# WITH BOOKS AND AUTHORS

## Where Washington Literary Folk Go This Summer.

## THE EXODUS ELSEWHERE

### Cool Summer Retreats Are Sought by Most Well-to-Do Authors. Some Late Productions.

THERE is great "up and fursing" among the authors these days, great dragging down of traveling cases, pitching in of summer clothes, old shoes, old hats, old manuscripts, odd bundles of notes, favorite pens, vademecums galore, all in anticipation of cooling rural retreats. Of the Washington folk many are gone, some are going. Thomas Nelson Page has already hied himself to York Harbor, Me., where he will remain until about the 1st of October. He is at work on a new novel, but has not limited himself to a time of publication. Mollie Elliot Seawell will also spend the summer on the coast of Maine, except for the latter part of the summer, when she will go to St. Andrew's, N. B., to Newport, thence to New York to confer with her publishers, and finally home in October. She is retouching her Herald prize story, "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac," which the Scribners are to publish.

She is also revising the play from which the story was taken, for it was originally intended for the stage. Chester Bailey Fernald has just returned from Maine, and is on his way to Berkeley, Cal. Mr. Fernald has two surprises for his Washington friends. One is his marriage in Berkeley this month, with attendant wedding trip to Alaska and Japan; the other a new volume of short stories to be published before he returns. Dr. William T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, has a number of projects to occupy his July and August vacation in the Adirondacks. He is preparing a small book on "The Interpretation of Goethe's Faust and Wilhelm Meister," a volume of his lectures on "The Philosophy of History," a volume on "Psychological Foundations" for the International Education series, and a new edition of "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divine Comedy." Col. Richard Malcolm Johnson will divide his time between his home in Baltimore and his office in Washington. The third week in July he will deliver three lectures at the Catholic summer school at Madison, Wis., and five at Plattsburg, N. Y., the first week in August.

A NUMBER of the authors have gone on extended holiday abroad and will not be home before fall. Among the foreign colony of American writers are Bret Harte, Harold Frederic, Henry James, T. A. Janvier, who is from long association a veritable Provencal; Edgar Fawcett and Richard Watson Gilder, who is haunting the coast of the Mediterranean. Thomas Bailey Aldrich goes to Tenants Harbor on the Maine coast, but he never knows before hand whether his "manuscript is to turn out a poem or a sermon." Stephen Crane will spend the summer just where he is on his brother's estate of 3,000 acres in Sullivan county, New York. He will not do any writing and expects to spend most of his time o'horseback. Marion Crawford sailed the latter part of May on his new yacht Aida for Mediterranean waters. He will knock about the coast of Italy and Sicily during the summer.

Richard Harding Davis went abroad early in the spring to help crown the czar. He isn't returned yet. Mary Mapes Dodge edits St. Nicholas from the Catskills during the summer. Jeanette L. Gilder arrived in old England yesterday. She will spend her holiday abroad. Joel Chandler Harris will brave Atlanta heat during the summer, "watching the children and the roses grow." Mr. Harris is always at work on one thing or another, and considers home "a mighty nice place for a holiday." W. D. Howell's address while the days are warm is Far Rockaway, L. I. He is finishing a long novel for the Harpers. Agnes Repplier will spend July on the New England coast and August in the Adirondacks. Magazine work is claiming all her attention.

It is possible that F. Hopkinson Smith will have finished his new novel, "Caleb West; Master-Driver," before he leaves for the old world. His tour-plans include July in Holland, August in Constantinople, and September in Venice. Frank Stockton is home at "The Holt," Convent Station, N. J., where he proposes to stay all summer. A prominent magazine has his name to a contract for a serial for next year, and this, mainly, will claim his attention. The White Mountains claim Mary E. Wilkins, Charles Dudley Warner will remain at home among Hartford's incomparable elms, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward is out at East Gloucester, Mass., and Kate Douglas Wiggin returns from England the last of this month to take up her abode in her summer home at Quillcote-on-Saco, Maine.

HENRY B. FULLER is disposing his public to receive him as a man of surprises. "The Chatelaine of La Trinite" came undisguisedly the work of a novice. In the train of "Penderi-Vani" he brought the most fascinating imaginative beings to brighten a jaded appetite. Now in "The Puppet Booth," which the Century adds to his productions, he flies to a new tangent. The name is but a binding thread about twelve sketches in dramatic form. These plays are curiously stimulative. They are rigidly simple in construction but their symbolism is in most instances provokingly mysterious. One reviewer has said that the theme of all of them is the sad oriental tale that by sin death came into the world. Scarcely. They are like nature who yields not her treasure without the tribute of endeavor.

To sift the gray twilight of Mr. Fuller's symbolism is agreeable speculation, for even in the dim uncertainty, there are shadows of great beauty and suggested perspectives where the glow is illuminated. Maeterlinck and Ibsen may have been studied admiringly by Fuller—they were not imitated. "Northern Lights" and "Afterglow" are the only ones which suggest stage presentation, but very remotely. The disciples of Henrick and Maurice would find them enjoyable. Fuller wears best in type, and the suggestiveness of this fanciful charm.

THOSE who are familiar with Mrs. Herbert Martin's "Her Debut," "Britemarial," and "Bonnie Leslie" will appreciate what is in store for her admirers in the latest publication by R. T. Fenno & Co. This latest novel is called "Lindsay's Girl," who is an attractive type of young English womanhood. The story is vivacious in movement and is free from didactic digressions, which encumber rather than embellish so many of the recent English romances. Mrs. Martin keeps "to her muttons," and writes story from start to finish. In many ways the tale is pleasantly old-fashioned, but of the conventional breadth that will secure it a broader than discriminating audience. Mrs. Martin knows who are her readers and writes for them.

HORACE SCUDDER tells a story illustrative of the extensive literary interests of Cambridge, the city across the river from Hartford. Says Mr. Scudder: "A clever Cambridge woman once said to me that when she met a Cambridge man and was a little at a loss for conversation she would turn upon him with the question, How is your book coming on? and the question rarely failed to bring forth a voluble answer." In connection with this interesting city it is announced that if this lady were to put this question to her literary friends now she would receive a clamor of response and all about one book. All Cambridge is at work on a composite volume about the old city. Horace Scudder is contributing a chapter on its literary life, John Fiske has the beginnings of Cambridge in hand, Thomas Wentworth Higginson has life in general to deal with in his chapter. The president of Harvard naturally discusses the university, and the bishop of Massachusetts discusses Harvard's chapel. So on through a notable list.

The occasion for this volume is the seventieth centennial of the city's corporate life. Cambridge seems much older. Its trees give it venerable distinction. Prof. John Trowbridge speaks with appreciation of a famous Cambridge man, Dr. Asa Gray, in this connection: "When the city forester proposed to remove the veteran elm which stands at my gate, an elm which has doubtless been a resident of Cambridge since the time of Cotton Mather, Dr. Gray rushed from his library and saved it, and then returned to his important labors. The tree still lives, and in the spring evenings, when I walk up Garden street beneath the row of trees which the city owes to his care and foresight, I remember the active step which at seventy years was hard to overtake, and I feel a consciousness of that immortality for which his whole life pleaded. He still lives in his works and in his trees."

ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN threatens to become prolific. It is a threat which we can afford to view with equanimity and even pleasurable anticipation, especially if the Lippincotts can assure the many friends her two novels already published have made for her that they shall be treated to no diminution of the author's charm. "The Social Highwayman" was so much admired that the expectancy for her "A Professional Beauty" was tempered with fearfulness. It is always the case with a new writer, whose first book flashes upon the unexpecting. A second effort is asked for, and no retrocession is demanded, and the criterion is the excellence of her own standard. Miss Train did not disappoint, but will she be able to maintain her plane of excellence? There is no reason to think otherwise, her two published stories being gems in miniature.

AMERICANS admire enterprise. With us it is a form of genius. Men who project great commercial steps, daring in attempt, era-making in result, are among the national heroes. It is often unconscious tribute which is paid them; it is often the uncounted reason in saying why certain men are conspicuous of their generation. That is why the life and career of Cyrus W. Field possesses an absorbing interest to the reader aside from the charm and thoroughness of his sister's biography of him. Field was a man of great parts. Those who knew him proclaimed it, and those who must take his career at veracious second hand are convinced of it. He was a typical, self-made American, possessed of indomitable perseverance and the intuitive shrewdness that winged him to wealth and renown. To Mr. Field's enterprise and pertinacity is really due the laying of the Atlantic cable, and his share in developing the elevated railroad system in New York is the history of the road. There is more real romance in the life of such a man than novelists crowd into volumes of fiction. The Harpers seem to have planned a notable biography for every month. Barras, Mary Anderson, and Field are an achievement as a spring trio.

SIR WALTER BESANT has contributed an introduction to "An Old Situation," the novel by Stanley Waterloo, of Chicago, which is to be published in book form soon in London and Chicago. The Englishman does not pay so much attention to Waterloo himself as to Chicago as a "literary center." He pays his compliments to the Western city in an appreciative manner, which cannot be otherwise than agreeable to our national pride. He speaks of the novelists, poets and essayists who have sprung up there, and adds that "it may be objected that this is nothing but a provincial coterie, which will presently disappear." He then gives his reasons for believing that such "will not be the fate of the Chicago movement." First, he says, "the city is so huge that there must be continually born in it, or brought into it from the country, persons with the literary gift." He has found to exist in the Northwest an unbounded admiration for the literary calling—a feeling which ought of itself to raise up aspirants.

He calls attention to the fact that in Chicago they have a university, with professors of literature, and libraries. They have also for the higher culture colleges, theaters, galleries of paintings, schools of art, lectures of all kinds; they have a sober, conscientious, and scholarly journal of criticism (the Dial), and Chicago is within the influence of the literary circles which are found in every little township of the Mississippi Valley, by means of which the children at least are taught the dignity, the might, and the glory of literature.

"TRUMPETER FRED" is a contribution to the boys' literature by the protific Captain Charles King, and published in handy size and attractive color by Neely. "Trumpeter Fred," is the son of a war dog, and grew up with "regular" out on the plains. He was a favorite with the officers and the men and if the Indians had known whose Winchester had nipped off so many of their companions and ponies, they would have counted Fred a terror to the tribes. His adventures on the frontier are the theme of Captain King's story, and they are as graphic in description as they are stirring in incident.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Zola is but fifty-six years old.

Henry M. Field was a ninth child.

Henry B. Fuller is a Chicago man.

A Rosetti birthday book is announced.

David Christie Murray was born in 1847.

Thomas Hardy has so far written twelve novels.

There are 1,200 newsdealers in Philadelphia.

A good history of Australia is a real novelty.

The Chaucer cult is growing to extensive proportions.

American books sell better in America than English.

Swinburne dedicates his latest long poem to his mother.

Stephan Crane says he loves color. His pages prove it.

A new volume of short stories by Henry James is coming.

Stephen Crane lives at Hartwood, Sullivan county, N. Y.

A new story by Crockett is about to be put in book form.

Max O'Rell's ill of the overwork he blames us for indulging in.

Dr. Parkhurst will be alumni orator at Amherst this year.

Rev. Lyman Abbott will deliver the Harvard baccalaureate.

During May five periodicals expired, twenty-one were born.

The cockney dialect is spreading into London drawing rooms.

A Burns revival is in sight. His centennial is July 21, next.

Madison Cawein, the author of "Undertones," is a Kentuckian.

Between 1822 and 1849 Capt. Marryatt wrote twenty-six books.

The earliest forms of parody were called "Batrachomyomachia."

Julian Hawthorne was in Washington during the last fortnight.

They speak of Crawford's newest novel as being neat in pattern.

There are twenty publishing firms in one new building in New York.

Austin Dobson once called chat of books "the infusoria of literature."

Elia W. Peattie, the author of "A Mountain Woman," is a Nebraskan.

The University of Pennsylvania has recently come in for $3,000,000.

Some of the dime magazines are finding it hard to make ends meet.

Rudyard Kipling's father, Lockwood Kipling, often illustrates his son's books.

The inscription on Prof. Thomas Huxley's monument was written by his wife.

Mark Twain visited the Johannesburg prisoners shortly before their release.

Queen's only third—seven years old, but he is old enough to know better.

The Chap Book during this and last June has been heavy with Stevensonia.

Of the 451 universities in America, nearly three-fifths are coeducational.

A biography of Gladstone, illustrated entirely from Punch, is certainly a novelty.

Dr. Felix Adler organized the Ethical Society of New York twenty-six years ago.

Louis Zangwill's first effort does indicate that he shares brother Israel's talents.

George W. Smalley has in preparation a number of works based on his European travel.

Justin McCarthy has given up politics for literature. His next publication will be his reminiscences, then a book on the Pope; third, a novel; then a collection of short stories.

Ian Maclaren comes next fall. Dr. Watson is a Presbyterian divine in active service.

Baron Rothschild has come into literature with a volume of anecdotes of French history.

The author of "The Courtship of Maurice Buckler" is compared with Stanley Weyman.

Borodin, the Russian composer, is little known to Americans. He was a chemist by profession.

The critics charge Conan Doyle with potboiling, and scent deterioration in his over-production.

It is said that Richard Le Gallienne is coming America-ward in the autumn. He will lecture.

The June Bookbuyer has a new portrait of Mollie Elliot Sewell and one of Gen. A. W. Greeley.

A page of Thoreau gives a deeper insight [illegible] than a volume of biography or commentary.

Margaret Deland's husband is writing a book on football. He is the inventor of the Deland wedge.

A Japanese writer calls the English language "the intellectual currency of the commercial world."

"In Defiance of the King" is Chauncey C. Hotchkiss' first novel. It is revolutionary in time.

It is said that many dealers are boycotting Munsey's because it raised its wholesale price.

R. D. Blackmore is evidently sensitive of criticism. He wrote a letter of protest to the Critic recently.

The disciples and apostles of university extension insist that the work is growing and producing fruit.

Mrs. Kipling is her husband's guard against bores and autograph nuisances. She tends to all correspondence.

Marie Correlli says: "I am happily unmarried, which is so much better than being unhappily married."

Douglas Sladen has been touring Sicily all winter preparing a chatty guide book similar to his other works.

Fifty-two years ago last month the first words were flashed on a telegraph between this city and Baltimore.

Henry D. Lloyd is only of Chicago by adoption. He is one of the army which has gone West for growth.

Eleanor Stuart is only the pseudonym of the author of "Stone Pastures." She is a Pennsylvania woman.

Richard Malcolm Johnson is a Georgian by birth, and last March he celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday.

Anna Robinson Brown begins to hold substantial ground in the literary world; she lives in Philadelphia.

The American Newspaper Directory this year lists 20,630 newspapers, of which 2,052 are new ventures.

Mollie Elliot Sewell's first signed story was "Maid Marion," which Rosina Vokes had dramatized and acted.

Stephane Mallarme is a difficult man for publishers to approach, and his name is not often found in magazines.

Early editions of American authors are bringing better prices than the early publications of English authors.

Gilbert Parker is again to be before the public presently with a new Canadian story, "The Pomp of the Lavilettes."

Elizabeth Phelps Train, the author of "A Social Highwayman" and "Doctor Lamar," is in Roxbury, Mass.

A limited English edition has been made of a [illegible] de-esse of Mme. Du Barry, the notorious favorite of Louis XV.

Mr. Vizetelly says he could not translate Zola's Rome; he had to edit it, so intricate are some of the meshes of idiom.

Erie Mackay is a brother of Marie Correlli. He is discovered as the author of "The Little Gods of Grub Street."

Postmaster General Wilson will be principal orator at the commencement exercises at Vanderbilt College, Nashville.

Thomas A. Janvier first made his mark as Ivory Black. Some of his works have been translated into Provencal French.

It was Colley Cibber who interpolated "Richard is himself again" into Richard III." Shakespeare did not write that line.

President Gilman not only has decided to remain with Johns Hopkins, but he has declined the proposed increase of salary.

Bram Stoker, Henry Irving's business manager, was at work upon the last chapters of a novel when he sailed for England.

Maurice Jokai is called the Hungarian grand old man of literature. His romance, "Black Diamonds," has just been translated.

Periodicals are popping up in Philadelphia like chestnuts on a warm hearth. There is good chance for active competition.

Howells has a weakness for queer people and a disposition to find the salt of the earth where few would be likely to look for it.

Andrew Lang is and has been at work [illegible] the spy, a chapter in the secret history of Prince Charles Edward.

As was to have been expected, Chambers has been accused of Hope impressions in the geography of his "King and a Few Dukes."

Robert Hitchens is a young man, though the author of "Green Carnation," "The Imaginative Man," and "The Folly of Eustace."

Pauline King is a young American girl, who has lived in all the great metropolises of the world, about to bid for literary distinction.

Bruce Joy of New York is the architect of the new Montreal College for women, given by Sir Donald Smith. This gift amounted to $2,000,000.

An English translation is devoutly hoped for of Tolstoi's critical essays on Dumas, Zola, and Maupassant. They have been done into French.

Ten thousand poems is the record of one Russian poet, and a woman at that. What device has she discovered to keep pace with her tongue?

"The Journal of the Last Voyage of La Salle," which was originally published in London in 1714," has recently been published in Chicago.

William Astor Chanler first conceived his love for the tropics while in Florida in 1885. He has made two expeditions into the dark continent.

The way to get an idea of an author is to read his works. He reveals himself therein more intimately than if you were to attempt a talk in his library.

Does literature pay? A New York daily paid ex-Senator Ingalls nearly $600 a day to write his daily "impressions" of the St. Louis convention.

Marion Crawford is accused of doing the thinking for the reader, when he might effectively have allowed the reader to do the thinking for himself.

Joseph Conrad is a Pole by birth, though an English marine by profession, a French-man in residence and a vigorous writer of Anglo-Saxon by consent.

Louis Becke, known in America for his South Sea stories, is the son of a clerk of a court in Australia. He has been a sea rover most of his life.

If Maxwell Gray never sends forth another book from her home in the Isle of Wight "The Silence of Dean Maitland" will still preserve Miss Tuttiett to fame.

Hamlin Garland studies an historic character as he would the hero of a piece of fiction. He is back from Mexico, whither he went for data on Gen. Grant.

Prince Wolkonsky has been lecturing at Harvard on his native Russia. The lectures are to be published. Princes sometimes have the capacity for making a living.

Christian Ried is the nom de plume of Mrs. Frances C. Tiernan. She was born in Salisbury, N. C., but has spent most of her life in Mexico with her husband.

Jules Simon, the French statesman, economist, and author, who died June 8, was born December 31, 1814. He was elected to the Academy of Immortals in 1875.

It is said of Anthony Hope's new novel, "The Heart of Princess Orsa," which will take book form in the fall, that "it may be read by the young person of fifteen."

The World paid Kipling $500 for his bicycle poem, and The Critic thinks it would have been money in K.'s pocket to [illegible] printed it.

A memorial library, the gift of Edward Everett Hale, to the memory of his son, Robert Beverly Hale, is building at Mantunuk, Rhode Island, The Hales spend their summer there.

Japan is leading a great Oriental movement which has for its object the study of the English language. A college is to be established, and already an English paper is published.

The walking delegate has only twice been sketched in literature with a master hand—once in "Zadoc Pine," a short story by Bunner; again in Hopkinson Smith's "Tom Grogan."

A London correspondent hears that Mrs. Burnett's last story is being coldly received in the States. His hearing is bad. It has led the sales month after month in a majority of the cities.

Men and women who write may be divided into two classes, remarks a writer in "Chamber's Journal," those who write for money and those who write for fame. There is said to be a third class, composed of those who put pen to paper solely for the benefit and enlightenment of their fellow-creatures, insensible alike to censure and applause, and regardless whether renown or obscurity be their portion.

Miss Carmen is glad to be home. He does not like to travel. He found London ponderous and massive, New York makes him restless and uneasy and in Boston only is he perfectly at home.

Louise Stockton, who writes for the magazines, is a sister of Frank R. Stockton. Katharine Pyle is making the beginnings of a reputation which may rival brother Howard's.

French revolutions still have a fascination for the novelist. "The Reds of the Midi," "The Red Republic" and "When Greek Meets Greek" are the three last to illumine the subject.

George Moore is quoted as saying that his next novel will not be ready for a twelve-month. Whereat there is no complaint. Decency and cheerfulness are popular in literature at present.

A report was recently cabled from England that Robert Barr had been committed to an inebriate asylum, which his publishers, denying, reply that Robert Barr does not drink a drop.

William Osborne Stoddard, the author of "Little Smoke," "The Windfall" and other stories, was at one time President Lincoln's private secretary. His bound volumes number thirty-three.

Mme. Blanc contributes a thirty-page article on Octave Thanet to a recent number of Revue des Deux Mondes. She calls the American woman "a little masterpiece of honest and piquant realism."

The Pocket Magazine has among its contributors to the July number Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mary E. Wilkins, Eugene Field and Hamlin Garland. A creditable list is this for this little periodical.

Mr. W. M. Meredith, son of Mr. George Meredith, is now a partner in the publishing house of Messrs. Archibald Constable & Company. Mr. George Meredith's books have been issued by this firm for some little time.

Peterson's this month gives us the third installment of the "Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee." Frank Carpenter's reminiscences of Lincoln and J. H. Brown's "American Naval Heroes" are two other patriotic papers.

Some of the friends of Thomas Hardy, the author of "Jude, the Obscure," say that the hero of the book is a portrait of the author—not in the story of his career, but in characteristics, especially in his dislikes.

Mrs. Oliphant has moved into her new home in Wimbledon Common. It is called The Beehive Cottage, and is anything but picturesque, but there is a profusion of flowers on the window sills, and the garden is delightful.

H. Philip Whitmarsh, author of "The Meeting on the Jimmy Hitken," in a current magazine, is a Boston wholesale druggist. He has been in turn a sailor, pearl diver, electrician, business man and litterateur.

Another story on Richard Harding Davis is to the effect that he said to a stranger: "Journalists nearly all dislike me. Can you think of a reason?" "I can think of seven," was the answer, and Davis never asked them.

When Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge entertained at dinner Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, Richard Watson Gilder and Rudyard Kipling, the conversation took a turn which resulted in the publication of the Rikki-tikki-tavi stories.

It will be a surprise to many who thought that the author of "Festus," published in 1839, had died long ago, to hear that Philip James Bailey celebrated his eightieth birthday on April 22 at his birthplace, Nottingham.

A St. Louis man has written "A Boy Called Checkers." A Chicago firm publishes it, and there has been no explosion. Has the lion come to lie down by the lamb that Chicago should credit St. Louis with anything worth publishing?

An expurgated edition of "Tom Jones" is in course of preparation by Mrs. J. M. Fielding, the wife of the novelist's grandson, and the book will soon be published in London. A biographical sketch of Fielding will accompany the story.

Charles A. Dana ascribes his uninterruptedly good health during fifty years of literary and journalistic labors to the fact that he never permitted himself to be in a hurry. And he lived in New York, which makes the marvelous of the wonderful.

George W. Cable was born in the South, but lives in Northampton, Mass. It is said that though a Southerner by tradition and rearing, he is instinctively a Puritan, and no one could be more rigidly conscientious or severely orthodox than he.

The Scots Observer gave Kenneth Graham his first full, frank and free hearing. He is a London bachelor-barrister, and his admirers call his sketches "unrhymed poems." He says he writes for a living. That must shock the girls who read his productions.

Talk of Yankee shrewdness! An English firm advertises the publication of "A List of Ten Thousand Charitable Persons." Fancy the mail of the charitable Ten Thousand when the unclaritable millions have this book in hand and begin their begging letters.

The prolixity of Mr. Blackmore is so pronounced that he can spread the simplest plot over the pages of the most voluminous novel. This is an artistic defect not wholly excused even by the shrewd humor and kindly human feeling always characteristic of his work.—Dial.

"Reminiscences of Harriet Beecher Stowe," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, opens the June McClure's. There is a jungle story by Kipling, a sketch and numerous interesting pictures of Mark Twain, sketches by Stephen Crane and Cy Warman and the continuation of Anthony Hope's story.

Recent Joan of Arc literature, of which there is a raft, includes Mark Twain's "Recollections," Andrew Lang's "Monk of Fife," Francis C. Lowell's "Life of Joan," Mrs. Oliphant's "History of La Pucelle," and presently Mrs. Catherwood's version of the tale of the heroine of Domremy will be out.

Guy Rose illustrates Bishop Doane's admirable article on Athens in the June Harper's. In a maze of good things two features particularly appeal. One is a description by H. P. B. Lynch of a curious settlement by a Russian sect in Armenia, the other Howard Pyle's delightfully illustrated "Through Inland Waters."

Frederick Stokes has gathered together a number of short stories of humorist James L. Ford, and has christened the volume "Bohemia Invaded," after the first of them. The thirteen tales are equally good in Ford's peculiar fashion. Those who have seen the author appreciate that much of his fun is at the expense of himself.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is just finishing a new serial story which promises to rival the Mowgli stories in interest and novelty. It is a tale of life on the cod fisheries, and is described by the author as being "marine, special, technical, and adventurous." Altogether it promises to be one of the most important works which Mr. Kipling has yet written.

"Criticism is a function in England that differs widely from criticism here," says Bliss Carmen. "There, critics are not on the lookout for new things that are good. They discuss the accepted authors with great elaboration. If something new comes into their hands, they review it methodically and conscientiously. The criticism is a finished literary production, but it does not stimulate the imagination and provoke a desire for the book. That is not what it is designed to do."

Mr. Andrew Tuer's forthcoming "History of the Horn-Book," from which in early days our ancestors learned their A-B-C, is dedicated by command to the Queen of England, and is the third book written by an author thus distinguished. He has been able to discover about 150 examples of horn-books still in existence, which are all described in his pages. The work will be in two quarto volumes, illustrated with two copperplate frontispieces, and 300 other engravings. Recessed in the inside covers are to be some fac-similes of horn-books from rare examples.

The Irish have found a new champion in Edward McNulty, who has written a fascinating novel around certain conditions in Ireland. Though he disclaims any political intentions in Misther O'Ryan, a startling indictment is made of the Irish demagogue. He has pictured the misery of the victims of a boycott, and the tyranny which an unscrupulous leader exercises over a feather-brained and warm-hearted people. Like a trail of silver through the cruel sole-splitting rocks runs the love-story of futility and wasted hope. Since Edward Arnold recently published this book it is said to have exhausted the original edition.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the English novelist, who recently married a New York girl and is now abroad, has expressed the opinion that this country is unequaled as a field for the practice of his art. There are, he thinks, more ready-made romances in the varied, peculiar, contrasting life, in the extraordinary incidents, the startling denouements, here than in any other land. A man need not exercise his imagination in the republic, unless he chooses, for observation and memory will fully serve his purpose. The newspapers furnish every day abundant material for a dozen sensational novels, if one has penetrating eye and a pictorial sense.

Describing Mrs. Browning, says Locker-Lampson: "Her physique was peculiar; curls like the pendent ears of a water-spaniel, and poor little hands, so thin that when she welcomed you she gave you something like the foot of a young bird; the Hand that made her great had not made her fair. But she had striking eyes, and we forgot any physical shortcomings—they were entirely lost sight of in what I may call her incomparable sweetness. I might almost say affectionateness; just as, while we are reading it, we lose sight of the incompleteness of her poetry, its lack of artistic control."

"Thrilling Moments" in sport, travel, and adventure are described for the readers of the Outlook in its annual Recreation Number by the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, the Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, Gen. A. W. Greely, Charles F. Lummis, Thomas W. Knox, Ernest Ingersoll, Walter Camp, Kirk Munroe, Charles Ledyard Norton, Poultney Bigelow and J. H. Sears. These personal experiences relate to fishing, hunting, canoeing, mountain-climbing, war, Indian-scouting, etc., and are genuine incidents told by men who are peculiarly identified with various phases of sport and outdoor life, and are at the same time writers of recognized ability.

In a recent article Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox states that she "plunged into literature at the age of eight," and she has kept at it continuously ever since. She expects to publish three new books during the present year. One is a novel and the others are books of poems—one for children and the other a long, dramatic story in verse, "which she is striving to make better than anything she has ever written." Her methods of composing have undergone a change since her girlhood. "I consider," she said, "ten lines a good day's work now, and there are days when I do not write more than two. On the other hand, I have written as many as forty, but only when I feel inspiration and am in the best possible condition."

# A SLY MONKEY.

## How the White Cat Outwitted the Tiger.

BY J. CARTER BEARD
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Alice was having her hair combed and Harold petted a large white cat. This was before the children left India. They sat upon an old tiger skin that had lost its ears and tail. Alice was fretful and impatient, her long, light hair was in tangles and the Ayah, their nurse, though very gentle, could not help hurting her a little as she brushed and combed it, and the day was very hot. Although the punkas, movable, fan-like frames suspended from the ceiling, and kept in motion by pulling a cord, swung to and fro and drove away the flies, the breezes they made were not cooling and did not refresh the children.

Tell us a story, Ayah, so we will forget how hot it is," said Harold.

"Yes," said Alice, "tell us a jataka story and don't tell it in English for we understand Hindoostane much better than you understand English."

"It is well," replied the Ayah; "which one do you wish?"

"Oh," said Harold, "tell us a new one; make it up as you go on. Tell us about devas and rejahs and fakirs—or—"

"No," said Alice, "tell us about the tiger skin upon which we are sitting; how it came to have no tail and ears. It is very old. Papa says it came from the palace at Benares."

"Yes," said Harold, "and bring a white cat into the story, if you can. Hey Panther, don't you want to hear a story of a white cat?"

It was rather hard on the Ayah, but she did her best to please the children.

"When Brahma-datta was reigning at Benares," she said, in her soft, Indian tongue, "there lived in the Pala Valley a lad named Rasalu, who had a fine white cat, like Panther here, that accompanied him wherever he went, and conversed with him, for at that time, you must know all animals could talk. The name of this cat was Laili. One day Laili said to Rasalu. There is near the ruined temple hard by the old well, where you go every day to fill your chombu with water for the house drink, a tiger pinned to the earth by a javalin thrust through one of his fore paws. He cannot escape and unless some one helps him he must die.'

"'We will go and see him,' said Rasalu.

"When they drew near and the tiger saw Rasalu coming he cried out:

"'Save me, or I perish.'

"'If I save you, I shall perish,' said the boy. 'Can a tiger help killing whatever comes in his way?'

"'Do not be afraid,' said the tiger, 'I have repented of my evil life and am seeking enlightenment.'

"'How shall I believe you?' asked Rasalu.

"'I swear by our great teacher, by Gautama I will never harm you,' replied the tiger.

"'You have sworn an oath the Buddha never allows any one to break, however much it may be desired to do so,' said Rasalu. 'I will now give you all the relief I can.'

"He withdrew the javelin from the foot of the tiger, washed the wound, bruised healing herbs and bound them to the paw with a shred of his turban, torn off for the purpose, and for seven days visited the spot to give the tiger water and to bathe and dress his hurt. When Rasalu looked at the tiger's foot on the seventh day it was so nearly healed as to no longer require his care. He told the tiger this and the animal seemed greatly rejoiced.

"'There is one further service you can do me,' he said.

"'What is that?' asked Rasalu.

"'You have indeed eased the pain I suffered in my wounded foot, but you can now relieve me of a greater one, the gnawing pain of hunger that torments me. I had much to do to keep myself from devouring you each time you paid me a visit, but I needed you in another capacity. I knew my chance would come and I like to have everything take place in an orderly manner and I waited, though, you must remember, my good lad, it is now seven days since food has passed my lips.'

"'What!' cried Rasalu, 'will you indeed kill me after the solemn oath you have taken to do me no harm? Are you such a monster of ingratitude as to devour me when I have placed myself in your power in order to save your life?'

"'My dear friend,' said the wild beast, 'a hungry tiger seldom tarries to argue with his prey, but as I certainly do not wish my dinner, meaning, of course, yourself, to disagree with me, I will tell you briefly I neither intend to break my oath nor be ungrateful. Inform me, then, is he doing you harm who is taking you from a miserable home where every evil is free to afflict you and introduces you to a magnificent palace, or is he ungrateful who, in spite of your unwillingness, forces you to accept this kindness? Is earth to be compared to heaven, or this life to that of the blessed ones in paradise? This is a happy moment for both of us. My hunger is to be appeased and you will receive the reward of your good deeds in Nirvana.'

"At this moment a voice that Rasalu recognized as that of Laili was heard exclaiming, 'Hi, there, boy! Have you seen the tracks of a tiger anywhere near the ruined temple or the old well. Sarkap, the monkey, told me there was a tiger here pinned to the earth. Great is the reward of him who finds this tiger for behold a wicked enchantment has been put upon the daughter of King Brahmadatta and nothing in the world but the heart of the wild beast Deva-datta burnt in an oven and beaten in a mortar can free her from it. As I sit above you in this babul tree I can see something behind you that looks like a tiger. If it is indeed a tiger I will put up my voice and call the hunters, who are resting in the ruined temple. But perhaps it is only a pomelo bush with dark branches and yellow fruit. In that case throw two or three of its fruits.

"'There is no help for it,' said the tiger trembling violently. 'I know this in regard to the king's daughter to be true. I cannot do you the kindness I intended, on the other hand you can do me a favor. I pray you take the sickle from your girdle, cut off both my ears and cast them at the foot of the babul tree.

"'You have altered your tone,' replied Rasalu, 'I knew, however, you could not break the oath you have taken. I will, therefore do as you desire.' So saying he cut off both the tiger's ears and tossed them at the foot of the tree where they instantly took on the appearance of large yellow pomeloes.

"'These are fine pomeloes,' said the white cat. 'Gather me a whole branch of them, my good lad, that they may be given to the poor princess. I feel sure they will do her good.'

"'Alas! my beautiful tail; it, too, must go. Better my tail than my life. Cut it off, Rasalu,' said the tiger. Rasalu did as he wished and the tail became a branch laden with fruit.

"'That will do,' said the white cat. 'Now gather up the fruit, my lad, and take it to the ruined well where you will find someone to receive it.' Much to the relief of the tiger, as Rasalu took his departure, the white cat also disappeared and the treacherous beast lost no time in leaving a place where such ill-fortune had attended him. As he reached his lair deep in the forest he found the monkey fiend Sarkap awaiting him.

"As soon as the tiger saw him he said furiously: 'I have you here in my care and you shall not easily escape me, you traitor. So you informed the white cat where to find me helpless and wounded.'

"'Nothing of the sort,' said the monkey. 'Seven days were you at the ruined well and temple. In that time, had I cared to do so, I could have had the hunters about you when and as often as I chose. You may be sure if I wished to play you false I would not have waited for your wound to heal. You are indeed a pretty object, without ears or tail, and your yellow hide streaked with red as well as with black.'

"'The hunters were after me,' said the tiger, 'and I had to sacrifice part of myself to save the rest.'

"'You were fooled,' retorted the monkey boldly. 'I know all about it. A little bird, a parrot, that saw it all, flew hither and told me. There were no hunters. The white cat saw you quite plainly and did not really take you for a bush. If there had been hunters near at hand you may be sure the white cat would have called them. The parrot flew everywhere and saw no hunters.'

"'You consider yourself very clever,' growled the tiger savagely. 'Will you dare to go with me to the old temple and in order that you may have a share in what takes place, consent to fasten yourself to me with a wild vine for a rope? I do not entirely trust you.'

"'I see you don't,' said the monkey, 'though it would be much better for you if you did. You certainly need a counsellor tied to you. I consent, in hope of revenge on Laili, whom I hate and that hereafter you will have more confidence in one who desires only to see you succeed.'

"Thus fastened together it appeared as if the monkey led the tiger and as they approached the ruined temple they saw Rasalu and the white cat standing as if awaiting them.

"'Welcome, Sarkap!' cried Laili, in a loud voice.

"'Thrice welcome and well done! Though but a monkey you have brought hither a tiger even as you promised me. Great shall be your reward!'

"'Never!' growled the tiger, wild with fear and anger, for he thought the monkey had betrayed him after all. 'Never shall the traitor Sarkap receive other reward than that I shall give him,' and he dashed away at full speed dragging his companion after him.

"Imagining he heard the hunters in full cry behind, he sought the nearest place of refuge and leaped into the ruined well, from which you may be sure neither he nor his monkey servant ever came out alive.

"As for Rasalu, he sent the daughter of King Brahma-datta a tiger's heart burned in an oven and beaten in a mortar and wrapped in the hide of the animal which neither had ears nor tail, and received in return a message written on a palm leaf which read as follows: 'The death of the enchanter and his heart's ashes has freed the princess from her enchantment. She will no longer, as heretofore, be obliged to take at times the form of a white cat, for she was Laili who saved you. The buddah has also said: "Strengthen not and prolong not the power of the wicked, for charity itself, thus employed, becomes an evil." Come to the palace, Rasalu, for my father seeks an honest youth, the son of a Brahma, to guard his treasures.' The records of Benares say that Rasalu and the princess were married but afterward entered the fourfold path and attained enlightenment."

"How did the princess happen to be turned into a white cat, and who wounded the tiger?" asked Harold.

"Oh, that's another story," replied the Ayah.

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