevolent person can fail to have, must welcome *Fifty Years of Prison Service: an Autobiography*, by ZEBULON REED BROCKWAY (Charities Publication Committee). The founder of the Elmira Reformatory is very sure of a permanent place in the history of prison reform which begins with the middle of the eighteenth century and John Howard. Nearly a third of the whole time occupied by this history is covered by the experience as a jailer of Mr. Brockway. From 1848 to 1900 he was continuously employed in the care and superintendence of prisoners, excepting only the three years (1872-1875) which elapsed between his abandoning the Detroit House of Correction and his taking charge of the Elmira Reformatory. Very much less than such an experience would have sufficed to disgust an ordinary man with the business and driven him to take refuge in almost any other employment. That his interest, which amounted to enthusiasm, did not flag and is apparently as keen now, when in his eighty-fifth year he sets down the result of his experience, would of itself suffice to prove that the author is not an ordinary man. That is even more satisfactorily demonstrated by the feeling entertained for him by the hundreds of ex-convicts who owe to him their reclamation from criminal ways to the earning of honest livelihoods and the leading of decent lives, though in the nature of the case their testimony cannot be authenticated for publication. Once in his career, it was in 1888, twelve years after the beginning of his work at Elmira, he was induced to assign a clerk to look up the records of all the prisoners let out on parole from the beginning of the institution up to that time. The inquiry was a complete vindication of the methods of administration employed under the operation of the indeterminate sentence, since it showed that 78 per cent. of the men who had done time at Elmira "lived self-supporting and orderly lives." But, adds the man who set it on foot: "Such an examination should never again be made. * * * The inquiry was conducted with the utmost delicacy and consideration, but it painfully uncovered to the men themselves and to others who knew them a remembrance which had in many instances become encrusted within the consciousness of the man and his community and should not have been disturbed. Some of the replies received from the men themselves complained bitterly of what they felt to be the cruelty of the inquiry."

In the year of Mr. Brockway's birth (1827) the State prison of Connecticut was removed from Simsbury Mines to Wethersfield. The old prison had been managed on the principles that were applied in England before Howard began his labors. It was even called "Newgate." The prison, which had been used as such before the Revolution, was a cavern in the rock, a damp and dark dungeon, to which prisoners descended by a ladder at night and from which they were summoned up to work in the morning. They even worked in chains, and were fain to hop instead of walking. There was no notion of imprisonment as anything but a punishment for criminals and a deterrent to those tempted to become criminals. There were no rewards or mitigations, only penalties and aggravations. The only hope of the prisoners before the expiration of their sentences was the chance of killing a keeper and getting away. It was a rigorously Calvinistic place of punishment. By 1827 the growth of benevolence in Connecticut had been such that the State prison had become recognized as a disgrace to the State. Moreover, in seventeen years it had cost Connecticut $125,000 over and above the earnings of the prisoners. It was on the economic side that Wethersfield chiefly shone by contrast, though the difference was mainly in superiority of administration. During the first seventeen years of its existence it showed a surplus of $93,000 against the deficit of Simsbury for the same period. This showing sufficed to commend its warden to the attention and admiration of jailors the country over. The warden was Moses Pilsbury, the first of three generations of Pilsburys engaged in administering prisons, the second being Amos, who after a successful administration of Wethersfield was called to the Albany penitentiary, which under him was known as a model of its kind, and the third Louis, who succeeded his father at Albany and became the first Superintendent of Prisons of New York when the amended constitution of the State provided for that office. It was under the successor of Amos that Mr. Brockway began his service in Wethersfield in 1848, and it was at the instance of Louis, one of the board of managers of the projected Elmira Reformatory, that he was appointed to the superintendence of that institution when it was opened in 1876 after service in Albany, in the county jail in Rochester, and in the House of Correction at Detroit.

The Pilsburys were by no means prison reformers in the same sense with the autobiographer. They were noteworthy for the strictness of the discipline which they maintained and for the excellent pecuniary results of their management before the days when labor organizations prevented the prisons from paying their way, much less making a profit by the productive industry of the prisoners. As disciplinarians all three of them were remarkable. Dauntless courage was the first requirement for this function, and this they all three eminently possessed. It is of Amos that Mr. Brockway tells the story of how a particularly desperate criminal at Wethersfield who had cut off one hand to disable himself from work and been set by the warden to turning a crank with the other during the healing of the wound had openly threatened to kill the oppressor at the first opportunity. The man was a barber and was set to shaving his fellow prisoners. One of his first customers was the warden, who seated himself quite defenceless and ordered his enemy to shave him, which the enemy did submissively, though he was afterward hanged for murdering a night watchman in an attempt to escape. Other stories are told of this jailer which equally illustrate his contempt of danger and the ascendancy which he acquired by means of it. But beyond order and economy it hardly appears that the ambition of the Pilsburys went. It is true that Amos before he died was not only much interested in the new principle of the indeterminate sentence, but during his last illness regretted that he had ever turned in to the State Treasury the profits of prison labor instead of using it for the benefit of the prisoners. Only the youngest of the family can be said to have been a prison reformer in the modern sense, the sense in which Mr. Brockway himself may be called a pioneer and in which his career has been so successful and beneficent.

One cannot read far into these memoirs without discovering that it takes a great fund of undiscourageable enthusiasm, in the first place, to enable the chief of a prison to do his work in any but a perfunctory manner in the very discouraging circumstances that attend his efforts. One also discovers how useless as a reformer he is without this. "The enthusiasm of humanity" must sustain him if he is to be sustained at all, and his sentiment, which above all must not lapse into sentimentality, must have a religious depth and fervor, whether it is to be formally classed as religious or not. During a revival, while he was serving in Rochester, Mr. Brockway was "converted" and joined a church, but there is here a rather weirdly worded profession of his maturer faith, a profession upon which he would hardly be received into any orthodox communion. "In place of previous assent to the inconsistent doctrine of an exclusive anthropomorphic Infinite Being corralled in edifices—temples, cathedrals, churches, cloisters—governing from the outside at the instance of apostolical agents or adherents of specific dogmas, the Infinite was now conceived of as the highest ultimate principle of all existences, absolutely immaterial, the basis of the order of the universe, operating always, everywhere, the divinely purposeful immanence whose ways are to us incomprehensible. * * * he dismissal of these old doctrines, of an outside, governing, passionate God; of free will and responsibility as measured out by human hands—cleared the field of our endeavor and opened wide to science that which had been dominated by sentiment alone."

The principle of the indeterminate sentence has been the basis, it may be said, of the work which has made the Elmira Reformatory so famous and so influential in modern penology. Mr. Brockway was led gradually to the conclusion that such a sentence was an essential of any imprisonment which had for any part of its object the restoration of the criminal to society as a useful member of it. The beginning of it was discernible in the statute of Michigan which he drew in 1869 by which women in the county which contains Detroit who had made themselves or been made outcasts from society should be sentenced for three years, leaving the sentencing magistrate no discretion as to the length of sentence. The experiment thus indicated was deprived of a fair chance by reason of the prompt and hasty exodus from the county in question of the women who found themselves in danger of the application of the law. For many years Mr. Brockway supposed himself to be the author of the notion of an indeterminate sentence. It is found to have been suggested by Archbishop Whately as early as 1832. Maconochie suggested it in the '40s as the result of his experience in the government of Norfolk Island, and the Recorder of Birmingham persistently advocated it in his charges from 1850 to 1870. Mr. Brockway himself found it necessary to clear up and formulate the notions upon the administration of prisons derived from his own experience in a paper which he prepared for the national prison congress in 1870, the same year in which he began his work at Elmira. In this paper the notion of the punitive purpose of imprisonment is entirely discarded. According to that notion the convict should undergo punishment for a definite term, roughly proportioned to the mischievousness or danger of his offence or to its moral heinousness, and should throughout that term be made to suffer.

The logical outcome of this theory is the kind of "Newgate" which the old prison of Connecticut constituted. The other theory is that the purpose of imprisonment is "the protection of society by the prevention of crime and the reformation of criminals." The duty of society is "to treat the criminals in such a manner that they shall either be cured or kept under such continued restraint as gives guarantees of safety from further depredations." The author adds: "There is a wide difference between these two views of crime, a difference so wide that every prison system must be founded on one or the other of them, but not by any possibility upon both." Now the adoption of the view that the purpose of imprisonment is the protection of society by prevention and reformation involves as its logical corollary an indeterminate sentence. The prisoner is to be kept, not until he has expiated his crime, but until he can be released without danger to society. Patients are not "sentenced" to a hospital for a fixed term. They are sent until they are cured or killed or pronounced incurable. And so with prisoners. Mr. Brockway protests against the leaving of any maximum limitation, and evidently it is a solecism from the point of view according to which the sentence is made indeterminate. As a prisoner sent to a public institution for "safe keeping" should not be detained after it is safe to release him, so he should be detained until it is safe to release him. It follows that a convict entirely refractory to the reformatory processes should not be released at all except by death. It is not safe to let him go at large. To this class belong predestinated criminals, the existence of whom in considerable numbers Mr. Brockway is compelled to recognize, and their incorrigible "criminousness," one of his queer words, in which, it seems, he detects some distinction from criminality, as he seems to find "nescient" or "nescious" not synonymous with "ignorant." The incorrigible criminal has no more place in a reformatory than the incurable patient in a hospital, unless it be a hospital for incurables. The incorrigible criminal is a stumbling block and a nuisance in an institution designed for the correction of criminals. This was recognized under Mr. Brockway's administration at Elmira. He had the advantage of getting rid of his incurables by drafting them off to Auburn, which, in comparison with Elmira, was a prison for incorrigibles, a place of detention and not of reformation.

It seems that a prison like Auburn is a necessary complement, in the new view of prison administration, to a place like Elmira. In the place of detention there are needed only warders, turnkeys and overseers instead of the staff of teachers and trainers needed in a reformatory. Mistakes are of course liable to be made in the assignments of prisoners, even by a superintendent of Mr. Brockway's benevolence and experience. He records how near he came to making one which might have had irreparable consequences. "Twenty odd years ago at a stressful period of Mr. Collins's ethics class fifty selected prisoners ready for a transfer on Monday to the Auburn State prison were on Sunday morning confined in contiguous cells in the passage to the classroom. On our way to the class services Mr. Collins saw through the open gated cell door one of his pupils and paused for a pleasant word with him. Standing apart and observing I seemed to see in the prisoner's face a hopeful indication, and I directed his removal from the transfer gang. Thenceforth that prisoner gradually improved, earned his conditional and finally his absolute discharge. His kind remembrance of us is betokened by the interesting clippings, notes and letters he has for years past occasionally sent to me. Quite recently, after the lapse of many years, he called on me here with his family when journeying in his vacation time. He is altogether a very worthy man, a capable journalist, and in every way a good inhabitant" (Mr. Brockway's synonym for "citizen").

This anecdote is one out of many which demonstrate that the secret of the autobiographer's success as a reformer was the close and sympathetic personal attention he gave to every one of his charges. His "system," his "fine meshed disciplinary régime," as he calls it, seems and is proved by its results to have been an admirable instrument for its purpose in his hands. An account was kept with each prisoner, not alone to ascertain whether he was earning his living in the trade schools which supplanted productive labor at the instigation of the labor unions, but so as to show his whole behavior under constant and minute watch. "That supersedure appears to Mr. Brockway to have been a blessing in disguise, as counteracting what would otherwise have been the tendency to judge the success of a prison administration only by its profit making. The prisoners were graded according to their behavior, the grades distinguished even by their uniforms, and privileges bestowed as systematically as deprivations were inflicted. What strikes one as the most remarkable vindication of his whole administration is thus recorded. It was while Mr. Brockway's administration was under the fire of a sensational newspaper attack in the early '90s. "The entire prisoner population of the reformatory, more than 1,400 felonious convicts, were at night time brought from their cells to the assembly hall and there publicly told that the prison government, especially their general superintendent, was undergoing an investigation on charges of injustice and cruelty to themselves. They were invited to express themselves freely and confidentially, in sealed communications addressed to Mr. Craig, and I assured them that none of them would either suffer or benefit by anything he should thus communicate. Mr. Craig them addressed the prisoners, reiterating in substance my own remarks. The men were then dismissed from the assembly hall to the several classrooms, each receiving as he passed out the promised stationery. At the close of the evening school the envelopes were collected and the next morning all were delivered to Mr. Craig. There were a few more than 900 notes, none of which, judged by the after effects, contained any serious complaints." The "after effects," after the examination of some 200 witnesses and the utmost efforts on the part of the accusing newspaper to make its charges good, was that the majority report of Messrs. Flint and Devo was accepted by the Governor and the charges one and all dismissed as unproved.

One might wish that a sense of personal dignity and modesty had not availed to make so very meagre the report of this investigation, the result of which showed so clearly that the superintendent had nothing to dread from it. His personal vindication was complete, and it was emphasized, after his retirement from the control of the reformatory, in 1900, by his election to be Mayor of Elmira. But it is evident, across or below the surface of the narrative, that the one indispensable factor in the narrator's success in achieving his remarkable results was his remarkable personal character. His "system," whatever its abstract merits or demerits, can no more than any other system work itself. How remarkable were the results may be seen from a comparison of the computation of percentage of 78 "recoveries" under the Elmira system with this statement: "One of the most experienced and capable wardens of an Auburn system prison, who will not permit me to use his name, told me that in his opinion 60 per cent. of his prisoners were as sure to resume crimes as they were to be discharged from prison, that another 30 per cent would in all probability do the same, and that as to the remainder he could not form a confident opinion." The man who has made decent citizens out of three-quarters of his convicts is surely entitled to honor as a public benefactor.

### The Use of Greek.

It is such a commonplace that "Greek is on its defence" that a new defence of it needs no apology. Such a defence is avowedly *The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us*, by R. W. LIVINGSTONE (the Clarendon Press, Oxford). That some years of a schoolboy's time should be given to the procedures of the inhabitants of Attica, less than half the size of Lancashire, during the two centuries 600-400 B. C. is a procedure which needs justification. The Greek scholars who have been most enthusiastic in praise of this process have not been very successful in vindicating it to those who have not undergone it. Andrew Lang, we have been freshly reminded, maintained that his Greek studies had corrected his tendency to loose and slatternly literary habits. And there is the story of Gaisford, strong in Greek and weak in divinity, who had to take orders and preach at least one sermon to qualify him for the promotion his scholarship had earned, and the peroration of whose single sermon was long remembered at Oxford. "In conclusion I cannot do better than to commend to you the study of Greek literature, which not only elevates above the vulgar herd, but not infrequently leads to positions of considerable emolument."

These are not cogent defences. So a "fellow and assistant tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford," excites a reasonable curiosity among the unlearned who are openminded when he begins his preface to a book about Greek by saying: "When I began to teach Latin and Greek, a friend asked me what I supposed myself to have learned from them and what I was trying to teach others. This book was written as an attempt to answer the question, as far as Greek is concerned." It is with the special qualities of Greek literature which commend it for modern students that the volume concerns itself. These qualities he calls "notes," following Newman's and Matthew Arnold's importation of that term from theological into general literature. According to him, they are the note of beauty, the note of directness, the note of humanism, the notes of sanity and many sidedness, though why these two should be combined more than any other two does not appear. The body of the book is devoted to establishing that these are the characteristic qualities of Greek literature, often in contradistinction to modern.

Most readers will assent to the proposition that the sensibility to beauty comes first in the list, even though, as is the fact, architecture and sculpture are excluded from the consideration, which is confined to literature. Nevertheless, the author finds it incumbent upon him to argue the case, as against the contention that the ethical quality of Greek literature constitutes its greatest value. "The severest critic of Hellenism," he admits, "can hardly deny that a nation which produced the Aristotelian doctrine of the Mean and the Stoic ideal of virtue, which gave to the Roman Empire a philosophy of life, and to the Christian religion a framework of ethics, stands among the moral benefactors of mankind." But as "useful" moralists the Greek writers cannot be rated very high for modern purposes. "They had no sense of sin," whereas their sense of beauty was pervasive and controlling. The modern interest in Hellenism dates from Winckelmann, and Winckelmann's interest was altogether in the Greek sense of beauty as manifested in Greek sculpture. But it was manifested in everything. In dress and gait and speech in action the Greeks sought after what was seemly and becoming. "No doubt Mr. Roosevelt's emotions when he saw New York after his travels round the globe were much the same as those of Xenophon's soldiery, when after their wanderings in Anatolia they caught sight of the familiar sea; yet there is all the difference in the world between their respective exclamations, 'S y, boys, that's bully,' and 'Thalatta! Thalatta!' "

It is, as Mr. Livingstone follows many other critics in saying, "in sustained perfection of style" that the Greeks surpass the moderns. And then, with what will strike most readers as a curious collocation "of all our great poets, perhaps only Milton and Pope can boast unfailing excellence of style," a collocation not less curious though the author hastens to add "it is only of style in the narrow sense that I am speaking." Upon the whole, this chapter is less unhackneyed and less interesting than those which follow it, that on freedom, that on directness and that on humanism. Especially this last, which notes perhaps the most essential difference between the Greek and the modern spirit. Directness, freedom, sanity nd the rest exclude mysticism and romance, and lead up to humanism, to a conception of life which cannot be called religious in the modern sense at all, and which jars upon that sense. It is told of Robert Hall that he "confessed that reading Miss Edgeworth hindered him for a week in his clerical functions; he was completely disturbed by her pictures of a happy active people without any visible interference of religion." Mr. Livingstone adds: "The people who disconcerted Robert Hall's devotions might well have been Greeks." To the same effect is quoted Augustine's criticism on Greek literature: "No one there hears the call, Come unto me, all ye that labor."

Two Greek authors are taken as types of humanism, one a poet, one an historian. The scholarly reader would hardly guess that they are Pindar and Herodotus, but the critic gives good reasons for preferring them as more typical than the others whose names would more readily occur as types. With these and with other Greek writers Mr. Livingstone enlivens his pages by contrast with the typical representatives of modern literary tendencies. A parallel between Homer's "Nausicaa" and Oscar Wilde's "Salome" would not occur to many writers, and most of those to whom it might occur would probably suppress it. Nothing prevents our author from making it, and his readers will find illumination in it. "Nausicaa's love is the elemental human passion; Salome's is an obscure disease."

The reader who has been surprised to have Pindar and Herodotus chosen out of so many as types of Hellenism will be equally surprised to find Plato rejected. But here also the author gives his reasons and they are good. "Though in a thousand ways Plato is a Greek of the Greeks, in all that is most distinteive in his thought he is so far a heretic that if Hellenism had been a persecuting religion it would have been bound to send him to the stake." "Greek humanism is the clearest and simplest form of that religion of the earth against which St. Paul and so many preachers since him have declaimed; in Plato we hear their voice already raised and have a forecast of the coming of Christianity."

The limits of this notice do not admit of an exposition or even of a synopsis of the contents of this volume. It would be doing injustice to the argument to undertake a condensation of it. But possibly enough has been given to indicate to the readers for whom it is meant that the book was worth writing and is worth reading.

### Plays to Be Read.

"To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dakr dock, awaiting the sensation of a sharp, short shock," is certainly not the condition of him who seats himself in these days to read the printed drama. There may be indeed something shocking, but it is neither short nor sharp. The dramatist of to-day prides himself on the commonplace character of his dialogue and the naturalness of his action.

People do not speak in epigrams, nor does the conversation of life's tragedies blaze with poetic figures of speech. Situations are not prepared, nor are there theatrical climaxes in the actions of existence. Therefore away with all the antiquated devices of the far too skilful Frenchmen! Ever since the days of Molière they have been cultivating the methods of the stage and teaching them to all the rest of the world.

Method has become a god, and the theatregoer who cannot tell from the first scene of a play what the inevitable movement of the drama is to be goes away with execrations upon his lips for the awkwardness of the playwright. But the cold, realistic, pitiless exposures of human life by Ibsen changed all that. The Beethovenian or symphonic method of constructing dramas was snuffed out of existence and the theatre entered the Richard Strauss period of veritism.

Among the realists who have made their mark in all lands the Swede August Strindberg stands among the first and his plays will assuredly be read. Here is one volume which contains *Miss Julia* and *The Stronger*, translated by EDWIN BJÖRKMAN (Charles Scribner's Sons). It contains an introduction by the translator and the author's preface to "Miss Julia." This preface is of much interest, for it discloses to the reader the author's aims and artistic ideals. It does not, perhaps, quite clearly tell us why the dramatist found it imperative to write such a painful and rather revolting tale.

But this is a point which has already been thrown out of court. The realists all write painful and harrowing tales, because, as they tell us, these are the realities of life's tragedies, and tragedies are the true dramas. One thing is beyond question, and that is the power and directness of "Miss Julia." The story is that of a young woman who literally hurls herself into the arms of her father's valet and afterward is told in pretty plain terms what the valet thinks of her.

She utters the old, time honored stage cry, "My God, what have I done?" and he calmly says, "So, we have arrived at that, have we?" Not long afterward he hands the young woman a razor and sends her out to cut her throat. It is really the only thing left for her to do.

The whole tragedy is set forth most potently. Perhaps nothing is more striking than the manner in which the author denotes the servant's contempt for the morals of so-called ladies and gentlemen. The cold manner in which he shows Julia just what she is will horrify sensitive readers, but without question it is a truthful revelation of the thoughts of a man situated as *Jean* is.

*There Are Crimes and Crimes* by the same author and translated also by Björkman (Scribners), is a longer and more elaborate play than "Miss Julia," but it lacks the cruel realism of the shorter one. It has too much sophistication in its construction and its dialogue. Yet it is a strong piece of work. Strindberg declares in one of his prefaces that he does not try to delineate character, but merely to make human beings act as they do in real life, and thus bring motives and deeds into high relief.

In this play, however, he has delineated character with exquisite craft. The personages are al clearly differentiated and the action brings out their peculiarities. The tragedy is the murder of a little girl, whose father in an overexcited moment has wished that she was dead. This reads like a commonplace motive for a drama, but as handled by Strindberg it is anything but that. It is the crime of the sou that the author treats. Both this and the other drama are well suited to the reader's closet.

In fact they read as if they might be better in the library than on the stage, but the stage is a wonderful place in these days and not even the most astute managers can be quite certa n what is going to happen there. "There Are Crimes and Crimes" has already had much success in the theatres of Europe. "Miss Julia" belongs as yet to the theatres of the "intime" school.

*Such Is Life* is the title of a play in five acts by the German dramatist FRANK WEDEKIND, translated by FRANK J. ZIEGLER (Brown Brothers). The theme treated in this drama is perhaps best described as the divine right of kings. The story deals with the fortunes of a deposed monarch who ultimately comes to be court jester to his successor and dies at the very foot of what was once his own throne.

It is a brilliantly written play, and although we have not the original text at hand, it seems safe to say that the translation is effective. Whether this drama would be satisfying to the theatregoer might be exceedingly difficult to determine.

Without doubt the typical theatre manager would reject it on the ground of its deficiency in "heart interest." The heroine is the daughter of the deposed ing, and her love for her father is herK emotional stock in trade. Every one knows that parental or filial devotion has no large theatrical value. But Wedekind's play has a symbolism of real poetic quality and a touch of genuine satire.

Mary the Queen of Scotland has been made the subject of many plays. August Sahlberg has translated that of BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON (Specialty Syndicate Press). Without doubt there is a certain theatrical quality in some of the scenes of this play, but as a whole it lacks the essential dramatic continuity. It seems episodic and too frequently it is exceedingly dull.

Darnley was no heroic personage, and Rizzio was probably quite as weak and lachrymose as this author makes him. Knox was very likely as big a bore as he is in this play, and Bothwell may have been as prosaic and stupid as he is here represented.

But if all these things were true, then why drag the lot into the trampled arena of the poetic drama? Mary has swept the stage too often. It would be a blessing to let her rest for, say, a thousand years. But it is not at all likely that any one will act this play in the United States, for Mrs. D. P. Bowers is no more, and no one is under any obligation to read it.

## QUAINT TALE OF THE SOUTH.

### Helen S. Woodruff, Who Wrote "Mis' Beauty," Was Born on Plantation.

Helen S. Woodruff, whose Southern tale, "Mis' Beauty," is on the fall list of the George H. Doran Company, is herself a Southerner by birth and rearing, and the plantation setting in the book is a picture of her own home. Mrs. Woodruff, who is a very young woman, and a very beautiful one as well, was sent to New York to school, married a New Yorker and has now lived in the North for a few years, but she is yet distinctly Southern herself, just as her work contains the essence of what the term "Southern" implies.

Mrs. Woodruff confesses that the desire to write has been with her for a long time —ever since, in fact, when she was a little girl the colored cook bustled in one day with a piece of news about their next door neighbor, Miss Mary Johnston.

"Mis' Johnsing has done writ a book and got it sold," she announced. "It's name is 'To Git an' to Have'."

The little Southern girl then became obsessed to write a book too, and years later, when Miss Carolyn Wells and other literary friends persuaded her to the point of courage, she essayed writing on her own account, using the familiar scenes and people of her childhood for setting and characters, and succeeded in giving wonderfully realistic effects.

The characters in "Mis' Beauty" are nearly all drawn from life. Mummy, the author says, is a composite of three or four figures, but Cookie, the humorous, kindly and cynical, lived in reality before she lived in the pages of the book. The sermon, too, which Uncle Shoddy delivers on the Sunday that Mis' Beauty comes home was an actual sermon which Mrs. Woodruff took down verbatim. Uncle Shoddy's followed a well known text:

"Bredderin, embracing of de sisterin, I takes my tex' from de two-ty-tooth verse of Spasms an' de 'Piscopalians of de Romans: 'I am de Rose of Sharon, and de lilyers of do balley,' sayeth de Lawd.

"Now den, we will stop to pacify an' commint upon dat subjec' jes' as hit ought to be pacified an' comminted upon."

"Amen!" chorused the congregation.

"Jesus jes' uses de bodiment of de Rose of Sharon 'kase hit's de national flower, de beautifullest flower—de Rose of Sharon; de great bloom of heaven's omnipity, de rose beyan' all udder roses. 'I am dat rose,' meanin' He is a flower beyan' all udder flowers, a rose among de thorns of de earth, an' there in dem is."

"Amen!" said Brother Abraham.

"Where dis rose growed," continued Uncle Shoddy, "'twas a valley, an' de peoples usen to gather aroun' in dat valley an' walk about, an' stroll about, an' den walk about some more, gittin' a free intercourse of air, so as dey could git de circumfaction of de flavories of dat rose an' de lilyers of de valley all in deir garmints, so as dey would smell good fer de Lawd's anointed. Now hit was de sweetes' rose, had de bes' flavory, yer mus' reckomember, of any rose in day valley, so natu'lly it were used on weddin' tables an' funerals an' parties an' all sich sweet flavory occasionments." Uncle Shoddy's eyes moistened at his eloquence as he went on, accompanied as he was by "Amens" from every corner.

"Now, Solomen, who was ordained fer accomplishments, allays seen Chris' in dat shape, jes' de shape an' color of de Rose of Sharon. So he come to Solomen in dat figger an' shape one day, an' he say to Solomen: 'Look here, Marse Solomen, you got to buil' me a templement under de acts of de Mosiacal laws, by stretchin' his hands an' his heart towards heaven, home of Gawd an' omnipity, an' prayin' agin all ferned nations, dem sunk in de originum of woe an' de jeoppedy of sin an' shame. Den all de priestes dere an' roundybout went into de templement whar dey keep de 'Holy-holy' a settin', an' dey sacrify an' sacrify until it were all burned up to giv' a jubilation unto de Lawd."

"Hallelujah! Lamb of de Lawd!" cried Mary Jane, rocking herself back and forth in a spasm of religeous fervor.

"Now, looky here, Mary Jane, doan yer git 'ligeon to-day. I ain't got time," said Uncle Shoddy as the young girl continued to sway back and forth, moaning and crying. "Jes' wait til' nex' week, honey; den I'll lead yer right into de fole.

"Den heaven's volumen open," he continued solemnly, "an' Him in de figger an' shape of de Rose of Sharon come a showerin' down, an' giv' Marse Solomen wisdom an' glory, yea, even mo' dan de least of dese lilyers when Marse Solomen were not arrayed. Amen! De Lawd am a great an' umptious Gawd! 'I am de Rose of Sharon,' sayeth de Lawd,' an' He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, an' feedeth my soul on sheep.' He leadeth me beside de still waters, an' says unto dem—'Peace, be still.'"

"Amen! Hallelujah!" again interrupted Mary Jane.

"Jesus, he come to cure all de sins of dis perishin' worl', Adam's transgrimations; to make enquirations to all, an redeem hits cussedness everlastingly.

"Den Marse Solomen, he done resurrected de templement an' Marse David he wanter put de Ark in dar, but Gawd, he say to Marse David, 'Ugh, ugh, Marse David, you'se a man of bloodiness an' wars an' transgrimations, let Marse Solomen put hit in, 'kase he am a gemman of merchandise an' pieces. So Marse Solomen he up an' put de Ark in, jes' like Marse Peter say about hit in de Petticoats of de Pettiark. Den Marse Solomen, who was jes' 'bout to set down on his th'one, an' make hisself real com for'able, looked th'u a telescope of faith, an' seed seven thousan' suns a shinin'.

"Marse Solomen was wise wid de wisdom of Gawd, an' were suttingly umptious an' full of unction. He was wiser dan Isieyer—who was wounded frum de foundation of de yearth—an' sweeter dan de lilyers of de valley.

"'I am de Rose of Sharon,' sayeth de Lawd. Now jes' lemme tell you 'bout Marse Solomen, what he done; fer he done done what de Lawd done tole him to do. Two ladies come along one bright mornin' in de Yeast, an' one was totin' a live baby, an' t'udder was totin' one dat was dead, an' dey bof says to Solomen: 'Good mornin' Marse Solomen.' An' Marse Solomen says to dem bof: 'Good mornin', ladies, what kin I do fer yer dis mornin'?' Den de ma of de live baby, she up an' tell how he ma of de dead baby taken an' overlaid her dead baby, an' up an' claim de live baby was hern, an' she say like dis: 'De live one's mine!' An' t'udder one, she say like dis: 'No, it ain't, Marse Solomen, hit's mine!' An' den dey fit an' dey fout, hollerin' an' sassin' each udder, sayin':

"'Hit's mine!' 'Hit ain't yourn!' 'Hit is mine!' 'Hit ain't!' until Marse Solomen was mos' crazy, 'cause he sho' did dislike to see ladies fight dat a-way. So he taken his swort, an' was jes' 'bout to cut de live baby in two hafs, laigs an' all, when de real ma, she up an' gin to cry, an' says: 'Oh, Marse Solomen, doan do dat! I'd rudder giv' it to dat woman dan to see hit kilt!'

"But t'udder lady, she jes' sot back on her dignity, watchin' to git her half when Solomen had deevided hit. But, putty soon, Marse Solomen he begin to ruminate; den, like a crash, it come to him which were de rightful baby fer de rightful ma, an' he giv' de right baby to de right ma, makin' a reckerunion of fam'blies widout no fuss—accordingly. Glory be to de wisdom an' unction of Marse Solomen, who am wise to de fo'mos' parts of de yearth! Amen!"

"Amen! Amen! Brudder!" moaned the congregation in chorus.

"'I am de Rose,' sayeth de Lawd—'an' a flower fer de daughters.' De daughters was fashioned fer Heaven, an' de mans was fashioned fer de daughters an' fer de pipirations of deir companions. Oh, ladies, dat is meant fer you. Yer was made fer our rectitude to shine like dat rose, to guide our feets in de paths of Christian indevil, an' sen' us rambulatin' on our way to neverlastin' glory.

"All womans should be de circumfaction of Gawd, an' a trouble in de time of storms. Man were put to sleep, his blood were refined, he were operated upon, an' a rib were taken out an' made into a woman, de beautifyinest an' fullest cremation of de Lawd! She were cremated to set up in de house, refine her features, an,' like John say in de' Piscopalians of de Romans, fix up like a bride an' keep her mouf shut!

"'I am de Rose of Sharon,' sayeth de Lawd, when he done cause conquaves of de elements, an' Jesus come down from Heaven an' lef' jes' two a-settin' up dar on de Trinity. 'I am dat Rose forever an' internally. Come unto me all ye dat thirst, eat, drink an' be merry!' Now, Brudder Moses, he was gave de recommandments on Mt. Shinyeye, when he had a conflammation wid de Lawd, an' He 'splained to him what all dis confuss meant.

"An' so dis disappearance is illustrative of the tex'. 'I am de Rose of Sharon, de lilyers of de valley,' sayeth de Lawd."

## AUTUMN BOOKS READY.

### Little, Brown & Company List Has Nine Works of Fiction.

There are nine books of fiction on Little, Brown & Co.'s fall list. The first two to be published are "The Court of St. Simon," by Anthony Partridge, author of "Passers By," a compound of love, mystery and adventure, and "The Gift of Abou Hassan," by Francis Perry Elliott, who wrote "The Haunted Pajamas." Mr. Elliott's new romance is woven around a magic rug. Wyndham Martyn, author of "The Man Outside," &c., has written for September in "All the World to Nothing" the story of a young New Yorker fighting against great odds. Another entertaining author on this firm's list is Hudson Douglas, who has written an adventure story of the Stevensonian type in "The White Blackbird." The author of "Lonesome Land," B. M. Bower, has told in "Good Indian" the story of a courageous half breed. A seasonable holiday book will be "A Little Book of Christmas," by John Kendrick Bangs.

In October Little, Brown & Co. will bring out new novels by three of their leading authors, Mary E. Waller, who wrote "The Wood Carver of 'Lympus," E. Phillips Oppenheim and Louis Joseph Vance. Miss Waller's new story, "A Cry in the Wilderness," has New York and Canadian scenes; in Mr. Oppenheim's "The Tempting of Tavernake," a young Englishman learns a few things about women, while Mr. Vance's "The Destroying Angel" is a rapid fire story of a beautiful woman's love.

Serious books form a goodly portion of Little, Brown & Co.'s autumn announcements, including "The Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.," translated from the private diary of Baron d'Ambes, in two volumes; "A New Book of Cookery," by Fannie Merritt Farmer, author of "The Boston Cooking School Cook Book"; "Myths of the Modocs," by the late Jeremiah Curtin; "The Party Book," by Winnifred Fales and Mary H. Northend, profusely illustrated; "A Manual of Shoemaking," by William H. Dooley, the first American book on this subject; "Modern Italian Literature," by Lacy Collison-Morley; "The Franco-Prussian War and Its Hidden Causes," by Emile Ollivier of the Académie Française; "Woman in the Making of America," by H. Addington Bruce; "John Hancock, the Picturesque Patriot," by Lorenzo Sears; "In the Footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion," by Maud M. Holbach, fully illustrated; "A Polish Exile With Napoleon," by G. L. de St. M. Watson, rich in material illustrating the St. Helena period of the Emperor's career; "Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes," by Edgcumbe Staley; "Penal Philosophy," by Gabriel Tarde, in the modern criminal science series; "A Short History of English Law," by Edward Jenks, and "A History of Roman Law," by Andrew Stephenson.

Little, Brown & Co. have added to their autumn list of publications a pocket edition of "Gautier's Romances" in ten volumes and a pocket edition of "Gautier's Travels" in seven volumes. The translations and introductions are by Prof. F. C. de Sumichrast of Harvard and each volume contains three photogravure illustrations.

## MISTAKES OF FRENCH AUTHORS.

### Dumas's and Balzac's Errors About Painters—Daudet's Arabs.

*From Journal des Débats.*

The mistakes of great writers are always amusing and they console the weaker brethren.

Alexandre Dumas in his "Chevalier d'Hormental" made the excellent Buyat declare in 1718 that his pupil "paints like Greuze," who was born seven years later. The same character admires the galleries of the Palais Royal, which were not built till sixty-two years later.

Balzac makes "Cousin Pons" buy a charming fan, "a divine chef d'œuvre painted by Watteau and ordered by Mme. de Pompadour," who was born in the very year that the artist died.

Flaubert, in "Madame Bovary," tells us that "old Rouault went to pay Charles for setting his broken leg; the bill was for 75f., which he paid in 2f. pieces." Further on he describes "a beautiful phrenological skull marked with numbers down to the gullet." In "Bouvard et Pecuchet" he makes a priest celebrate the midnight mass "on the evening of December 26."

Alphonse Daudet shows us in "Tartarin" 4,000 Arabs "smiling like lunatics, till 600,000 white teeth glistened in the sun."

Champfleury writes in the "Amoureux de Sainte Périne: "The arrival of Mme. de la Borderie broke the poisonous electric wire which acted as a conductor to the wit of this society."

The Goncourts tell us in "Madame Gervaisais" that "what she lacked and was at a loss for was an absence of food to satisfy her appetite."

In "Sybille," by Octave Feuillet, we learn that "the word 'angel' rose to his lips while it looked at her."

From Coppée we get: "Two twins, both of them 18 years old."

M. Jules Clarétie instructs us in "Une Femme de Proie" that "she kicked her ball along with shouts of laughter, and when she felt it at her feet plunged it into the champagne."

Some writers have made themselves famous by the painful care they exercise in managing their transitions. Scarron managed one with airy ease: "It is but a short step from the adventures of this young prince to those of my old governess. Why, here we are already!" Only two small pleonasms have been extracted from the works of Zola: "Pleasure, that agreeable sensation," and "The tears which poured from his eyes."

## COBB ONCE A JOURNALIST.

### Lived in South and Spikes a Few Old Ideas.

Irvin Cobb, two of whose books stand well toward the top of the Doran's fall list, is yet another writer who entered the literary field by way of the journalistic door. Indeed, some seven or eight years ago he was running a paper all his own down in Paducah, Ky. (he swears that that town really is, just as Oshkosh and Kalamazoo and Hoboken really are), and was well and happy there until the New York bee assailed him.

Then he came East, hired a hall bedroom, interviewed all the office boys in Newspaper Row, and would have starved unless he had bethought himself of writing cheeky letters to the powers of all the newspapers, letters so cheeky that they brought him offers of a job from nearly every newspaper in town.

That is all past history now, however, and the erstwhile daily humorist can allow himself long stretches in which to grow lean and serious. He has already accomplished the latter part in his pictures of Southern life which will make up one of the fall books, but it will take considerable time to accomplish the other.

"Somehow or other I have the idea," said Mr. Cobb, "that there are Southerners extant who are just about like other people—about thirty million of them. We've never read anything about them.

"As a matter of fact the last old colonel passed away two or three years ago over refreshment at the Waldorf bar, the old colored butler who, &c., never existed, and there are about thirty million people living in the South who are not so unlike people who are living in Indiana, Kansas and New Jersey. So I haven't got an aristocrat in my stories, nor a drop of hot Southern blood."

Besides this book, which appears this fall, Mr. Cobb has in hand another book in which the South figures indirectly. The method will be that of the "Yellowplush" tales, giving a picture of ourselves, manners and customs as they appear to an intelligent young negro who writes in the first person.

## WOMEN'S REAL FIELD.

### Ellen Key Discusses Advance Movement in This Country.

Ellen Key, in her "Love and Ethics," comments on the woman movement in the United States.

"The values of the soul," she says, "are found in the world of feelings. It is a pity the modern American reform proposition has so blinded many women that they do not see that the American programme is like the American birds whose colors are magnificent, but who cannot sing.

"The American soul in general still lacks music. It has no ear for the tones and half tones of life. The millions of women in America who leave the care of their homes and children to collective work while they themselves follow their professions or their trades only *seem* to be socially useful. For it is not utilities but complete human beings that elevate life.

"Accordingly all the outward improvements through legislation and social work remain on the whole without effect, because neither men nor women understand that what really counts is the work done in the field of ethical values and in the furtherance of spiritual conditions."

## AUTHOR HAS MANY CLUBS.

### William Dana Orcutt of Boston Is Son of Educator.

William Dana Orcutt, author of the new Harper novel, "The Moth," is a young New Englander who has been a Bostonian since he was 10 years old, although his birthplace was West Lebanon, N. H. He is the son of Hiram Orcutt, LL. D., of national reputation as an educator, and is a descendant of R. H. Dana of distinguished literary fame.

Mr. Orcutt is identified in a business way with the Plimpton Press in Boston and in a social way with the following clubs:

The University Club, Boston; the Country Club, Brookline; the Longwood Cricket Club, the Garrick Club, London; the Boz Club, London; the Omar Khayyam Club of America, the Societa Danresca Italiana, Florence; the Boston City Club, the Economic Club, Boston; the Boston Authors Club, the Caxton Club, Chicago; the Bibliographical Society, London and the Bibliographical Society of America.

### When Harriet Martineau Smoked.

*From the Indianapolis News.*

Harriet Martineau suffered from deafness. One who knew her writes: "The degree of deafness varied and she tried all sorts of remedies. Under the advice of some scientific persons she tried smoking. I had the privilege of providing her privately with some very mild cigars and many and many a summer night have we sat together for half an hour or so on her porch at the knoll smoking. She tried this remedy for only a few months, but she fancied it had a beneficial effect upon her hearing."