

Books and Authors

A UNIVERSITY'S CHIEF FUNCTION

DR. ALBERT SHAW in his recent address to the alumni of Columbia University, New York, on the occasion of the installation of the new president of the institution, Dr. Butler, made some valuable suggestions upon the functions of a university. He manifested a "transmission of the world's stock of culture and knowledge with nothing valuable lost and something valuable added," as the highest business of such institution. He also considered the true mark of a nation's advancement in letters to be its receptivity, rather than its productivity; in reading rather than in writing. It should cultivate the power to appreciate and enjoy the permanently good in literature, music and art, and, ultimately, original and vigorous production must come. As to current writing, the large output of certain kinds of popular fiction and the large number of writers who are accounted for in great part by "the cheapness of white paper, due to improvements in the manufacture of wood pulp."

Dr. Shaw's statement that the intellectually and advancement in letters by a nation is indicated rather more strongly by its reading than by its writing is eminently true. He might have said with better effect that the quality of the literary progress is indicated rather by the quality of its reading, for that is everything a nation can do with it. It is impossible for an individual to be continuously a constant with the world's progress, and contributing to it, without the receptive faculty which in the case of the university leads it to establish new faculties to instruct in all the new learning. Within the past fifty years what enormous changes have been made necessary by the development of new sciences and how meager seem the old curricula, embodying Latin, Greek, mathematics, rhetoric, history, philosophy? Knowledge, at the present time is strongly cumulative. A fountain to give forth abundantly must be continually fed from the unfailing subterranean waters of the great past. The mind must be continuously receptive in order to produce with vigor and magnetic force. A clergyman, who does not read and study will soon become a Dryasdust in the pulpit and give forth voice and nothing more. A writer who does not study all the masterpieces and accomplish a large amount of actual thinking and study of people and things, will soon come to the end of his tether.

Dr. Shaw is not too severe upon the multitude of Americans who write stories, when he shows the passion may be largely the result of the "cheapness of white paper due to the improvements in the manufacture of wood pulp." It may also be accounted for by the fact that every month several new publications are started for the benefit of obscure writers, the publishers taking their chances to discover a genius out of a miscellaneous lot of postulants for literary distinction. There are schools for teaching aspiring youths and maidens how to write thrilling short stories and it is no wonder that our cooks and housemaids are writing romances and dreaming of literary honors, and children in short cloths are essaying to produce tragedies.

Evidently there is need to have more studious reading and reflection, for, after all the talk of our numerous literary clubs there is little intensive reading and reflection comparatively speaking, and too great attention is given to hero worship with Browning, Omar Khayyam, Shelley and other individuals as objectives. The affection of literature obtains largely and is frequently undermined by revelations of painful ignorance, as was the case with the late Mrs. W. M. F. in her review of the standard of poetry he set so high that the presumptuous scribblers shall stand no chance—those persons whom Pope described when he wrote: "What crowds of these impenitently bold, In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, They run on pairs, in the maddest of the brain; Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense; And rhyme with all the rage of impotence."

Verily, the noble conception of the business of universities as set forth by Dr. Shaw, is alluring. There shall be a routing of the Beduins of literature, and prose and verse shall be of a quality the grandest and most inspiring. Above all let the standard of poetry be set so high that the presumptuous scribblers shall stand no chance—those persons whom Pope described when he wrote: "What crowds of these impenitently bold, In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, They run on pairs, in the maddest of the brain; Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense; And rhyme with all the rage of impotence."

New Books

Hohenzollern. A Story of the Time of Frederick Barbarossa. By Rev. Cyril de Bracy. Illustrated by Crawford. Decorations by Mills Thompson. New York: The Century Company, No. 33 E. Seventeenth Street. Price, \$1.50. Mr. Bracy admits that comparatively few people know the details of life in the time of Frederick Barbarossa and so he took some liberties in constructing his story. It reads as if he intended to dramatize the book. Whether it will pay him to enter the field of historical romance is doubtful. He should be warned by the experience of S. R. Crockett who is out of his element in mediæval romance. The twelfth century is rather misty, but Barbarossa certainly looms out of the mist as lord of Germany—bluff, self-assertive, a chip on both shoulders. He conceived a passion for the beautiful Countess Matilda, who crossing the hall in the building was held a red rose from her chapel on the floor and three doughty dignitaries contended for it, one of them Count Hohenzollern who loved the countess and was married, insults her grossly and a very dramatic situation follows, Hohenzollern protecting her from the king and his courtiers. The author carries off the beautiful prize, only giving Barbarossa the pleasure of kissing her once. The description of the scenes at the diet, which elected Barbarossa successor to Conrad III, the crusader, is admirably done. The Count Hohenzollern was made of the stern stuff which has cropped out in many of the later descendants of his house.

The Outlaws. A Story of the Building of the West. By Le Roy Armstrong. New York: D. Appleton & Co. The author gives us in this book a robust, sinewy tale touching the quality of the men and women whose constructive force and genius entered into the building up of the middle-west. Interest is concentrated on the doings of gangs of horse-thieves, who, in daring raids robbed the settlers of their best horses and were in collusion with some of the farmers themselves. The man who was found aiding the "outlaws" in any way was marked for death. Dan Rankin, the hero, innocently was drawn into the case, and the love episode is very interestingly and effectively developed, the faithful Prudence Caruth being an admirable example of the qualities of the women of the period, for the women played a splendid part in the building up of the west. The chase of the horse-thieves is quite thrillingly described. There is nothing about the honest settlers in the pursuit of evil doers which reminds one of Cronwell's troopers.

The Honor of the Braxtons. By J. William Fockler. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co., Nos. 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, Minneapolis. This book deals largely with life of art students in Paris—two Americans, Braxton and Cushing, and a pretty American girl, Alina Durian, all ambitious. Braxton yearns to paint a masterpiece—a Psyche—and finds his ideal in Paris and begins his work upon her, meantime, beguiled by her exquisite beauty, he takes her as his mistress. As in the case with such women, she deserts him and he mourns for her and then bitterly repents his entrapment into such snare. Away off in Normandy he and Cushing go to paint and there they find their stonier friend, Alina Durian, and both men fall in love with her—a true and lovely woman. Braxton dies, leaving a letter pouring out his love for the girl and the sudden death of Braxton, whether Cushing and Alina had gone, they found the Psyche completed and it is sold for \$8,000 as a masterpiece. The love episode is finely treated, but the story is not so art favoring of the book is charming and the art illustrations are of a high order.

The True Aaron Burr. A Biographical Sketch. By Charles Burr Todd, author of "Story of the City of New York," etc. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. This volume is one of the series designed by the "Burr Legion" to reverse the verdict of history upon the character and quality of Aaron Burr and to prove that in every respect he was a great citizen. Mr. Todd begins by denying that Jefferson was the father and leader of the democratic party. He says Jefferson was only a nominal leader and a far-sighted, Aaron Burr being "the real imperator" who taught the democratic party (called then the republican party) how to win. Thus disposing of Jefferson, he manages American history, and, as he is so un-

scrupulous in this respect, it is not surprising that he is equally unscrupulous in trying to make out that Burr was a model citizen and that he shrank from the duel with Hamilton, although, as a matter of historic fact, he sent the challenge to Hamilton whom he hated heartily. The volume of Mr. Todd is no stronger as a vindication of Burr than was Mr. Fildig's "Elihuhampton" which before God and by my maidenhood that I will not tell you the name of the man who wrote the letter, I love him, and, before I tell you his name or forgo my love for him, I will gladly die by the whip in your hand. I am ready for the whip, father, I am ready. Let us have it over quickly." The girl, whose shoulders were bare, took a few steps toward the door leading to the upper court, but Sir George did not move. I was deeply affected by the terrible scene, and I determined to prevent the deed from being done. Sir George's life at my hands. I would have killed him ere he should have laid a single lash of the whip upon Dorothy's back. "Father," continued she, "I do not want you not going to fog me? Remember your oaths. Surely, you would not be forsown before God and upon your knighthood. A forewarned Christian? The lash, father, the lash—I am eager for it." Sir George stood in silence and Dorothy continued to move toward the door. Her face was turned toward the door, and she whispered the words, "Forsown, forsown, forsown!" As she put her hand on the latch, the piteous old man held forth his arms toward her, and in a weak, pleading voice he said, "Dorothy! My daughter! My child! God help me!" He covered his face with his hands, his great form shaking for a moment as the tree trunk behind him sobbed forth the anguish of his soul was full. In an instant Dorothy was at his side holding his hand upon her hip. She kissed him with her lips and his tears streamed from her eyes, she spoke incoherent words of love and repentance.

But the beautiful Dorothy was a liar as well as an actress, and when she saw her temporary softening, began cursing her again, but he did not fog her. How she had her own way as to Sir John and his Sir Malcolm Vernon, pulled out the writ and Queen Bees for his support of Mary Stuart is thrillingly related.

Sixteenth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor, 1901. Strikes and Lockouts. Washington: Government Printing Office. This report covers the investigation into strikes and lockouts in the United States from Jan. 1, 1881 to Dec. 31, 1900, disturbances of less than one day's duration not being considered. During the years there were 2,392 strikes the number increasing from 471 in 1881, to 1,737 in 1889 and 1,779 in 1900, there being 11,317 establishments involved in 1889, the largest number being 1,571, 82,438, while the labor unions paid out their funds \$16,174,783 and employers lost \$12,734,121 through strikes and by lockouts labor lost \$48,819,746 in wages and employers \$19,757,383, while the labor unions paid out their funds \$3,461,461. The volume goes into details as to causes of strikes and lockouts and their distribution by states. There is considerable space given to the strikes of 1900 and 1901 to 1881. The earliest example of a

The Hound of the Baskervilles. Another Adventure of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co., Minneapolis. Price, \$1.50. It is to be hoped that Dr. Doyle, having once laid Sherlock Holmes in his grave, and then resurrected him to enjoy another thrilling adventure, will keep him alive long enough to write down the charm of his living voice! They have something almost epic in their gossiping, yet always something new to tell. In this volume the reader will hear those voices telling something new. The chapters on insects, the casks, the horse and cow, the big snow, are fine specimens of the author's entertaining style, and "Night Voices" has the flavor of a prose poem. It suggests Wagner's correct theory of the harmony of nature's variant tones. There is a new orchestra of bird, insect, animal, water and wind voices imparted about the spring, summer and autumn.

Detective Stories. A collection of stories by various authors. The stories are: "The dim, elusive clues mislead," "Hiding the mystery below," "To fearful plot my mind is keyed," "Opinion shuttles too and fro," "Successive shocks I undergo," "Ere the solution may be guessed," "Argument and discussion are the rule," "I like detective stories best," "The dim, elusive clues mislead," "Hiding the mystery below," "To fearful plot my mind is keyed," "Opinion shuttles too and fro," "Successive shocks I undergo," "Ere the solution may be guessed," "Argument and discussion are the rule," "I like detective stories best," "The dim, elusive clues mislead," "Hiding the mystery below," "To fearful plot my mind is keyed," "Opinion shuttles too and fro," "Successive shocks I undergo," "Ere the solution may be guessed," "Argument and discussion are the rule," "I like detective stories best."

people who actually surrounded Sir Henry Baskerville upon the moor, he got on the right track, and Watson, certainly, did good work there under great difficulties, for he collected several threads which Holmes contrived to weave together successfully and use to draw him and Watson and the new Sir Henry to the prey upon the edge of that dreadful moor. The last maneuver is a fitting climax to this tale of horrors, but it was on just such occasions that Sherlock Holmes was in his happiest mood. Nerve and courage were recruited and Holmes was at the acme of his professional ability then. If the reader has held his breath several times in previous chapters, he will hear his own heart beat when he comes into the fourteenth chapter, which describes the final act of the long and perplexing quest.

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. By Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." New York: The Macmillan Company, 57 Fifth Avenue. Price \$1.50. Mr. Major in this novel returns with signal success to the elder day of English history of which he romanced so happily in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The period is the court of Mary, Queen of Scots, for the throne of England, occupied by her cousin, Elizabeth, who hated the beautiful Mary Stuart most heartily. The story's vitality is in the moments and risks of the partisans of both queens in those close contact with their royal principals, and two love affairs are evolved very effectively, showing the tortuous and perilous course of true love in such tempestuous and untrusting times. The story is put in the mouth of Sir Malcolm Francis de Lorraine, Vernon, who claims to have been in love with Queen Mary Stuart and to have been beloved by her in return, but not being able to marry her, he conceivably went down to Haddon Hall to marry his cousin, Dorothy Vernon, whom he loved, and who was a small girl. He found her a vision of glorious womanly beauty with masses of golden-red hair, and also discovered that although Sir George Vernon, her father, wished her to marry the rich and powerful Sir George, Dorothy had had no idea of marrying anybody she did not love, and her love was bestowed upon Sir John Manners, whose father was hated by Sir George. Sir Manners, however, had no idea of Dorothy's blind but beautiful cousin, Madge Stanley. The career of these lovers in those trying times is well told. Dorothy was a high-spirited beauty, and she was a victim of passion and plucky to the last degree and wildly unscrupulous. Every time her father ordered her to marry some one of his choice she threatened to run away with her lover, who was secretly meeting a lover unknown to him, and corresponding with him, he took an awful oath to whip her till she would consent to marry the man he wished. There is a dramatic scene worth quoting when Sir George demanded the name of her lover.

"Curse the day you were born, you wanton hussy. Curse you! Curse you! Tell me the name of the man who wrote this letter. Tell me his name or I swear it before God, I swear it upon my knighthood, I will have you flogged in the market place, and bleed. I would do it if you were fifty times my child." Then Dorothy awakened. The girl was herself again. Now it was only for herself she had to fear. "This for his sake," said she. "This for his sake; this for his sake." Out of her love came fortitude, and out of her fortitude came action. Her father's oath had hardly been spoken till the girl threw her bodice from her shoulders. She threw the garment to the floor and said: "I am ready for the whip, I am ready. Who is to do the deed, father, you or the butcher? It must be done. You have sworn that I should be before God and by my maidenhood that I will not tell you the name of the man who wrote the letter. I love him, and, before I tell you his name or forgo my love for him, I will gladly die by the whip in your hand. I am ready for the whip, father, I am ready. Let us have it over quickly." The girl, whose shoulders were bare, took a few steps toward the door leading to the upper court, but Sir George did not move. I was deeply affected by the terrible scene, and I determined to prevent the deed from being done. Sir George's life at my hands. I would have killed him ere he should have laid a single lash of the whip upon Dorothy's back. "Father," continued she, "I do not want you not going to fog me? Remember your oaths. Surely, you would not be forsown before God and upon your knighthood. A forewarned Christian? The lash, father, the lash—I am eager for it." Sir George stood in silence and Dorothy continued to move toward the door. Her face was turned toward the door, and she whispered the words, "Forsown, forsown, forsown!" As she put her hand on the latch, the piteous old man held forth his arms toward her, and in a weak, pleading voice he said, "Dorothy! My daughter! My child! God help me!" He covered his face with his hands, his great form shaking for a moment as the tree trunk behind him sobbed forth the anguish of his soul was full. In an instant Dorothy was at his side holding his hand upon her hip. She kissed him with her lips and his tears streamed from her eyes, she spoke incoherent words of love and repentance.

My Friends and I. A collection of stories by various authors. The stories are: "My little, low room is five flights high, and some think that its walls are bare, but sweetest communion my friends and I have often had in the silence there; Noble, excited, they came to me, Fair as they were in the earth's first bloom, Whispering hope for the time to be,— These are my friends in the little, low room." "Shakespeare of Stratford, Bacon, Carlyle; Emerson, dreaming his long, long dream; Milton, unblinded,—the gods for his theme; Goldsmith, weary no more, no lone; Chatterton, safe, though the storm rages; Byron, into his heritage grown,— Royal companionship here have I. Bound to my room, and touched by pain, Either they come to talk with me,— They who have trodden the higher plain. They who have seen what the angels see. Bearing their messages, let the come, No matter how far, they are the truest great, Whispering, 'Peace, though the heart be numb.' These, my friends of the high estate."

Literary Notes. Mary Johnston's "Virginia" novels have long been the most popular of the kind. The latest, "The Story of the Old South," is a new volume in the series. It is a story of the life of a Virginia girl, and is a masterpiece of the kind. The author's style is clear and simple, and the story is full of interest. The book is well worth reading.

The Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia. In its issue of April 24 contains a paper by ex-President Cleveland entitled "The Serene Mind." It is a study of the mind and its powers, and is a masterpiece of the kind. The author's style is clear and simple, and the story is full of interest. The book is well worth reading.

The French will next year celebrate the centenary of Alexandre Dumas, a man who wrote about 200 novels and plays, including the well-known "Monte Cristo." The trouble with Dumas, pere, was that, when he got started on a novel he did not know when to stop.

W. D. Howells says his new story, "The Kentons," was the original germ of "The Silver Wedding Journey." He had written a portion of it, but could not make a story out of it, and he gave it up. He was then in the center of a party, and he was not to take up the inchoate novel until last year.

Mr. Morley expects to finish his life of Charles Dickens in the next few weeks. It will be practically a history of England during the past fifty years. Herbert Paul is to write a book of the same character in four volumes beginning with the anti-orn law

strike in this country was the sailors' strike in 1875, although there was something like a strike of the boot and shoemakers of Philadelphia in 1796. The most serious strike before 1881 was the great railway strike and riots of the Pennsylvania. A portion of the report is devoted to an account of strikes and lockouts in foreign countries and to decisions relating to strikes, boycotts, etc., and laws relating to them.

Minor Mention. "The Little Brother" (The Century Company, No. 33 E 17th Street New York) is a very pathetic story of a tramp life by Josiah Flynt, a literary effective and gifted writer on the great sociological problem of dealing with tramps,—the "World of Gray" as he calls it. The hero of the book is a little boy, who had a passion for travel and looked upon tramps as heroes. One of the latter, known as "West Virginia" took charge of him and the boy had to go to a reformatory, leaving rapidly the essential "work" of the brotherhood, which is detailed in the most interesting way. The boy's sister and her friends search for him, and she is in danger of being finally she learns from Blackie by letter that the boy is very ill and wants to see her. She finds the child dying and makes a discovery as to the reason for his illness. The story is a very sensational one, and the author throughout shows that in the nature of the most hardened tramps, there is a tender spot, and that, at times, it is the better nature that is not utterly extinguished.

"In the Country God Forgot," by Frances Chantler (Boston, Little, Brown & Co.) we have a keenly interesting romance of Arizona, showing how love and hate burn there as do the burning sun and arid areas, while skies are overhead and the vegetation which gets moisture is nowhere green. A more effective picture of an unhappy marriage cannot be found than in Mees Bax's experience. She married the rich ranchman Bax Weirfield. Her soul revolted at times, but she survived him. By contrast, the love-making of Claude Garnet, whose betrothal struck it rich and who from first sight loved the fair Roberta Laurence the sister of Mees Bax, is delicious. "Robbie," as she was called, was won, but it was not an easy conquest. Garnet had a splendid follow, a hero in the superlative sense. The book is full of strong character sketching. There are great sins set forth, great forgiveness, and a great deal of the best of the best. Hardly a page without a bit of humor or grief or satire and what have a realistic picture of life under the Arizona sun.

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LIFE'S MISERIES

Not one of life's miseries is greater than backache. The back that's lame, or weak, or aching, tells of sick kidneys—of urinary troubles—of poisons left in the blood. Backache is simply kidney-ache—the cry for help that the little filters of the blood send out when they can't do their work.

Doan's Kidney Pills

are the sure and simple cure—take away the cause and the backache quickly disappears. There's plenty of proof of it—evidence right here in Minneapolis.

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