NEWS OF PUBLISHERS, AUTHORS FROM THE BOOK WORLD

B. H. TICKNOR, LAST OF FAMOUS PUBLISHING FIRM

Death of Boston Publisher Recalls Days When Firm of Ticknor & Fields Led All Others.

Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Hawthorne, Lowell, Thoreau Among Those on Their Lists.

Paid English Royalties Before International Copyright—Mr. Ticknor's Later Activities.

THE death a few days ago of Benjamin Holt Ticknor removed the last of those who led in the publishing world half a century ago. When Ticknor entered his father's firm in 1862 the house of Ticknor & Fields stood at the head of American publishing concerns, properly located in Boston, which was then this country's literary centre. It is interesting to recall some of the significant activities of the old firm of Ticknor & Fields and some of the internationally famous names on its list.

In 1832 William D. Ticknor and John Allen formed a partnership and purchased the miscellaneous publishing business then being conducted by Messrs. Carter, Hendee & Co., in the historic building known later as the "Old Corner Bookstore." Mr. Ticknor was at this time but 22 years of age. The partnership was formed under the name of Allen & Ticknor, which is the first Ticknor imprint ever issued.

Mr. Allen did not care to continue long in trade, and in 1833 Mr. Ticknor was the sole owner of the business; and from then until 1845 the name of William D. Ticknor stood alone at the foot of the house's title page, and it was his judgment alone which chose the books these title pages introduced. It was during this epoch that Longfellow, Lowell, Tennyson, among the poets, and many eminent men among scientists and scholars were presented to the American public. The early catalogues present among the earliest publications Mrs. Norton's poems, "The Confessions of An Opium Eater," the first volume of Whittier and the poems of Barry Cornwall and Robert Browning. It was Mr. Ticknor's judgment which made known to the American public De Quincey, Tennyson, Charles Reade and other eminent English names, and it was his decision which in 1857 transferred to his house from the disintegrating establishment of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. the *Atlantic Monthly*.

In 1845 Mr. Ticknor took into partnership James T. Fields, who had been in his employ for several years, and at this time John Reed joined the firm for a brief period, the title being then Ticknor, Reed & Fields, and subsequently Ticknor & Fields. From this time the "Old Corner Bookstore" became the resort of the literary men from all parts of the world and there were welcomed Dickens, Thackeray and many other of the Old World celebrities. Mr. Ticknor early won the gratitude of the English authors, for he not only discerned their worth but he also tendered just payment for the use of their works. It was to his initiation undoubtedly that the first unsolicited payments from American publishers for copyright to foreign authors and the first regular purchases of "advance sheets" were due. This practice, always maintained by his house, he began in 1842 with a check to Alfred Tennyson.

If one glances back at the list of this publishing house early in the '50s he may read there the names of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, E. P. Whipple, Grace Greenwood, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Lowell, Horace Mann, John G. Saxe, Mrs. Jameson, Julia Ward Howe, Bayard Taylor, Mary Russell Mitford, Mayne Reid, Phoebe Cary, Thoreau, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Charles Sumner, Kingsley, Charles Reade, De Quincey and many others of that notable era.

Benjamin Holt Ticknor entered his father's publishing house in July, 1862, but in September of that year he enlisted in the Forty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment and remained in the service until 1864,

The late Benjamin Holt Ticknor.

when he was summoned home by the sudden death of his father, who had gone South on a trip with Nathaniel Hawthorne. In 1865 Benjamin H. Ticknor took charge of the New York branch, returning to Boston in 1867. May 1, 1870, he became a partner in the firm of Fields, Osgood & Co., which was later reorganized as James R. Osgood & Co., and this firm was succeeded in 1885 by that of Ticknor & Co. During this quarter of a century following the war the successors to Ticknor & Fields added to their lists of distinguished writers the names of W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Henry James, Joel Chandler Harris, George W. Cable, Edward Bellamy, Lew Wallace, E. C. Stedman, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Ellen Olney Kirk, Edwin Lasseter Bynner, Eugene Field, Jane G. Austin, Rose Terry Cooke, Norah Perry, Clara Louise Burnham, Blanche Howard and many others of note. During this period *Our Young Folks* and *Every Saturday* flourished in the periodical world, and many standard reference works were produced, including "Poole's Index" and the "White Mountain and New England Guide Books." The heliotype process was also introduced into this country by this firm. Mr. Ticknor was actively interested in the preparation of the "Memorial History of Boston," which remains a monumental accomplishment, and in the line of fiction he instituted the Ticknor paper series, in order to put forth the best fiction at reduced prices. The "Round Robin Series," which attained great popularity in the world of up to date fiction, was also especially supervised by Mr. Ticknor, who also launched the *American Architect*.

After the final consolidation with Houghton Mifflin & Co. Mr. Ticknor became associated with the latter house, remaining there until his retirement on account of ill health some eight years ago.

GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK

"Haremlik," Mrs. Kenneth-Brown's notable story of Turkish life, published a few years ago by Houghton Mifflin Co., which has already been translated into French, Swedish, Danish, German and Italian, is now being translated into Dutch.

T. Everett Harre gave a tea last Monday at his studio, 80 Washington Square East, for Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Wright Kauffman, who recently returned to this country. Those who attended included Mrs. Philip Lewisohn, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Mrs. Hugo Reisinger, Mrs. Edwin Markham, Miss Alice Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Hampton, Mr. and Mrs. Ryan Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gantvoort, Miss Nora Donar, Mrs. Hyacinth Smith, Mrs. Jeanne R. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. William Griffith, Mrs. Raymond Du Puy, John Luther Long, Norman Boyer, Curt Hugo Reisinger, George Sylvester Viereck, Alexander Harvey, Leonard Dalton Abbott, Alma Thelma, Alfred Rau and Witter Bynner. Alma Thelma played the piano, Mr. and Mrs. Gantvoort sang, while Miss Donar recited new poems by Alfred Noyes and Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff.

Capt. R. B. Otter-Barry and Mr. Perry-Aysough of the Chinese postal service have recently travelled independently through the heart of Mongolia. They have now collaborated in a book "With the Russians in Mongolia," which the John Lane Company is getting ready for publication.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, the versatile writer whose new book "The After House" is announced by Houghton Mifflin Company for publication to-day has recovered from a series attack of diphtheria which has confined her to her home for some weeks past.

Kathleen Norris has just released the proof of her new novel "The Treasure," which the publishers hope to bring out about February 4. "The Treasure" is said to reflect a certain side of home life with a most satisfying vividness and completeness.

Julian Street, accompanied by Wallace Morgan, the illustrator, started on a transcontinental trip this week, to be gone ten weeks. The results of their observations and impressions will appear first serially in "Collier's Weekly," and later in book form, published by the Century Company.

John Masefield won the Royal Society of Literature's annual Edmond de Poilgnac prize of $500 last year and this year it goes to James Stephens. The particular book which is responsible for this latest honor to the Irish author is "The Crock of Gold," a humorously philosophic novel.

A dramatization of Clara Louise Burnham's novel "The Right Princess," published a few years ago by Houghton Mifflin Company, is being given in Western cities with success. Robert Dempster plays the leading role.

Lee Foster Hartman, author of the just published mystery story "The White Sapphire," was born in Fort Wayne, Ind., in 1879, and was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1991. Since that time he has made his home in New York city, engaged in journalistic work. In 1904 he removed from the staff of the *Associated Sunday Magazine* to enter the employ of Harper & Bros. Since 1908 he has been a member of the editorial staff of *Harper's Magazine*. "The White Sapphire" is Mr. Hartman's first venture in the realm of fiction.

And still the humorous continues to happen around Rabindranath Tagore, the winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1913. One of the most recent amusing incidents is found in an order received at a New York city book store. "Please send me a copy," so runs the communication in question, "of that book by Rabindranath Tagore which drew the noble prize."

And again in the same mail this same dispenser of literature received the following: "Kindly send me a copy at once of Tagore's 'Rabindranath.'"

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, author of "A Handbook of Health," "Common Diseases," &c., has four busy months before him. Dr. Hutchinson is on a lecture tour in the South and West and his witty style of presenting scientific subjects makes his talks justly popular.

Somewhat like the amusing mistake in asking for a recent publication, "Joe, the Book Farmer," for which the order read, "Joe, the Boot Fancier," is one which was caused by a similarity in sound. A letter received from an Eastern customer by the Harpers regarding one of their sets of books began thus: "Your number 866592 covering pails of the front gear at $13.00 is received." What the man who dictated the letter said was: "Tales of the Frontier." Is it possible that the stenographer who wrote it was thinking more of a prospective automobile ride than of the letter? In "Tales of the Frontier" the only front gears are those on the broncos and saddle horses in "The Squaw Man," "Santa Fe's Partner," "The Heritage of the Desert" and the other books in the set.

In New Mexico the Legislature has created fifty-three "flag days," on which the flags on all the schoolhouses are raised and the reason for so doing explained to the children. One "flag day" is the birthday of Louisa M. Alcott, whose "Little Women" is known wherever English written books are read. Some other authors honored by New Mexico with an official "flag day" are Shakespeare, Tennyson, Burns, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Bryant.

An interesting evidence of the growing community of intellectual interests throughout the world is seen in an order just received by Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers of "The Personal Recollections of Vincent Van Gogh," by his sister, translated by Miss Katherine S. Dreier, for a consignment of that book to be shipped to a book store in Tokio, Japan.

Instead of L. C. Page & Co., used since 1897, the firm name will be the Page Company. The officers and directors of the new Massachusetts corporation remain as before.

William Dean Howells, who has recorded in "Familiar Spanish Travels" his impressions of his trip through the peninsula, tells how his guide rebuked his scepticism in regard to the history of a mosque in Toledo. According to the legend, even after the original Christian building had fallen into paynim hands, the lamp kept burning. One day as the Cid rode by his horse knelt down and would not budge till a man dug through the mosque wall and disclosed the lamp. When Mr. Howells expressed his doubt of the man's knowing how the horse meant them to dig, the guide argued: "If you can believe the rest I think you can believe that."

Ellen Glasgow, author of "Virginia," will lecture in New York on February 17. The subject of Miss Glasgow's address, which will be delivered before the League for Political Education, will be "The Three Ages of the English Novel."

Zane Grey, author of the recently published novel "Desert Gold," is just recovering from an attack of diphtheria. He came to New York after many months spent in the desert of the Southwest, following a previous expedition into the jungle in Yucatan, through both of which experiences he came unscathed. But the city and his work on his new novel, which Harper & Brothers are to publish early this year, were too much for the author of "Riders of the Purple Sage" and "The Heritage of the Desert," who had lived and thrived on the life of hardship and exposure to fever and rattlesnakes. As soon as he is able Mr. Grey will start for the open country and the scene of his novel.

The author of "Home," whose anonymity is carefully preserved by the Century Co., recently wrote to the publishers:

"The title 'Home' does not refer to Red Hill alone. The consul with his 'last chance of home'; Lieber remembering the wall paper, the broken fences and the friendly apple trees of home, and saying, 'Home is the anchor of a man's soul'; Kemp's thoughts of his shack on Big and Little Creek; Bodsky with his 'when a man has seen the whole world he must go home or die'; the Barbadian who would not sell his house because not every man kills the thing he loves best and he has remembered that 'memories travel only beaten paths'—all these, aside from Red Hill, point to one name for the book. Nobody but an exile will ever read into 'Home' all that I have tried to put there."

Doubleday, Page & Co. hold an annual prize contest for public school gardens showing the greatest improvement during the year. The wide interest taken by child gardeners in the competition is shown by the geographical distribution of the prizes, which have just been announced. The first prize went to Portland, Ore.; the second to Providence, R. I., and the third to New York city.

CORNISH ORIGINALS REVEALED BY ENGLISH WOMAN WRITER

MISS M. P. WILLCOCKS, the English writer, in the *Book News Monthly* tells how she came to write her new novel, "The Will to Live":

"The whole idea of the plot came to me long ago when I shook hands in the garden of Cambridge Observatory with the aged John Couch Adams, the famous English astronomer, who, with Leverrier, discovered the planet Neptune. Long afterward, three years in fact, I visited the Cornish farm where Couch Adams passed his boyhood, and there and then by the old granite cross on the moor conceived the idea of a young scientist's struggle to know as the centre of a novel. That was the origin of 'The Will to Live.'"

"The original of the Botterills' farm in the novel is then this Cornish one?" Miss Willcocks was asked.

"Yes. It is the actual birthplace of John Couch Adams on that wild moor between the two seas that I had in mind," Miss Willcocks replied. "The characters and incidents of the Botterill household, moreover, are taken from my own forebears, notably, Sampson, who is my grandfather."

"What about Penquite, the hill town of the story?"

"Oh, that is the quaint old Cornish town of Lamceston. You see, though I was born on a Devonshire farm, I have a special affinity for Cornwall, for my mother's people come of an ancient Celtic family of Prideaux, aforetime Lords of Luxullian near Fowey, the 'Troy Town' of Quiller-Couch's famous romance."

"Where did you write 'The Will to Live,' at your home in Exeter, England?"

"Oh, no. It was mainly composed during a lonely summer spent in a one roomed hut in a wild valley of Dartmoor. The hut itself, once a weigh hut for a quarry, had been fitted with sleeping bunks and an open fireplace.

"One of the episodes in my former book, 'Wings of Desire,' takes place in this hut. Here, after days begun by a dip in the Moor stream, most of the chapters of 'The Will to Live' took shape in view of a double row of great granite tors. But my stay ended in sudden flight, for the owls made the summer nights too eerie at last. The book was finished at the mouth of the Exe within sight of the sea at a place formerly the scene of much of 'The Way Up,' the novel based on the life of Godin, the French pioneer of cooperative production."

Miss Willcocks is a feminist who believes that woman's place is side by side with man and she looked forward at one time to being the first woman Town Councillor in the city of Exeter. The death of her mother, however, which occurred while "The Will to Live" was going through the press, necessitated a removal to London, which made the realization of that hope impossible.

In connection with her public interests Miss Willcocks remarked: "My municipal work once had the effect of arousing a far western American township. Shortly after the publication in the United States of 'The Wingless Victory' I received from a prominent citizen of that town an urgent appeal to be told whether there was actually a case on record where a town had been poisoned by the lead pipes used in conveying its water supply. It did not take me long to assure my inquirer that I knew of an English town that was even now being so poisoned, and further to assure him that generally speaking not only were the characters in my story drawn from life but the plots were based on fact."

Miss Willcocks began life as a student and lecturer on history and literature. With the publication of "The Wingless Victory" she started her career as a novelist. Her first appearance in American magazines came last year with an article on "The New Fear," apropos of Post-Impressionism, in the *Forum* for April.

"You see," she said, "I both speak and write on art and my idea of a holiday in Paris and the new things of the studios."

NEW ENGLISH ROMANCIST INTRODUCED WITH NOVEL

Arthur F. Wallis, whose romance of roguery, "Idonia," has just been published by Little, Brown & Co., is a native of Birmingham and a graduate of its famous high school, which has turned out so many notable men. As a youth English literature was his favorite study and he won a prize for his work on that subject.

There were six boys in the Wallis family, three of them older than Arthur, and the principal recreation of this sextet was to convert the "back drawing room" into a theatre and produce the plays which they themselves wrote, costumed, mounted and presented, so that Arthur had plenty of opportunity to exercise his imagination.

Mason College, the present University of Birmingham, gave young Wallis later training in both engineering and his earliest love, English. A couple of years in an accountant's office was a corrective to his poetical dreamings, though he carried off a prize for an appreciation of Matthew Arnold. Seven years work in business partnership with his father and an older brother followed, during which his literary output amounted to a drama in verse. Then as the business was sold he became a contributor to magazines and the daily press, and later manager to a firm of publishers.

His ambition, however, as always, is authorship, and he has now ceased to criticise the writings of others and is devoting himself to his chosen work. "Idonia" is his first published novel, but he is already at work on another.

A People's Man

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

"Another of Mr. Oppenheim's clever and absorbing stories of international intrigue."—*Boston Transcript*. "One of the strongest and most interesting stories its author has written and will probably have a much wider appeal than any of his previous novels."—*New York Times*.

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A Romance of Old London

By Arthur F. Wallis

Third Printing of a tale of love and roguery of which the *New York Times* says: "'Idonia' has freshness and originality in plot, incidents and telling. He [illegible]tes life in Elizabethan London with a reality that few writers of romance [illegible]equaled."

Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. $1.30 net; by mail, $1.41.

From the Angle of Seventeen

By Eden Phillpotts

"There have been few more ingenious and sympathetic pictures of the mind of youth."—*Brooklyn Eagle. Cloth, $1.30 net; by mail, $1.31.* **Second Printing.**

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

NOVELIST RECEIVES ALL KINDS OF LETTERS

WHILE it is not an uncommon thing for an author to receive a great many letters from enthusiastic readers of his or her books, frankly complimentary letters, the letters received by Corra Harris since the publication of her new novel mark a high water mark both in quantity and variety; and it has remained for "In Search of a Husband" to be taken literally by many men readers, in the sense that they offered their hands in marriage to the author.

Besides the letters offering marriage there have been several asking advice in affairs of the heart, one suggesting that the author take up homesteading in Montana and become a neighbor of this particular correspondent, and any number assuring her that she was the first and only person who really "understood." The autograph applicants are legion of course. The ones that perhaps show more real pathos than any are those who beg the successful author to put their faltering footsteps on the ladder to literary arrival.

One letter from a young minister Mrs. Harris admits rather puzzles her. Is it a proposal? The gentleman enclosed his photograph and he is as handsome as the most fastidious could require.

In part the letter reads:

"One thing especially 'In Search of a Husband' has done for me: The story has called to my attention the fact that for the last ten years or more I have been searching for a wife, though my story has never been put on paper.

"Perhaps you can offer some suggestion. * * * With all my experience, all my studies and all my theories I ask myself again and again: Do I know what love is?"

One of the truly pathetic letters—it is from a woman—shows the yearning to write cramped by lack of opportunity and lack of money. It is in part:

"To be quite frank with you, I think I am suffering of the Rucersville malady," not the daily anticipation of a suitor, though I am 30 years old and not a man on my horizon, but the gnawing irritating desire for a literary career. People say I have an unusual originality and individuality, and why in the mischief can't I make it of some material value? I have attempted writing short stories and I've sense enough to write of only the things I know—plain, ordinary, everyday things, but somehow I can't make them go in a paying way. It isn't just literary recognition I'm after, though I am ambitious, but the lack of material things has almost sealed dollar marks on my soul. I've got to get at an occupation to lay aside a pittance for old age. I teach in the graded school of my home town—teach two grades and earn 45 a month. I have had one nervous breakdown from overwork and am threatening another. If the impending fails I don't know what on earth I will do. May I send you several of my stories and will you critically read them?"

Another runs:

"Even a selfish motive—you won't laugh will you? For facts are queer, staring things, hence. Oh, well I may as well get down to them. What a relief to talk to some one who has been there—who will listen, interestedly (it is hoped) and—there—I took a long breath. Now for my story:

"A bit of a life story first: Just facts—or shall I tell the end first and get up interest. I am up against a brick wall—bucking against the thing that most of us contend with in the beginning: working nights at 'life'—signally—manuscripts. The determination to succeed, a silently sworn vow—'to win'—the strength to hash, rehash—even though the finished product bears no resemblance to the dream of concept—and here in our town there are few, pittifully few, who understand or can help.

"How does one get there? Mailing stories has no effect—(don't say to yourself it depends on the stories—although that is true of course) but what effect has the receipt of one of my little white birds on a busy magazine office? One story tossed to a reader—marked, rejected, mailed back with a little slip—and to think our fate depends on the individual taste of the reader! Small comfort in the encouragement 'a request for more.'

"It is a long road, a hard one—full of stumbling blocks. Can a pinnacle occupant extend a helping hand—to a twenty-two-year-old girl who hasn't any one to tell stern truths to her?"

From Helena, Montana, comes this bit: "Your book 'A Circuit Rider's Wife' is listed in the library here a 'biography.' Will you tell me if this is true. Certainly it seems little short of amazing that a real Circuit Rider's wife could turn out, 'In Search of a Husband.' If you invented both you really must be a genius.

"In any case please accept my very sincere congratulations. I might add my thanks for the pleasure they have given me."

A school teacher living in a small town in Montana wrote Mrs. Harris while reading "In Search of a Husband" in serial form. She said:

"I'm sitting in my lonely homestead shack out in Montana awaiting the morrow with almost breathless interest, for the branch train will bring the *Post* and I shall know the fate of Joy and David. I have been wanting to tell you for many years—it seems—at least since I read 'The Circus Rider's Wife' in the *Post*—how much I admired you—I have read everything you have written in the *Post* and enjoyed it beyond words—notwithstanding your penchant for revealing the inner mind of the weaker sex.

"We have some homesteads vacant near us. I should love to have you come out and try your hand at a Western story and be our neighbor. Perhaps you would say as Balzac did once upon arriving in a new country 'Give me my pen quick.'"

MANUSCRIPT OF "HUGH WYNNE" ON EXHIBIT

The manuscript of the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne" is on view at the library of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, in a glass case just inside the main entrance. The manuscript is in the form of a bound volume, upon the flyleaf of which appears in writing Dr. Mitchell's bequest of the original papers to the university.

The manuscript has been attracting considerable attention since the author's death. The words on the flyleaf are as follows:

"This, the manuscript of 'Hugh Wynne,' I have been over and over asked to sell. Other requests to deposit it in, or give it to, certain libraries have been made by librarians who are good enough to think it has value. I have thought it proper, therefore, at the solicitation of our own librarian to deposit this manuscript in the library of the University of Pennsylvania. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

"April, 1907."

The writing is in the author's own hand.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS HAS ZEALOUS PRIVATE CENSOR

Eden Phillpotts, like most English dramatists, has more or less trouble with that British institution the censor. Recently the two clashed over Mr. Phillpotts's dramatization of his novel "The Secret Woman." But Mr. Phillpotts has also a private censor whose approval none of his published works seem to win. Each time he publishes a new book this author receives a few days later an unstamped envelope on which he has to pay the postage. Within is merely the torn out title page of the new novel, across which is written in a hand Mr. Phillpotts is now well acquainted with: "Thank heaven I have destroyed another of your abominable books. Pay the twopence yourself."

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

By ALICE FELICITA COREY.

I met you yesterday, and for an hour
Faith, hope and joy seemed sure;
So sure they seemed, their memory holds power
For every heartache's cure.

Just now we came again the selfsame way,
To find the joy all fled,
And the good promise of the earlier day
Irrevocably dead.

Two strangers, alien eyed, we strive in vain
With words we cannot say;
For leagues and centuries have rent in twain
Yesterday and to-day.

From the February *Century*.

Death on the Wings of the Tropic Night

Whose was that horrible work with an axe in the after house? What that white shape on the black decks of the yacht. Who to blame for the gruesome load that trails far astern in the jolly boat—"One of us gathered here" is a triple murderer. Which?

The After House

BY

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

whose tales of the humorous adventures of Tish Carberry have delighted millions. Here she appears with a story deeply thrilling and mysterious, yet full of her old humor and with a love affair of fresh reality.

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DR. MITCHELL NEVER GAVE AN INTERVIEW

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, famous author, physician and neurologist, who died recently, claimed the distinction of never having given an interview. Dr. Mitchell was in Washington to attend a meeting of the board of trustees of the Carnegie Institution. An interviewer approached Dr. Mitchell in the New Willard lobby.

"Are you a reporter?" asked Dr. Mitchell.

Upon receiving an affirmative answer the eminent Philadelphian said:

"Don't you know I never give an interview? I have never been interviewed in my life."

The reporter, thinking he might succeed where others had failed, sought to continue the conversation.

"May I ask what you are doing in Washington?"

"I am here to attend a meeting of the Carnegie trustees."

"I have read some of your stories," suggested the reporter.

"Yes," was the laconic answer.

"And I found them very interesting."

"Yes?" came back the reply.

"What do you think of the recent discussion about the cure of cancer by radium?" persisted the newspaper man.

"Now see here, young man, I told you I never talk for publication. When I have anything to say I write it and am paid for it. You can't get an interview out of me on any subject."

"It's a fine day," ventured the reporter, still not discouraged.

"Yes," answered Dr. Mitchell.

At that moment it was pouring rain outside.—*From the Washington Post.*

WALT WHITMAN HAD A PLEASANT JOB

"Walt Whitman was not as successful as some poets are in making both ends meet by means of his poetry," said a Philadelphia newspaper man. "His muse had no commercial tastes whatever and if his friends had not found other occupations for him he would have been destitute indeed.

"I used to visit him in his old age in his little wooden house in Mickle street, Camden. One day—it's a pleasant reminiscence this, of old time Philadelphia—one day in December I said to him:

"'Well, Walt, how are things going this winter? Any Christmas subscriptions needed?'

"'No,' said the old poet. 'No, indeed. I'm working now. I'm working for George W. Childs. He pays me $50 a month.'

"'Good!' said I. 'And what's your job with Childs?'

"'Riding in the horse cars,' said Walt. 'I ride about the city. I talk to the drivers and conductors. I find out which of them need winter overcoats. Then I guess their size and notify Childs, who fits them out forthwith. It's easy, pleasant work and it saves Childs a lot of trouble over measurements and so forth.'"—*From the Washington Star.*

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Jack London's new novel

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"A ripping yarn . . . goes rushing along . . . a human document of real value."—*Boston Globe.*

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"Unlike any book of his we have met before . . . extremely pleasant and genial . . . holds the reader's attention to the end."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"A fine, worthy book, indeed; too popular, perhaps, but the finest Mr. London has done."—*Michigan Churchman.*

"Jack London's Good Story. . . . A delightful picture of California life . . . such a lovable pair. . . . The story is an excellent one for grouchy persons. It ought to cure them."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Frontispiece in colors by George Harper.
Decorated cover. $1.35 net. At all bookstores.

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WHERE MILTON WAS BURIED AND CROMWELL MARRIED

St. Giles, Cripplegate, the vicarage of which is vacated by the tragic death of Prebendary Barff, bears a misleading surname that has no connection with cripples. The word has been proved to represent the "crepel geat" or covered way, which enabled our Saxon ancestors to man the city walls without presenting their portly persons as terribly obvious targets for the missiles of besieging Norsemen. This church, one of the eight survivors of the great fire, is celebrated for the burial of Milton, the violation of whose tomb inspired Cowper's scathing stanzas, and for the marriage of Cromwell to the wife who would give him oranges that cost a groat. The clock on the tower played an important part in the education of Josiah Bounderby, Esq., of Coketown, as readers of "Hard Times" will remember.

Books Received.

"Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope." Frank Hamel. (Cassell and Company; Funk and Wagnalls.)

"The Country of 'The Ring and the Book.'" Sir Frederick Treves. (Cassell and Company; Funk and Wagnalls.)

"Heroines of Modern Religion." Edited by Warren Dunham Foster. (Sturgis and Walton Company.)

"The Sonnets of Shakespeare." The Countess de Chambrun. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Revolt of Democracy." Alfred Russel Wallace. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

"Is There a Hell?" (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

"Knowledge and Life." Rudolf Eucken, translated by W. Tudor Jones, Ph. D. Williams and Norgate. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Plain Facts About a Great Evil." Christabel Pankhurst. (The Medical Review of Reviews, New York.)

"The Family and Society." John M. Gillette. (A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.)

"Exercises for Women." Florence Bolton. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

"Handbook of Style in Use at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass." (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"Stories of Toasts for After Dinner." Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. (Sully and Kleinteich, New York.)

"Catalogue of Princeton University, 1913-14." (The University, Princeton, N. J.)

"Horace Blake." Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Secret of Lady Daventry." (John Lane Company.)

"The Crater of Circumstance." Leighton Graves Osman. (Sully and Kleinteich.)

"The Love Affair of a Homely Girl." Jean Louise de Forest. (Sully and Kleinteich.)

"My Wife's Hidden Life." (Rand, McNally and Company, Chicago.)

"A Garden Year." Allen Harry W. Franchot. (Peter Paul and Son, Buffalo, N. Y.)

"Bert Wilson at Panama." J. W. Duffield. (Sully and Kleinteich.)

"Brunelleschi." John Galen Howard. (John Hewell, San Francisco.)

"Sonnets from the Patagonian." Donal' Evans. (Claire Marie, New York.)

"The Jam Girl." Frances R. Sterrett. (Appletons.)

"Taxation and the Distribution of Wealth." Frederic Mathews. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

"The Soul of Life." David Lisle. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"The Colour of the East." Elizabeth Washburn. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"Whispering Dust." Eldrid Reynolds. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"The Flowing Bowl." Edward Spencer. (Duffield and Company.)

"Cakes and Ale." Edward Spencer. (Duffield and Company.)

"Pruneils." Laurence Housman and Granville Barker. (Duffield and Company.)

"Goldwin Smith. His Life and Opinions." Arnold Haultain. (Duffield and Company.)

"The Children of the Sea." H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Duffield and Company.)

The Sun Book Exchange

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