

LITERARY NEWS, VIEWS AND CRITICISM

NOW COMES J. M. FLAGG FOR LITERARY HONORS

Not Content With One Chapter, Illustrator Turns Pen to Other Uses.

EVEN TRIES PLAYWRITING

What's More, There Really Is a Story in His Unique Picture Novel.

Not content with being one of the best of us who are making illustrations really pay, in that up to date sense of the term, which is no mean feat, James Montgomery Flagg is planning an invasion into the fields of the novel, the play, and into the playwright's realm.

It is a mean thing to do. Mr. Flagg ought to be content with the good old chapter already encircling his name, but as chapters of the illustrated variety don't come in any larger size than the one he now wears and as he is keeping on enlarging with new ideas and ambitions the only thing for him to do is to piece out his tight headband. So he's out after some new material.

As admitted as much the other day, Mr. Flagg, as betis a young man of 35, has a rare confidence—only not so rare, either in his abilities, for which he can be well excused. A person who has begun his career under the handicap of being listed as "infant prodigy" Mr. Flagg went on *Life's* staff at the age of 12 and has been a leading illustrator for more than twenty years and is still under 35—and has overcome the handicap to the degree that he has deserved to be a big crowd of himself. All his friends, however, evidently do not think that even Mr. Flagg is so universally gifted as to walk off with honors of all sorts.

"An editor friend of mine," he admitted, "told me I'd better stick to my own line. He told me that because I could do one thing not to think I could do another as well and warned me against becoming a second rate story teller."

The illustrator smiled in a way to indicate that the doubter has no cause for fear of any second rateness. And, really, he hasn't—much.

For, consider the unique picture novel that Mr. Flagg has just published through Doubleday. It tells the story of a girl who comes from the country to the city and the experiences that crowd upon her. It is unique in that, although the story is carried almost entirely by the series of pictures, it really is a story and the artist has succeeded in bringing in his dramatic points effectively through an unusual medium. Now he is working the picture novel, "The Adventures of Kitty Cobb," into a play.

"I'm elaborating 'Kitty Cobb' into a drama," he said. "And it isn't a simple thing to do, for there's a lot of difference between picture and word expression. I find I have to cut out a lot that worked up into effective pictures and can put in a lot more that I couldn't use in the first place.

"Oh, don't be surprised because I'm writing a play. You should rather be surprised if I wasn't, for everybody writes plays nowadays either openly or secretly. I've written several before they got produced of course."

Mr. Flagg has also engaged to furnish a new department of the *American Magazine*, a department of satirical comment upon phases of life which have come under his observation, illustrated with cartoons.

"That's what I enjoy doing," he said, "writing the funny things you see people about you doing all the time. Did you ever watch any one buying an automobile? That's the idea. I'm going to have a lot of fun with it, the writing and the cartoons both."

Much criticism has been heard of late regarding present day methods of illustrating. The point when the artist is featured as much as the writer, and where the artist's type is well known and always the same, no matter what type of story he is illustrating. Mr. Flagg sends the illustrators.

"Of course illustrators have their own way," he said. "They have to, just as much as a writer has to have his own way. And of course an illustrator's eye always works out and shows itself, no matter what sort of thing he is illustrating."

"The ideal situation is where the illustrator gets into perfect sympathy with the work and created characters of the author, for then the most harmonious results are brought about. For instance, I never enjoyed any work more than doing the illustrations of W. J. Locke's novels and I know he felt exactly satisfied with my pictures."

But that ideal situation, unfortunately, cannot always hold. I've just been doing some work which was deadly dull and ungenial; and, as a result, I realize that the pictures are not as good as they should be.

"I can't sympathize with this thing of holding it over the poor illustrators for having a distinctive style. For if you should spin the objection down to its lowest point, you would make it necessary to have a different set of pictures for every reader, according to the individual conceptions of the latter. If books and stories are to be illustrated, better let the picture men do it their own way, the best they can, once and for all."

As the editors always let them do it their own way?"

"I've met some sassy editors who objected, who wanted the illustrations made to order, their order."

"And what did you do then?"

"I didn't do anything," he answered significantly.

MISS HARRADEN MAY VISIT US

An English Writer Who Shows Her Likings for America.

It is understood that Beatrice Harraden, author of "Out of the Wreck I Rise," is hoping to visit America soon, both for pleasure and in connection with woman suffrage, of which she is an ardent advocate. Miss Harraden is distinguished from many English authors in that she really likes this country, and she has kept in continuous touch with many friends that she has made on former visits here.

Although her famous "Ships That Pass in the Night" has sold nearly a million copies and although she is in the centre of suffrage and philanthropic movements, Miss Harraden is so quiet and modest that her personality is comparatively unknown to the public.

She was born in London in 1864, the daughter of a musician father and a Spanish mother. She early inclined to studious pursuits, studying in Cheltenham Ladies' College, in London University and in Dresden. At Bedford College, London, she took her bachelor's degree in classics and mathematics, with honors in German in the day when college degrees were common adornments for homekeeping English women.

Even as a child she was always trying her hand at short stories, but she had the long period of nothing but rejections through which most successful writers have had to pass. William Blacklock, the editor and publisher, took a personal interest in her work, encouraged her, and at last published in *Blackwood's* a little sketch entitled "The Umbrella Mender."

A volume of short stories for children was followed by a long time, brought on by overwork, after which Miss Harraden wrote "Ships That Pass in the Night." This instantly brought her international fame, for the novel was translated into eleven languages.

Since the appearance of this book Miss Harraden has published a novel every three or four years. She does not believe in taking advantage of her reputation to turn out hasty work, but lives out her novel in the life of the characters, and many a "working day" she does not write a word, but sits at her desk thinking of scenes and characters.

She thinks out her characters for several years, beginning with one whom she comes to know so thoroughly that she could tell what sort of shoes he wears and what he thinks about suffrage. From the circle of possible acquaintances of that one she builds up her list of characters, trying to live in the places where they live and studying the subjects which have any bearing on their characteristics or occupations or interests. For example, when she portrayed *Tanner*, the splendid silky Jewess expert in gems in "Out of the Wreck I Rise," she made a three years exhaustive study of gems and antiques and methods of auctioneering antiques.

When once she has begun the actual writing of a book she works at it regularly, and she knows just even as she does not put down a word on paper, she keeps herself at her desk for two or three hours in order not to lose the habit of steady work.

"And sometimes," she said once, "I find it so much easier to work than just sit there and keep on writing that I write out for a tramp and I find myself quite cheerfully writing on paper, when I had sworn that the skies were too foggy for any gentle minded person to expect a poor author to evolve ideas."

APPEALS TO ALL ART LOVERS.

Hunter's Volume on Tapestries Full of Enchantment.

Of George Leland Hunter's "Tapestries, Their Origin, History and Renaissance," (John Lane Company, New York) the publishers have rightly said: "It reads like a story book, looks like a picture book and is at the same time the standard reference work on the subject."

It is difficult to describe properly this work, evidently a labor of love on the part of the author, for it is crammed full of interest from cover to cover. Whether it be the color plates, all four of which are strikingly beautiful, both in subject and execution, or the half tons of which the book contains 145; the chapter on "Tapestry Signatures and Makers, Captions, Borders, Shapes, Sizes and Marks," or any of the other features of the work, it must appeal to all who are fond of art in any form.

The descriptions of famous tapestries here and abroad, the stories of the ancient and modern looms and makers of these woven pictures, the vast store of information for the would-be purchaser and collector are all presented with an accuracy of detail and a simplicity of style that give but a faint idea of the vast amount of study and research they required.

"The Golden Age of Tapestries," says Mr. Hunter, "was the Gothic-Renaissance transition—the last half of the fifteenth century and the first half of the sixteenth century—the hundred years during which Renaissance tapestries began and Gothic tapestries ceased to be woven. With many of the greatest tapestries were of mixed style, like the Story of the Virgin at Reims."

Again: "Tapestry is a broad word. It means one thing in a wall paper shop and another in a carpet and rug store; one thing among makers of painted tapestry and another among makers of embroidered tapestry; one thing among Jacquard loom and shuttle weavers, another among manipulators of high warp and low warp looms. There are also printed imitations of arras tapestries. By general consent and established usage the term real tapestry is reserved for high warp and low warp products."

In a chapter devoted to the "Texture of Tapestries" he says: "In their essence line drawings formed by the combination of horizontal ribs with vertical weft threads and hatching. There are no diagonal or irregular or floating threads, as in embroideries and brocades. Nor do any of the warp threads show, as in twills and damasks. The surface consists entirely of fine weft threads that completely interlace the coarser warp threads in plain weave (over and under alternately), and also completely cover them, so that only the ribs mark their position—one rib for every warp thread."

Speaking again of the "Golden Age of Tapestry," he says: "Gothic and Renaissance points of view were diametrically opposed. The purpose of Gothic pictorial art was to tell the story beautifully and effectively. The purpose of the Renaissance pictorial art—a purpose inherited by Raphael and his school from ancient Rome—was to produce the illusion of reality."

The illustrations include photographs of the tapestry works at Williamsbridge, which, he says, are called "the most important art industry in America."

TOM GRAHAM SAYS BOYS WANT ACCURATE STORIES

No Yarns About Impossible People and Things, Asserts Author.

CAN'T FOOL YOUNGSTERS

Have Good Imaginations, but Only Along Logical Lines.

Tom Graham, according to the directory, is not "Tom Graham," but the boy who read his "Hike and the Aeroplane" know him as "Tom Graham," and as such he gave his opinion on what the boys of to-day like to read.

He was found on one of the top floors of the Butterick Building, seated in a large leather chair before a window looking over the roofs uptown and reading a thrilling story of adventure. It is Mr. Graham's business to read such stories since he is one of the editors of the *Adventure Magazine*.

After taking a hasty glance about the room strewn with leopard and snake skins, Chinese idols and brilliant cover designs, the visitor opened the attack by asking Mr. Graham what he considered boys want most in stories nowadays.

"Next to adventure and excitement," said Mr. Graham, "they want accuracy. They are no longer satisfied with cheap stories of bandits who do impossible things or never could have lived, and if mechanical contrivances enter a story, they insist on such contrivances being of considerable literary merit. I read a description of an aeroplane which contained a dynamo. Doubtless two-thirds of the readers didn't know that such a thing was impossible, but was beside the author of a boys' book who should make such a mistake! A boy who is interested in things like aeroplanes knows more about it. I venture to say, than any one except the inventors themselves."

"Do you mean to say then that the wonderful machine described in Hike and the Aeroplane" is in actual existence today?"

"Not at all," answered Mr. Graham. "That kind of realism is unnecessary, but the machine is a possibility. Tetrahedra—that is machines with wings in the form of a large number of very small cells, have flown, to be sure, and have actually the qualities of stability which I have given my aeroplanes. The only difference is that the real ones are slow, but in order to make them fast it would be necessary only to find a motor powerful enough to drive them at the speed Hike gets out of the one in the story. Boys will understand this fact."

"Do not understand me to say that boys have no imagination. On the contrary, their imaginations are so accurate that they can imagine things only which proceed on logical lines. It is the constructive imagination, not the unconnected fancy, which the average boy has developed in a high degree."

"But how did you happen to become so familiar with aeroplanes?" Mr. Graham was next asked. "Was it in connection with your writing of this story?"

"No," said Mr. Graham. "On the contrary, Aviation has been a fad of mine long before I ever thought of writing a book about it. I have followed the aviation magazines for some years and am personally acquainted with a good many aviators. For instance, J. A. D. McCurdy, the Curtiss aviator, was the first flight from Key West to Havana; Capt. Paul Beck, the army aviator, and others. When I was with Stokes Company, who publish my books, it was I who made the arrangements for the Curtiss Aviation Book," published by them this fall."

"And do you enjoy flying?"

"Very much," said Mr. Graham. "I have watched some of the best fliers. As for doing it myself, frankly I haven't the nerve. Not that it isn't perfectly safe to go up with such a sturdy man as Mr. McCurdy or Mr. Beatty, but the same time a man has to be born to it to really enjoy it. Nevertheless, I thoroughly believe Curtiss's statement in his recent book that an aeroplane in good condition is safer than an automobile going at the same speed."

"The many accidents we have heard of recently are due to fancy exhibition flying or carelessness in testing the machines. More care is being taken in construction every day now. Cortland Field Bishop was asked recently if the construction of cheap aeroplanes would not be a good business undertaking. 'I don't know about that,' replied Bishop, 'but I am sure that a good undertaking business would result from it.'"

Mr. Graham went on to say that his experience when in the book publishing profession gave support to his theory that boys demand accuracy as to fact. "Take an entirely different field, that of outdoor life covered by 'Be Prepared,' the story of boy scouts in Florida, by A. W. Dimock, which has just received the certificate of high merit awarded by the Camp Fire Club of America. This book is interesting to boys largely because, outside of the adventure it contains, it shows what the boys should do, and by scout methods, adhering to strict possibility. You will find the same principle in classics such as 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'The Swiss Family Robinson,' which have been so popular for years. Not that such things ever did happen, but that they could happen."

CONAN DOYLE'S NEW NOVEL.

Tells of a Fisticuff Melee in Which Dr. Doyle Got His First Patient.

In Conan Doyle's new novel "The Lost World" there is an amusing scene, where Challenger goes fighting and crashing down the hall with the newspaper man, and it brings to mind that fisticuff melee that brought young Dr. Doyle his first patient.

When he started for himself as a young doctor in Southsea he was walking out late one night when he came upon a working man belaboring his wife. Doyle immediately interfered, first orally and then physically, only to have the lady turn upon him and join her husband in attacking this disturber of their marital amities. If a sailor had not happened along and, resenting the injustice of two against one, "taken on the lady," it would have gone hard with Doyle. As it was he defeated the "less deadly" element of the duel and he and the sailor took to their heels. Next day to his consternation he found the woman at his doorstep with a baby and a beautiful black eye, both in need of attention. She did not recognize him, however, and he treated mother and baby successfully, but much to the woman's surprise refused to take any money for treating her eye!

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

Carl J. Nordell, collaborator with Talbot Aldrich of the recently published Aldrich collection of poetry, "The Shadow of the Waxen" has won the C. C. Clark prize of \$500 and the Corcoran honorable mention for his picture "Femme Nue," shown at the fourth exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings at the Corcoran art gallery.

It is not well known that Theodore Dreiser, the author, wrote the words to the chorus of the song "On the Banks of the Wabash" that has become so popular. "I went to see my brother, Paul," says Mr. Dreiser, "who was in search of an inspiration for a new song. 'Why not make it a river song?' I suggested and he said that he had thereupon written the words beginning 'On the moon is fair to-night along the Wabash.'" Mr. Dreiser says of his brother that he wasn't a poet and he wasn't a composer in the popular sense of the word, but, he adds, "he was a marvellous man, a great personality, one of the most wonderful I have ever known. I am very proud that I had a little part in his most famous song."

James Otis Kaler, who died last week, the author of "Toby Tyler," had very definite ideas about the writing of boys' stories. "Boys," he wrote down to boys, he once advised, "Boys are the most critical readers in the world. If you can please them you can please older people as well. They are quick to recognize a good story, and they have some literary merit." Mr. Kaler wrote 145 boys' books, the last one, "Wanted," appearing only a few weeks before his death.

George W. Oden, author of "Home Place," admits that he has tried many ways of earning a living. Once he helped organize a penny daily in San Francisco, and a time when he wrote a novel, he was recognized by the commerce of the Pacific coast. During the three days of the newspaper's ephemeral existence Mr. Oden interviewed Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army, President Dole and William Jennings Bryan.

Hein S. Woodruff, author of the gift book "Mist," in a recent issue, containing an anecdote illustrating the generous philanthropy of publishers. When her author's copies arrived, the colored maid who helped her open, and who is an old family servant, was much interested in the price mark on each packet, asking Mrs. Woodruff if she was going to sell them at that price. "I answered," she says, "that Mr. Forster's publishing house did all the selling of them, and paid me a certain amount on each copy sold. She looked deeply for a moment and then said: 'Good Land, honey! You don't mean to say they're giving me an extra for my gettin' 'em do do? Well, some folks has got queer ideas about doin' business, I must say.'"

Albert Payson Terhune, author of "The Woman," enjoys the distinction of being the only American author to write a novel containing a machine. He did this some time ago, and his mother is widely known as Marian Harland.

Maria Thompson Davies is a suffragist and says that her book, "The English Mother," truly expresses her own views on the subject. She has just arrived in New York after attending the National Suffragist convention at Philadelphia as a delegate from Tennessee.

Mrs. Alice Tweedie, author of "Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life," has returned to New York after a month of visits in American and Canadian cities. From Chicago she went to Ottawa to play with Sir Sanford Fleming, the Canadian aviator, and then to Boston, where she attended the royal opening of Parliament and the evening drawing of the Ducks and Duchess of Cornwall. After that she paid her first visit to Boston, and from there she went to New York, where she met many friends made on her previous visit.

During the visit of Grant Richards, the English author-publisher, to this country his monic has attracted almost as much attention as his book, "Caviars." One of the entertainments provided for Mr. Richards at the Curtis Hotel in Boston was a luncheon at a country club of the suburbs. The following day the local paper came out with the announcement that the town had been honored with a visit from a "real live duke."

In the "Letters of George Meredith," recently published by the Scribners, at \$1.50 a volume, the editor, Dr. Hucks, writes that Meredith was a very nervous man. He performed three painful operations on the novelist at various times. Mr. Meredith was perfectly unconscious, the first time, to be perfectly unconscious, he said, he was not before the operation was begun. "So I determined," he afterward told the doctor, "to keep by hand moving up to the operation, and I was conscious as a warning to you. I kept moving my hand up and down until I heard the nurse say: 'Why do you not keep your hand that I did not move?' I replied: 'I was perfectly unconscious, but I was conscious as a warning to you.'"

Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who has much time and thought on his solution of the problem of "The Dood," recently published by the Dorans, is the editor of the *British Weekly*, and has been called the hardest working man in England. His work as a political power brought him lightning from the accolade of King Edward, and Asquith now and then judges the feelings of the nation toward public issues by Sir William's opinion. He is the discoverer of Ian MacLaren, and was the great friend and counsellor of J. M. Barrie, in whose company he once visited America.

Rose O'Neill, author, illustrator and creator of "The Kewpies," has just returned from Capri, where she has been residing on her new series of stories. They deal further with "The Kewpies."

Stewart Edward White has received a communication from a college man who says he believes it possible for an apparatus to be constructed which will accomplish some of the wonders described by Mr. White in "The Sign at Six." The student is at work in the physics laboratory of a Western college endeavoring to prove his theory.

After spending the summer with relatives at Madison, Wis., Charles Tenney Jackson, author of "Edgar," has returned to Barataria, La., where he will remain throughout the winter.

Almost simultaneously with the announcement of the publication of her new novel, "The Upas Tree," by the Putnams comes the statement that Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Sign at Six," has purchased the "Edgar" rights in the Strand, formerly the property of Victoria Countess of Yarborough, and adjoining the Grange, Sir John Hare's residence. Mrs. Barclay is the daughter of the late had the distinction of being the first woman in the inspiring Villa Trollope, in Florence, where George Eliot wrote "Romola."

The locale of "The Fortunes of the Landrays" is Ohio, and the town of Benson which is pictured in the story is said to be Mount Vernon. Vaushan Kester, the author, spent his boyhood days in the little Ohio town.

There is probably no better authority on Napoleon and his time in the United States than Mrs. Margaret Shipman Andrews. Mrs. Andrews devoted several years to research on this subject in preparation for the writing of "The Marabai."

PIERRE LOTI PICTURES CARMEN SYLVA AT WORK

Poems, Novels and Dramas, Were Feverishly Transferred to Paper.

HER DICTION CHARMING

Read a German Work to Him in French With Perfect Improvisation.

While it is not primarily of Carmen Sylva, the author, but rather Carmen Sylva, the woman, that Pierre Loti talks in his new book, he nevertheless gives occasional glimpses of the literary activities of this remarkable woman.

"In an open space some distance from the castle stands a strange looking hunting lodge of ancient Gothic architecture filled with bear skins, antlers' horns and hours and stags' heads," he writes on the occasion of his visit to Sinalia. "Here the Queen has a very quiet mysterious room for work and study. The whole building suggests the chalet of the sleeping beauty hidden away amongst the firs ever since the Middle Ages. It was here that I first heard the Queen read one of those stories she signs Carmen Sylva."

"It was a heartrending little tale, written with rare dramatic power, and I still remember how I thrilled with emotion as I sat listening. . . . The lofty firs surrounding us cast a kind of bluish semi-darkness over the pointed wood carvings over the room in which we were sitting."

"The splash of water was heard mingling with the Queen's voice; it came from a stream running down from the heights and passing close to the hunting lodge. I was sufficiently close to her Majesty to see the words of the book as she turned over the pages, and great was my surprise to discover that what she was reading in French was written in German. It would have been impossible to guess it, for there was not the slightest hesitation in her charming diction; even the phrases she improvised were always harmonious."

"Only once did she pause for a word which did not come to her mind—the name of a plant whose equivalent in French she had forgotten. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, looking up to the ceiling, and then she began a little impatient tapping of the foot, endeavoring to think of the word. Then of a sudden she started, the arm of the girl seated by her side with the remark: 'Come now, what are you doing, to help me to find the word which you're looking for?'"

"Her charming voice and manner transformed this familiar phrase—which coming from the lips of another would have seemed trivial and commonplace—into something delightful, something distinguished, so unexpected and droll that we burst out laughing."

Later on Mr. Loti writes of her as he found her in Venice still giving her first thoughts to literature. "The work table," he says, "was spread with writing pads and a number of precious writing utensils stamped with her initials and crown. As soon as each sheet was finished it was torn off. Poems and spontaneous thoughts, novels and dramas were conceived and feverishly transferred to paper in the exhausting effort to lay hold as rapidly as possible of all those unexpressed ideas to which her fertile imagination gave birth."

"This work was of unusual merit, some was of sublime grandeur, some again incomplete, thrust aside, as it were, by the budding germ of the work following."

"She did not take sufficient pains with her writings, it being the Queen's opinion that in the matter of literature everything ought to be spontaneous, written in obedience to the initial impulse and then left as it is, without there being any necessity to perform the indispensable task of condensing one's own thoughts ever more and more and thus making them as clear and intelligible as possible to the reader."

"The extensive literary output of Carmen Sylva, very little of which has appeared in French, most of it being destined to be forever lost or unpublished, would have needed passing through the hands of some one capable of pruning and curtailing it, and that conscientiously; after such treatment this work of genius would have attained to the place of merits in public esteem."

"Oh, I do not mean to say that the Queen's writings are not charming just as they stand; she soars aloft in a manner which is rare among writers of books, and even at her weakest she is very conscious of the presence of a great and noble soul, throbbing with pity for human woes, and that is sufficient for those who are sensitive, for those

An absorbing and remarkable story of American social life

The Custom of the Country By Edith Wharton

will begin in the January Number of

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

This will be beyond doubt the most talked about story of the year.

The career of the heroine, who comes from a provincial town to make a place for herself in New York society, will be more keenly discussed even than Lily Bart of "The House of Mirth."

Send Your Subscription To-Day. \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

CHRISTMAS BOOKS McDevitt-Wilson

Hudson Terminal Bldg. - 30 Church St. Phone Cortlandt 1270 New York

IN THE BALKAN WAR.

Difficulties of Correspondents Who Never Got to the Front.

A recent article in the London *Times* speaks of the censorship of war correspondence being "muddled amazingly" and the difficulty of obtaining and transmitting war news seems to be increasing all the time. In the beginning, apparently, newspaper passes were issued indiscriminately to all sorts of reporters and to many who were not reporters at all. Then the military officials began to realize that the task of properly providing for and properly controlling such a gathering was beyond their powers. After publicly tempering with the situation until it grew worse and worse, they eventually felt compelled to limit the number and activities of the correspondents and proceeded to do so by methods which the writer in the *Times* describes as "in every way reprehensible."

While the Bulgarian army was advancing the correspondents and the foreign military attaches were kept in Sofia "living at expensive hotels, the corridors of which were littered with the paraphernalia of a camp and were kept more or less quiet with assurances that to-morrow, and to-morrow and to-morrow they would 'proceed to the front,' occasionally they would be put on special trains and carried off for short excursions, which, however, never seemed to take them to the front."

The writer bitterly remarks that if they had been out for a picnic instead of a war they would have voted the arrangements perfect. Only two or three got near the front, and only one was actually at the front from the beginning and had the confidence of the Bulgarian leaders. This one was Lieut. Wagner. His despatches are authentic and his account of the war, which will be published early next year, will be the first authoritative book to be written on the subject. The volume will be brought out in this country by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Prof. Allan Marquand's "Della Robbia in America."

The first publication of importance by the Princeton University Press has just been issued and it has attracted a great deal of attention and much praise because of its excellence. It is the work of Allan Marquand, professor of art and archaeology in the university, entitled "Della Robbia in America," and is one of a series of Princeton monographs in art and archaeology.

The Princeton University Press as a publishing house is a comparatively new institution of the university. Its associates abroad are Henry Frowde in London and the Oxford University Press. With these honorable connections the quality of its work seems assured.

Prof. Marquand's volume is bound in heavy boards, one-quarter cloth, the spine in gray and blue with gold stamping on the cover, including the seal of the university. The volume is printed on a heavy opaque paper and runs to about 175 pages. It is dedicated to the famous German scholar Dr. Wilhelm Bode, and consists of four divisions, the works of Luca della Robbia being the subject of the first part, part two treating of the works of Andrea della Robbia, part three of Giovanni della Robbia and the last division comprising miscellaneous Robbia works. There are no less than seventy-two illustrations, nearly all full page plates. An index of three and a half well filled pages testifies to the usefulness of the book.

The Wall Street edition of THE EVENING SUN contains all the financial news and the stock and bond quotations to the close of the market. The closing quotations, including the bid and asked prices, with additional news matter, are contained also in the night and mat editions of THE EVENING SUN. - Ad.

Special Notice: Emma McChesney catches up with Christmas in a story with the Edna Ferber punch at its best in the January American Magazine, in its new and exactly right size.