FOUND IN A WEEK'S WANDERINGS THRU BOOKLAND

How Scott's Poetry Sent Maine Farmer to War---Mrs. Ward Begins a New Serial In Century---Book of Poems by Paul Lawrence Dunbar---Charles Battell Loomis Wears the Mantle of Frank R. Stockton.

By W. P. Kirkwood.

THOSE who read a great deal are apt to find it difficult to measure the influence of any one book on their lives. The feelings awakened, the impulses stirred by a particular book are either lost sight of altogether or else only dimly seen in the maze of emotions that result from much reading. Once in a while a book will flash a never-to-be-forgotten light upon some crucial hour or period of stress, but even that is often dimmed by time. In the old days, before the art of printing with movable type, doubtless, it was different. One can imagine that in those days there were men who had libraries which consisted of perhaps some one cherished scroll, thru much reading of which their lives were given a wholly different direction. Such a case would make an interesting study but in these days of the much making of books one is not able to find such cases to study.

A near approach to a case of the kind, however, is found in Martha Baker Dunn's **Cicero in Maine.** There, in a "Plea for the Shiftless Reader," is told the story of a Maine farmer, who, as a boy with a hunger for books, had had few opportunities to satisfy his craving, because his father thought reading a waste of time. His mother, when he was about 17, one day brought him from Bangor a book of Walter Scott's poetry. What he says of the result, as told by Mrs. Dunn, to us is exceedingly interesting. The book affected his choice of a wife, and later sent him into the civil war, and its lines buzzed in his head on the field of Gettysburg. Doubtless the book did much else for him. This in part is the way he tells it:

I've thought a good many times that book made a difference in my whole life.

* * * *

I s'pose I had naturally more of a romantic streak in me than most farmers' boys, an' it jest needed such a book as that to wake it up. I'd always noticed the sky and mountains and the like a good deal, an' after that mother 'n' I begun to pick out places round here an' name 'em for places in the book.

* * * *

I'm pretty sure I picked me out a different kind of a wife from what I should have if I hadn't fallen in love with Ellen Douglas for my first sweetheart. I didn't choose her jest because she was pretty or smart, or could make good butter an' cheese. An' when I'd got her, mother liked her, an' they lived happy together. Then pretty soon the war broke out. We lived 'way off here where we didn't hear much, an' we didn't get newspapers very often, an' father thought the main thing was to stay here on the farm an' raise a good crop o' potatoes an' apples; but I was uneasy.

* * * *

One day I had to go part way up Cedar mountain, there, to hunt after a steer 't had strayed off; an' when I looked away off an' saw the mountains all around the sky, an' the sun shinin' on the fields an' ponds, an' the trees wavin' their tops as if they were banners, I broke right out an' hollered:

Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?

That settled it. I enlisted, an' stayed in the army till the war was over. 'Twan't all poetry, but there ain't any part o' my life 't I feel any better satisfied with. I was lucky. I didn't get hurt to speak of till the rebs put a bullet into my shoulder at Gettysburg,—an' that reminds me o' somethin'. The third day o' the fight when our boys were waitin' for orders, an' we could see the regiments all round us goin' into action, there was somethin' goin' thru my mind over 'n' over as if it was wound up an' went by machinery; an' that night when I was layin' there wounded an' mighty uncomfortable, it come to me like a flash what it was * * * I was sayin' to myself:

The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark, impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell.

A good deal of an influence that, for a book to exert over a man; one, too, that ought to be a sufficient answer to good Sir Walter's detractor's, as well as to those who decry the reading of wholesome romances.

AN AMERICAN COUNTESS, TWO FAIR MAIDS AND TWO TITLED BRITONS ON AN AUTO TOUR.—Put a rich American woman, who has bought an estate with a title somewhere in Europe, a daughter who is disguising her age for mama's sake, a niece of large fortune which is being kept dark, a Briton who has inherited a baronetcy, and another who will some day be a marquis but is posing as a chauffeur—put these in a motor car for a tour thru southern Europe, with Cupid hanging on behind, and you have ample material out of which to make a tale of a most diverting sort. And that is what C. N. and A. M. Williamson, authors of "The Lightning Conductor," and "The Princess Passes," have made of such material in "My Friend the Chauffeur."

The "villain" comes along in another car. He is a fortune hunter, and is seeking any hand with a million attached, and the rich American woman, who has bought a title, nearly gives herself and her fortune away. The daughter saves the day and her "mama," however. This daughter is a humorist and plays dolls with the whole party, especially with the princely villain. She does not spare even her mother, who, indeed, needs more than she gets.

The book is full of surprises, revenges, humiliations, adventures, predicaments, thrills, horrors, pitfalls, enchantments, strange spells, high diplomacy, and many other things, served in very takable quantities.

One wonders, tho, at the generous advertising of the make of auto in which the party does its touring. The name is given and the machine's praises sung from chapter to chapter. Frankly we don't like it. Why would it not be just as proper for some other novelist to tell what brand of hat his hero wears, or where he gets his overcoats, or his favorite cigars? This is to make signboards of our novels and is as execrable as marring the landscape with monster billboards. The example is made of such material in **My Friend the Chauffeur.** tertaining.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

THE SERVANT GIRL'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE JOYS OF LIVING.—The mantle of Frank R. Stockton has been by some awarded to Charles Battell Loomis on the merits of **Minerva's Maneuvers,** and not without much justice. Mr. Loomis is not so extravagant as Mr. Stockton was, but at the same time he is not so exciting. The former may or may not be a merit. Certainly the latter will not be accounted to Mr. Loomis for a merit. However, Mr. Loomis is not imitating; he is telling his own story in his own way, and he does a piece of work to furnish diversion of a most welcome sort.

"Minerva's Maneuvers" would better have been called "Minerva's Master's Maneuvers." Minerva is the colored cook of the Vernon household in the city. Mrs. Vernon has been ordered to the country for a rest, and Mr. Vernon thinks he will go along. Not so Minerva; the attractions of city life, with its noise and cakewalks, make a summer in the country appear to her like a Siberian exile. Then comes maneuver No. 1. It is successful, and Minerva goes to the country. How many maneuvers it takes to keep her there are not counted on the fingers of one hand, or of two for that matter. But thru it all runs a gentle humor and an adaptable philosophy which together grease the wheels of progress thru the summer, and would ease the friction between masters or mistresses and their servants almost anywhere. Of course there is a romantic element. What would a summer in the country be without it?

Altogether, "Minerva's Maneuvers" is a book to chuckle over in a way to arouse your fireside companion's curiosity to a point where he, or she, will demand that you "read it aloud."

A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

MRS. A. M. WILLIAMSON,
Joint Author of "My Friend the Chauffeur."

A BOSTON ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR.

Let's see. Oh, dear! The Mothers' club
(I lead the meeting, that's the rub)
On Monday.

The Social Settlement debate:
"Resolved, we need a new birthrate."
On Tuesday.

The Sewing Circle meets with me
For music (really for the tea!)
On Wednesday.

As Regent of Moll Pitcher Court
I've got to read my first report
On Thursday.

Heigho! The Fair for Crippled Cats
Will take all day (I sell trimmed hats)
On Friday.

The Khayyam Conference expects
My paper on "Omar's Defects"
On Saturday.

Then, the last straw, my Bible class
Sings at the hospital, alas!
On Sunday.

Oh, what the bliss of heaven must be!
No partings there, so equally
No meetings!

—S. F. Batchelder in Harper's Magazine for November.

WHEN AUTHORS MEET.—Eugene Wood and Mrs. Mary Stewart Cutting met for the first time at their publishers recently.

Mr. Wood was warm in his praises of "The Hinge," Mrs. Cutting's "little story of married life" in the October **McClure's.**

"It was a perfectly corking story I thought," he said, "but my wife couldn't understand why, after all that had happened, that fellow went off to the club again the very first night after he got his wife back safe."

"Couldn't she?" laughed Mrs. Cutting. "Neither could I, but that's just what he did. He was the only literal translation of real life in the story, for most of my characters are, of course, composites of different people and my imagination, and I simply had to tell the truth about him even at the risk of proving that it was stranger than fiction."

POEMS BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.—There needs be no hesitancy in termng as poetry the verse of Paul Laurence Dunbar, which appears in **Howdy, Honey, Howdy.** There is in many of the verses of the book that deeper note that marks the poet of true insight. These have in high degree the rhythm and melody natural to the negro race, and besides they are full of imagination, and even the lightest of them ring human. Here is a picture that needs no halftone or sketch to illuminate its meaning or help out its suggestions:

Ef de chillun pestahs,
An' de baby's bad,
Ef yo' wife gits narvous,
An' you're gettin' mad,
Des you grab yo' boot-strops,
Hol' yo' body down,
Stop a-tinkin' cuss-w'rds,
Chase away de frown;
Knock de haid o'worry,
Twell dey ain' none lef';
Tek a little trouble,
Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

And there is the spell of the summer night is in this:

De dog go howlin' 'long de road,
De night come shiverin' down;
My back is tiahed of its load,
I cain't be fu' f'om town.
No mattah ef de way is long,
My haht is swellin' wid a song,
No mattah 'bout de frownin' skies,
I'll soon be home to see my Lize.

In lighter vein is the following:

Hush up, honey, tek my han',
Mek yo' footsteps light;
Somep'n' kin' o' hol's de lan'
On a summah night.
Somep'n' dat you nevah sees
An' you nevah hyeahs,
But you feels it in de breeze,
Somep'n' nigh to teahs.
Somep'n' nigh to teahs? dat's so;
But hit's nigh to smiles.
An' you feels it ez you go
Down de shinin' miles.

"Howdy, Honey, Howdy" is illustrated from photographs, has decorated margins and is on heavy glazed paper in a binding of appropriate design.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.
$1.50 net.

NEW NOVEL BY MRS. HUMPHREY WARD BEGUN SERIALLY IN THE CENTURY.—The November number of **The Century** contains the first chapters of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Fenwick's Career." The announcement is one of unusual interest to the literary world. The novels of no writer in recent years have caused more talk than those of Mrs. Ward, and the first chapters of "Fenwick's Career" promise food for conversation in large measure. That is, the story has that peculiar hold on one's interest that makes him want to ask his friend what he thinks about it. The story is that of a young painter of the Westmoreland country, who goes up to London to make a name for himself, leaving a young wife and child behind. Enough is shown at the outset to let the reader see that there are breakers ahead for the little family.

The November Century has other features of special interest, including authoritative information about the Panama canal by William Barclay Parsons, member of the canal commission 1904-1905, and member of the board of consulting engineers; a record of new discoveries in Egypt; a comparison of English and American football; several pages of memories of Walt Whitman's last days in Camden; also much to interest one in the way of short stories, including "All Gold Canon," by Jack London.

LUTHER BURBANK, PLANT WIZARD.—We shrink from calling a man, who has proved himself a great public benefactor, a wizard, but the magical things Luther Burbank has done in the plant world really leave one little choice. It is hardly a gamble to say that his name will live long as the result of the things he has done, and done unselfishly; indeed, at the greatest sacrifice, for his fellow men.

We are at last able to get an adequate view of this man and his work thru W. S. Harwood's **New Creations in Plant Life,** a book which has a double interest for people of the northwest—first, thru the man and his great work, and, second, thru the author, a former resident of Minneapolis, but now living in California. It speaks well for the merit of Mr. Harwood's book that so clear a picture of the man Burbank is drawn; and that, at the very outset of the book. One reading the first chapter with its story of the heroic efforts of Mr. Burbank to open a way into his chosen work—to answer his "call"—will hardly fail to read the book thru, studying on the way the numerous halftone pictures of some of the wonders wrought by the nation's great horticulturist.

Five things stand out boldly in Mr. Harwood's sketch of Burbank, the man. These are determination, patience, thoroness, daring and self-forgetfulness. A young man, scarcely more than a boy, who in lieu of something better to do, could take work as a chicken-coop cleaner and sleep in one of his chicken-coops in order to save money to enter upon the work of his choice, might be counted upon to win. His patience and thoroness are shown by his early as well as his later work. His daring is shown in the way he handled an order for 20,000 young prune trees, his first large order. They were wanted in nine months and it takes from two and a half to three years to start young prune trees. Young Burbank gathered a lot of almond shoots, grafted prune buds onto these, and when the man came for his prune trees they were ready. Today, twenty years after, the almond-prune trees make one of the finest prune orchards in California. Mr. Burbank's self-sacrifice and devotion to his ideals are shown in his giving up a $10,000-a-year nursery business in order to have his whole time for making "new things better than the old and for making old ones better than they were."

In short, Mr. Harwood convinces his readers that in Luther Burbank is a man to be reckoned among the nation's great and that Mr. Burbank's work is of the utmost importance from economical and esthetic standpoints.

The Macmillan Co., New York.

C. N. WILLIAMSON,
Joint Author of "My Friend the Chauffeur."

THE MAGAZINES

Catching Wolves With the Hands.—Most of us would prefer to catch wolves with bullets, or if we were going to use our hands would prefer to wait until a bullet had made the task easy. But one of the hunters with President Roosevelt on his recent wolf hunt in Oklahoma had a way of taking the ugly brutes with his hands. Mr. Roosevelt, in **Scribner's Magazine** for November, describes the process thus:

There was a scuffle, then a yell from the greyhound as the wolf bit it. At the bite the hound let go and jumped back a few feet, and at the same moment Abernethy, who had ridden his horse right on them as they struggled, leaped off and sprang on top of the wolf. He held the reins of the horse with one hand and thrust the other, with a rapidity and precision even greater than the rapidity of the wolf's snap, into the wolf's mouth, jamming his hand down crosswise between the jaws, seizing the lower jaw and bending it down so that he wolf could not bite him. He had a stout glove on his hand, but this would have been of no avail whatever had he not seized the animal just as he did; that is, behind the canines, while his hand pressed the lips against the teeth; with his knees he kept the wolf from using its fore paws to break the hold, until it gave up struggling.

"The Lottery of Death."—One of the most singular and appalling of all true narratives of the civil war is Lieutenant Stradling's story of "The Lottery of Death" in the November **McClure's.** The confederate government had determined upon the execution of two federal captains in retaliation for the hanging as spies of two of their own captains caught by the union troops. All the federal captains, prisoners of war in Libby prison, were compelled to draw lots to select two of their number to be hanged. The two fateful black beans were drawn by Captain Sawyer of the First New Jersey cavalry and Captain Flynn of the Fifty-first Indiana infantry, the first men to draw from the lottery of death. At a two-hours' notice they were carted off to die. The doomed men were reprieved at the foot of the gallows-tree. Lincoln heard the story from Sawyer's wife, and at the end of a sleepless night devised a plan whereby the men were finally saved. Lincoln's plan was one of the most pitiless moves war ever forced from him. He notified the confederate cabinet that immediately upon the execution of Sawyer and Flynn he would retaliate by hanging General W. H. F. Lee, son of their great commander, and another confederate officer. This threat frightened the confederate cabinet into abandoning their plan.

The National Funny Bone Too Funny.—Reading a lecture on the American tendency to "poke fun" at anything and everything, as illustrated by the laughter that greeted President Roosevelt's determined and ultimately successful efforts to end the Russian-Japanese war, **The Reader** for November says:

It seems rather a pity that we can not cure ourselves of our excessive sense of humor. Too often it bears a resemblance to that of the street gamin. It is impertinent, and has a hands-in-pocket, hat-on-side quality which makes it bad friends with wit. To find Mr. Roosevelt ridiculous is a very fortuitous act. He is picturesque, he is impulsive, he has some bravado, he has a straightforward and effective egotism, and he impresses the imagination of the world. * * * He stands on his belief in himself and the people, and the conviction that the doors of destiny—having been well oiled—are about to swing wide. It is not always good manners to be amused. It is at times not even amusing to be amused.

The November Reader makes another distinct advance in quality and appearance. It is replete with timely articles, good fiction and other features that make a magazine attractive.

Panama Canal Opens Gate For Rival.—Harold Bolce again gives warning in the November issue of **Appleton's Booklovers Magazine** in a new series of articles, entitled "Japan, Our New Rival in the East," concerning our neglect of the trading possibilities of South America. He says:

Japan is watching the Panama canal. While we are cutting the waterway at the isthmus in the sanguine hope of getting the markets of Asia, which Japan is now securing for itself, that empire is deepening its harbors and otherwise arranging shipping facilities to further its over-sea efforts when the time comes to steam thru our canal to the ports of Argentina, Uruguay, Venezuela and Brazil. So confident is Japan of large participation in the commerce of eastern South America, which we are ignoring, that it has appropriated $12,000,000 to make these port improvements in anticipation of that traffic. This trade of eastern South America which we are passing by in the optimistic idea that something better awaits us beyond, when we can sail thru our Panama canal, is as I have previously stated, and as Japan fully realizes, greater than that of China and Japan combined.

Other features of the Booklovers are numerous and attractive, especially its offerings in the line of fiction.

The Question of Immortality.—Writing under the pseudonym "Peter Rabbit" in **Harper's Magazine** for November, (a magazine of abundant excellent reading) a well-known naturalist discusses the again-burning question of immortality as viewed from the standpoint of the rabbit, who is supposed to be writing the article:

Among all your hopes there is none that for an instant compares in value with mortality. Because of its very greatness it has aroused the most doubt and questioning. Indeed, that it is too good to be true is perhaps the only argument against it; and the rabbit dismisses this cheerfully with the reflection that the same was said by your ancestors of every great and good thing that you now enjoy.

Of late, however, men are everywhere asking the old question of immortality over again. There have been many tribes of men who denied immortality to their women, while cherishing it for themselves and their horses. Only as the race grew in civilization were the rights of women recognized, until, I am told, men are now inclined to base their future hopes upon their wives and mothers, rather than upon their own virtues; and it was inevitable that, as civilized men enlarged their charity and their experience, they should consider the rights of the animal and even give a thought to his future. Hardly a man who has ever owned a noble dog but has had at times some dim hope or desire that he might find the same unquestioning love and loyalty to meet him and believe in him in the other world. It is not a question of mere selfish enjoyment for the man; the hope has something more generous and noble in it; and so the rabbit ventures to regard it for a moment without prejudice.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD,
Recent Picture of Author of "Fenwick's Career," Just Begun in the Century.

BOOK NOTES

The latest addition to The Macmillan Co.'s 25-cent paper novels is "The Heritage of Unrest," by Gwendolen Overton.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have issued a small volume of selections from the writings of Benjamin Franklin. It is edited by U. Waldo Cutler, and belongs in the Crowell "Handy Volume Classics."

Anne Warner, author of the "Susan Clegg" stories, which first appeared in The Century, has just finished a short humorous serial which that magazine will print, beginning in an early number. The story is told largely in the form of letters to her mother from a young American girl, one of a party who are the guests of a somewhat irascible uncle, whose monologs are interspersed with his niece's clever letters. The setting of the story is in France.

Mr. W. S. Harwood, who wrote the recently published articles on Luther Burbank in The Century, has written for the same magazine the story of how California's crops are saved—largely by the work of the United States department of agriculture. Mr. Harwood will narrate how science has succeeded in exterminating insect pests that had well nigh ruined the chief crops of California.

Messrs. Henry Holt and company will issue early in 1906, in conjunction with Messrs. Methuen & Co. of London, a striking fantastic novel in which a bishop of the church of England plays a Robinson Crusoe role. Further particulars are not at present known.

A new fall book of national importance and likely to attract widespread comment is "The Brothers' War," by John C. Reed, which Little, Brown & Co., Boston, will publish Oct. 30. This book discusses the slavery question and other causes of the war between the north and the south and contains valuable information regarding the present condition of the south and the negroes living in it. Mr. Reed is a prominent attorney-at-law of Atlanta, Ga., and the author of "The Old and New South," etc.

The fundamental question of "The Immortality of the Soul" has disturbed the great thinkers of all ages, and for the solution of this eternal enigma humanity still seeks in vain; and in "The Future Life" M. Elbe presents a mass of scientific evidence and data that is startling and convincing. Messrs. McClurg & Co will issue the volume in the early spring.

Little, Brown & Co. have issued a volume of selected poems by Browning. The editor and writer of the introduction is A. J. George, A.M., Lit.D., and his aim has been to reveal the principles which "formed the mind and fashioned the art" of Browning. Notes relating each poem to the events in the life of the author out of which it grew and to the characteristic forms of art in his own career and the careers of his great contemporaries, Tennyson and Wordsworth add interest to the volume.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have just published what they consider the most remarkable book of short stories since some of Kipling's—"Sons o' Men," by G. B. Lancaster. They are vigorous, full blooded tales of the sheep herders of New Zealand, an absolutely new field in fiction. What adds to the interest of this book is the mystery that surrounds its author. No one seems to know whether it is a man or a woman. Lancaster's first story appeared in a London Sunday school paper and immediately attracted attention. The author has lived and worked among the New Zealand sheep herders, for the story shows an intimate knowledge of life and conditions there. The book has created a tremendous impression in England, and there is every indication that it will repeat its success in this country. The first American edition was exhausted before publication day.

HONEST IN BUSINESS

Washington Post.

The discovery of a shortage in the accounts of a Wisconsin postmistress emphasizes the fact that in the wide range of business activity now enjoyed by women dishonesty is extremely rare. A few astonishing cases of financial crookedness on the part of women have come to light, the most conspicous being that of Mrs. Chadwick. The shock to the community following the revelation in her case was not because of the sum of money involved, but it was a woman who had done the work. In the public mind women are naturally and incorruptibly honest.

The employment of women in places where cash is constantly handled is becoming more and more common. They are more puctilious than men in small matters, as well as in large affairs. Their habits are incomparably better. They do not require watching. They do not gamble, nor play the races, nor take "flyers." Their moral fiber is not deteriorated by drinking or excessive smoking. They are not afflicted with that unaccountable mania for keeping up a double establishment which attacks some men.

Even in the household strict honesty among female servants is the rule. Valuables of all kinds are left in their charge, and theft would be comparatively easy, while detection and conviction would be difficult. Yet women servants rarely steal. The conscientious scrupulous respect for the property of others seems to be a part of woman's character.

As women enter more and more into business life there will be cases of dishonesty and of carelessness resulting in seriously as outright stealing. But there will be notable exception to the general rule. In the homely, everyday virtue of honesty—of keeping their hands off other people's property—women are as far ahead of men as they are superior to them in virtues of the heart. It is comforting to know that one-half of the race, at any rate, is to be counted true and honest under any temptation.

By KATHARINE EVANS BLAKE

OF MINNEAPOLIS

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