LITERATURE

THE FARERS.

There is no goal,
No perfect thing to mock us with completeness,
No utter truth, no final depthe of love,
The hills hold restful places, but no place of rest.
Outworn, our staff we fling and get us yet another,
For the lure of fairer vales is on us—
The sweet sad spell of what we call Beyond,
And this is life, my comrades, this is life—
A glass to it, and then—the beckoning Way!
—Richard Wightman, in "Success Magazine."

TILL NIGHT SHALL COME.

"How breaks the day?" you ask with patient eyes—
Cold broods the earth: no breath along the skies,
The hills yet watch the paling planets tread
Their muted paths: but o'er the long lake's head
One fainting star concedes its sacrifice:
So close your eyes awhile till night is dead.

"How runs the hour?" you breathe with fevered lips—
White noon is here. The drifting bee that sips
Its rose inclines the wing. Along the shore
The timid wind sings low: and ever lower
The lazy wave among the rushes slips:
So drowse again till dusk shall touch your door.

"Is night yet come?"—thin fingers on your breast—
The clamoring rooks drop down the amber west
Where veiled fields their praying hands uphold.
Again the fireflies swing their lamps of gold,
And white moths flicker in unseeing quest:
So rest you softly now—your day is told
—Gardner Weeks Wood, in Harper's Weekly.

Every step in the advance of fiction since the middle of the nineteenth century has been toward the representation of life in the light of its native unfolding, just as during the same period every advance in science has been toward the disclosure, not of wonders attributable to nature, but of those which natively belong to her and which she herself reveals to man's waiting vision. Meredith and Hardy were, in different ways the prophets of this ultramodern fiction, and the disciples of Meredith, or at least his natural successors in the lines of his prophecy—such men as Conrad and Hewlett and Henry James—have been masterly creators and interpreters; but the real development in this new field has been due mainly to women, because of their more intimate sense of life in its near and common aspects and in its natural becomings, and because that kind of mastery which made the old art did not come in the way of their progress toward the new naturalism.

* * *

There seems to be some possibility that Maurice Maeterlinck will come to America as the guest of the New Theater. Maeterlinck's fame, based on "Monna Vanna" and "Sister Beatrice" in the theater, is now firmly fixed in the library as well—"Monna Vanna" is a book being in far greater demand than "Monna Vanna" as an acting play.

Bookish talk in various quarters has indicated recently that the reading public is taking more kindly to the essay and is, in fact, beginning to buy volumes of this kind in appreciable quantities. Fresh evidence of this is the printing this week of another edition of "The Human Way," by Louise Collier Wilcox. It is not yet a year old, and to achieve a reprinting before a birthday is not common for a book of the class of "The Human Way."

* * *

The first "Napoleon" book this autumn will be Tighe Hopkins' "The Women Napoleon Loved" in which this painstaking and talented English author has, after assiduous research, set forth Napoleon's relations with the other sex. The book, adorned with six photogravure portraits, will be imported and published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

* * *

Jack London has an affection for children, and he once made the acquaintance of twin sisters of six.

"Good morning," my dear," he said one morning, meeting one of them on the street; "and which one of the twins are you?"

The little lassie looked up into his face and said very gravely:

"I'm the one what's out walkin'."—

* * *

Mr. Meredith Nicholson's new novel, "The Siege of the Seven Suitors," is announced for publication this autumn by Houghton, Mifflin Co.

* * *

In "The Fruit of Desire"—a new novel said to be written by a well-known author over the pen-name Virginia Demarest—there is a portrait of a benevolent blind old merchant which shows uncommon sympathy with the trials of those who live "in the dark." Many of the details suggest that the picture was drawn from life, and the fact that the old Broadway merchant of the story is a southerner, who is constantly helping other southerners adrift in New York, makes it seem likely that the author had in mind the late Charles Broadway Rouse.

* * *

An order for several copies of "The Ramrodders" has come from Cairo, Egypt. This new novel by Holman Day has a strong element of politics which seems to explain the various inquiries the Harpers have received from remote countries. The Ramrodders" gives a picture of American political methods in operation through the doings of Thelismer Thornton, who is something of a David Harum as well as a politician.

* * *

"Snow-Fire," the recently published novel by the author of The Martyrdom of an Empress," has been placed under the ban of the imperial censor in Russia on the ground that the character of the heroine, Dtria Miktelovna, is nothing more nor less than a thinly veiled portrait of a member of the reigning family. Members of the court of the czar and St. Petersburg society generally have recognized the popular and clever Grandduchess Marie Pavlovna in the figure of Daira in Snow-Fire," and now apparently the imperial censor by his tactless decree forbidding the sale of the book in Russia has given official confirmation of the excellence of the likeness.

* * *

Another author to receive the order of merit xith Thomas Hardy is Sir William Crooks, who had been knighted already, an honor which Hardy declined. Sir William's latest book was brought out in this country last spring by the Harpers. Its title is "Diamonds," and it is the latest addition to "Harper's Library of Living Thought."

* * *

The close of the dramatic season is distinguished by three significant revivals. Such revivals point to a hopeful reaction toward permanent standards, and foreshadow the function of the repertory theater which Mr Frohman intends to establish. If the custom is to prevail that every play produced must be new, the old ones to be completely abandoned and permanence granted to no play, however meritorious, then, thinks the Theater Magazine, the dissolution of dramatic art in America is not far away. This year, however, proves that managers are not afraid to look back. There are, of course, some stock plays whose perennial appeal has won them a permanent place on theatrical programs. The most acted plays, according to Edwin Hopkins in The Dramatic Mirror, are: "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and "East Lynne." These are followed closely by "Camille," "The Two Orphans," "Rip Van Winkle," and "Hamlet." The list is completed by "Jerry the Tramp," "Hazel Kirke," "Faust," "Way Down East," "The Old Homestead" and "The Lady of Lyons." A study of the causes which have given these plays their wonderful popularity and which has enabled them to live while such once popular plays as "Virginius," "Ingomar," "Damon and Pythias" are practically gone, should Mr. Hopkins avers, engage the most serious attention of the playwrights now so busy writing failures. It may be said that all these plays possess, in addition to whatever artistic merit may be found in them, a strong primitive, melodramatic appeal. In saying this we are not forgetting either "Hamlet" or "Faust."—Current Literature.

* * *

Few if any men now living are more conversant than Richard Le Gallienne is with the work of the poets in the Old World as well as the new. It is distinctly reassuring to find him saying in The Forum that "anyone who has made it his business or pleasure to watch the American literary situation must have been struck by the widespread ferment of poetical feeling in young America and by the widespread distribution of really notable poetic talent." He has been impressed, as we have been by the number of young poets in this country "writing verse of a fine quality," and he is disposed to believe that Whitman's prophecy has come true and that "the muses have migrated from Greece and Ionia and come to dwell beneath the stars and stripes." He goes on to say: "Every age is materialistic, every age is poetic. Every land is materialistic, every land is poetic. Every country has its bourgeoise, and even in France and Italy.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

VIOLA PRATT GILLETTE IN HER SALT LAKE OPERA DAYS.

This picture of Mrs. Gillette, who is still singing in light opera in the east, shows her in the old days, when she was a member of the opera company organized by Prof. Stephens from the forces of the Tabernacle choir. Soon after that, Mrs. Gillette, (then Miss Pratt), went east, where she has ever since remained. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milando Pratt of this city, but makes her home in New York.

BOOKS

"The Auto Boys' Quest," is the title of the third volume in the Auto Boys series, by James A. Braden, and doubtless thousands of boys between the ages of 10 and 16 will be glad to learn that it will be on the market within the month. The author of this popular series is James A. Braden who has scored so many successes in writing books for boys until now it is only necessary to say a "Braden Book," to recommend it to his large audience.

"The Auto Boys' Quest," is a rollicking tale of four manly fellows who figure in the first two volumes. This season they take their touring car into one of the great lumber tracts on a secret mission which has been planned months before. As usual, their doings cause much comment among their comrades, for the "Auto Boys" kept their business dealings to themselves. This fact was responsible for three rival boys known as the Chosen Trio, to attempt to follow them and to put their plans to route. How the Auto Boys succeeded in giving them the slip, the ingenuity of the rival set in ferreting out their destination and the result of the exciting chase is too good a story to be spoilt by our pen. It must be left to Mr. Braden to tell it adequately. One of the chief features of the book is the description of a great automobile race which all the boys attended, as their journey led them close to its course. All boys are interested in automobiles—and where is there one who is not?—will be enwrapped in this story from start to finish.

* * *

Fetching rhymes each illustrated with a full page drawing done in colors are the prime favorites with smaller children, and there is none that can excel the excellent book under the title of "The Discontented Stuffed Cat, and Other Moral Tales," published in August by The Saalfield Publishing company, Akron, O. Both rhymes and illustrations are the work of Clara Bell Thurston, by no means an unknown person in the realm of juvenile literature.

This new book of hers revels in humor. Each bit of verse is sure to bring a quick laugh at the first reading, and before aware of the actin, the pages are being turned in eager search for one which has made a particularly strong appeal. Such is

THE DECEITFUL DODO.

The Dodo met a Frog by chance,
And said, "I understand
You have 'Mushrooms to Let' my friend;
Are they quite near at hand?

The Frog, much pleased, replied,
"Oh yes!"
Then added with a grin;
"You're such a very charming bird
I'd like to take you in."

The Dodo said, "My thoughts, dear Frog,
To yours are much akin!"
Then opening his ugly bill
He took poor Froggie in!

The book comes in quarto size, the print is large and plain, and the cover, in colors, shows a tiger kitty—stuffed, of course—but sure to attract the child with a hint of the good things inside for them.

MAGAZINES.

In the September number of "Scribner's Magazine" Theodore Roosevelt tells of the rarest and, from the naturalist's point of view, the most interesting of his hunting experiences in Africa. The so-called "White"-rhino, which has the square nose of the hippopotamus and a hump on its shoulders like the sacred cow, is found in the Belgian Lado along the Nile, where Mr. Roosevelt was permitted to hunt by the Belgian government. This strange rhino used to be found in South Africa, but it has practically disappeared, and Mr. Roosevelt's account of it in its remaining stronghold, the Lado, is a record of great value. With courage and persistence Kermit was able to make a series of photographs of the living rhino such as has never been equalled. The article contains some wonderful descriptions of the journey down the Nile.

A series of articles by Gen. Frederick Funston begins in this number with "To Cuba as a Filibuster." Gen. Funston writes with an enthusiasm and spirit of adventure, with touches of humor which make his narrative as absorbing as a novel. His account of teaching patriots how to use a Hotchkiss 12-pounder over a Third avenue saloon in New York; how they smuggled it and themselves away from the United States, and how they landed on a dangerous shore in Cuba—all this is the real material of romance, told by a participant in the events. There will be four papers in this series.

William Morton Fullerton, one of the correspondents of the London Times in Paris, writes a thoughtful and clever analysis of "Mr. Roosevelt and France." He tells how he captured the imagination of the French, and how the words which he spoke came in the nick of time to have their greatest effect on the Republic.

William Harnden Foster recently went to Panama and made a series of striking pictures of the men actually at work on the great canal, and these have been reproduced in color, with a number of sketches in black and white. It is the first presentation of the artistic side of the great work, and Mr. Foser accompanies it with a graphic account of the men who are running the big shovels and the dirt-trains and putting off the blasts.

* * *

Unusual variety and interest mark the articles and short stories in the September Harper's Magazine. Of chief importance is the third and concluding instalment of Mr. Howells's "Memories of Mark Twain." In "Naples and the Lotto" Marie Van Vorst writes of the charming Italian seaport from a novel point of view, showing how the life and hopes of the common people center in the national lottery system. In striking sketches and entertaining text George Harding describes sailor life "In Port" and the seaman's idle hours ashore. "The Microbe as a Social Reformer" presents some significant facts of economic and social importance from a fresh standpoint; the author, Robert W. Bruere, writes from his long experience as manager of the New York Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Howard J. Shannon writes of "A September Day at the Seashore" and the strange minute and wonderfully beautiful microscopic forms of life which the autumn ocean casts upon the sands. "Night," by Walter Prichard Eaton, is a charming essay of nature's moods under the stars, with drawings by Walter King Stone reproduced in tint. Eight notable stories by well known writers complete the number. The authors include Joseph Conrad, Thomas A. Janvier, Norman Duncan, H. B. Marriott-Watson, Mary Heaton Vorse, Olivia Howard Dunbar, etc. A profusion of illustrations, paintings in color and in tint, add richness of effect to the number.

* * *

Ainslee's for September, with one serial, a complete novel, and 12 short stories, is a signal number. Anthony Partridge's serial, "The Golden Web," grows in interest. The complete novel, "Foreign Exchange," by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, an adaptation from the well known play of that name, is a story of big situations and tremendous climaxes. In quick succession follow a group of brilliant stories: Anne Warner's "Woman Proposes—Man?" is a piece of human satire seldom equaled. "A Meditation," by H. F. Prevost-Battersby, is so unique in conception that it is startling, and delicious in its wit. "The Chance," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, is a big story—big in its humanity and its vivid portrayal of emotion. "The Greatest of These," by Margaretta Tuttle, is a compelling story of a woman's disappointment in love. "Phyllis Puts Up Her Hair," by Owen Oliver, is a charming bit of humor. "To Study Art," by Ethel Watts Mumford, is another delightfully humorous love story. Carey Waddell has a murder mystery story cleverly solved in "In the Vice President's Car." Jane W. Guthrie contributes a clever card story entitled "The Supreme Test;" Margaret Busbee Shipp a wholesome love story in "My Confidential Friend;" and Alden Arthur Knipe tells a good story of business rivalry in a small city in "A Run On the Bank." H. Addington Bruce begins what promises to be an unusually interesting series of articles on psychic phenomena, with an absorbing essay on "Ghosts and Their Meaning." There are seven bits of verse of much merit by Helen Lanyon, Martha McCulloch-Williams, L. E. Johnston, John Kendrick Banks, Theodosia Garrison, and Clinton Scollard.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 28 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Sept. 12, 1910:

MISCELLANEOUS.

American Inst. of Electrical Engineers—Transactions, 1909, 2 vols.
Boorman—Asphalts.
DeVries—Mutation Theory.
Jessup—Fifty-three Years in Syria, 2 vols.
Kastner & Atkins—Short History of French Literature.
Lowell—Evolution of Worlds.
Mantzius—History of Theatrical Art, 5 vols.
Segall—Corneille and the Spanish Drama.
Taylor—Moliere: A Biography.
Triggs—Town Planning.
Triggs—Your Home and Its Decoration.

FICTION.

Booth—Doctor's Lass.
Kauffman—My Heart and Stephanie.
Meredith—Celt and Saxon.
Rinehart—Window at the White Cat.
Williamson—Motor Maid.

CHIDLREN'S BOOKS.

Baum—Emerald City of Oz.
Beach—Annapolis First Class Man.
Brown—Philippa at Halcyon.
Madison—In Doublet and Hose.
Tomlinson—Houseboat on the St. Lawrence.
Waller—Little Citizen.

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Casual Writing by Foreign Correspondents.

Weekly Literary Letter.

(Special Correspondence.)

PARIS, Sept. 1.—It seems to be an established rule among the literary editors of the various English weeklies to spend their annual vacation in France and to write therefrom travel twaddle under the headline, "Literary Notes." After reading their articles one wonders whether their frank disregard of the headline comes from conceit or from insolence.

Clement K. Shorter of the "Sphere" was this year's first flagrant offender. As much as I can remember of his amazing article he confessed at great length to ill-helath and to an inability to procure news in the Norman village he had elected to visit. Americans will doubtless remember Mr. Shorter as the critic who wrote the phrase "Columbia University, wherever that may be."

The most recent personal exploitation comes from "Jacob Tonson" of "The New Age." His "occasional causerie" of "Hooks and Persons" begins with the following:

"I came away for a holiday without any books, except one, and I cut off the whole of my supply of newspapers, except one. As a rule my baggage is most injurious to railway porters, and on the continent very costly, because of the number of books and neckties it contains. I wear the neckties, but I never read the books. I am always meaning to read them, but something is always preventing me. Before starting, the awful thought harasses me: Supposing I wanted to read and I had naught."

My envy of these English correspondents has been so aggravated that I have resolved to emulate them,—just once. I shall discuss my confreres in Paris; and if you don't like it, you know what you can do.

The first night in Paris I went to a studio "Tea" in the Rue Boissonnade. Among the many English people who were there was a woman who "arts," another who "sculpts" and another who "scribbles." This last was entirely recumbent on a divan and breathing heavily; an unkind person would have said that she snored. After a song from "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" had been spoken by our host, the sculptress called to the woman on the couch.

"Oh, I say, don't you do something?"

The woman opened her eyes and yawned, "W'at,—w'at?"

"I say, don't you do something?"

The woman arose to her elbow. "W'at—w'at?" Finally after she was actually sitting and after the question was repeated for the third time, she wailed: "Oh—I write," and thereupon sank back again to dream perhaps of unwritten novels. Later I learned that she was a successful playwright and a dramatic critic from Glasgow.

Before the evening was over I found myself in the Cafe Lavenue, near the Gare Montparnasse, where all good and bad Americans go. Seated beside me was a man who, any woman would say, had an interesting face—waving hair, rolling eyes, and a twitching mouth. With one eye on a tiny volume of poetry he was flirting with the other at an American widow. She was annoyed; and chivalrous to the core I determined to deflect the gaze of the offending eye.

"How is your play getting on?" I asked. It is always safe to ask people in Paris who read poetry how their plays are getting on. He turned on me with the Cheshire smile of a stroked cat. Subsequently he told me the scenario of his play. Then he told me of a play once written by him that had been stolen by the big American manager. I quite believed him, because I had seen the play.

Before Iavenue closed I had the joy of meeting three correspondents for American papers. The first was a young girl who revelled in her work; women journalists in Paris are rare and the Frenchmen love the novelty of obliging them. The second was a florid old lady who makes an excellent scandal scout; the drama and the modes are her hobbies outside her business of revealing the fallibilities of the famous.

Lastly I met a society correspondent beautifully over-dressed in the latest Broadway creation. He, yes, it was a man, told me of incidents outside my province to retell.

"I hear the correspondent for the New York —— is to resign," I remarked.

"For the last 10 years," he replied, "I have heard the same report. He thinks he is overworked. Whenever I call on him his wife arrests me at the door with a 'Sh! Harold is working' I tiptoe to his desk to find him with the loud pedal on his lungs writing at the rate of a paragraph an hour. Between his wheezing and his scratching he ought to be worn to a shadow. But look at him; he weighs an improper fraction of a ton."

WALTER ROLLINS.

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