Books and Authors

SOMETHING SARCASTIC

The Function of the Editor and Publisher—The Vicious Habit of Reading Denounced by Mr. Howells.

SPEAKING of the reading public, a writer in Atlantic's Contributors' Club says: "The public are too busy to hire their own entertainers, and so we have a special class of men called publishers and editors, who are indeed in some instances endowed with literary judgment, but far oftener exercise the functions of the popular showman in an itinerant exhibition. They will, of course, provide the ordinary program—the theological novel, the problem play, and the humanitarian poem; and they will probably also have a few freaks to amuse more volatile minds—short-haired women who write of other worlds than ours; long-haired men of eccentric morals, and sexless beings whose thoughts run on nothing but sex. This arrangement leaves the writer no means of subsistence unless he contributes to some "series," emanating from the taste and fancy of the publisher, such as "The World's Greatest Boozefighters"; and in any case, he is usually thrown back upon journalism a process which only a few men like John Morley have survived."

W. D. Howells in "Editor's Easy Chair" of Harper's Monthly for September discusses free libraries and the matter or reading too much and too indiscriminately. He thinks we read too much and don't think enough. "Literature," he says, "is all but laid on in pipes, like water." This makes it easy to read, it is easier to read than to think, ergo, we read.

As an antidote for the poison of reading and a stimulant toward thinking he suggests talking and says that a refined form of gossip will probably "hit" it for the average "reformed reader." In practicing this habit of refined gossip he urges the "conscientious avoidance of those things which the press makes its indiscriminate prey," adding: "We do not wish to imply that reading the newspapers is altogether deleterious."

This qualifying addendum is all that saves Mr. Howells. Had he omitted it he would have been guilty of cutting off those whom he would reform as readers and make over into talkers and therefore thinkers. As it is the addendum is half-hearted—a sort of back-handed saving clause that doesn't mean much. There may be much in the average newspaper worthy of the condemnation of Mr. Howells, but even Mr. Howells must admit that history in the process of making is given in the papers, the affairs of the day which mark the progress or the retrogress of civilization for the brief unit of time made up of twenty-four hours. If the conclusions deduced from the one thing or other by the press or the papers of one day have to be modified in the papers of the next it must be remembered that the press, like Mr. Howells, is fallible. To this fact must be attributed the mistakes of the press; but these mistakes should only stimulate the dissipated reader, who is seeking to shake off the "vicious habit," to think. If the conclusions of his paper are wrong let him set out to show himself or some friend (thereby forming the habit of talking) wherein the paper is wrong. Such a course would be in line with Mr. Howells' suggestion as to talk as a thought stimulant, but it would give the newspaper a higher place in his educational scheme. In the very nature of the case the newspapers cannot be as accurate in their views as they would like, but it is safe to say that if a reader who is seeking to read less and think more will digest the news of the day in one good newspaper or even that part of the news in which he is specially interested he will do some thinking and be able to do more and more as he grows in the habit and loosens the hold upon his mind of that class of fiction which Mr. Howells so much deplores.

A book that is still selling despite the fact that it bears last year's date, and will probably be selling after many books of the current year have gone where bad books go is that of Hamilton Wright Mabie, "The Life of the Spirit." It is a book that is helpful not only because of the truths it contains but because of the fact that to read it is to think, and thinking, as Mr. Howells says, is to be cultivated as an antidote for the bad habit of bad reading.

In the opening chapter on "Sunday Morning" you find this:

"We need not only our own silent hours and quiet places; we need also the vast quiet of Sunday morning, the repose of universal rest and of immemorial worship. The calm of those fresh and fragrant hours is no figment of the imagination; it is a kind of spiritualization of nature; it is a symbol of that peace of God which passes understanding."

A little deeper down in this mine of good things you come upon this gem:

"To excel in any craft or skill involves a clear and definite setting aside of many things which are at moments almost irresistible in their appeal to our desires and impulses; and it is quite as much by what he discards as by what he accepts that the worker evidences his mastery of his materials and his tools. Behind every great career there lies a denial of self of which the world knows nothing. * * * The noblest spiritual growth is not evidenced by that which it rejects but by that which it redeems; a man of low spiritual vitality may be content to hold his own, but a man of high spiritual vitality is driven by the very force of that vitality to mix with the widest movement of his time and take his stand where the great forces which move men converge."

The book is full of things as good and even better. If you persist you will find on one of the last pages this:

"The earth lives moment by moment because it is folded in the light and heat and movement of the universe. Every flower that blooms, however delicate and fragile, unfolds at the bidding of another world than that in which its roots are planted; every cloud that floats across the loveliness of the summer day is soft and luminous because the light of another world touches its innermost haze. We are affected hour by hour by these remote influences; we are confronted day by day by the splendour of the universe; and yet we are often unconscious of these larger relations."

You may have thought these things before; somebody else may have spoken them to you or you may have seen them in print, but there is something in their setting, in the way of Mr. Mabie has of putting them, that forces them home and makes them a part of your own thought. After reading his little book you won't forget them again.

The college song furnishes a target for William L. Alden in his letter to the New York Times Saturday Review of last week in the following:

"Human idiocy probably reached its highest expression in what are known as American college songs. At least this was true in the days when I knew the songs in question. ePrhaps since then college songs have been written which could be sung by a self-respecting idiot without a blush, but as to that I frankly confess that I have no knowledge. In my college days the principal songs were "Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-laly,' and 'Shule, shule, shule-i-rule.' Most of us believed in another world, but nevertheless we sang those awful songs with shameless delight. I never suspected that either of them had the slightest meaning, but now I find in a book by Miss Frances Campbell called "Love the Atonement," the following lines:

Shule, shule, shule, agra.
Shule go succer agree agra.

"These lines are asserted to be Irish. Perhaps they are, but possibly in calling them Irish, Miss Campbell meant to add one more to the woes of Ireland. At any rate, they show the origin of one of the college songs just mentioned, and in view of that fact it is possible that we shall sooner or later find that 'Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-laly' is Welsh or Sanskrit, and not, as I have hitherto supposed, merely the jabber of Dead Sea apes—though why the jabber of that particular simian species should be regarded as more objectionable than the jabber of other apes, I do not know.

T. C. Evans in his reminiscences of Thackeray published in the New York Times Saturday Review says that on a certain occasion Thackeray told this story of a visit to St. Louis:

A waiter at the Planters' Hotel in St. Louis nudged a fellow servitor and said to him, in a hoarse whisper: "See that man?"

"Yes; who's he?"

"That's the great Thacker."

"Hell! What's he done?"

"D—d if I know."

NEW BOOKS

The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, $1.50.

Mr. Caine's new novel of some 640 pages embodies an ample and elaborate exploitation of theories of political and social reform which have dazzled the Mazzinis' and Tolstoys of the ages. The action is in and about Rome, "The Eternal City," which becomes the great world-city of the regenerated world, which Mr. Caine portrays in the last pages of his book—an international federation, with war and wealth and individual ownership of land abolished; monarchies and empires things of the past. It must be confessed that Mr. Caine permits the exaltation of many impractical things. His hero, David Rossi, was about as theoretical as Mazzini and assumed for humanity just as much as he and his notion of "Christian Democracy" is about as errant as Tolstoy's, and as predatory as Henry George's confiscatory land theory. The title of the book is selected because of Mr. Caine's theory that, as Rome was the old capital city of the Pagan and Christian worlds, so it will figure as the imposing center of activity and progress and of man's humanity to man under the new regime, "the seat of the great court of appeal in the congress of humanity which, as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow, the future will see established."

David Rossi stands in this book as the champion of the people and representative of the power of the people. The pope is introduced as a claimed champion of the people; but is rejected by Rossi on the ground that to exchange the king for the monarchical pope would be changing nothing for the advantage of the people who are bent on rejecting the dogma of divine right, whether held by kings, emperors or popes. In the regenerated state, as depicted at the close of the book, the pope is represented as having abandoned the dream of temporal power and living on the distinctly scriptural principle, "My kingdom is not of this world." In accordance with his theory, Mr. Caine had to picture the Italian government as bad as it could possibly be, and he devotes considerable labor to such portraiture. He has an elaborate setting for a very elaborate romance. That part of the story is a little tiresome. Donna Roma Volonna, the Delilah to Rossi the Samson, is hardly satisfactory, although Mr. Caine has taken much pains to make her the central figure. The development of Roma and Rossi out of the dim obscurity of Soho Square, London, where they were Italian waifs, is well done and the infamous conduct of the Italian prime minister toward Roma's father and herself is strongly brought out, while it seems quite unnecessary to tantalize Rossi with a marriage with Roma of the peculiarly flighty kind described. The young woman had a decidedly tough time for the daughter of a prince, notably when she and the Baron, Rossi and a revolver encountered each other in a room, and it was really too bad to lay on the lovely creature an incurable disease—for Rossi to nurse.

One thing, however—Mr. Caine must not be surprised if there should be considerable objection to his proposition to locate the capital of his future "Republic of Man" in Rome. There is no reason why it should be there. But Rossi should be credited with a detestation of assassination to bring about the "international federation." He was a Samson without wholesale slaughter of Philistines on his program. There is a little too much of Mr. Cain's book, it should be noted

Undeniably he is very interesting in his portrayal of the papal situation. The pope has, as he shows, undertaken to oppose social democracy and its menace to the rights of acquisition and possession with "Christian democracy," which, analyzed, means a system under which humanity shall obey the church i. e., the pope, as head of the social structure he favors. That social structure is not democratic but monarchical. Mr. Caine would seem to have made a mistake in putting Italy in the lead for the political and social regeneration of the world. Italian reformers of that kind have been the most impractical in the world and Italians, since Italy's emancipation from Austrian despotism, papistical temporal power and Bourbon puppets of royalty, have shown a singular capacity for misgovernment.

Under the Allied Flags. A Boy's Adventures in the International War Against the Boxers and China. By Elbridge S. Brooks, author of "With Lawton and Roberts," "In Defense of the Flag," etc. Illustrated by W. F. Stecher. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

Mr. Brooks has written some very popular books of adventures by American boys in the war with Spain and in the Philippines, and in this story of Ned Pevear, a boy who fought with the allies from Taku to Peking, last year, will be found equally good reading. Ned Pevear went with the United States marines as a volunteer on the interesting trip to Peking, fighting Boxers and Chinese imperial troops from that love of adventure which took him into the Transvaal and the Philippines, other books recording his exploits there. Mr. Brooks has a sufficiently interesting field for a good story in the march of the allies last year and he does justice to the perils of the occasion and to the hellish nature of war. Mr. Brooks has an excellent, realistic way of putting things, too, which makes his books pleasant reading

Paul Travers' Adventures. By Samuel Travers Clover. Illustrated by C. Chase Emerson. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

This is a new edition of Sam Clover's very excellent story of a youth who was so anxious to get into the newspaper business in Chicago that he took an editor's advice to get experience and left home with $50, was absent a year and a half; traveled over 50,000 miles, and came back with $60 in his pocket and a long list of red hot adventures. The youth was very properly accepted as a member of the staff of the Chicago paper. He had "experience" enough to suit every demand.

How They Succeeded. Life Stories of Successful Men Told by Themselves. By Orison Swett Marden, editor of Success. Illustrated. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. Price, $1.50.

In this book will be found interesting and stimulating stories of the lives of successful men and women, related by themselves, with comments by Mr. Marden. These include Marshall Field, Alex G. Bell, Helen Gould, Phil D. Armour, Mary E. Proctor, President Schurman of Cornell university, John Wanamaker, F. W. Ruckstuhl, the sculptor, D. Ogden Mills, Nordica, W. D. Howells, J. D Rockefeller, Julia Ward Howe, Edison, General Lew Wallace, Carnegie, Herreshoff, the yacht builder, Amelia Barr, Theodore Thomas, John Burroughs, J. Whitcomb Riley, H. H. Vreeland. Most of these successful persons won success because they had not only the perseverance and gift of continued energy, but a strong underlying special gift, as Madame Nordica. Very few can ever become Nordicas and Amelia Barrs. Success as a novelist after fifty years is phenomenal. Theodore Thomas won success because he felt he had a mission to have the people get nearer to good music. Herreshoff's career is very interesting. Some of John B. Herreshoff's observations are capital, as: "Some seem to have natural executive ability, and others develop it, while most men never possess it. Those who lack it cannot hope to rise far and never could." This is conspicuously true. It is injudicious to tell boys that they can do everything that successful men have done, for they can't do it if they do not possess natural ability for specialties in life, which is certainly not given to all, but to comparatively few. Yet the successful men and women in the world set an example of the building of strong character which it is the duty of all who would gain a foothold in the world to emulate. Character, energy and wholesome ambition inevitably bring a measure of success in the world to all who enter the race, even if they do not possess the gifts which bring great conspicuity to those who use them rightly.

Told by Two. A Romance of Bermuda. By Marie St. Felix (Mrs. Jerome Morley Lynch), author of "A Little Game With Destiny," etc. Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co., Nos. 407-429 Dearborn street. Cloth, $1.25. Paper, 50 cents.

This is a story told in letters and diaries. It is not always a pleasant way of romancing, but these "Two" are quite interesting. There is an element of genuine wit in Mrs. Bob Pettingill's story of her trip to Bermuda in the winter. She left her husband in New York and carried on a flirtation with a New Yorker she encountered on the steamer, and the two were together so continuously that the gossips at Port Hamilton babbled much. But ultimately this pleasant diversion assumed a serious phase, for Burnham finally proposed an elopement and Mrs. Pettingill hesitated, which is always dangerous for a woman, but opportunely her grandfather puts in an appearance and the current of events is changed. The colonel had never met her, as he had refused to countenance the marriage of his son with an actress, which her mother was. Mrs. Pettingill decided to give up the elopement and let Burnham flicker. She got on the New York steamer with her dog, and she writes: "Certainly we can't be under way! It is not possible! My God!—it's true! We are actually rushing out to sea. What have I done! What can Amo (Burnham) think! How can I ever explain it! Ha ha, ha! What a ridiculous situation! After all our cut and dried plans—our magnificent arrangements—was ever anything so absurd! Ha, ha, ha, ha! It's too tragic to be funny, of course—and yet—how very funny it is! 'The Elopement That Was Nipped in the Bud.' 'The Woman Who Would—But Didn't! O, my dear precious little Mikokins (her dog), we are not going to run away, after all—we don't care for Paris and Cairo and Yokohama and Bombay—we were sure to be miserable in such outlandish places. We are going home, dear, home to dear blessed old New York—and all that in it is!"

Mrs. Robert Pettingill appears to be a very heartless, thoughtless woman, but her soliloquy in chapter nineteen shows what a good thing a little sober reflection is for a woman on the verge of a fearful misstep. The better woman nature developed and she found herself also getting mad and jealous as she asked herself: "Would Bob ever dare to put some other woman in my place? I don't seem to like the idea." That seemed to thrust Burnham into the background.

Mrs. Green. By Evelyne Elsye Rynd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Nos. 27 and 29 W Twenty-third street. Minneapolis: Nathaniel McCarthy. Price, 75 cents.

Although the title of this book is brief and unpromising, it is very amusing reading, for Mrs. Green is given full swing as a philosopher and a raconteur. Her English is of the kind put by Dickens in the months of so many of his characters. When Mrs. Green was informed that Miss Mildred was going to be married (Mrs. Green was employed about the house when they were short of help), here is what occurred:

"Mrs. Green looked at the floor in dead silence. Then she thoughtfully examined the intricacies of the hairy swab in her sodden hand; finally she slowly plunged it into her pail, and, returning from her heels to her knees, recommenced, in a dark abstraction, to wash inches off her island. This was depressing. 'Don't you think that's cheerful news?' I asked. Mrs. Green washed on a moment in silence. Then she said, in accents of unmitigated gloom:

"'Well, miss, if you harsks me, it's noos as may be cheerful, or it may not. There's no sayin' yet awhile. The Bible tells us 'ow we ain't to r'envy our neighbor's wife, we ain't to r'envy our neighbor's 'ouse, norris servingt, norris maid, norris ox, norris ass—till we know 'ow he treats 'em.'

"'It's not enoy, it's covet,' I said, somewhat startled.

"'What you covit, you r'envy,' said Mrs. Green, with decision, 'or you did in my young days,' which puzzled me so that after a moment of bewilderment I gave it up, and left Mrs. Green's new reading of the commandments unchallenged.'

"'Well, said I, returning to our first subject, 'Captain Swift is very nice, anyway.'

"'Nothin',' said Mrs. Green, suddenly sitting up and emphasizing her words with her hairy swab, 'nothin' could a promised better than my first (husband)! Six foot two, an' a face on 'im like a figger'r'ed—two good-sized rooms in Golding Lane an' sixteen an' six a week regular when 'e brought it 'ome. An' what did it come to? Ah, uncertaing things there is many, but the sheer uncertingness of a desprit kind there's nothin' beats a nusbing.' She resumed her washing with a heavy groan.

"'Well, but you're very happy with Green, aren't you?' suggested I.

"'Green's 'appy with me, you mean,' said Mrs. Green, gloomily. 'An' so 'e ought. Ah! I studies 'im.'"

Mrs. Green's account of the time she went to London is immensely amusing, especially where she shows how her stern resolution that "no compn'y shell go a-chargin' me for leggidge" (she meant luggage) was rudely smashed by the "young man at the station what called 'isself a porter." There is rich reading in Mrs. Green's "A Warnin' to the Young"; in her dissertations on "Canvassers," and "Politicks," and in her story of "The Day I Went A-Skatin'." The reader will adjudge Mrs. Green delightfully amusing, if very loquacious.

ELBERT HUBBARD,

Whose Roycroft shop at East Aurora is one of the side shrines for Pan-American pilgrims.—From the National Magazine.

THE MAGAZINES

The complete novel of Lippincott's is "A Knight of the Highway," a very good story of the regeneration of a tramp, by Clinton Scollard. The tramp in this case happened to be an intellectual one, with a painful lack of decision of character; but he fell in love, and that did the business. There are several good sketches and short stories in the number.

The Current Encyclopedia, which is published monthly by the Modern Research Society, 153-155 La Salle street, Chicago, in the August number covers the Agricultural Department, Alaska, Argentina, Astronomy, Chicago, Christian Endeavor, Coinage, Conciliation and Arbitration, Education, Electricity, Epworth League, Germany, Irrigation, Oklahoma, Russia, Trade Unions and other important subjects, giving as nearly as possible up-to-date information on each. The work is what it professes to be—a current encyclopedia, its value enhanced by maps, portraits and other illustrations. There will be two volumes each year.

The Magazine of Art (Cassell & Company, 7 and 9 West Eighteenth street, New York) for August has some very fine examples of the painting of Sir Walter Hunt and a fine full-page copy of a photograph of Benjamin Constant's portrait of Queen Alexandra of England. It is a family portrait, freed from the oppressive royal atmosphere. A very attractive feature is a sketch of Sinding, the Danish sculptor, with fine examples of his work in photos and the notes on the Glasgow Exposition art are very interesting, as is the account of the recent acquisitions by British museums and galleries, and there are some very pretty flower studies.

Mr. Symons' illustrated paper on Prague in the September Harper is very delightful reading. His description of the country between Bayreuth and Prague is exquisite, and some of the illustrations, as "A Type from the Ghetto" and "In the Cathedral," are things to linger over. There are other fine illustrations in the number. Frederic Harrison's "Reminiscences of George Eliot" is a paper of peculiar interest, and Mr. Mooney gives some curious information in "Our Last Cannibal Tribe." The new German navy is described by H. W. Wilson, and the first part of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's "His Wife," will be eagerly read, and there are half a dozen good short stories and other attractions.

The September Pearson's (Pearson Publishing company, 43-45 East Nineteenth street, New York) is a strong fiction number, the stories including a fine one by Max Pemberton, entitled, "Pulcheria of the Chariots." There is an interesting account of the method of coaling ships at sea while in motion, by H. C. Fyfe; an attractive illustrated article on "Gardens for School Children," by G. H. Knight, and a chapter on ice-yachting by Marcus Woodward.

The Smart Set's (Ess Ess Publishing company, New York) completed novel is "A New Bonnet for Mary," by Caroline Duer, who diffuses some genuine humor through her work, although she can't expect anybody to place unlimited confidence in the genuineness of Miss Selwin's recorded exploits. There are some other good stories, as "Mrs. Mack's Example," "His Prophylactic Flirtation," and "The Transmogrification of Dun," by H. J. W. Dam.

In the August National Magazine (Boston, 91 Bedford street) Peter MacQueen records some interesting notes, with illustrations, of his visit to St. Petersburg, and tells also how he went out to Yasnria Poliana to see Count Tolstoy on his summer estate, and heard the sage utter many apothegms and deploy his theories. The count and his family live luxuriously in Moscow in the autumn, winter and spring, and at the country home nearly Tula in the summer. Tolstoy talks the life of self-sacrifice, but he does not actualize it. Mr. Kingsbury contributes an interesting sketch of winter and spring at Nome, Alaska, and vicinity, which is very interesting. There are some good stories, and Chapple's Washington notes and portraits are unusually attractive.

The Home Magazine for August contains much matter of interest to women, largely relating to clothes, necessarily (as, for instance, "The Business Woman's Wardrobe," which tells how department store women manage to dress), with some fine sartorial illustrations, including pretty women. There is an illustrated paper on "The Foundlings of a Great City," by Joseph Henry Adams, who shows the costly provision made in large cities for the infants who are deserted by their mothers and, after graduation from foundlings' homes, are sent west to grow up under the safest environage which can be found for them. In New York and Chicago from 1,000 to 1,500 infants are deserted annually. There is a fine portrait of Clara Barton and a sketch of her career by Anna Thomas, and Mr. Draper gives a good description of the opening of an Indian reservation, and there are some good stories.

An attractive feature of Everybody's Magazine (No. 88 E Ninth street, New York) is the first installment of General Funston's account of the capture of Aguinaldo, with illustrations. It will be completed in the October number. There is a very interesting illustrated article describing the birth of two insular volcanoes in Bering sea between the Aleutian island and the Pribyloff or Fur Seal islands. E. P. Lyle contributes a valuable illustrated paper on the Simplon tunnel, the longest of all the world's tunnels, twelve and a quarter miles long. Mr. Coffin's paper on landscape photography, in the series on "Photography as a Fine Art," with illustrations, is one of the very attractive features of the number. All interested in photography, amateur or otherwise, will eagerly read this article. The fiction is of a very superior and attractive quality, and under the heading "How to Make Money," women lokoing for suggestions for employment will find much decidedly interesting reading which includes a sketch of the history of the woman's exchange movement.

The World's Work gives a very admirable sketch of the "march of events," covering every event of importance in the most intelligent manner. Notably interesting are the statements of the work for the regeneration of the Philippines and Porto Rico. An illustrated paper, which will make American readers proud, is M. J. C. Turk's account of the construction of the greatest railway viaduct in the world over the Gokteik gorge, in upper Burma, carrying the trains on the Mandalay-Kunlon railway 820 feet above the bottom of the gorge. This great work is constructed of American steel trestlework put up under the superintendence of Mr. Turk, the American engineer. There is an interesting description also of a very ingenius page printing telegraph, which works successfully, the invention of Donald Murray, an Australian journalist. Many readers will be deeply interested in Sylvester Baxter's description of the work of the Arnold Arboretum, part of the Boston park system and a feature of Harvard university, devoted to the collection, cultivation and study of trees and shrubs of eastern North America.

In the Popular Science Monthly (New York, Sub station 84) there is a very interesting paper on the discovery of the law of gravitation, by the late Professor J. T. Duffield of Princeton university, in which Kepler's approach to the discovery thirty years before Newton was born is indicated, he erroneously referring to the tendency of bodies near the earth to fall toward the center and the motions of heavenly bodies as entirely different phenomena, not referable to the same physical cause. Newton, indeed, did not give his discovery to the world for two years after he made it, and after that he gave his entire time to putting his demonstration in a complete and conclusive form. The distinguished Professor Koch contributes a valuable paper on "The Combating of Tuberculosis," in which he sums up the experience gained in successfully fighting other infectious diseases and insists most hopefully upon utilizing that experience in the battle with tuberculosis, confident of ultimate victory. The professor lays great stress upon the efficacy of sanitoria in curing tuberculosis in its early stages. Among the other valuable papers are Professor Herdman's account of the great biological station, the greatest in the world, of Dr. Anton Dohm, at Naples, an institution of international character, and Professor Halstead's paper on "Plants as Water Carriers," which embodies some of the most wonderful revelations of the processes of nature, using great forces noiselessly but effectively.

The Century contains some capital short stories, as "Gossip of the Switch-Shanty" and "The Annexation of Cuby." In the "American Artists' Series" there is a most charming study in a halftone plate engraved from a painting of the head and shoulders of a girl with loosened hair, by Joseph Lindon Smith. There is a sketch, too, by E. W. Emerson, of W. L. Picknell, the American landseape painter, with an engraving on wood by Wolf of one of his pictures. George Bird Grinnell adds to the attractions of the number by an illustrated account of a trip to "The Crown of the Continent," a mountain peak in northwestern Montana, the waters from whose sides pour into three seas. A deeply interesting account is given by Jane March Parker of the visit of Louis Philippe d'Orleans and his brother, the Count de Montpensier and Count Beaujolais to this country in 1797. Their father had been guillotined at Paris in 1793 and they first visited Washington at Mount Vernon and were given by him an itinerary which took them over a wide extent of the country, including Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and the then western states and Niagara falls and the eastern states. They had a very novel and interesting experience and the article is a most readable feature of the magazine.

Literary Notes.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce "The Bears of Blue River," by Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

The Baker & Taylor company, New York, will publish, this autumn, "The Jew as a Patriot," by Rev. Madison C. Peters, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Peters is the author of "Justice to the Jew," and his new book is written partly to meet and refute Mark Twain's statement that the Jew has no military record.

The Revell company, Chicago, announce "Constantinople," by Dr. Henry Otis Dwight, who describes the social and religious life of that famous city. They also announce "Musical Ministries in the Church," by Professor Waldo S. Pratt, of Hartford Theological Seminary; "The Lore of Cathay," by Dr. W. A. P. Martin, president of the Chinese Imperial university, and "The Sunny Side of Christianity," by Dr. Parkhurst.

Frederick A. Stokes company, Nos. 5 and 7 E Sixteenth street, New York, announce "Son, or the Opinions of Uncle Eph, the Modern 'Yutzo,'" by Lord Gilhooley (Frederick H. Seymour), author of "Yutzo" and "Confucius," to be issued this year or early next spring.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, announce "Anne Scarlett," by Mary Imlay Taylor, and "Justice to Woman," by Mrs. Bernice Babcock.

The Harpers say in their announcements: "A request has come to General Lew Wallace and to his publishers, the Harpers, from Alexandria, Egypt, for permission to translate "Ben-Hur" into Arabic. The request is made by Mr. Neghib Gargour, who is connected with the Khedival Mail Steamship company at Alexandria. There exists already an Arabic translation of "Ben-Hur," which was made by Dr. Van Dyck, the oldest Protestant missionary at Beirut, Syria. It seems particularly fitting that this great book should become known to the Arabians, for it will be recalled that not only the Bedouins, but also their horses, play a prominent and critical part in the story."

Civil war fiction is in large demand since Churchill's "The Crisis" has been so successful, and the Harpers announce the reprinting of F. A. Mitchell's "Sweet Revenge," originally published by them, and a once popular war story.

"Jack Morgan, A Boy of 1812" (Boston: Lothrop Publishing company), by W. O. Stoddard, is a deeply interesting story of the second war with England, showing the desperate condition after the Raisin river defeat and the heroism of our fighters on land and water, which enabled our government to hold its own and garner strength for future progress. Mr. Stoddard shows the nature of the operations on the Ohio border and on Lake Erie, in which the American border boy, Jack Morgan, played a conspicuous part. The period is the same treated so interestingly by Mr. Bacheller in his "D'ri and I."

Doubleday, Page & Co. say in their notes: "The 'American invasion' of Europe is in no way more apparent, just now, than in its literary aspect. A few weeks ago in the bibliographic list of the London Publishers' Circular, twenty books out of the sixty recorded for the week were by American authors. Four of these are instanced by London correspondents as far and away the best books of the list. There are a number of American productions, aside from the novels, now received in England with marked favor; notably J. P. Mowbray's 'A Journey in Nature,' which, notwithstanding its humorous passages, is considered by the Englishman as a sort of later-day Walden."

"In the Forest," by Maximilian Foster, is a new animal book, soon to be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Dr. Eva March Tappan of the English high school at Worcester, Mas., has written a book entitled "England's Story," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in September. It relates England's development from Julius Caesar's time to the present, and is well illustrated and mapped.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish Miss Sara Orne Jewett's novel, "The Tory Lover," about Sept. 20. The story has been running serially in the Atlantic. Paul Jones and his novel exploits figure in the book and it is full of the spirit of the revolutionary epoch.

Funk & Wagnalls announce "The Real Latin Quarter," a book of sketches and descriptions of life in that part of Paris, by F. Berkley Smith, who has spent some months each year for the past ten years in that quarter. The book will contain over 100 original drawings, border decorations, etc.

"King Midas" is the title of a novel by Upton Sinclair, which Funk & Wagnalls will publish in October.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to their Riverside Biographical Series "Alexander Hamilton," by C. H. Conant, and "Washington Irving," by Henry W. Boynton, teacher of English at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce "The Government of the American People," by President Strong of the University of Oregon and Joseph Schafer, assistant professor of history at the same institution. In the Riverside Literature series they announce Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" and Shakspere's "Twelfth Night" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

McClure, Phillips & Co. boast of ten writers whose books they have published recently, all of whom are more or less closely connected with the west, and six of whom have western settings for their books. These writers are Jack London, the writer of northland tales of great power, of California; Stewart Edward White, author of "The Westerners," who was born in Michigan and spent a portion of his boyhood in California; Edith Wyatt and J. K. Friedman, Henry Somerville, Booth Tarkington, W. D. Hulbert, Edwin Lefevre and Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, who was in Kansas as early as the age of 10, and W. H. Boardman.

In "The Citizens' Library of Economics, Politics and Sociology," the Macmillan company have issued "Social Control. A Survey of the Foundations of Order." By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph. D., professor of sociology in the University of Nebraska.

"Pauline" (Lathrop Company, Boston) is one of Mrs. G. R. Alden's "Pansy" books for adult readers. Of course most adults read and enjoy most of the "Pansy" books, but "Pauline" is a very charming love story, showing how a very happy bride and groom, with the wedding incense still upon their garments, had a barrier thrust between them which strangled those temporarily and brought sorrow and estrangement to their hearts for many a day, all through the sin of another. The book is illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

The Macmillan company announce "An Introduction to the Industrial and Social History of England," by Edward P. Cheyney, professor of history in the University of Pennsylvania, and "The Influence of Old Norse Literature upon English Literature," by Conrad Hjalmar Nordby.

In Bengal in 1899 there were 2,178 books published, of which a third were original works and many poems. There was a decline of 10 per cent in periodicals published. There were many translations from English books in the vernacular and many imitations of English novels. Even Johnson's "Rasselas" was rendered in the Malayan language.

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The headquarters train will leave Minneapolis 7:50 a. m. and St. Paul 8:30 a. m., Sunday, September 8th, arrive Chicago same evening and Cleveland Monday morning, the 9th, via the Nickle Plate line (N. Y. C. & St. L. Ry.)

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FOR SEPT. 8, 1901

Jacob at Bethel—Gen. XXVIII. 10-22.

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Golden Text—Surely the Lord is in this place.—Gen. xxviii., 16.

Our attention is turned now from Isaac to his two sons, Esau and Jacob. Being his sons, both belonged to the family of the redeemed. They were twins, but Esau was the elder. When they were born their father, Isaac, was 60 years old (xxv., 26), and their grandfather, Abraham, was 160. (xxi., v.) As Abraham lived to be 175 (xxv., 7), they must have been 15 years old at the time of his death. During all of these years they were under his innuence and instruction, and we can see them drinking in with boyish avidity the wonderful stories he had to tell of God's call to him in Ur, of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, of their father's redemption and of the "exceeding great and precious promises" given him, and reaching into the far distant future. After his death, as before, the same great facts would also naturally be constantly brought before them by their father, Isaac.

So the boys grew to man's estate. Both were fully and equally instructed concerning the great birthright to be inherited from Isaac, their father. But they developed into two very different men. "Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field, and Jacob was a plain man dwelling in tents." (xxv., 27). In the light of subsequent history this brief record speaks volumes concerning them.

The hereditary right to receive and transmit the Abrahamic blessings and promises, naturally belonged to Esau as the first born. By most men his characteristics are recognized as far more attractive than those of Jacob. He was evidently strong, healthy, active and generous. His wild hunts in the mountains naturally developed keenness of eye, ruddiness of cheek, strength of muscle, quickness of movement, and courage in danger. He was thus just the kind of man most men admire. He was also a good liver. He knew how to prepare and enjoy a savory dish and his father loved him, not only because he was his son, but "because he did eat of his venison." (xxv., 28.)

Jacob, on the contrary, was mild and gentle and timid. He loved to be with his mother, and she loved him. They were very congenial. He had no daring spirit, no large thoughts, no high ambitions. He was quiet and meditative, but sluggish in fine sensibilities, and if what he had was gained by craft, rather than by labor, he could enjoy it without any compunctions. He was "a plain man," and his very name signified "a supplanter." (xxvii., 36.) How very different from his brother Esau.

Thus men looked upon them. But in the course of time an incident occurred which revealed the attitude of each towards God and his promises. It was probably in their early manhood. Jacob had prepared for himself a simple dish of "red pottage." As he was about to partake of it, suddenly his brother Esau stood before him. He had just come from one of his hunting excursions, and was tired and hungry, and he craved the food which he saw before him.

"Feed me, I pray thee," he said, "with that same red pottage, for I am faint." (xxv., 30.)

The natural impulse of a general mind, looking only to outward conditions, would have been to share at once with Esau the food he had prepared. But Jacob evidently was thinking more of the birthright of which he had heard so much than of the pottage he had so carefully prepared. His conception of the full nature of that birthright was undoubtedly very imperfect, but he evidently believed it to be a thing greatly to be desired. So he had thought of it by day, and dreamed of it by night. And now there was an opportunity to obtain a sort of legal right to it.

"Sell me this day thy birthright," was therefore his quick reply to Esau.

Thus he had no thought of his own need, or of the enjoyment he had prepared for himself, but only of the birthright. To obtain it, he was willing to give up everything, willing even to go hungry.

But not so with Esau. The teachings of Abraham and of his father had not made a very deep impression upon him, and it is evident, that he had no high idea of what was included in the covenant of which he had heard so much. And just then, he was tired and hungry, and must have food which would satisfy his appetite. With the extravagant and imperative demands of a very animal nature, he could see no other alternative. For present gratification, therefore, he was willing to forego all of the promises for the future. The Scriptures style him a "profane person, who for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright" (Heb. xii., 16), for he said, "Behold. I am at the point to die; and what profit shall this birthright do to me? And he sold his birthright unto Jacob." xxv., 32-32.)

After this many years passed by, but how many we are not told. During these years Isaac began to feel the infirmities of age creeping upon him. "And it came to pass that when his eyes were dim, so that he could not see" (xxvii., 1), and death seemed to be drawing nigh, he proposed, whilst still also, to formally bestow the Abrahamic blessing upon his first-born, the favorite son, Esau. So he planned how he would bestow the blessing, and directed Esau to prepare to receive it. But the plan was fustrated by the scheming and deceit of Rebecca. Time and space, however, forbid that we should now enter into the details of this, and the story is so familiar that it is not necessary. (xxvii.,