THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BY HECTOR FULLER.

Then the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea, and mankind at last shall own their King—Him in whom they are all redeemed into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God, and He shall reign indeed on earth, and none but His saints shall rule beside Him. And then shall His sacrament be an everlasting sign to all the nations of the world, as it has been to you this day, of freedom, equality, and brotherhood, of Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men. Do you believe?

Again I answered, not her, but Him who sent her—

Lord, I believe! Help thou mine unbelief!

That quotation, which, in view of the efforts of the nations toward freedom, equality, and brotherhood, as evidenced by the conference at The Hague, is from Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke." The 12th of this month was the anniversary of his birthday, and many men who owe a deep debt to his writings have been taking stock of what Charles Kingsley has meant to the world since his death in 1875. Canon Kingsley was one of the vital forces of his generation. The son of a "hunting parson," he was early addicted to sport, and although at times he assumed the position of a leader of English thought, he was always a big boy-hearted, jovial man. Courage was one of his most prominent qualities, and though he spent more time, while at Cambridge, in hunting and fishing than he did over his classics, when he came to realize that he was in danger of failing his examinations, he buckled to work with such hearty good-will that he came out first-class in classics and "senior opt" in mathematics.

He was born at Holne, Devonshire, June 12, 1819. He studied at King's College, London, and at Magdalene, Cambridge. He was appointed curate, and afterward became rector of Eversley, Hampshire, and was made canon of Middleham, in 1845. He was appointed professor of literature in Queen's College, London, and only gave up this post to take the chair of modern history at Cambridge. In 1869 he was made canon of Chester, and in 1873 canon of Westminster.

His first published novel was "Yeast," in 1848, and "Alton Locke" followed in 1850. Both of these novels in our day would be called Christian Socialist books, in 1853 came "Hypatia," followed by "Westward Ho," in 1855; "The Water Babies," in 1863; "Hereward the Wake," in 1866; "Prose Idylls," in 1873, and "Plays and Puritans," in the same year. No one has summed up more justly the result of Canon Kingsley's activities than Max Muller, who, on his death, wrote:

In England, Kingsley has been loved and revered for many years as a writer and a poet. But he has been much more than that. He formed part and parcel of the people; nay one might say he formed part of the English conscience. He was one of the men of whom one thought at once, whenever a social or a religious, or a great political question stirred the people.

While recalling Charles, it may not be amiss to remind readers that there was a Henry Kingsley, his brother, whose literary endeavors were rather hid by the other's light. And yet, Henry Kingsley's novels are a great joy and many a pleasant hour may be spent with "Ravenswood," "Geofrey Hamlin," and the rest. Henry Kingsley was a doctor, and a great sportsman, and one of the most interesting books of two years ago was the memoir of his nomadic life, published by his talented daughter.

Edward Lear, credited with being the inventor of the Limerick, knew many interesting literary men, and his letters which are to be published shortly, should make interesting reading. The following anecdote about him is recalled in the New York Times by one of his friends. He was painting in Italy in 188. One day returning to his inn he asked for the key of his room as he wished to change his clothes. But one of the countless local revolutions had just taken place and the porter was full of "chianti and patriotic fervor." "What key?" he exlaimed. "Who room, what clothes? There are no more keys- no more rooms! No more clothes! All is love and liberty! Oh, che bella rivoluzione!"

Richard Harding Davis will presently bring out another book—"The Adventures of the Scarlet Car." The story is full of daring and doing, with romance plentifully sprinkled throughout. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The five versions of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayaam" have been comparatively arranged, and in this form are about to be issued in a book that has twelve illustrations in color, by Blanche McManus. The book will be issued by L. C. Page Company, of Boston.

Of the origin of Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane"—the new edition whereof, illustrated by Arthur I. Keller, was recently noticed in The Herald—the publishers recall that Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich used to tell the following story:

"One morning in the spring of 1867 Mr. Longfellow came to the little home in Pinckney street, Boston, where he had set up housekeeping in the light of our honeymoon. As we lingered a moment at the dining-room door, Mr. Longfellow, turning to me, said: 'Ah, Mr. Aldrich, your small, round table will not always be closed. By and by you will find new young faces clustering about it: as years go on leaf after leaf will be added, until the time comes when the young guests will take flight, one by one, to build nests of their own elsewhere. Gradually the long table will shrink to a circle again, leaving two old people sitting there alone together. This is the story of life, the sweet and pathetic story of the fireside. Make an idyl of it. I give the idea to you.' Several months afterward I received a note from Mr. Longfellow, in which he expressed a desire to use this motif in case I had done nothing in the matter. The theme was one peculiarly adapted to his sympathetic handling, and out of it grew 'The Hanging of the Crane.'"

Mr. Shakespeare Hirst, an eccentric Englishman, who died at Aldmondbury, a little village near Huddersfield, inherited a remarkable passion for Shakespeare and everything touching the poet's life. He was a retired publican, and, like his father before him, he devoted his money and leisure to the accumulation of Elizabethan prints and pictures, and anything connected, however remote, with Shakespeare. His museum contains, to quote his own words, "portraits of our never-dying William Shakespeare and his beautiful and noble daughter Susanna," both claimed to have been painted in Rome in 1608 by Adam Elsheimer. Many connoisseurs have agreed that this is probably a genuine likeness of the poet. It has never been photographed, and Mr. Hirst, greatly fearing thieves, kept it locked and double-locked.

When Gen. Kuroki visited Yale and heard the college yell, according to Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly, he turned to one of the interpreters in the party and asked, "What are they saying?"

"They have just remarked," explained the interpreter, "that they are very glad indeed, to see you, and that they hope you will come again and stay longer. They congratulate you upon your victories in the East, and, in conclusion, they wish to inform you that you have been unanimously elected a Son of a Gambolier."

Lafayette McLaws has a new book ready, which Little, Brown & Co. will soon issue. It is called "The Welding," and is a story of American life and character, showing particularly the elements in the early republic that led up to the trouble between the North and the South.

The failure up to date to secure sufficient funds for the monument to R. L. Stevenson, planned to be erected in Edinburgh—that city of statues—has greatly dejected his admirers. It is true that there is a tablet to the romancer's memory in Edinburgh, but it cannot be and is not considered satisfactory. A special appeal is now to be made to Americans, a land that is full of Stevensonians.

Later in the year Messrs. E. P. Dutton will publish for the American market Arthur Christopher Benson's life of Alfred Lord Tennyson. This work will comprise a single volume of average size. Messrs. Dutton are now issuing their handsome new editions of Mr. Benson's "The House of Quiet" and "The Thread of Gold," uniform in style, with brown cloth bindings stamped with designs in gold of two colors, and heavy paper, 12mo, square, $1.50 net. These editions have been given important new prefaces by Mr. Benson.

As the exponent of the outdoor life, Hamlin Garland needs no praise, and his latest tale, "The Long Trail," brings to light again all his enthusiasm for the primitive wildernesses of our country. Primarily a story for boys, it also possesses no little interest for grown-up readers, being a narative of the rivalry and privation encountered on the way to the Klondike over the old Telegraph Trail. It bears evidences of Mr. Garland's personal acquaintance with the country traversed by his hero, and it gives an emphatically clear and vivid potrayal of the life of the time and the place. Its publishers are Harper & Bros.

"English Style" is the title of a caustic essay by Joseph S. Auerbach, in the June number of the North American Review, treating the subject particularly with reference to the manner in which it is taught in the American colleges. Mr. Auerbach criticises Barrett Wendell's well-known text-book, "English Composition." He further observes:

As we have been directing our restless energy toward commercial supremacy, made possible by laws which have perhaps been too prodigal in their promotion and protection of industry, we have, in order to insure our success, cast out of our life much of its composure and its true rewards; we have failed often to discern the relative importance of things, or to appraise them at their real value; we have even fallen short of many duties we owe to our neighbor and the State. As we have grown fat with material prosperity, we have starved ourselves spiritually. It will profit us much to exchange some of our "practical" aims and results for a few old-fashioned standards of ideals and of conduct.

Then, too, if it be not yet taught from the pulpit, it is beginning to be recognized that in the divine order of the world there never has been and never will be a place for the intervention of miracle or accident, and it is reasonably certain that new beliefs and readjustments will enter into our religious faith. We must seek out some compensation for the consequent loss.

More and more, as these thoughts are brought home to us, the great books of literature, of which the Bible is supreme—whether we regard their never-failing springs of intellectual joy, their lofty aspirations after truth and beauty, their deep insight into the perplexing problems of the world or their conception of righteousness—should come to occupy a revered place and assert a controlling influence in the lives of men.

Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. will publish, in August, "A Voyage with Captain Dynamite," by Charles Edward Rich. In September they will publish "An Interrupted Honeymoon," by Jane G. Cooke; "The World and a Woman," by Ruth K. Gardiner, and "Little Travelers Around the World," by George Bonawitz.

Onoto Watanna, author of the recently-published novel "Diary of Delia," has written in a recent number of an American magazine a most interesting article on "The Japanese in America." The writer, who is descended from pure Japanese and Chinese stock, being born in Nagasaki and spending part of her childhood in Japan, is herself one of the best authorities on Japanese matters in America today. Her article is illuminating in more ways than one, and it gives us a decidedly better and juster idea of Japanese character than we have had. Onoto Watanna closes her article with this characteristic paragraph: "I am not Oriental or Occidental either, but Eurasian. I must bleed for both of my nations. I am Irish more than English-Chinese as well as Japanese. Both my fatherland and my motherland have been the victims of injustice and oppression. Sometimes I dream of the day when all of us will be world citizens—not citizens merely of petty portions of the earth, showing our teeth at each other, snarling, sneering, biting, and with the ambition of the murderer at our heart's core—every man with the savage instinct of the wild beast to get the better of his brother; to prove his greater strength, his mightier mind, the superiority of his color."

A collection of the letters of the late Dean Hole is in preparation for early publication by The Macmillan Company. Written to intimate friends and members of his family, they are rich in gossip, anecdote and reminiscence and they promise to be a valuable addition to English literary personalia. The volume will be illustrated with portraits and facsimile.

In Putnam's Monthly for July Lawrence Binyon will write about John White, an early governor of the Colony of Virginia, and grandfather of the first English child born in America. The point of interest in this is that Mr. Binyon, who is in the printroom of the British Museum, has found under his collection a volume of watercolors by Gov. White of Virginia scenes. As these are of artistic excellence and apparent accuracy, and certainly of a very early date, they are invaluable historically.

A correspondent of the New York Mail comments on "that glory of Anglo-Saxon emphasis," the prefix "un." He compares with this pregnant syllable the feeble French "peu," wondering at a language which can give for "undesirable" only the banal "peu desirable." Yet English philologists have frequently deplored the base uses to which our "un" has frequently been put. "Unloved" has been condemned by one authority as "not less than archangel ruined." As to such verbal freaks as "uncompoundedness," Mr. T. P. O'Connor considers them a menace to grammar and dictionary alike.

The Century Company will issue in book form this fall David Homer Bates' "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," some chapters from which are appearing in the Century Magazine. To their Thumbnail Series they will add Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Dickens' "Seven Poor Travelers," and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey."

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and her son, Lloyd Osbourne, have reached England after a motor tour of France. They are now in consultation with Edmund Gosse over the introductions which that agreeable critic is writing for the Pentland edition of Stevenson, now in course of publication. The next forthcoming volume will consist mainly of posthumous work composed at Vailima. Mr. Gosse's introduction will be rich in biographical and personal matter.

In the fall Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will publish the following: "Stereochemistry," by A. W. Stewart, Carnegie Research Fellow, with eighty-seven illustrations, crown 8vo. "Systematic Researches in Thermo-Chemistry: Numerical and "Theoretical Results," by Julius Thomsen, emeritus professor of chemistry in the University of Copenhagen, translated by Katharine A. Burke, assistant in the department of chemistry, University College, London. "None So Pretty: A Story of Emotions," by the author of "A Discrepant World," &c.; crown 8vo. "Electro-Physiology of Plants," by Jagadis Chunder Bose, professor, Presidency College, Calcutta; with illustrations, 8vo. "International Documents: A Collection of Conventions and Other International Acts of a Lawmaking Kind," edited, with introduction and notes, by E. A. Whittuck, governor of the London School of Economics and Political Science; 8vo.

One of Wordsworth's most famous sonnets, "The world is too much with us," is pleasantly parodied by Austin Dobson in "Printer's Pie," a charitable publication issued annually to which English men of letters and artists contribute various good things. Mr. Dobson calls his delightful tidbit "A Pleasant Invective Against Printing." It is as follows:

The Press is too much with us; small and great;
We are undone of chatter and on dit,
Report, retort, rejoinder, repartee,
Mole-hill and mare's-nest, fiction up-to-date,
Rabble of booklets, bicker of debate,
Aspect of A, and attitude of B—
A waste of words that drive us like a sea,
Mere derelicts of Ourselves, and helpless freight!

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"
Some region unapproachable of Print,
Where never cablegram could gain access,
And telephones were not, nor any hint
Of tidings new or old, but Man might pipe
His soul to Nature—careless of the Type!

The record for book popularity at the Public Library during the past week shows that in nonfiction the greatest demand was for Benson's "From a College Window," and Dubois' "Influence of the Mind on the Body." In fiction the call was for "The Mystics," by Thurston, and Lucas Malet's, "The Far Horizon." In the juvenile field, Andrew Lang, with his Red and Violet Fairy Books, still has a big lead. Mr. G. F. Bowerman, librarian of the Public Library, is of the opinion that the record of fiction and nonfiction taken from the library as published each week in The Washington Herald, exclusively, scarcely gives a correct report of the demands on the library. He says that the call on the library for books on arts and crafts, trades, &c., are very large, showing that the library ministers not alone to those interested in belles lettres, but also to those who find technical knowledge an advantage in earning a livelihood. Hereafter, then, this department proposes to show something of the varied uses of the library to other than literary workers.

DICKENS SPOKE TO HIM

What the Great Author Said to the Yankee Boy.

Henry C. Robinson, a witty lawyer, who used to live in Hartford, Conn., told the following anecdote one evening when he was introducing an English author to a Hartford audience, says the Youth's Companion:

"The most famous Englishman whom I ever saw was Charles Dickens, who lectured here in Hartford when I was a young boy.

"I had read some of the stories of this great writer, and I was most anxious to catch a glimpse of the man himself. So on the afternoon when he was expected to arrive I walked up and down the street in front of the hotel where I knew he was to stay.

"The hotel was built close to the sidewalk, and the long windows of the parlor were so low that the passerby could easily see into the room.

"I soon realized that a gentleman was sitting within reading a paper. I stepped close up under the window and pressed my face against the glass, eager to get a good look at the stranger. Yes, it was he! It really was! I had seen his picture often and couldn't be mistaken. I stared and stared, anxious to impress every feature upon my memory. After a few moments he turned and saw me there, the little eager Yankee boy, gazing up at his face; and then the famous man, laying aside his paper, actually spoke, so that I really heard the voice of the great Charles Dickens himself, and he was really talking to me!"

Here Mr. Robinson paused impressively and some one on the platform inquired, "What did he say, Mr. Robinson?"

"He said," replied Mr. Robinson, in subdued tones, "Go away, little boy, go away!"

Stevenson and Scott.

A correspondent of the London Times has discovered a genealogical link between Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson that is certainly of decided literary interest. "It is too remote a connection to have had any real influence or effect on the younger man," he says, "even had he known of its existence, but, for what it is worth, it is beyond question, and, I believe, has never yet been noticed. No one who knows Stevenson could for a moment doubt the enthusiasm with which he would have hailed it. The connection is this. 'Auld Watt Scott' of Harden (1550-1629?) married Mary Scott, 'the Flower of Yarrow.' From their son, Sir William Scott, were descended in succession Walter Scott of Raeburn, Walter Scott, known as 'Beardie,' Robert Scott of Sandyknowe, and Walter Scott, the father of Sir Walter. Auld Watt Scott and Mary Scott had, on the other hand, a daughter Margaret, who married Gilbert Elliott, of Stobs, known as 'Giggie wi' the gowden garters,' and became grandmother of the first Gilbert Elliot (1651-1718). His granddaughter in turn was Cecilia Elphinstone, the grandmother of Rev. Lewis Balfour, D.D., of Colinton, the grandfather of Louis Stevenson. Cecilia Elphinstone's son, John Balfour, and Sir Walter Scott were thus fifth cousins. When Stevenson wrote in 'Memories and Portraits' 'I have shaken a spear in the Debateable Land and shouted the slogan of the Elliots' he was within a little of making this discovery. It is hard to say whether he would have been more delighted at finding he was 'sib to Sir Walter' or an inheritor of the traditions of the great Border family."

Water Wonders.

"Water Wonders" is the latest volume in an admirable series of books for children entitled "Every Child Should Know." The present book is by Jean M. Thompson, a well-known teacher, who tells most interestingly what science has discovered regarding the familiar marvels of dew, frost, snow, ice, and rain. It is written in simple, plain language, and so interestingly that most children would be glad to read the book, and would hardly understand at all that they were being instructed. As should be the case with all books designed for children, this volume is prolific in illustrations and these, being from photographs, are marvelously accurate and interesting. Some of the photographs of snow-crystals are strikingly beautiful in design and the story of how these are formed, how intense cold or difference in altitude affects their shape and the designs etched upon them is very interesting. A most helpful and well written book. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.)

WITH THE NEW BOOKS

Howe's Volume on "The British City" Is Timely.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

A Disappointing Yarn by Onoto Watanna—A Good Indian Story with Natural History Effects, and a New Tale by the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

F. C. Howe, who took a position as an expert on the question of municipal ownership, and allied economic topics, by his volume on "The City," has, since that book appeared, been making a careful and intimate study of municipal organization in Great Britain, the result of which he has embodied in a work called "The British City." It is in the British city that the principal of municipal ownership has borne the best fruits, and Mr. Howe's account of what has been done is full of detail, historical and statistical. His book is also a critical discussion of the workings of municipal ownership in Great Britain, and a lesson is drawn from various British cities which may, with profit, be studied by those interested in the subject for the United States. Mr. Howe's point of view is strictly the economic one. He is careful to differentiate between the British city and the administration of British cities. Many of us have been taught to regard English political organization and administration as perfect; this view is not held by Mr. Howe. But he does insist that the British city is a great success. It is free from corruption; its organization is simple, direct, and democratic. There is no machine, no spoils system. Says Mr. Howe: "Great Britain's local politics are in the hands of her business men."

The difficulty with the British city, as such, is that it is under the servitude of an economic master, the Parliament. Despite its unquestioned honesty and efficiency, the British city is the ward of its feudal master, which is as indifferent to the needs of humanity, and as arrogant in oppression of the people as "any boss in any American city." Very interesting is Mr. Howe's view of the city of to-morrow, which, he thinks, will seek to relieve the vicarious cost of those who contribute their lives to the making of a city. He says:

It will become a sympathetic political organization, inspired by no abstract formulas of the proper limits of co-operative activity save the fundamental one that the end of government is the welfare of the people. Such a sense is already a long way advanced. The change which has come over the attitude of the cities of the United States is little short of revolutionary. The city is being inspired by a new morality. It lies latent in every community, and only needs a leader to call it into life. It is the morality of social justice, which is the mission of industrial democracy to the modern world. It is this that makes the city of to-morrow the hope of civilization, just as the city of to-day is its despair.

This is a scholarly and painstaking work that should be of great value to publicists, and to those citizens who take to heart the problems of government which all good citizens should understand. (New York: The Macmillan Co.)

"Bacterial Infections of the Digestive Tract," by C. A. Herter, M. D., professor of pharmacology and therapeutics in Columbia University, is the expansion of a lecture recently delivered at the New York Academy of Medicine, before the Harvey Society for the Diffusion of Medical Knowledge. The volume is not intended at all for the general reader; indeed, hardly for the general practitioner of medicine, but for the specialist. It deals in a technical and scientific way with the bacterial conditions of the digestive tract, and this involves, of course, more or less a discussion of pure food, care in diet, and so on; subjects in which the general public are recently taking much interest. Dr. Herter believes that with proper knowledge of the bacteria that infest the digestive tract, and the way they should be avoided, or treated, would do much to prolong human life, and, therefore, the volume has a sociological side, as well as a medical one. (New York: The Macmillan Co.)

"Spirit Lake," by Arthur Heming, is a cleverly told Indian story, illustrated by the author. It deals with the Saulteaux Indians, the greatest fur hunters in Canada, and it is evident that the author knows them and their characteristics well. They are a branch of the Ojibways, one of the tribe of the Algonquin family. The story follows the fortunes of a fur hunter, named Standing Wolf, who is warned by the conjuror of his tribe not to visit certain hunting grounds for fear of death. In spite of the warning, Standing Wolf visits the grounds at Spirit Lake, taking his family with him. His adventures are described with much detail and considerable interest. The reader is inducted into the art of trapping foxes and wolves; of killing moose and bear, and gets a vivid picture of the Indian, self-sufficient in the trackless wilderness. There is a good deal of natural history in the book, and some curious things are told about the animals, notably the wolverine; so it is to be hoped that no one will attach the epithet "nature-faker" to Mr. Herter's well-written book. (New York: The Macmillan Co.)

"Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther" is a new story by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and it is almost as interesting as this, one of the most famous of recent stories. The novel is in the form of letters, all of them from Rose Marie Schmidt. At first one thinks it is to be a love story, pure and simple, for the first letters dated from Jena are to "My dear Roger," and the very first letter from Rose Marie starts out with, "This is only to tell you that I love you." All of the letters are full of love for this unknown Roger, who is in England, until it seems that his father objects to his marrying, and then Rose Marie gives him up in a heart-breaking epistle. She writes:

But do you suppose that having given you all this, I am going to give you my soul as well? To mean my life away, my beautiful life? You are not worth it. You are not worth anything, hardly. You are quite invertebrate. My life shall be splendid in spite of you. You shall not cheat me of one single chance of heaven. Now good-by. Please burn this last one, too. I suppose no one who heard it would quite believe this story, would quite believe it possible for a man to go such lengths of—shall we call it unkindness?—to a girl in a single month; but you and I know it is true.

That letter is dated December 4. There is a pause, and then begins on March 5 the letters to Mr. Anstruther. Formal at first, they soon grow into friendliness, then into warm friendship. Her letters are very dear. They are full of nice gossip, there are humorous descriptions of the fathers and lovers, the mothers and students, the gossips and cooks of the little German town—she soon moves to Galgenberg—in which Rose Marie lives. There is literary talk, too, and philosophy, and snatches of poetry here and there, and sane talk about Goethe, and side-remarks on Schiller; little discussions about Wordsworth and Burns and Shelley, all most delightful, artless, and interesting. No wonder the mysterious Mr. Anstruther fell in love with Fraulein Schmidt. By January he has declared himself by letter. On January 16 we find Rose Marie writing:

Well, there is no help, then. You will do it. You will put an end to it. You have written to me a love letter, the thing I have been trying so hard for so long to stop your doing, and there is nothing to be done but to drop into silence.

Still Mr. Anstruther persists, until at last he gets five letters in rapid succession. Thus they run: "It would be useless;" "I would not see you;" "I do not love you;" "I will never marry you;" "I shall not write again," and that ends the romance of Rose Marie; but does it really end it, after all? (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Militants," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, is a collection of short stories, every one of which is a delight. They are, as the title page says, "Stories of Some Parsons, Soldiers, and Other Fighters in the World." The first story, "The Bishop's Silence," is one of the best in the book. The bishop is appealed to by the son of his old friend and schoolmate. The father is opposing the young man's marriage to a charming girl, simply because the girl's mother had jilted him for a man who turned out to be worthless. The bishop also had loved Eleanor's mother, and the fight he has is in his own soul, whether or not to lay bare the secrets of his heart to put his old friend in the right road to forgiveness. Equally touching is the story of another parson, "The Witnesses." He is a simple old man, the rector of a small church. The world has moved ahead, but he seems to have stood still, still preaching the old doctrine in the old way. He feels, suddenly, that life has been a failure, and that he has accomplished nothing. Then, that night, a father and son who have been separated come together, and the son confesses that it is because of a sermon he has heard from the poor old parson, and the father, glad of the prodigal's return, confesses to the son of the wise and beneficent influence that was worked on him by a parson with whom he traveled to Europe once. It was the poor parson's only trip abroad. These two, father and son, are the witnesses to the good that a blameless life may accomplish. The last story in the book is a sheer delight, both from its subject and its literary quality. It is called, "The Little Revenge," and its scene is laid near Biddeford, in Devon, where the old "Revenge" hailed from; she that was sailed by Sir Richard Grenville. Two American women are there, and they meet another Sir Richard Grenville, a descendant of the famous fighter, and he has a "Little Revenge," and the romance that ensues is altogether charming. This is as good a volume of short stories, some eight altogether, as has been published in many a day; it offers a lot of good, clean, and healthy enjoyment to all who read. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Diary of Delia," by Onoto Watanna, is not a bit like the previous writings of this clever Eurasian. This, instead of being a dainty Japanese story, is a chronicle of an American kitchen, with some sidelights on the parlor. Delia is an Irish cook, and the book is in the form of her diary. The family she lives with is not at all remarkable, and Delia has all sorts of rows with her mistress. She tells of her troubles and experiences in getting another place, and after all, she returns to the old job. Thereafter she chronicles the fortunes of the family in a semi-humorous way, and, incidentally, tells something of her own love affairs with the tradespeople. The story is slight. Meant to be funny, it rather misses the mark, and as a matter of fact is hardly worth the trouble of reading. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"The Princess Virginia" is the latest novel from the prolific pen, or pens, of C. N. and A. M. Williamson. While one is in the midst of the excitement of this story, there is a savory taste of entertainment, afterward the thought and question, "Why?" arise with dogged persistence. The story has a sort of "Prisoner of Zenda" effect, in so much that it uses the same overworked imaginary country, court, princess, and emperor. The altogether fascinating Princess Virginia boasts quite brazely—even throwing in an occasional "d——"—of an American grandmother, and a disposition of recklessness which the authors consider are analogous. She has never seen the Emperor, but has her room and her pericadlum quite full of his pictures. He has never seen her, his heart has never been touched by woman (that fact alone would let us know that he was a fictitious man). "Rhentian" demands an heir, so the master of ceremony hunts up a suitable wife. The Princess Virginia is selected, but swears that never will she give her hand where her heart is not first sought. The wildest scheme possible is evolved in that Americanesque head, and the grand duchess, her mother, after very little persuasion, consents to help in the mad chase for the heart of the Emperor. How utterly useless to say that she makes a perfect ass of an otherwise fine man; gets all that she thinks worth while, and—oh, well; if you have two or three hours unoccupied, read it, and you will know. (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.)

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Fielding Sold "Tom Jones" When He Was Hard Up.

The recently celebrated bicentenary of Henry Fielding, and the issuance, by the Harpers, of a complete and definitive edition of his writings, have called renewed attention to this great author, whose words have held unbroken popularity for over a century and a half.

The most famous of his books is "Tom Jones." But when he had finished writing "Tom Jones" he had run out of money, and was imperatively faced with a demand for the payment of a debt of £20.

Manuscript in hand, he went to a publisher, offering to sell the story outright for a lump sum. In spite of his urgency, there was a few days' delay. Then the publisher met him with doubt.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Fielding, that your book does not quite—well—does not seem to have hit it off at all successfully. I am afraid of it, sir; afraid it will be a failure. Twenty-five pounds is the most that I could possibly give."

Fielding, despondent and desperate, was in no mood to protest. The sum named would at least enable him to meet his most pressing debt, and would leave a slight balance. "Well, I'll take it," he said.

"Not so fast, Mr. Fielding. I did not say I could certainly give that sum. I must think about it."

Fielding, now angry, demanded his manuscript and went away.

Moodily walking along Fleet street, he met a friend, the poet Thomson, who, demanding to know the cause of his melancholy, heard the tale with indignation, and, taking the manuscript from Fielding's hands, went enthusiastically with it to another publisher.

Next day, still in a friendly glow, Thomson arranged to meet at a tavern with this publisher and Fielding.

"Well, what will you offer my friend for his story?" demanded Thomson, after social preliminaries such as an old-time tavern could offer. "Make it high enough, now, as I warn you he won't accept!"

The publisher nervously cleared his throat. "It seems to be a pretty good sort of thing," he began, "but I don't see how I can risk paying Mr. Fielding more than £200 for it. Yes, I will offer £200."

Thomson, bent upon a good bargain for his friend, was on the point of gravely holding out for another hundred, but before he could speak there was a gladsome cry from Fielding. "My dear sir! The book is yours! Give me the £200!"

POEMS OF EMOTION

A BOOK OF FIERY VERSE.

There is no doubt but that many will remark the curious parallel between the volume of verse called "Poems of Emotional Love," by Mrs. Ruth Crosby Dimmick, and the "Poems of Passion," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Indeed, Mrs. Dimmick, who is now in Washington, has already been christened the Ella Wheeler Wilcox of St. Louis, though the parallel extends further, even to the fact that both Mrs. Dimmick and the other "passionate poetess" both hail from Oshkosh, Wis.

There is a lilt and a rhythm to the poems of Mrs. Dimmick that remind one forcibly of the "poems of passion," and they are equally as intense and amorous. Nearly all of the emotional poets have their ardent wooers visit them in their dreams and Mrs. Dimmick is no exception. She has "A Dream of You," and is almost naughty in its intensity:

I dreamed of you at the break of day.
At the close of a weary, sleepless night,
You had come to me with the moon's last ray
And I kissed your red lips white.

I held you close in exquisite bliss
While near to my cheek your soft hair fell,
My soul caught fire from your kiss
And surged like a flame from hell.

And you, with your proud and haughty way,
My love, with the insolent, beautiful face,
Forgot the role that you had to play
And melted in love's embrace.

Ah, God! it was only a dream I had
On my lonely cot at the break of day.
It was only a dream, but it drove me mad
To wake and find you away.

And I knelt by my cot and prayed, I swear—
A thing that I never was known to do—
And I asked God to grant, if he heard my prayer,
But one more dream of you.

One curious thing about these poems is that they take but small account of the soul, they are "of the earth earthy" when it comes to praising the beauties of the body. In these verses the reader shall find strophes to "the smile of your mouth," to "the touch of your lips," to "your arms around me," to "veins a-tingle," to the "poor worn heart," and many other features. Many of them are summed up in the little poem "Unequaled:"

There never were eyes like yours,
Nor hair with such wavy flow;
There never were lips like yours,
Nor kisses like yours, I know.

The gentleman who inspired this volume of verse must have been—pardon the slang phrase, nothing else fits quite so well—a "corker." He was needed very much at all times. There are times when she calls him a doubter and says:

But I wish sometimes you knew it,
That your heart could realize,
How I sometimes sit in silence
Looking out upon the skies,
Longing just to have you with me,
Longing but your face to see,
And would give the world to know that
You were thinking then of me.

Thoughts of you are with me always—
When awake, and in my dreams
I can even feel your kisses
On my lips, and strange it seems
That when friends are gathered 'round me,
Friends I number by the host,
With so much to make me happy,
It is then I miss you most.

There are so many dreams in the book that one feels that this volume is the product of many uneasy nights. In one of her dreams she tells us how—

The tinkle of a nearby stream
And croak of frogs came to me,
Soft blended in a golden dream
Beneath the moonlight's mellow gleam,
While in my heart joy reigned supreme
And joy thrilled through and through me.

In makes one think, somehow, of Mrs. Leo Hunter and her

On a log,
Expiring frog!

Sometimes, of course, the hot, mad, and unchecked course of this fiery love seems to eat up all the emotions of the poet, and

There are times when I think my heart has grown
indifferent, blase.
There are times when it seems I do not care
How goes the hour of day,
Just so long as the weary old world wags on
And lets me go my way.

But, of course, she soon gets over this sort of mood and looks forward to meeting Mr. Inspiration again, and then—

* * * there are times when I know my heart
Is like a furnace fire,
When I long for the world and my spirits bound
To heights from out of the mire;
When my whole being thrills and I seethe and surge
With passion and desire.

In her power for drawing a distinct, if rather startling, picture, Mrs. Dimmick can hardly be surpassed by any modern poet of the emotions. It is so realistic as to be almost painful, the thought of a poetess seething and surging. Then it is, indeed, that she feels her loneliness, for in the next verse she sings:

Then I want but you, dear, with those lips of yours,
And feel I could abide
For eternity held in your tender arms,
No matter what betide,
For a love like the love that consumes my soul
Must needs be satisfied.

And the more she thinks about it the more she has to write, confessing, coyly:

And to-night is the time when my heart beats high—
I want to feel you near,
Come to me in the dark * * *

But, pshaw! It's not fair to quote any more—not from that poem, at any rate.

Apparently all that the inspirational gentleman could answer the poetess in response to her appeal was to ask her if she missed him. A nice sort of a question to a lady whose heart has grown "indifferent, blase." Of course, his asking her, "Do you miss me?" gives the poet another chance, and she comes back with:

Do I miss you, you ask, dear; well, "missing"
Is scarcely the word to express
The closeness that smothers my being,
My feeling of heart hungriness.

Am I lonely without you, you question?
Well, "lonely" could never impart
To you so you'd half understand it,
The longing that gnaws at my heart.

Do I want you? Ah, love, can you doubt it?
Does the sand on the plain want the rain
After a long, arid season?
If it does, then I want you again.

There is, if one chooses to search for it, a real tragedy hidden in the pages of "Poems of Emotional Love," and one can only hope, for the poet's sake, that the volume is not at all autobiographical. For it is soon evident that in spite of "the longing that gnaws," and the "I want to feel you near," to say nothing about "the furnace fire" and "those lips of yours," that the gentleman grew cold, and so the poet sinks into tender lamentation and mild reproach in her poem, "The End." It is really very sad:

And our love has been only amusement
To while 'way the hours for you?
And the pleasure was such an inducement
That you toyed with a heart that was true?

Well, go, and I'll try to forget you.
Ah! yes, I will try to forget;
But I wish, dear, I never had met you,
For the end has not come to me yet.

The "me" in that last line is underscored, if you please, to make it more emphatic, and although Mrs. Dimmick makes an effort after that to be gay with a ballad about "Dan Malone," the remaining poems strike a note of chastened sorrow and melancholy. There is "At Twilight," in which she says: "I fancy once again my old sweetheart has come to me, and in the dark I seem to feel his touch and hear his bated breath. And whispers that could lure me through the stream of life to death." And another poem, "Changed," tells us how "I lost the world, sweetheart, in losing you," and last of all, comes "Dead Love," in which the reader may learn that seeking for "a newer love" can never really satisfy.

There is no doubt that these poems are "emotional," all right; the emotion seems to overflow. Those quoted are only a few samples of Mrs. Dimmick's genius; there are many more gems of love-verse to be had in this volume for the seeking.

The volume has a verse of dedication to one—

Whose voice has called: "Go, plume thy wings and soar;
Gaze on the stars, strive to outwing the lark."

An admonition, which, in the volume before us, Mrs. Dimmick has gallantly obeyed. Pluming her poetic wings—for the metaphor must not be taken literally, of course—she has soared high into the empryean ether of poesy, and the lark is left far behind.

Further to commend the volume, it contains a portrait of Mrs. Dimmick in evening dress, and some other illustrations. It is a pretty book, bound in gray cloth, lettered in gold, and it is published by W. B. Conkey & Co., in Chicago. Brentano has it on sale.

NEWSPAPERS IMPROVING

All the Gains for Good Government Due to the Press.

The American newspaper has been the worthy subject of eulogy by an enlightened solicitor for advertising, says Harper's Weekly. He says, in effect, that the New York newspaper has enormously improved, and that what has been called sensationalism has almost disappeared. Not to dwell upon any topic that may excite unpleasant or regretful contemplation, it may be well to say that all newspaper men, and many intelligent laymen, have long been conscious that the New York newspapers have long been rising to the intellectual and spiritual heights which many provincial newspapers of this country, with some exceptions, of course—for it is inevitable that some editors and publishers are no better than they should be—have always been better than the politicians. Another fact is that almost, if not quite, all our gains for local good government are due to the press. The same may be said of the influence of the press in securing good government for the country at large; while Mr. Godkin, who was a war correspondent in his younger days, used to say that the most noteworthy result of the Crimean war was the modern war correspondent. The critic of events, the exposer of wrong and sham and of the bad treatment of soldiers, the discloser of the incapacity of leaders of armies, the describer of war's horrors—this was the war correspondent. And what of the newspaper's exposition of political offenders? All this has lain in the back of the heads of the men who have made newspapers. But there have been concessions by newsgatherers to what they have regarded as the public taste, and those who try to play down to the crowd almost always get below its level. The episode seems to have passed, according to the illuminating advertising gentleman, but there was once a time when the newsgatherer was very contemptuous of the editorial page. There was once a managing editor of a New York newspaper who was so successful in the management of his job that he expected to succeed the editor-in-chief, who was one of the foremost of his class. "And when I do succeed," he used to say, "the first thing I'll do will be to kill the editorial page." Well, he did at last succeed, and the editorial page is livelier than ever.

HOLLAND'S QUEEN.

She Has All the Wondrous Egotism of Her Race.

The American impression of a poor little Wilhelmina cowering beneath the brutalities of the man she asked to marry her is extremely curious to those residents of The Hague who understand the sort of disposition for which the house of Orange is celebrated. For Wilhelmina is a true daughter of the house of Orange. The Queen's mother, the most obedient of parents, has proclaimed this more than once, says Current Literature.

She is never forgetful of her own immense importance to Holland. When, five years