SOME NEW BOOKS.

Irish Expression.

Whatever judgment may be passed on the political activity of THOMAS MACDONAGH in the last months of his life after all the facts in the case are allowed to become public no reader of *Literature in Ireland* (Frederick A. Stokes Company) can help regretting that a mind so lucid and fair, giving such promise of future usefulness, should have been wiped out of existence by the deplorable tragedy enacted in Dublin. The lectures were prepared before the war, but the preface is dated last January. The literature that the author tries to analyze and to distinguish from other writings is not the Celtic or Gaelic but that written in the English language by authors of Irish stock. He goes into Gaelic literature, to be sure, to explain its spirit and its characteristics, but he does this only as part of the demonstration that the spirit and characteristics have been handed down to the writers of Irish training who now express themselves in English. The body of Celtic and more particularly Gaelic literature he leaves to one side, nor does he discuss the questions of its possible perpetuation or extinction.

The broad fact which he assumes, and it is to be noted that he deals only with general ideas without wandering into exceptions or survivals, is that the English language in the course of centuries has been forced on a Gaelic race and is now the natural vehicle in which it expresses its ideas. The language has suffered changes in construction, in words and in their meanings, and especially in the thought back of them, so that Mr. MacDonagh would have liked to call it a dialect, but a less definite term seems better, so he speaks of the "Irish mode" and distinguishes it from Matthew Arnold's "Celtic note." A literature in that language had to wait until it became general, and the author finds the beginnings in the nineteenth century and its blossoming in very recent times. The substance of his argument is best given in his own words:

First, that an Anglo-Irish literature worthy of special designation could come only when English had become the language of the Irish people, mainly of Gaelic stock, and when the literature was from, by, of, in and for the Irish people.

Second, that the ways of life and the ways of thought of the Irish people (the manners, customs, traditions and outlook, religious, social and moral) have imparted differences from the ways of life and of thought which have found expression in other English literature.

Third, that the English language in Ireland has an individuality of its own, and the fashion of Irish speech a distinctive mark.

The author's patient development of his idea to these conclusions carries conviction with it, if any is needed. It is backed up with many examples of poetry, not of the modern school but from older writers, in which the author marks the Irish characteristics. Samuel Ferguson, Mangan and Thomas Moore. He naturally excludes the famous eighteenth century Irishmen, who wrote in English for the English, Swift, Goldsmith, Burke and the rest. His criticism of the newer Irish from J. C. Synge and W. B. Yeats down, is extremely interesting. He points out the touches in them which are not genuinely Irish, the incorrect use of Gaelic in Yeats, the sex element in Synge. The latter's people "talk more of it than others, but even they do not give it the importance that it has in most modern literature; they do not talk of it in the decadent, suggestive way, however morbid the analysis of their creator. They talk of it rather like the Irish peasantry, whose language is at times coarse enough while their conduct is almost impeccably proper." He registers also George Moore's assertion "that if he had learned Irish the language wouldn't probably now be saved," as the masterpieces he would have written would have made people study Irish in order to read him in the original. Mr. MacDonagh admits that a masterpiece may save a language, but doubts whether Mr. Moore's would have.

It is a well written, carefully reasoned out book, full of suggestions that will make readers think and inspired with a youthful energy and enthusiasm that is refreshing. The "Irish mode" seems a very real thing. It expresses and seeks to define precisely the qualities that all readers have perceived vaguely in some of the older writers and that the new consciously Irish schools have endeavored to emphasize.

Maurice Maeterlinck on the "Conquest" of Death.

Whatever MAURICE MAETERLINCK says is interesting, whether it is about an interesting thing or otherwise. In *The Wrack of the Storm* (Dodd, Mead) are collected his utterances about the present and the future of this war torn world. The book is two books. In one M. Maeterlinck writes bitterly about the Germans. In the other he writes about war, not "the" war. We shall say no more about the first part than that it is terrible. The second part—a logical, not a physical division—is a philosophy of life and death for the individual and the state, a balancing of the good that may come out of the crises of history against the cost, measuring the loss with the gain, the setbacks with the advance.

"The dead do not die." The best and bravest fall first in battle. The weak and the cowardly, the least "desirable," are most likely to escape physical destruction. "Survival of the fittest" reversed. What will be left? "What will be the future of this stunted race, shorn of all the best and noblest part of it?"

Is it not possible that the condition of the world, had this war not come to blot out all its normal undertakings, would have been somewhat less gloriously progressive than M. Maeterlinck optimistically (and subjunctively) describes it? "If a third or a fourth part," he says, "of the fabulous sums expended on extermination and destruction had been devoted to works of peace, all the iniquities that poison the air we breathe would have been triumphantly redressed, and the social question * * * would have formed its definite solution once and for all in a happiness which now perhaps even our sons and grandsons will not realize." Among those who have been slain were mighty minds, seed ground of inventions and potential agents of discoveries that may be lost to mankind for centuries.

Well, says Maeterlinck, the loss is not irreparable. He does not bid us seek compensation in the discovery of the commonness of heroism, in the proof offered that civilization has not caused the race to soften, decay, deteriorate, but has strengthened the qualities which man needs in his battle with the physical world; a battle which to the Belgian philosopher is no fiction, but a reality of definite form and content. He does not babble, as do some easygoing philosophers, profanely, as it seems to us, in the face of present facts, about the letting of bad blood and the regeneration of society. No; he has a comfort more substantial. Perhaps that is the wrong word to apply to so "mystic" a belief as that to which we refer; but if not substantially demonstrated it is at least a theory susceptible of clear statement.

It is this: Our two "worlds," moral and physical, are vast, hermetically sealed spheres, "whence naught can issue, naught can fall, to be dissolved in space." There is no leakage, no waste or neglect. The heroism used in Europe "does not leave our planet." The wisdom, patience, honor and self-sacrifice of those who fall become the property of those who survive; and this not in a figurative sense, but as an actual working of a law of imperishability of moral forces. "All that our wonderful dead relinquish they bequeath to us; and when they die for us they leave us their lives not in any strained metaphorical sense." Virtue goes out of every man who dies fighting bravely for his country, and it "drops down upon us." He gives "in one mighty stroke what he would have given in a long life of duty and love." Maeterlinck is a metaphysician of the highest grade, a poet.

We had anticipated some entertainment from Chapter XVI., on "Supernatural Communications in War Time," for, without profaning the sorrow of the friends and relatives of those who have fallen, M. Maeterlinck might have added instances to his study of "metapsychics." But a typographical atrocity has balked us, for just as we get into the subject, at page 206, we turn to page 223, and leafing of the pages shows that those from 223 to 238 have been inserted twice, and pages 206 to 223 are lost. We trust the error was discovered before the book went to its readers, else there has been a real loss to them. A later chapter, "The Might of the Dead," in some degree remedies the omission, for here Maeterlinck finds in the war data confirming the conclusions of his recent spiritualistic research.

As writing, if it could be judged with perfect freedom from patriotic bias, these papers on the sorrows and heroism of the author's beloved Belgium would be esteemed a notable and noble composition. In the continuation of his quest for fuller knowledge of "the unknown guest" Maeterlinck is Maeterlinck. He will hardly convince a sceptic world that he has conquered the truth, but he will make people pay attention to those promptings which come somewhere between crude superstition and religious faith. He stimulates the wonder that no science can satisfy. "The Wrack of the Storm," in many respects a bitter and a painful book, quite possibly better never published, is in other respects a remarkable step in the struggle of man against physical and occult forces that mould his life.

Superstitions of Human Beings in the Forms of Beasts.

Savage peoples preserve the childhood of mankind, and among them we look for survival of the superstitions of the infant race, before the world was explored, weighed, measured, analyzed, dissected and reconstructed. But the pride of civilization takes a tumble confronted by such an admirable collection of curiosities as FRANK HAMEL has assembled in his rather awkwardly named *Human Animals* (Stokes), for while some of his stories come from primitive peoples not a few of them are the property of modern civilized peoples.

Tennyson wrote something like this: "The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man." Ruskin said: "There is not any matter, nor any spirit, nor any creature, but it is capable of a unity of some kind with other creatures." Maeterlinck writes in similar vein with the beauty of the artist in mysticism. In India you may meet gentlemen who are convinced they have been bulls or lions, and on a New York street you may see men with sheep faces or fox faces, weasel men, wolf men, hog men. But here the imaginative element of language goes a little beyond the facts; the features may fail to reflect animal characteristics that are present in a human being, and such characteristics may be indicated falsely by the mould of the countenance. But witches and monsters are believed in to-day, and even where belief is not professed the stories that cannot command the intellect bully the imagination.

The souls of some wicked savages after death find an abode in the bodies of bats. If a cat jumps over a corpse, the soul of the deceased person enters the body of the beast. Drink water out of the footprint of an animal, and you will be transformed. In some regions the seventh child of a seventh child is supposed to be for nine days at a time a werewolf. In 1579 Wierius described lycanthropia as a disease. There is a Hessian folk tale of a peasant couple: The wife contrived to have meat for every meal, and the husband wondered where she got it. To satisfy his curiosity she let him see her turn herself into a wolf by throwing a ring over her head. She had seized one of a flock of sheep grazing in a field and was dragging its carcass away when the man, forgetting his promise not to call her by name during the performance, for that would break the spell, cried: "Oh, Margaret!" The woman was immediately restored to her true personality. Giraldus Cambrensis tells marvellous tales of werewolves in Ireland.

There are stories of human souls in animal bodies, and of animals in human form. Totemism and taboo give Mr. Hamel many good stories. Mary Kingsley in "Travels in West Africa" tells of human beings turned into alligators. In New Guinea the natives' ancestors find a dwelling place for their souls in crocodiles. In some places in Germany children are warned not to go into the corn fields because "the cat [corn spirit] sits there." In Silesia the reaper who cuts the last corn is called "Tom cat" and dressed up in the stalks, with a long plaited tail. In Cornwall ants are the souls of unbaptized children. In County Mayo swans are virgins' souls. Cornish fishermen say they see the spirits of drowned persons pass in animal shapes. In a Hindu story men contracting debts they could not pay and fleeing from their creditors were changed into monkeys.

Mansfield Parkyns in "Life in Abyssinia" tells some stories of the Boudas, blacksmith-sorcerers, who turn themselves into hyenas. In a certain village there was a woman who had one human foot and one donkey hoof. The woman, being of normal physique, had died and been buried. The sorcerer bought her body from the priests, disinterred it and carried it off. Now it happened that on his way to market the man passed the house where the woman's family lived, and they noticed that he had a fine new donkey. Always on passing the house or any of the old woman's children the donkey brayed and tried to go to the people.

At last one of the sons became suspicious. He said: "I am sure that donkey is my mother!" So the sons seized the Bouda and took him and the donkey to the hut. The animal rubbed its nose against the young men and shed tears as of joy. The Bouda, charged with sorcery, at last confessed. The old woman had not been dead, but in a trance which he had induced. He had changed her appearance, but her mind was unaffected. The sorcerer agreed to restore her to her former estate, and had almost completed the work when one of the woman's sons slew him with a spear. One foot of the donkey remained unchanged, and continued so till the woman died many years afterward.

An old Japanese legend tells of a man named Ono who longed to realize his ideal of female beauty. One day he met the vision personified. He married her and they had a son. When the child was born Ono's dog was delivered of a pup, which as it grew up became increasingly hostile to Mrs. Ono. She begged to have it killed, but Ono refused. One day the dog attacked her so savagely that she resumed her natural vulpine shape and ran away. Ono cried after her: "You may be a fox, but you are the mother of my son, and I love you. Come back when you please. You will always be welcome." And each evening she came to Ono's house to stay till dawn.

The nature of Mr. Hamel's collection of curiosities is made evident in these chapter headings: "Animal Dances," "Scapegoat and Saint," "Witches," "Transformation in Fairy Tales," "Human Serpents," "Cat and Cock Phantoms," "Bird Women," "Animal Ghosts," "Animal Spirits in Ceremonial Magic." He has drawn from so many named sources that his readers will appreciate the task he has performed in order to assemble for them so many curious facts and tales. The book is an entertainment without a lagging moment. It is, incidentally, by virtue of the footnote citations of authority, a guide to further reading in this attractive subject.

Mrs. Spofford's "Book of Friends."

Charming as it is, there is one fault to be found with A *Little Book of Friends* (Little, Brown and Company), in which HARRIET PRESCOTT SPAFFORD writes brightly of Annie Fields, Sarah Orne Jewett, Celia Thaxter, Gail Hamilton, Rose Terry Cooke, Louise Chandler Moulton and other New England women of distinction: there is no chapter for Mrs. Spofford, who would have had to be there if some one else had written the book. The sketches are slight, personal not biographical, and full of the spirit of friendliness; valuable for those who delight in learning what sort of people they have been who made the achievement in one field or another by which America is known to the world, especially to those concerned in woman's part in it, and blessed with the literary grace that gives pure pleasure.

Here is Gail Hamilton, Mary Abigail Dodge, who as she wrote of herself "never made a pie, nor a shirt, nor a loaf of cake and never wanted to," but did write editorial articles and the Life of Blaine, contributing to the amusement of a party of tourists rainbound in Scotland:

It was resolved that each individual should do something for the entertainment of all. Mr. Carnegie told an incident of his career unknown before. Mr. Blaine a Congressional incident that also had been a secret. Walter Damrosch played the Fire Music and then Gail's turn came. "I will show you," she said, "one of the most satisfactory and charming things of its sort that you ever saw in your lives, provided you guess what it is."

Did it belong to the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom? To each of them. So the financier, the statesman and the musician guessed, and "Gail" put them off with clever, merry answers. At last she left the room and returned with her new Paris bonnet in hand:

"Confess," she said, "you never saw anything more satisfactory in its way. Here are all the kingdoms of the earth, as I said. The silk, the plumes, for one; the wires, the pins, for another; the lace, the straw, for the third—and as for the spiritual, I trust the frame in which I shall wear that bonnet up the broad aisle of the meeting house in Hamilton will answer for it."

To the heroine of this little adventure Whittier once wrote: "I was a little blue this morning, but thy letter was just the tonic I needed. If anybody is out of sorts and hypped, I shall prescribe for him a course of thy letters."

Two Sotherns.

After trying to begin at page 85, and again at page 147, *The Melancholy Tale of "Me,"* the "remembrances" of EDWARD H. SOTHERN (Scribners) does actually commence, in its nineteenth chapter, at page 171. As there are 400 pages the deferred start is not so serious a matter as it might have been had "Me" possessed a memory less filled.

Chapter XIX. reports a clash, in 1857, between the elder Sothern, then playing as Mr. Douglas Stewart, and Laura Keene. Mr. Stewart had incurred Miss Keene's displeasure at a rehearsal. Summoning him to her dressing room, she began to scold him roundly. Mr. Stewart turned out the light, told the actress "I can't bear to see a pretty woman in a temper," and retreated under cover of the dark.

It was at Laura Keene's theatre that "Our American Cousin" was first produced. When the play was read to the company Edward A. was so disappointed with the part for which he was cast that he was about to quit; but Joseph Jefferson urged him to stay on. "But I have no scenes," said Sothern; "I have only about ten lines." "We will make scenes for you," said Jefferson. They did, and so the great success came about.

My father's genius was indeed the genius of infinite pains. I have heard him relate that the little skip he used in his gait in *Dundreary* originated simply from his habit of trying to keep in step with my mother as they walked up and down at the back of the stage arranging their lines. The skip and the stutter and other business grew and grew from performance to performance.

Until, as Jefferson said, *Dundreary* had pushed the other characters out of the play. Two photographs, one of 1858 and one of much later date, show sharply the development in the dressing of the part. The junior Sothern tells this story: A friend of his father's, a Dr. Simpson, induced *Dundreary* to play one matinée performance out of town. He went about telling the people: "This is no cheap kind of play. You must not let this man think we have no manners. Don't applaud, don't laugh; it isn't done. Laugh when you get home. If you like his acting, say so quietly when you meet him at the reception after the play."

We are asked to believe that the trick was such a success that the actor went through two acts in torture that at last became quite unbearable, so that after the long monologue in the third act *Dundreary* walked down to the footlights and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you don't laugh I can't go on." Then they laughed till they cried.

Now, lest we may have done those first eighteen chapters an injustice, we shall turn back to page 91, where there is a story of one of E. A. Sothern's own jokes. He and the author were on a fishing trip on the Rangeley Lakes, with George Holland, William J. Florence and Henry M. Rogers:

The sport was very bad indeed, and for an entire day but one trout was caught, and that by my father. He kept on pulling this same trout out of the water until the other sportsmen in distant boats concluded that his phenomenal success was owing to the spots he selected to fish in. They followed him about all over the lake. Wherever he threw his line up came trout after trout amid the greatest excitement and enthusiasm from him and his crew, but those who succeeded him could not get a bite. They awaited his return home, a gloomy group upon the shore. As he approached he lifted his lone fish up again and again, counting an apparently endless catch before their very eyes, when lo! the craft ran ashore and there was but one trout.

Mr. Sothern begins his own story with recollections of his days as an art student. When he told his father he had decided to abandon the art of the palette for that of the stage Edward A. was grieved, for he had set his heart upon it; but he was game and sent his son off with a letter to Field, at Boston, saying: "You won't get any salary because you are not worth any. I'll give you $20 a week, on which you will have to live. You are making an awful mistake, but I won't stand in your way. I want you to choose, but you must get at it quick and find out what it is like. Always say you will do anything and take anything. You can't learn to act by telling yourself how much you are worth; other people will have to tell you that." But the next morning he changed his mind. "You shall make your first appearance with me. I open at Abley's Park Theatre next week. You shall play the cabman in 'Sam.'"

It was a one line part. The cabman follows *Sam* onto the stage. *Sam* is "a delightfully debonair spendthrift," owes everybody. He has neglected to pay the jehu. He greets his host and hostess, then turns to see the cabman waiting, whip in hand, and touching his hat in a series of mechanical motions. "Now, my good man," says *Sam*, "what do you want?" "Arf a crown, your honor," says cabby; "I think you won't object." *Sam* borrows the money from his host and settles the account. Exit the cabman. The incident, Sothern explained to his son, is important, as it instantly illustrates *Sam's* character.

Well, Edward H. got through all right in rehearsal, but on the first night he stuck:

"Well, my good man, what do you want?" said my father.

I gazed at him spellbound. I was conscious of the footlights, otherwise I seemed to be floating outside of myself. I touched my hat constantly.

"Well, my good man, what do you want?" repeated my father.

I kept touching my hat, but could think of no word to utter.

The audience laughed, and during their laugh my father said to me, "Go on. Say 'Arf a crown, your Honor.'"

I was so terrified that he should thus expose me before the people that panic seized me.

"Go on," said my father impatiently, and I saw that he was desperate. Still I continued to touch my hat, but said nothing. I felt quite incapable of thought.

"Go off!" said my father between his teeth.

In later chapters Mr. Sothern gives his recollections of John McCullough, of Daniel Frohman, of Richard Mansfield just beginning, of plays and playhouses, actors and actresses of thirty years ago. Then he has a little talk with himself about his profession and tells himself: "I believe that everything in the world that tends to make a man happy is moral; anything that bursts into bud and blossom and leaves the fruit of joy is moral. The stage has taught the noblest lesson, the highest truth, and that is it is better to deserve without receiving than to receive without deserving, better to be the victim of villainy than to be a villain, better to be stolen from than to be a thief." His book will give much pleasure to many readers.

COUNT OKUMA'S LONG CLIMB.

A Severe Test of His Physical Courage.

Count Okuma's physical courage has often been put to the test, as is well known, and never more severely than at the recent coronation of the reigning Emperor, when it was his duty to go up the long flight of stairs leading to the throne on his knees to present to the Emperor the address of the people.

It would have been a hard climb for a young man with two sound knees. It must have been torture to the Count, with only the stump of a leg and the weight of nearly fourscore years added. But he never flinched, says the *Christian Herald*, and on 10,000,000 postcards and on as many more souvenir cups, plates, napkins, tablecloths and furoshikis he is represented as climbing toilsomely those stairs, sacred to every Japanese, to the august presence on the throne. It is currently reported that the flesh of his leg was raw long before he reached the top, but no one was allowed to suspect it at the time.

MEXICO'S HOLIEST SHRINE.

Church Contains Miraculously Painted Picture of Virgin.

The Collegiate Church of Guadalupe, together with the chapel on an adjacent hill, is the holiest shrine in Mexico, says the *National Geographic Magazine*. It stands on the site where the Virgin is reputed to have appeared to an Indian, Juan Diego, instructing him to take a message to the Archbishop asking that a shrine be built there in her honor. After appearing to him several times, she finally commanded him to climb to the top of the hill, where the chapel now stands, but which had always been barren, and there to gather a bunch of roses to take to the Archbishop.

This the Indian did; but when he unfolded his serape it was found to contain, so the account runs, a miraculously painted picture of the Virgin. This picture is now venerated by all Mexicans and occupies the centre of the altar. The features and the complexion are those of an Indian Princess.

Sardinia Gives Name, but No Fish.

We get the word "Sardine" from Sardinia, but we get few sardines, says the *National Geographic Magazine*, for practically all of this "catch" is consumed locally. The tunny fisheries of the island, on the other hand, are important and profitable. The Genoese control the latter industry, for the Sardinians are not a maritime folk.

KEEPING UP WITH THE LITERARY GAME.

"Poe's Helen," by Caroline Ticknor, just published by the Scribners, is devoted to the romance of Edgar Allan Poe and Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman. It tells the story of Poe's betrothal and its breaking, and includes the poet's love letters, his poems to "Helen," Mrs. Whitman's defence of Poe, letters from Mallarmé, the French translator of "The Raven," and much new matter. The interesting illustrative material comprises ten portraits, most of them little known, and two pictures of Mrs. Whitman never before reproduced.

Three large printings of the recently published "Friends of France" (Houghton Mifflin) testify to the interest taken by Americans in the work of the American Ambulance in France. The book is unusual in that it is made up of narratives written by different ambulance drivers in the various sectors of the French front. Leading French artists have contributed their work to the volume.

Simultaneously with the announcement of the new magazine the *Seven Arts*, which James Oppenheim is starting this fall, comes the announcement by the Century Company of a new volume of poems by this pioneer of the free verse movement. The book, "War and Laughter," to appear in October, is said to be an expression of the conflict and exultation of existence, a series of direct reactions from life, the guiding idea being that laughter is the salvation of the world.

The poetry of Wilfrid Gibson, particularly his latest volume, "Battle," is the subject of a ten page article in French, published in the *Revue de l'Enseignement des Langues Vivantes*.

The many readers who praised Mildred Aldrich's "Hilltop on the Marne" will be pleased to hear that a second book by this author is announced by Small, Maynard & Co. The title indicates the theme of the book, "Told in a French Garden; August, 1914." That ominous date finds a group of people at a house party in a quaint country place, the Lawyer, the Critic, the Divorcee, the Trained Nurse, the Journalist, &c. Each one tells a story as the war comes nearer and nearer, only the subject of war being taboo, and a lively volume is the result.

On September 29 G. P. Putnam's Sons published two new books: "To the Minute," containing two mystery stories by Anna Katharine Green, and "The Golden Apple," a humorous and lyrical play by Lady Gregory, with illustrations which carry out the old fairy tale air of the play.

An interesting October book from this house will be "Ordeal by Fire," by Marcel Berger. Though a novel, this book carries a documentary interest, for the author was active in the battle line till he was sent home from the front physically shattered.

In October the Putnams will also publish "The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton," by Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton Rickett. Aside from the interest in Watts-Dunton, the reader will like the sketches of his associates, his two most intimate friends, Rossetti and Swinburne, and other friends, including Borrow, Henley, Meredith, Morris, Browning and Stevenson.

Alfred A. Knopf announces that he is putting W. H. Hudson's exquisite romance "Green Mansions" to press for a fifth printing. The success of this book must be gratifying to all who care for good literature. Among the new Borzoi books will be Mr. Hudson's "Tales of the Pampas," a volume of stories, none of which has appeared in this country, that will go far to prove the justice of the remark of several critics that "Hudson is to the land what Conrad is to the sea."

The valleys of Mesopotamia have seen a struggle for existence between many nations and peoples, from the invasion of the Hittites, northern barbarians, in 1800 B. C., to the warfare to-day between England and Russia and the Germanic alliance. Dr. Morris Jastrow, whose "Civilization of Babylonia and Assyria" (Lippincott's) is a complete record of the early civilization of this birthplace of history, says that the possession of these valleys as the key to India and the east carries with it world dominance, and their control by Germany would mean the downfall of the British Empire. History continues to be made here, where Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, Rome, Arabia and Turkey have each in turn asserted or lost their status as world powers.

The following new books were published this week by John Lane Company: "The Bathing Man," a romantic story set partly in England and partly in Italy, by Agnes Gwynne; "A Mrs. Jones," the story of a girl who becomes a successful journalist, by Mrs. C. S. Peel; "The Soul of the Russian," by Marjorie and Alan Lethbridge, and "Vivisection," by the Hon. Stephen Colebridge.

A TOKIO GHOST STORY.

Wandering Spirit of an Unhappy Japanese Bride.

Japan, like other lands, boasts of haunted houses. They are tearing down a house in Tokio because no tenant can stay in it longer than a week, so full of parading ghosts it is after the midnight hour. This is the story told the *East and West News* by the neighbors to the latest tenant, a man named Kashio:

Some years ago a family lived there who had a daughter just married. From some cause or other, the father forced her to divorce in spite of the love between the couple. She was overcome with grief and asked her father to send her back to her husband, but he refused. He even forbade her leaving the house. She had nothing else to do but to saunter around the rooms of her home.

At last in sorrow and mortification she resorted to the final thing. Wearing her white wedding robe in memory of her happiest day in the six mat room, she plunged a dagger into her throat, which ended her life.

Now the house is being torn down and a new one is to be built in order to abolish the haunts of the spirits.

The Chief End of Brains.

A member of Congress, a new man and therefore not widely known in Washington, found himself one day in the hands of a barber of the proverbially talkative sort who was employed in a Washington hostelry, says the *Youth's Companion*.

"You have a large head, sir," observed the barber, as he was trimming the locks of the statesman. "It is a good thing to have a large head, for a large head means a large brain, and a large brain is the most useful thing a man can have, for it nourishes the roots of the hair."

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Susquehanna Trail.

Read by the editor of the Oneonta Herald before the New York State Historical Society at Cooperstown.

A winding track whose course is laid
Past fertile field and thriving town,
On which the laden cars of trade
Are always drifting up and down—
A levelled track, a gracious land,
And meadows rippled to the breeze
Where once there crowded, either hand,
A waving wilderness of trees.

Along this broad highway there broods
The quiet of an afternoon
To mar whose rest no care intrudes,
And all the senses sway and swoon;
But still these lines that weave away
As left and right their course is curled,
Have written history in their day
And marked the progress of the world.

For here, in seasons not so old
That any have as yet forgot
The legends by their grandsires told
Of days that were and now are not,
There came the restless pioneers,
Perhaps to linger ere they pressed,
For other days, and months, and years,
From this into a farther west.

And here the Indian's stealthy foot;
So light its pressure that it made
But faintest trace on moss and root,
Found passage through the forest shade
When from the fountain 'twixt the hills
He turned his face, intent to seek
The lower level, where these rills
Are treasured in the Chesapeake

And here it was the timid deer
Had runway on the forest track
He was an earlier pioneer;
But doubtless further some back
Dull forms of life that passed away
Before the sun began to fall
Crept in an immemorial day
Along the Susquehanna trail.

All these are visions of the past
Which at the best are dimly seen
When by the light of fancy cast
On memory's moving picture screen;
But of these scenes that flicker to,
One lingers though the rest have sped
Down the long vistas of a sky
From which the sun of youth has fled.

It is a picture of a day
When on this very soil we tread,
And in this winding of the bay
The tents of Clinton's men were spread—
Brave rangers of the forest shade,
The brave and sturdy volunteers
Into whose hands the task was laid
To wipe a stigma from the years.

They watched beside the river door
And saw the prisoned waters creep
To higher levels on the shore
There was a tiresome tryst to keep
Who had a stern remembrance yet
Of Cherry Valley's dire mishap,
And yearned to fall to pay the debt
And write their vengeance on the map.

Here until drowsy June had merged
Into the fervors of July,
Here till midsummer suns had surged
In splendor up the August sky
To sink into horizons far
Beyond the mountains' purple crest,
They fretted under sun and star
For word to march into the west.

But, ah, the moment was sublime,
When waiting days had reached their span,
Ere all the golden dust of time
Through fate's impartial fingers ran;
And down the forest aisles they went
Who lately murmured by the shore,
Into a trackless continent
At equal distance, foot and oar.

So past the creek of Oaks they drew
And many a name forgotten stream
Whose waters paid their tribute to
The crooked river of their dream;
At Yokums tarried till the sun
Then past the headlands bare and brown
That mark the winding ways that run
Where Oneonta's "rocks hang down."

And past Otego's sluggish tide,
The rushing flood of Oaksquit,
And Unadilla, far and wide
Its ashes scattered round about
—Was there not one whose firmer hand
Held wanton warfare to direct
Enough to save from torch and brand
The lone house in the wilderness?

So through Ouaquaga, Ingaren,
And Choconut to fields below,
Led on by stern, revengeful men
We watch the tide of warriors flow
Through towns that lived and had their day
And were predestined to the flames
Which could not wholly sear away
Their rhythmic and melodious names.

And past Owego's waving corn
There was a blazing pathway, lit
At early altars of the morn,
Where hatred blew the flames of it
Until Tioga to their ken
Loomed in a wildwood continent,
And all the ranks of Clinton's men
Were merged into the Great Event.

Where we may leave them, grieving sore
That as the tide of battle swept
A wave of ravage down the shore,
The victor armies had not kept
The ready hand of mercy when
It might have had avail to reach
These sinking, red, misguided men
The broken driftwood of the beach.

But joyful most, if joy may flow
From ancient sources far away
That Clinton's soldiers, sleeping, know
As finest fruitage of their day
That theirs was not a futile quest,
Nor this a conflict quite in vain
Which drove a wedge into the west
And split the British oak in twain.

From all these wanton forest aisles
Which anciently have hurried by
To us, absorbed in small affairs,
Is it to us too far a cry?
Or may we, musing where the lake
Keeps in its wave the olden gleam,
Dare in the hour when fairies wake
To shape the fabric of our dream?

Which is that for us all there runs
So long as memory survives
To mark the sequence of the suns
A winding pathway through our lives,
That early springs, and morns of May,
And days of summer past and gone
Are milestones set along the way
To mark the path we tread upon

That backward through the crowded years
Of mellow suns and storms and stress,
Each soul renews with smiles and tears
Its battles in the wilderness,
And, dreaming by the secret way
Where love and song can never fail,
That each will keep to final sleep
His Susquehanna trail!

ANDREW B. SAXTON.

Life.

From the Boston Transcript.

And this is life,
A desolate song of strife,
A chord amiss,
And yet what cheer;
Sweeter the music after—
Even as a lover's quarrel ended with a kiss
Or tears
With golden laughter.

CHARLES K. SHEITEMIT.

Sun and Moon.

In all the course that he has run
There's nothing new beneath the sun.

Thus even in his fiery day
Has he become a bit blasé.

His searching eye has seen it all,
And thus adventures only pall.

Inestimable is the boon,
There's nothing old beneath the moon.

Though white and cold, her heart is young
And keeps the changes ever rung.

With silver transformation light
Fresh magic does she weave each night.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

It is rather remarkable that most pithy, brief public utterances that attract attention afterward come to be twisted. The ejaculation of Delegate Flanagan at the Republican convention of 1880 is an instance in point.

I had charge of the telegraph office at that convention. It was located in a room the door of which opened into the hall at a point parallel with the speakers' platform. I stepped inside of the door just in time to hear Flanagan—whom I could not see—say, "What are we up here for?" He evidently had been talking and apparently to not much effect, for the convention was very quiet. Quiet continued for a moment after he made the remark, followed then by laughter, though not loud, and finally by a little applause—that's exactly what he said and that's exactly what occurred.

Your veteran in national politics who gives his version in Questions and Answers for August 27 is correct enough of course so far as the sense of the Texan's remark is concerned and so indeed in that respect are most of the repetitions printed, but I am giving you Flanagan's real words. F. M. LESTER.

Will you please give me a brief description of the Fenian raid into Canada in 1866? S. J. F.

At the close of our civil war the time for an Irish uprising seemed propitious, both in the number of veteran Irish soldiers recently mustered out and particularly in the belief instilled in them that their uprising would have the active support of the American Government.

An expedition of 10,000 men was projected, 500 actually invaded Canada across the lakes, and in their first engagement buckled on the Canadian militia hurriedly sent to oppose them. Being entirely without commissariat and reinforcements failing to arrive, they had to return to the United States after the arrest of their leaders. What the Canadian people thought of the raid is set forth in Robert Barr's "In the Midst of Alarms."

When did England declare war on Germany and how many days was this after the real beginning of the European struggle? F. and D.

Great Britain declared war on Germany on August 4, 1914. As for the second part of the question, all depends upon what is considered the "real beginning" of the war. The sequence of events before the entry of Great Britain had been:

July 28 Austria declares war on Servia.

August 1 Germany declares war on Russia.

August 3 Germany declares war on Belgium and France.

August 4 France declares war on Germany.

If two balls of exactly the same diameter, but of different materials, causing them to be of different weights, such as wood and iron, were dropped from the roof of a building say ten feet high, at exactly the same time, which one of the two would reach the ground first, the one of wood or the one of iron? J. B. L.

The iron ball would be first at the ground. In a perfect vacuum all bodies, light and heavy, small and great, fall with equal rapidity. The difference in rate of fall under other conditions is due solely to the unequal resistance opposed by the air.

What kind of a day (day or evening) was Evacuation Day in N. Y. City, and in which direction did the fire engines? T. F. D.

According to Lossing the day was clear and frosty. The forces of American occupation, having been for several days in camp at Morrisania, Harlem, marched down the Bowery to Chatham to Pearl (then Queen street), to Wall street and to parade rest at Cruger's Tavern. The British marched over the Battery sea wall into boats which ferried them to the waiting transports.

Why is it that the Russian government changed the name of St. Petersburg to Petrograd? What does Petrograd stand for and has it a meaning? E. F.

The name of St. Petersburg was changed at the outset of the war because of its German form. "Petersburg" is German for "City of Peter." The capital is named after Peter the Great, who founded it. "Petrograd" is Russian for "City of Peter" and is simply a Slavic equivalent for "Petersburg."

Answering one of the questions of X. Y. Z. in "Questions and Answers" of August 27, I will say that during Grant's Administration when the Democrats got control of the House they elected as doorkeeper one Fitzpatrick of Texas, who had been Sergeant at Arms of the Confederate Senate. The doorkeeper was a good deal of a patronage and Fitzpatrick was so much impressed by the time paid him by those seeking positions under him that in writing home to a friend telling of his good fortune he wound up by saying, "I am a bigger man than old Grant." J. H. SATTERLEE.

On July 21 on page 7 of THE SUN appeared a dispatch from Washington referring to a report of the National Foreign Trade Council made to the House Judiciary Committee. I am trying to get a copy of the report. F. C.

Write to the National Foreign Trade Council, 64 Stone street, New York.

Where can I find the life story of Thomas A. Emmet? S. P.

There is a brief "Life of Thomas A. Emmet" written by his friend, Charles Gilden Haynes, and published in 1829, and a memoir by Madden, published in 1856.

What is considered to be the number of words generally used by the average man of intelligence, with an average education? E. S. B.

The matter is much disputed, but the consensus is not over 5,000 and probably less.

Can some reader identify the lines:

Along came a man by the name of Legree
The meanest man you ever saw.

They are from an old minstrel song popular about thirty years ago. Who was the author and what was the name of the song? F. H. V.

Can you give me the address of Henry Lane Wilson, ex-Ambassador to Mexico? C. C.

Address him at 2712 North Meridian street, Indianapolis.

Is the expression "I have drunk old English or is "drunk" good modern complete English?" E. S.

"I have drunk" is good English and it is not obsolete.

Is Hull, England, in Lincolnshire or Yorkshire? JAMES MURRAY.

In Yorkshire.

The authors concerning whom "L." asks are all living except Louise Imogen Guiney and Caroline King Duer.

INK PROOF OF FORGERY.

Chemist's Evidence Disproves Genuineness of Deed.

In the year 1880 certain persons in New Mexico claimed a huge tract of hundreds of thousands of acres as the heirs of one Bartolomo Baca, to whom, they alleged, the Spanish Government had in 1817 made a grant. They exhibited the deed of grant and instituted proceedings to obtain possession.

On the trial the deed of grant stood every test of genuineness, and a decree was entered awarding the immense property to the claimants. The defence had not been able to shake the claimants' evidence, and to every one it looked as if the matter was at an end.

To every one except John Waldron, the attorney for the Santa Fe Railroad Company, which had been the principal loser. Although he had no evidence of the fact, he was convinced that the pretended deed of grant from the Spanish crown was a forgery. For months he brooded over the matter, seeking some clue, but in vain.

He had almost determined to give no further thought to the case when in idly drowsing over his paper one evening his eye wandered over this paragraph: "Aniline ink was invented in 1869 in Germany." He read it once, with no serious thought. Then, as he read it again, the paragraph became luminous with possibilities. "What kind of ink was the Baca land grant written in?" was his thought. He persuaded of the court he had a chemist make a quiet test of the ink of the grant, and when he read the chemist's report he cabled to a certain German chemist in Europe.

Six months after, when the case was by permission of the court reopened on account of newly discovered evidence, a white bearded stranger took the stand, says *Case and Comment*, and in ten minutes sent the case of the Baca heirs out of court and the heirs themselves into the penitentiary by swearing that he was the inventor of aniline ink, that the invention was made in 1865, and that the ink in which the Bartolomo Baca grant, dated 1817, was written was unknown.

CLIMBING LADDER OF SUCCESS.

Whatever Job You Have, the Best Job in the World.

"In climbing the ladder of success what have you learned that you could take on as gift to other struggling young men?" R. F. Parles of *Leslie's Weekly* asked H. P. Davison of J. P. Morgan & Co. "Tell you conceive any shining goal and bend everything to getting there?"

"No," he replied emphatically. "What's ever job I had was in my way the very best job in the world and I tried to fill it. I made no