LITERATURE

The Growth of Freedom.

"Liberty in the Nineteenth Century" is the work of Frederic May Holland, author of "The Rise of Intellectual Liberty," and deals with the growth of freedom, both political and religious, in England, France, and America. The history of other countries is touched upon, but the subjects mainly dealt with are the reforms of the first half of the present century in England, the rise of abolition sentiment in the United States, the influence of Emerson and the Concord school of philosophers, and the growth of free thought in general in this country. Mr. Holland has in this a subject perhaps more interesting than almost any other which he could have chosen, and there is opportunity for a much larger book than the one he has written, dealing with the same topics.

One particularly interesting phase of this subject is alluded to in the preface, in which the author says:

I have tried to show how the centralizing tendencies of a government are strengthened by the wish of its citizens to gain private advantages by state aid. John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer have published timely warnings against the danger of checking the development of individual energy and ability by meddlesome laws. Whether the power of the government ought to be reduced to the narrow limits proposed by these great thinkers, is a question which has been discussed at some length in my last chapter. It is there suggested that such a reduction would be much more practicable in the case of national than of local governments. It is not likely to be made anywhere at present; but it might be well for reformers to try to restrict the operations of governments according to the following rule: Nothing to be done by a national government which can be done as well by municipalities; and nothing is to be attempted by either a local or central government which can be done as well by private citizens, acting singly or in voluntary associations. This rule would justify towns and cities in taking such care of roads, streets, and schools as is not sanctioned by Spencer; but it would leave municipalities free to decide the question whether they ought to carry on gas and water works, electric roads, and other enterprises according to the merits of each special case. Here in America internal improvements seem to be the special charge of the State, rather than of the nation; but whether the former has any right to enforce Sunday laws, and the latter to impose protective tariffs, are questions which I have taken the liberty of discussing thoroughly.

The first chapter deals mainly with Napoleon and his work. The author sketches briefly the influence of the great soldier upon his country and his time, taking him as an example of the kind of ruler which many people have considered good—an enlightened despot. He aims to prove that Napoleon's action, in destroying all representative government and so centralizing authority that in all after time France has been unable to change the system established by him, was more mischievous than almost anything else that could have happened, and that the evil effects of this more than neutralized the good of any reforms which he may have accomplished. His argument is that since these reforms survived Napoleon's time they would have come without him, in any event.

He then discusses the condition of England during this era, and the great reformers of the first half of the nineteenth century in that country. In this chapter the struggle of English workingmen for a share in the government is described, and it may, by the way, be of some comfort to people who are groaning over the problem of making an intelligent voter out of an ignorant man. It will surprise the general public to learn of the taxes on paper and on printed matter exacted in England in 1835, and of the difficulties placed in the way of education for the poor man. There is a comprehensive though brief notice of the Irish troubles during that period, and of the famine of the early forties. Of this it is said:

All reforms stopped in 1841, when the Whigs lost the supremacy. It was not their fault that excess in speculation on both sides of the Atlantic had brought on a panic which threw thousands of people out of work in the factory towns and reduced other thousands to earning only two pence a day. A succession of bad harvests, just before 1841, made wages very low on the farms, and food too dear everywhere. Bread was sold in halfpenny slices; laborers robbed pigs of swill; children fought with dogs for bones in the streets; one person in every eleven was a pauper, and England seemed to Dickens like one vast poorhouse. * * * Knowledge that paupers were neglected strengthened the belief of the workingmen that all they needed to make them as well off as their brothers in America was the ballot. Paine, Cobbett and Hetherington were widely read; manhood suffrage and a secret ballot were called "The People's Charter," and there were more than a million signatures to the Chartist petition in 1839. These demands were just; but about one Englishman in three was unable to write his name at this time, and many who had acquired this accomplishment knew dangerously little about politics.

Lord Cobden's ideas and the fight against protection then receive notice, with some statistics regarding the effect of free trade on England. These are rather interesting. After describing the way in which the Irish famine, though at a terrible cost of life and property, made tariff reform possible, Mr. Holland says:

Never again has England been so near to famine as in 1841. Food is now so plenty that five times as much sugar is used in proportion to population as in 1842, and more than twice as much butter and eggs. This does not mean that the millionaire eats five times as much sugar or twice as many eggs as before, but that poor people can now buy freely what formerly were almost unattainable luxuries. The proportion of money in savings banks in England and Wales has doubled; and that of paupers sank from 1 in 11 in 1842 to 1 in 37 in 1895. Wages have risen 50 per cent, while other prices have fallen; and British workmen are better off than any others in Europe. The annual value of English exports declined steadily from 1815 to 1842; but it is now four times as great as in the latter year, and it is more than twice as large in proportion to population as in those highly protected countries, the United States and France. Low tariffs also enable Belgium to export nearly three times as much for each inhabitant as France, and New South Wales to export five times as much as the United States.

Then comes a chapter on Democrats and Garrisonians in America. The injudiciousness of some of Garrison's statements and actions is made plain. He was a born enthusiast, and an enthusiast is rarely quite sane, for no sane man goes at a stone wall with his head, trying to butt it down, and men like Garrison usually oppose a force of public opinion which is about as movable as a stone wall, so far as they are concerned. However, their personal magnetism and readiness to suffer for their convictions usually set people to thinking, and then, as happened in this case, there is a broader and more general movement, with compromises which they would have rejected. Garrison advocated slave insurrections, and commended in his paper, the "Liberator," the action of slaves who killed women and children in their efforts to secure their liberty. This exasperated the Southern people, even those who were in favor of gradual emancipation, for they naturally did not wish to have their throats cut, and they refused to allow the circulation of anti-slavery literature. And the result of it all was a gradual misunderstanding between both sections, which must, perhaps, have come in any event, and ended in the civil war. The state of public opinion in the North was considerably mixed during those years, and the general confusion has never been better described than in this chapter and the one following, on emancipation. Mr. Holland observes in conclusion that emancipation might have come more gradually and peacefully if there had been "more philanthropy among the clergy, more principle among the Whigs, and more wisdom among the abolitionists." But it is rare indeed to find human nature doing just what it ought to do. So long as the clergy are supported by their congregations they are not likely to have philanthropic ideas which oppose those of their congregations, principle among politicians is less common than ambition, and the abolitionist of the early days had to take leave of all his worldly wisdom when he placed himself in opposition to all his friends and neighbors, sometimes at the cost of life, liberty, and property. One point worth noticing, which is made here, however, is that the evils of what are called the days of reconstruction were quite as great in Northern cities as in the Southern States. There was an immense illiterate vote at that time in both sections. The author says:

Negro suffrage was declared by the "New York Evening Post" to have resulted in "organizing the ignorance and poverty of the State against its property and intelligence." This took place all over the South, and also in Philadelphia, New York, and other Northern cities. Here the illiterate vote was largely European; and the corruption of politics was facilitated by the absorption of property-holders in business. There was great need that intelligent citizens of all races, parties, and sections should work together to reform political methods sufficiently to secure honest government. Some progress has already been made, but by no means so much as might have been gained if the plundered taxpayers of the South had made common cause with those of the North in establishing constitutional bulwarks against all swindlers whose strength was in the illiterate and venal vote.

Here again human nature is left out of the reckoning. The Southerner, bitter against his conqueror, was not likely to make common cause with him in anything. Prejudice was active on both sides.

Then comes the best chapter, perhaps, in the whole book; that on Emerson. The author fully recognizes the influence which this tremendous thinker had on public thought. Coming at a time and in a place full of formalism, repression, and conformity, he preached independent thought, freedom of action and truth in word and life. It may be hard for the American of today to realize just what the society of the ante-bellum era in the North was. The church had so dominated society that dancing, card playing, and theatregoing were still, to some extent, under the ban, as they never were in the South. The people were therefore ready for a new gospel; they wanted a live religion, and this Emerson gave them.

In touching on the subject of vivisection, Mr. Holland expresses the opinion that the Transcendentalists who created an agitation against this were somewhat unreasonable, and points out the fact that this agitation prevented the possible discovery of antidotes to cobra-bite. He does not attempt, however, to answer such arguments at any length. He then discusses the history of the woman's suffrage agitation in that decade of revolutions, 1840-50. It may be well for those who laugh at this now to notice the paragraph about the convention called by Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Mott in 1848. They protested against the exclusion of girls from high schools and colleges, the closing of almost every remunerative employment against women, and the laws forbidding a married woman to own any property, whether earned or inherited by her, even her own clothing. Rather an amusing anecdote is given in this connection:

How the clergy generally felt was shown in 1851, at Akron, in northern Ohio. There Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Universalist ministers appealed to the Bible in justification of the subjugation of women. There was no reply until they began to boast of the intellectual superiority of their own sex. Then an illiterate old woman who had been a slave arose and said:

"What's dat got to do with women's rights, or niggers' rights either? If my cup don't hold but a pint, and yours holds a quart, wouldn't ye be mean not to let me have my little half-measure full?"

In the chapter "Platform versus Pulpit" eminent speakers, men and women, are mentioned, some briefly, some at length. Ingersoll receives appreciative mention, though more space is given to Bradlaugh, Underwood, and Francis Abbot.

Then comes a chapter on "The Evolutionists," in which some facts are recorded which seem rather laughable to enlightened people of to-day. The effect of Darwin's "Origin of Species" upon the religious world was something extraordinary. Cardinal Manning called it "the brutal philosophy," which taught "there is no God, and the ape is our Adam." When, in 1871, "The Descent of Man" was published there was more wrath from the churches, and Gladstone entered the arena. Some Princeton professors warned those who believed in evolution that they would, after death, be punished as infidels. In 1894, twenty years later, a professor of biology at the University of Texas, was dismissed, in violation of contract, for teaching evolution. Winchell, the geologist, was requested to resign a professorship at Nashville, Tenn., for expressing a doubt as to the descent of all men from Adam. The chair was suppressed.

Such things as these will probably seem incredible to a future generation. So will the fact that in the summer of 1895 eight Seventh Day Adventists were made to work in a chain gang in Tennessee for the crime of breaking the Sabbath. One of them was a clergyman. The Sunday laws come in for a particularly earnest protest from Mr. Holland, and his remarks about Sabbatarianism in this city will probably interest Washington readers:

None of the Sunday laws is so mischievous as the decree of Mrs. Grundy against all forms of recreation not practiced by the wealthy and fashionable. These people have so much time on six days of the week for active outdoor sport and indoor public entertainments that they make little attempt to indulge in such recreations on Sunday. People who have only this one chance of playing ball, or dancing, or going to stereopticon lectures, concerts, and operas, suffer in health by having their recreations made unpopular as well as illegal. The climate of New England and New York, as well as of Great Britain and Canada, has unfortunately been so arranged that there are a great many cold and rainy Sundays, which much time cannot be spent pleasantly in walking or riding. This matters little to people who get all the amusement they want in their parlors. But what becomes of people who have no parlors? For instance, of servant girls who have no place where they can sing or even laugh? Shop girls and factory girls find their little rooms, Sunday after Sunday, too much like prisons. Young men are perhaps even more unfortunate, for they go to the saloon, though this is often closed without any better place of amusement being opened. Why should every week in a democratic country begin with an aristocratic Sunday, a day whose pleasures are mainly for the rich?

Libraries and museums are blessed places of refuge, but "What are they among so many?" The residents of the District of Columbia are particularly unfortunate, as the Smithsonian Museum, National Library, and other buildings, which are open during six days, are kept shut on Sunday. Congress seems to be of the opinion that working people need no knowledge of natural history, except what they can get from sermons about Jonah's whale and Noah's ark.

So far as Sunday plays are concerned, Mr. Holland takes the very sensible ground that the people who wish to stay away from the theatre on Sunday need not be considered. They can stay away without help from the police. The people who have a right to be heard are those directly concerned in the question of getting innocent amusement on their day of leisure, and they ought to have it. That is this author's opinion, and from a common sense point of view it seems to be a good one. This book of his will be interesting and profitable reading for any one who is troubled about the progress of liberty or the slow defeat of persecution. It proves, on the one hand, that much has been done in the course of the present century, and, on the other, that the reforms which have come about are right and necessary, and have not, for the most part, come so swiftly as to interfere with the rights or happiness of any large number of people. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A Novel of the Middle West.

The valley of the Mississippi has been productive of poets for the last twenty years, but rather less productive of novelists, in comparison with the rest of the country. Hamlin Garland, to be sure, came from somewhere in that region, and Stanley Waterloo has given us one or two strong books dealing with the region of the northern Mississippi, while Edward Eggleston has ruled undisputed over primitive Ohio and southern Indiana. But new names are to be added to this brief list of chroniclers, and one of them is that of Booth Tarkington.

"The Gentleman from Indiana" appeared in McClure's Magazine and attracted some attention in its serial form, but those who did not follow it from month to month are fortunate, since it is the kind of book which ought to be read as a whole—if possible, at a sitting. The rush of the story is sometimes breathless, and the development of the characters loses something of its interest when taken in sections. While not exactly a great book, it is one of the most interesting books of the year, and in promise, in fascination, and realistic power, yields to no novel by any new writer, save, possibly, the work of Frank Norris. Mr. Tarkington ought, by all signs, to write a great novel before very long. It may be the opinion of some of his readers that he has already done so.

The story is that of a young college man who comes to an Indiana town to conduct a country newspaper, and finds upon his arrival that he has vastly overpaid for his journal. He takes this run-down property, and, though disheartened, sets about doing what he can with it. By sheer force of dogged will and untiring energy, he galvanizes the corpse of a country newspaper into real life. The country people rub their eyes and discover that the supposed defunct horse is walking about on four legs, rather shakily, but with a certain animation. One of the happiest touches in the book is the episode of the local politician's joke on young Harkless, the editor. Coming to the office one day, the politician found on the door a notice that the editor would be back in fifteen minutes. He wrote under it, "Why?" Harkless made this sarcasm on the well-known futility of his paper the text for a lively attack on the politician, who was eventually driven into his hole and out of public life. Then the young newspaper man made himself popular with the town and obnoxious to whitecaps by an attack on the people of "Six Cross-Roads," one of those hoodlum settlements with which many country towns, North and South, are cursed. They furnish most of the crime and all of the lawlessness for many respectable regions. Their origin and conduct are described most accurately in the story of one of the villagers, and as their existence and proceedings sometimes come to light in the papers, to the discredit of their neighbors and the mystification of strangers, this account may be worth quoting for the information that there is in it. Speaking of the young editor, who had incurred the everlasting enmity of this settlement by swearing to the identity of eight malefactors and sending them to the penitentiary, the old settler says:

The main trouble is that we can't make him understand that he ought to be more afraid of them. If he'd lived here all his life he would be. You know there's an old-time feud between the Cross-Roads and our folks; goes way back into pioneer history, and mighty few know anything of it. Old William Platt and the forefathers of the Hardlocks and Tibbses and Briscoes, and Schofields moved up here from North Carolina a good deal just to get away from some bad neighbors, mostly Skilletts and Johnsons—one of the Skilletts had killed old William Platt's two sons. But the Skilletts and Johnsons followed all the way to Indiana to join in making the new settlement, and they shot Platt at his cabin door one night, right where the courthouse stands to-day. Then the other settlers drove them out for good, and they went seven miles west and set up a still. A band of Indians, on the way to join the Shawnee Prophet at Tippecanoe, came down on the Cross-Roads, and the Cross-Roaders bought them off with bad whisky and sent them over to Plattville. Nearly all the Plattville men were away, fighting under Harrison; and when they came back there were only a few half-crazy women and children left. They'd hid in the woods.

The men stopped just long enough to hear how it was, and started for the Cross-Roads; but the Cross-Roads people caught them in an ambush and not many of our folks got back.

We really never did get even with them, though all the early settlers lived and died still expecting to see the day when Plattville would go over there and pay off the score. It's the same now as it was then, good stock with us, bad stock over there, and all the country riff-raff in creation come and live with 'em when other places get too hot to hold them.

When the Cross-Roads people, after a long still-hunt, finally got Harkless, there was trouble, and the description of the mob is one of the finest things in recent literature. Mob law is bad, but there are times when human nature rather sympathizes with its developments. Anyone who has ever lived in a community skirted by a settlement of just this description will understand the situation thoroughly. Such settlements of rascals have a peculiarly disastrous effect on a farming village, since the farmer's wealth lies in his barn and stock, and if he makes himself prominent in any attempt to prosecute one of the gang, the rest come around and burn his buildings, hamstring his stock, and terrorize his family when they have a chance. This partly explains the patience which the American farmer has with such outlaws.

There is romance as well as political adventure in the book, and it forms almost a distinct theme, though the two stories are united toward the end. Possibly this division of interest may be considered a blemish by some critics. They may be inclined to say that Mr. Tarkington would have done better to write his love story and put all his poetry into that, and keep the story of the young editor's fearless and independent career intact. But whatever their opinion as to that may be, they must admit that he has told both stories well, and that the character of the hero is distinctly a creation. In fact, John Harkless and Helen Fisbee are two people as different from the conventional hero and heroine as could be found in contemporary fiction, and the particularly odd thing about them is that they are drawn with almost equal skill. Both are thoroughly individual; possible, but not usual, human beings, placed in somewhat uncommon circumstances, and fully equal to the demands of the occasion. If the continuity and concentration of the tale loses something through the introduction of two elements in the plot, the book as a whole certainly gains some charming chapters. The author's greatest power lies in the depicting of single scenes or episodes. One chapter of irresistible fascination is that which tells of the visit of Helen and Harkless to a country circus. It is the beginning of their courtship, and they are as yet aware only of the natural attraction between them, as the two people of Eastern and sophisticated antecedents, thrown together in this dreary yet hospitable little Western town. The handling of the romance here is fine. Another scene of especial power is that in which Harkless is discovered, after the whitecaps have had their way with him, and still another is that of his return to the town which, after many years, he has come to regard as his home.

There are flaws in the work, of course, and, as usual, they are promptly detected by the people described. Indianians declare that the dialect is too crude, and that the people of their State are too cultivated to use it; about which the reader in other parts of the country may have mental reservations of his own. Mr. Tarkington himself says that he has heard the expressions with which they find fault, and his word is good in a case like this. There are some minor false touches beside this, however. One is the discovery of the traces of the editor's death, by his servant, an old negro. There is an odd element of prophecy and mysticism here which is not natural. To be sure, some negroes have shown signs of a mysterious intuition which approaches the supernatural, but it is hardly characteristic of the whole race, and in this scene it is rather dragged in by the ears, and the effect is somewhat theatrical. The thing might have happened, but it does not sound natural, for some reason or other, and artistically it is unnecessary and does not fit the scene. But in a book where there is much to enjoy one may pardon small defects. (New York, Doubleday & McClure Company. $1.50.)

Mr. Dooley Again.

"Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen" really needs no introduction to the reading public, whether it be the readers of newspapers or of all literature. Like its forerunner, "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War," it contains some admirable work, which will appeal to everybody, and some which will be less generally appreciated; but the chapters which belong to the former class are sufficiently numerous to warrant anyone in buying the book. Three or four of the last chapters are devoted to the Dreyfus case, and though some of this work is very funny, the wisdom of including it in a permanent edition may be questioned.

This book includes the chapter on Aguinaldo, entitled "A Hero Who Worked Overtime," and the one on McKinley and Reed on Jekyll Island. There are also comments on "Cyrano de Bergerac," and on Lieutenant Hobson. Among the latter, by the way, is a prediction which seems to have been fulfilled:

He's goin' out to th' Ph'lippeens to wurruk f'r Cousin George. * * * Up comes me brave Hobson. "Who ar're ye, disturbin' me quite?" says Cousin George. "I'm a hero," says th' Loot. "Ar're ye, faith?" says Cousin George. "Well," he says, "I can't do anything f'r ye in that line," he says. * * * "I don't b'lieve in sinkin' me own ship," he says. "Whin I'm lookin' f'r a diversion iv that kind I sink somebody else's," he says. * * * That's what Cousin George'll say to th' Loot. An' whin th' Loot comes back, he won't be a hero anny more; and if anny woman thries to kiss him, he'll climb a tree.

It looks as if the quieting effect of the Philippines upon Lieutenant Hobson had been very much what Mr. Dooley predicted it would be.

The greater part of the book, however, is not political, and for that reason it is hardly likely to be as popular as the first one. Most of the sketches are of the variegated and lively population of Archey Road. They are pathetic, humorous, and quaint. "Shaughnessy" is one of the best. "A Bit of History" is another. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.)

The Real Boy.

When the authors of books like "Sandford and Mertoun" undertook to describe the conversation of a boy, they made him say things like this:

My dear Alfred, there is no doubt that it will be a wild and tempestuous night. See how the lightning flashes, and listen to the majestic roll of the thunder. We should be very thankful that we are at home and protected.

Or this:

"Uncle George," said little Rollo, "what makes the thunder?"

And then there would be a long disquisition by Uncle George on the principles of physics. There were bad little boys in some of these books, but a large part of their conversation was either omitted or decorated with picturesque dashes, calculated to fill the youthful mind with curiosity.

"Tom Brown," however, marked a new era—it was the advent of the boy who talked slang, played football and cricket, and got into scrapes galore. On that account it held its own against Eric the monstrosity, although there is a certain amount of playing to the gallery in both books, in the shape of religious sayings put in as a sop to the Philistine. The real boy has but lately gotten into literature. We have him in the poems of Field and Riley, freckled, barefoot, poetic of soul, and satanic of impulse at times, full of all sorts of unexpected feelings and behaviors which he himself understands as little as anyone. Some of his experiences were chronicled in Howells' "A Boy's Town," but rather too introspectively to be really natural and interesting. The latest and one of the best contributions to boy literature is William Allen White's unique collection of stories, "The Court of Boyville."

Mr. White is a Kansas editor, and the boy of his stories is the same little rascal who meanders through the Indiana verse of Riley and pops out of the songs of Field with an impish grin. He is the boy of all history, the youngster of the Middle Ages, of ancient Greece and Rome, of the Stone Age and ages before that; but he has the particular flavor of the broad acres of the West. He belongs to the middle class—the average American—and the illustrations of the book, by Orson Lowell, plainly indicate this. In no other society would one find worsted mottoes on the walls of dining-room and parlor, conveying the sentiments, "God Bless Our Home," and "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread." The teacher who crooks her finger as a signal that a note be brought to her desk can be found in almost any public school—erect, dignified, cool, calm, precise, self-controlled and self-assertive, from the tip of her smooth "French twist" to the hem of her starched white apron. One knows at a glance that she will read that note aloud, to the grief of sender and sendee. She did, and this was what it said, and what happened when, and after, it was made public:

It is enough to submit the plain but painful statement that, when the teacher tapped her pencil for attention, a red ear, a throbbing red ear, flared out from either side of Piggy Pennington's Fourth Reader, while not far away a pair of pig-tails bristled up with rage and humiliation from a desk where a little girl's head lay buried in her arms. Then the teacher unfolded the crackling paper and read this note:

"Friend Mary: Did you mean anything by letting Him sing with you. I dont care if you did but I never done anything to deserve it, but if you dident I am very sorry, will tell you bout it at the partey. Well, that is all I can think of today, from

"Yours ever,

"WIN PENNINGTON.

"P. S.—If you still meen what you sed about roses red and vilets blue all right and so do I.

"W. H. P."

Piggy waded home through blood that night. The boys could not resist calling out "Friend Mary," or "Hello, Roses Red," though each boy knew that his taunt would bring on a fight. Piggy fought boys who were three classes above him. He whipped groups of boys of assorted sizes from the lower grades; but the fighting took him away from his trouble, and in most cases he honored his combatants. He was little the worse for wear when he chased the last swarm of primary urchins into his father's cow lot, fastened them in, and went at them one by one with a shingle.

And then new tortures awaited him at home. Did that teacher know what she did?

Piggy Pennington was the king of Boyville, and this incident will probably wake a thrill of sympathetic emotion in the breasts of some grown men who have had to maintain their superiority in the face of public humiliation. There are four principal characters in the book, though others appear from time to time. There is Jimmy Sears, whose family included many tormenting small brothers and sisters, so that he did not rejoice when a new infant appeared in his home. There is Bud Perkins, the little Southerner, who whipped all the other boys when he first came, and so stood well in the democracy of boyhood, even though his father was a nobody who went fishing three or four days in the week and had no visible means of support. Finally, there was "Mealy" Jones, the mother's darling of the settlement. This is a pen-picture of Mealy:

His mother named him Harold, and named him better than she knew. He was just such a boy as one would expect to see bearing a heroic name. He had big, faded blue eyes, a nubbin of a chin, wide, wondering ears, and freckles—such brown blotches of freckles on his face and neck and hands, such a milky way of them across the bridge of his snub nose, that the boys called him "Mealy."

It was Mealy who went swimming without permission and was caught by Nemesis in the shape of his father. That is the first story, and it is entitled "The Martyrdom of Mealy Jones." "A Recent Confederate Victory," tells how Bud Perkins' father was buried and Bud adopted by a gentle little spinster. "While the Evil Days Come Not" is the romance of Piggy Pennington's life, already quoted, and one of the best of the half dozen. "James Sears; A Naughty Person," tells how Jimmy "took to the woods" on the advent of his latest baby sister, and was filled with resentment at the affair. "Much Pomp and Several Circumstances" is the story of a circus—is it necessary to say more?

But without the prologue and epilogue the book would be incomplete. Into these Mr. White has put all the poetry and beauty and mystery of boy life, which the boy feels, but cannot tell, and the grown man can describe long after he has lost the power to feel. There are also charming bits of verse interspersed with the stories, these in a style which reminds one of Riley. But the prologue is possibly the most fascinating thing in the book. Here is a paragraph from it:

For Boyville is a Free Town in the monarchy of the world. Its citizens mind their own business, and they desire travelers in this waste to do likewise. The notion that spectacled gentry should come nosing through the streets and alleys of Boyville, studying the sanitation, which is not of the best, and objecting to the constitution and by-laws—which were made when the rivers were dug and the hills piled up—the notion of an outsider interfering with the Divine right of boys to eat what they please, to believe what they please, and under loyalty to the monarchy of the world, to do what they please, is repugnant to this free people. * * * What tradition, ancient and honorable in Boyville, declares is true, that is the law everlasting, and no wise man's word shall change the law one jot or one tittle. For in the beginning it was written, to get in the night wood, to eat with a fork at table, to wear shoes on Sunday, to say "sir" to company and "thank you" to the lady, to go to bed at nine, to remember that there are others who like gravy, to stay out of the water in dog days, to come right straight home from school, to shinny on your own side, and to clean those feet for Heaven's sake—that is the whole duty of boys.

That is Boyville as Mr. White sees it, and an impartial critic must admit that his view is substantially correct. (New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. $1.50.)

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Anna Nicholas' book of Indiana stories, entitled "An Idyl of the Wabash," is getting appreciative notices from the London critics, and this is as it should be.

A new work on "American Fungi," by Capt. Charles McIlvaine, is to be issued in January by the Bowen-Merrill Company.

About a year ago a very attractive volume under the title "Heirlooms in Miniatures" was published by the J. P. Lippincott Company. This is shortly to have a companion, "Salons, Colonial and Republican."

Charles M. Skinner, of the "Brooklyn Eagle," has written two books on "Myths and Legends" of this continent, and a new one is shortly to appear, called "Myths and Legends of Our New Possessions."

The J. P. Lippincott Company announce a new book on the military history of Great Britain, entitled "From Cromwell to Wellington."

Among the attractive calendars for the coming year are four collections of drawings by Frederic Remington, under the titles "The Soldier Calendar," "The Indian Calendar," "The Frontier Calendar," and "The Cowboy Calendar." The names will give a sufficiently definite idea of the nature and quality of the work.

Longfellow's "Hiawatha" has been set to music by Coleridge Taylor, a young negro in England. The "London Telegraph" calls Mr. Taylor "the Rudyard Kipling of music," and his work seems to have made something of a sensation.

"The Arkansaw Bear" is a new book for children, by Albert Bigelow Paine and Frank Verbeck, the author and artist of "The Dumpies."

Chicago people and some reading folk outside Chicago have lately become familiar with the drawings of Fred Richards, an artist of the "News," of that city. Mr. Richards' sketches are of a type almost new in journalistic art, and are striking in the extreme. Some of them have lately been collected in a book of the same type as the Davenport and Phil May sketch books.

Cassell & Co., of London, are about to publish a work of somewhat unique character, namely, a complete illustrated catalogue of all the paintings in the National Gallery. The work has been edited by Sir Edward Poynter, president of the Royal Academy. Only 250 copies of the edition de luxe will be given to the United States market.

A new book, published by Little, Brown, & Co., is "Salads, Sandwiches, and Chafing-Dish Dainties," by Janet McKenzie Hill. The author has aimed to make it both practical and complete, to meet the needs of those who know something about this branch of cookery and those who do not.

A fac simile reproduction, cover and all, of one of E. W. Kemble's sketchbooks is to be published by R. H. Russell. Mr. Kemble's pictures of "coons" are unsurpassed, and deservedly popular, but in this book, beside a great number of negro sketches, we find drawings full of character of a New England salt, a Kentucky mountaineer, a New Orleans creole, and so on.

The Harpers are about to bring out a series of dainty little Christmas books, uniformly bound in silver and blue. As a rule, each will contain the best "long short story" of some well-known American author—for instance, "Good for the Soul" by Mrs. Margaret Deland; "Evelina's Garden," by Miss Wilkins, and "The Story of the Other Wise Man," by Dr. Van Dyke. Other volumes which have been announced are: "The Captured Dream," by Octave Thanet; a book of light verse, by John Kendrick Bangs, "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," by James Lane Allen; and selections from Lew Wallace, Richard Harding Davis, Frederic Remington and Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the publication of a philosophical poem by Dr. Henry N. Dodge, entitled "Christus Victor." The theme of the poem is the final triumph of supreme love; the victory of justice over oppression, of harmony over discord; in short, of good over evil.

It is reported that Clara Barton is engaged in arranging material for an autobiography.

New Books Received.

"The Book of Destiny." By Cagliostro. (Chicago: Laird & Lee.)

"The Spanish-American War." (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

"Dante Interpreted." By Epiphanius Wilson. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Harold's Quests." By John W. Troeger. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 60 cents.)

"The Twin Sisters of Martigny." By J. F. Bingham. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.75.)

"Outsiders." By Robert W. Chambers. (New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"Eight Years Among the Malays." By Paul Duchsel. (Milwaukee: Paul Duchsel. 50 cents.)

"The Ralstons." By F. Marion Crawford. New edition. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

"Prue and I." By George William Curtis. New edition. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

"The Story of the Living Machine." By H. W. Conn. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 40 cents.)

"Facing the Twentieth Century." By James M. King. (New York: American Union League.)

"From School to Battlefield." By Capt. Charles King. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.)

"Fate or Law; the Story of an Optimist." By Warren A. Rodman. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.00.)

"The Sowers." By Henry Seton Merriman. Second edition. (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.)

"In Vain." By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

"Roundabout Rambles in Northern Europe." By Capt. Charles King. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.)

"A Jersey Boy in the Revolution." By Everett T. Tomlinson. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.)

"The Boys of Old Monmouth." By Everett T. Tomlinson. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.)

"Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago." By Henry Peterson. (Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. $1.25.)

"Red Patriots: The Story of the Seminoles." By Charles H. Coe. (Cincinnati: The Editor Publishing Company.)

"Suggestions Toward an Applied Science of Sociology." By Edward Payson Payson. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Vicomte de Puyjoli." By Jules Claretie. Translated by Emma M. Phelps. (New York: R. F. Fenno. 75 cents.)

"The Romancers." By Edmond Rostand. Translated by Mary Hendee. (New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. 50 cents.)

"The High Commission: A Romance of the Spanish-American War." By Fredericka Spangler Cantwell. (New York: F. Tennyson Neely.)

CURRENT VERSE.

Lapsus Calami.

Will there never come a season
Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a prose which knows no reason
And an unmelodious verse;
When the world shall cease to wonder
At the genius of an ass,
And a boy's eccentric blunder
Shall not bring success to pass?

When mankind shall be delivered
From the clash of magazines,
And the inkstand shall be shivered
Into countless smithereens;
When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute beside a muzzled bore;
When the Rudyards cease from kipling,
And the Haggards ride no more?
—James Kenneth Stephen.

At the End of a Book.

When that old Vender, to whose hand
The loveliest volumes come at last,
Shall thumb you for a trace of good
Enduring, though your day be past,

Be not abashed at your small worth;
His sense is keen; and there may cling
About your yellowing pages still
Some freshness of the northern spring;

Some echo of the whitethroat's song
From lonely valleys blue with rain,
Ringing across the April dusk
Joy and unfathomable pain;

Some glamour of the darling land
Of purple hill and scarlet tree,
Of tidal rivers and tall ships,
And green-diked orchards by the sea;

A sweep of elm-treed interval,
And gravelly fords where herons wade;
A sigh of wind through the old gray barns
With eeriest music ever made.

And will no hint of this outweigh
The faulty aim, the faultier skill,
To save our credit when we come
To the Green Dwelling in the Hill?

Ah, trust the Vender, wise and kind!
He knows the outside and the in,
And loves the very least of those
He tosses in the dusty bin.
—Bliss Carman.

The Golden Crown Sparrow of Alaska.

Oh, minstrel of these borean hills,
Where twilight hours are long,
I would my boyhood's fragrant days
Had known thy plaintive song!

Had known thy vest of ashen grey,
Thy coat of drab and brown,
The bands of jet upon thy head
That clasp thy golden crown.

We heard thee in the cold White Pass,
Where cloud and mountain meet,
Again where Muir's great glacier shone,
Far spread beneath our feet.

I bask me now on emerald heights
To catch thy faintest strain,
But cannot tell if thy lay
Be more of joy or pain.

Far off behold the snow-white peaks
Athwart the sea's blue shade;
Anear there rise green Kadiak hills,
Wherein thy nest is made.

I hear the wild bee's mellow chord,
In airs that swim above;
The lesser hermit tunes his flute
To solitude and love.

But thou, sweet singer of the wild,
I give more heed to thee;
Thy wistful note of fond regret
Strikes deeper chords in me.

Farewell, dear bird! I turn my face
To other skies than thine—
A thousand leagues of land and sea
Between thy home and mine.
—John Burroughs, in the Century.

"I Know!"

We talked of love—her fair face flushed;
I played the lover's part.
"The next auspicious time," I thought,
"I'll beg her hand and heart."

We talked of clergymen and creeds,
But did not quite agree;
And then her small, white hand came down;
"You think; I know!" said she.

That settled it: my lips were mute,
Silenced by one quick blow;
My arguments were powerless
Before her great "I know."

No more I play the lover's part;
My heart is cold as lead;
No more, no more we talk of love—
Her "I know" struck it dead.
—Emma C. Dowd, in Truth.

The Sailing of the Long-Ships.

(October, 1899.)

They saw the cables loosened, they saw the gangways cleared,
They heard the women weeping, they heard the men that cheered;
Far off, far off, the tumult faded and died away,
And all alone the sea wind came singing up the bay.

"I came by Cape St. Vincent, I came by Trafalgar,
I swept from Torres Vedras to golden Vigo Bar,
I saw the beacons blazing that fired the world with light
When down their ancient highway your fathers passed to fight.

"O race of tireless fighters, flushed with a youth renewed,
Right well the wars of freedom befit the Sea Kings' brood;
Yet as ye go forget not the fame of yonder shore,
The fame ye owe your fathers and the old times before.

"Long suffering were the Sea Kings, they were not swift to kill,
But when the sands had fallen they waited no man's will;
Though all the world forbade them, they counted not nor cared,
They weighed not help or hindrance, they did the thing they dared.

"The Sea Kings loved not boasting, they cursed not him that cursed,
They honored all men duly, and him that faced them, first;
They strove and knew not hatred, they smote and toiled to save,
They tended whom they vanquished, they praised the fallen brave.

"Their fame's on Torres Vedras, their fame's on Vigo Bar,
Far-flashed to Cape St. Vincent it burns from Trafalgar;
Mark as ye go the beacons that woke the world with light
When down their ancient highway your fathers passed to fight."
—Henry Newbolt, in The Spectator.

A Spur to Genius.

Is it my Plutarch that the boy holds there
Upon his knee, his soul absorbed in deeds
Of other races, lands, and times, and creeds,
The soft Aegean breeze within his hair,
And tales of heroes for his daily fare?
Ah! let him burn to face the haughty Medes,
And glory in the men that Athens breeds,
Or thrill at all the odds that Romans dare!
E'en thus it was that Shakespeare learned to know
His Timon and his Serpent of old Nile,
And thus Montaigne in wisdom learned to grow,
And thus the Corsican who left his isle
To rule the world and then that world to throw;
My boy may get him something worth his while.
—Charles Woodward Hutson.

A Girl on the Trail.

A flutter of skirts in the flapping of leaves on the trees,
The sound of a small, happy voice on the breeze,
The print of a slim little foot on the trail,
And the miners rejoice as they hammer with pick up in the vale.

For fairer than gold is the face of a maid,
And sovereign as stars the light of her eyes;
For women alone were the long trenches laid,
For women alone they defy the stern skies.

These toilers are grimy, and hairy, and dim
With the wear of the wild, the scorch of the sun;
But their picks fall slack, their foul tongues are mute—
As the maiden goes by these earthworms salute.
—Hamlin Garland.

To Man.

O Solomon of bonds and stocks,
The market's ups and downs,
Who sneers at girlhood's love for frocks,
And woman's craze for gowns!
Whose knowledge is so vast and great,
In nothing is it scrimped!
From your abundance kindly state,
Quite briefly, what's a guimpe?

Pronounced your own peculiar way,
What's pole de soie? Foulard?
Beige? Taffeta? Ruching? Pique?
Crepon? Don't think too hard.
You may discuss the Philippines
Embroglio—alas!
On bias satin serpentines
You'll never, never pass!

Explain a passementerie,
Batiste, and surah, too;
Or gros grain silk, or point d'esprit;
The women know—do you?
And Henrietta, bolero,
Or crepe de chine, well shirred;
Guipure; glace; faille; basque; jabot,
What, stumped so soon? Absurd!
—Edwin L. Sabin, in "Truth."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

How old must a woman be before she can be called an old maid? A. B. C.

These questions are never asked, and never, never should be answered.

Is Thanksgiving Day a national holiday? L. S.

It is not. The President's proclamation designating a day of Thanksgiving is a suggestion, merely.

Where is the finest railroad station in the world? T. J. G.

St. Louis, Boston, and Glasgow are claimants of this distinction with recently completed structures.

Please give me the explanation why the twentieth century doesn't begin until January 1, 1901. X.

Because the first century ended with the close of the year 100.

Do intelligent people accept the Book of Genesis literally? F. J.

Many do; a person may fairly be classified as intelligent who is not versed in that higher criticism before which this story of the world's beginning falls.

What is the symbolic significance of the ruby, and for what month is it the gem? MARY.

The ruby is thought (by fools) to overcome all injury arising from the unkindness of friends, and is taken (by other fools) as the gem for July.

How long has France used Devil's Island as a prison? N. H.

Since 1885, when Napoleon III sent over a batch of Republicans, leaving them there with materials with which to make their own barracks.

Is not America first in the production of gold and silver? BOB.

No. Australasia and the South African Republic exceed us in gold production, and Mexico outdoes us in silver.

What is the longest distance over which anyone can talk by telephone at the present time in the world? HOPE.

From Austin, Tex., to Bangor, Me., 2,600 miles.

A says that enlisted men in the United States Army and Navy can vote if they want to; B that they cannot. Which is right? I. L. S.

Texas, South Dakota, Indiana, and Montana are the States that forbid their voting. The others do not.

Why is it that burning clay in making bricks turns it red? HYATT.

This is because of the presence in the clay of a small percentage of iron oxide. When this is abundant the clay will burn blue, almost black. Clays that contain lime and no iron burn white.

Where can I get a copy of the United States census law, and the rules and regulations governing census-taking in the United States? C. G. H.

It is not printed for general distribution, we think, but possibly the Director of the Census will send you a copy on application.

Is not the present centre of population of the United States in the State of Ohio? E.

No. By the last census it was in Indiana, twenty miles to the east of Columbus. The coming enumeration will probably disclose that it is still in Indiana, between Columbus and the State's western border. From 1860 to 1880 the centre of population was in Ohio.

How many lives were lost in the Johnstown flood of May 31, 1889? 2. Has the city ever been rebuilt? JACK.

The exact number of lives lost was never known, and estimates ran as high as 5,000, but a careful reckoning made by Johnstown folk put it at 2,142. 2. The city has been rebuilt, and restored to its former prosperity, with ample safeguards against a repetition of the disaster.

When did Prince Jerome Bonaparte marry Miss Patterson, of Baltimore? On what legal points was the marriage declared null and void by the civil courts of France? J. P.

They were married in Baltimore, in 1803, while the subsequent King of Westphalia was on a visit to this country. Napoleon had not given his consent to the marriage, and in 1805 he ordered it annulled. He had other plans for his brother, who two years later married a daughter of the King of Wurttemberg.

You recently stated that there were [illegible] silver dollars coined in 1894. Secretary Carlisle, in his statement published some time in 1895 (or 1896), said that there were 758 silver dollars coined in 1894. How is this? E. A. W.

The answer you quote was for the calendar year of 1894, and is correct. Secretary Carlisle's figures were for the fiscal year ending June 30. The coinage of silver dollars for that period, according to the Director of the Mint's report for 1894, page 7, was 758.

What is the meaning of the words "commando" and "commandeering" used so frequently in the war reports from South Africa? 2. What are the meaning and pronunciation of "kopje"? D. and E.

A "commando" is a force of Boer burghers or soldiers ordered out for military service. "Commandeering" is ordering burghers into immediate military service, or seizing for the use of the commandos supplies and stores. 2. The meaning is a knob or hillock, and it is pronounced kop-yi, accent on the first syllable.

What is the proper pronunciation of [illegible] 2. What were the birthplaces of Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, and Sir Redvers Buller, and the battles for which they are principally noted? G. H.

Accent on the first syllable; "e" like the second "e" in element. 2. Lord Kitchener's best campaign was that leading to Khartum. He was born in England. Lord Roberts was born at Cawnpur, India, and his most noted exploit was the relief of Kandahar. Lord Wolseley was born near Dublin, Ireland. Buller's birthplace was in Devonshire, England, and he was conspicuous in the Ashantee, Kaffir, and Zulu wars. Lord Wolseley is a paper soldier.

Please describe the process by which photographs are reproduced in magazines and newspapers. J. W.

This is done by photo-engraving, the methods being generally similar to those employed in making ordinary cuts from line drawings. The mat of the half-tone process is obtained by making the photographic image through a transparent screen of fine lines. This breaks up the image into a mass of fine dots, varying according to the amount of light composing the different parts of the image. This dotted effect is retained, of course, in the subsequent etching with acid. For different grades of work various processes are followed. Books are in print that describe them fully.

What is the origin of the term "John Bull"? 2. What is the significance of the term "modus vivendi" as applied to the Alaskan boundary question? 3. Where is Moldavia? 4. Who was Aubrey Beardsley, and where can I obtain full information as to his career and his relation to art? 5. Why is Russia called "The Bear"? 6. Why is the fruit of the sycamore called the monkey-ball? 7. Who was Zophar, the Naamathite? READER.

It is said to have originated in a farce played in London some 200 years ago, in which the various nations were personified as "John Bull," "Johnny Crapaud," etc. 2. The phrase "modus vivendi" means literally "manner of living," but in common usage has come to mean a compromise by which a vexed question is settled for the time being. 3. It is the northern province of the kingdom of Roumania. 4. Aubrey Beardsley was a young Englishman who several years ago originated a new and somewhat startling style of illustration, probably borrowing his idea from Japanese art. He was practically the originator of the "poster style." He died about a year ago and many articles about his life and work were printed in various literary magazines. Recourse might be had to the files of the "Critic" or the "Bookman" for definite information about him. 5. Probably for the same reason that England is called "the Lion" and America "the Eagle." 6. We do not know. 7. Zophar is mentioned in the Book of Job, second chapter, eleventh verse, in connection with the patriarch's other two comforters, Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite.