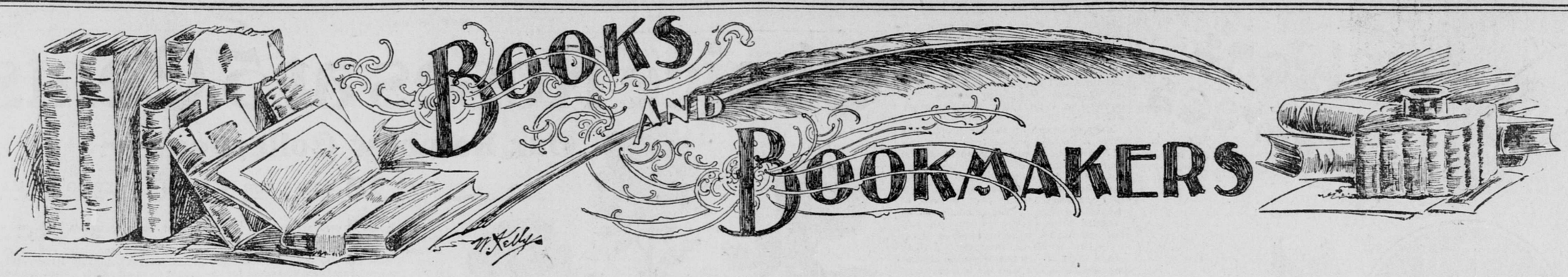

A Life Full of Beauty.

JOHN WELLBORN ROOT—By Harriet Monroe. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

HENRY VAN BRUNT, writing in the Inland Architect and News Record, said that John Root was one of the most interesting personalities in the history of modern architecture. This opinion will be indorsed by every one who has the pleasure of eading this study of his life and work by Miss Harriet Monroe, and they will add to it the opinion that the book has enriched our literature with one of the most attractively written biographies of modern times. It is a volume which should be read by architects, and by all those who expect to build a home or have a voice in the selection of plans for any building, and by those diligent seekers after breadth of culture who would like to know some of the best that has been thought and said about "the most useful of the fine arts and the finest of the useful arts" by one of the foremost of American architects.

The history of John Root will be of interest to the general reader, because his was a character of singular strength and beauty, and the literary charm with which it is narrated will make it doubly interesting to those who love excellence of style for its own sake and as a thing aside from the importance of the story told.

Mr. Root was born in Georgia in 1850. His father was a native of New England, his mother a Southerner, and in his blood was blended the puritan and the cavalier. Even from his birth his parents planned that this boy should be artistic—he must love music, poetry and pictures—the gifts of Pallas were besought for him. His father's baffled longings to be an architect were to be fulfilled in the son, the stateliness and beauty of buildings were to be his contribution to the world's loveliness. The wish of his parents was bountifully granted. The aspiration planted in the boy's breast produced a harvest of achievement in manhood. An enduring monument to his memory exists in the graceful piles that have made permanent in solid masonry the beauty of his thoughts.

A fondness for music and a most precocious capacity for making it was the first form in which Mr. Root evinced his artistic tastes. But music came so easily to him that all his life he made it his play and recreation, while he devoted himself to architecture as the serious business of his days. He was graduated with high honors from the University of New York, receiving the degree of bachelor of science and civil engineering. His working life was spent chiefly in Chicago, whither he went soon after the great fire with $300 capital. His success is a story of persistent struggle against discouragements. It was four years before his talents found such recognition that his earnings amounted to $1500 a year. A story illustrative of his generosity while under the stress of hard times is that once being moneyless at the time of a friend's marriage he pawned his watch for $20 in order to buy the bride a present. He put his music to practical use in the first years in Chicago by playing the organ in a church to help out his income.

The future held great things in store for him, however, and as soon as it was discovered what he could do he was crowded with remunerative work. He planned buildings that have been erected in many cities and are considered masterpieces, some of them ranging in value from $400,000 to $1,000,000. The catalogue of his creations covers five large pages. Besides the many magnificent buildings in Chicago, he has to his credit a number in distant cities. Among them is the Montezuma Hotel in New Mexico, which is the materialization of an architect's dream of beauty. Another is the Equitable building in Atlanta, which surpasses anything in that fair city. The Mills building in San Francisco was designed by him and is considered a fine example of his power. It is said to be one of the most successful of all that class of his buildings in which the commercial idea alone demanded expression.

The temple he designed for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Chicago is said to combine the elements of a motive of sentiment and aspiration and the commercial ideal in a wonderful harmony. Mr. Van Brunt says of it: "As an expression of strength and dignity crowned worthily by beauty and grace no nobler example has been given in modern times." The great archway in the Western Union building in Chicago is one of his masterpieces and the balconied porch of the Insurance Exchange another. But there are far too many to enumerate.

Mr. Root formed a partnership with David H. Burnham early in his career, and the firm of Burnham & Root worked harmoniously for eighteen years and was only dissolved by the death of Root in 1891. Root had charge of the department of design. The big office force was so well organized and worked with such sympathetic accord and ambition that it accomplished work astonishing in its combination of quantity with perfection of detail. Root designed with facile speed and had unusual powers of application and endurance of mental strain. It was only at the last he realized that he had overworked himself.

Notwithstanding the extent of the work done by this prolific designer his biographer tells us that he never became absorbed in his work so completely as to dwarf to disproportion the other parts of life. She tells us that to him life was more than art. He succeeded in making himself so well beloved that strong men wept when death came to him in the prime of his career. The most remarkable thing about him is said to have been the complete harmony of his whole being. He was developed at all points and his character perfectly rounded. His fellow-artists bore witness to his modesty—"in one so great a final proof of greatness."

The social side of his nature made him the life of many clubs and he was instrumental in founding a number of these. His biography is the story of a joyous life. He had sympathy as well as strength, and men whom he had aided sobbed like children when they heard of his death. One trait of his character was his subordination of his personality to the great forces behind the progress of events; he seems to have regarded himself as a mere instrument played upon by unseen powers, and made the music of a happy and highly useful life with no thought of individual merit.

The esteem of Mr. Root's fellow-craftsmen is evidenced by his having been made president of the Western Association of Architects, and when they were merged into the American Institute of Architects he was appointed to the important duties of secretary of that association. He was consulting architect of the World's Fair at Chicago, and to him was entrusted the selection of the board of architects who planned the wonders of the White City. In the division of labor he was assigned the designing of the fine arts building, which of course had to be the most artistic of all that creation of grace and grandeur. His prevention by death from participating fully in the great work was deplored as a calamity by that galaxy of genius which made the dream of the World's Fair a reality.

Competent judges of the glory of architecture regret that an early death deprived America of the fully ripened fruit of his genius. His aspirations lacked much of fulfillment. His biographer says: "The large commercial structures, which must be pronounced his most important contribution to architecture, in a certain way do violence to his memory. He was deeply an artist, a poet; profoundly a lover of his kind, a dreamer of God. Temples of art, of music, of religion, were what he chiefly longed to do; but along with the opportunity for these came the higher opportunity of death."

To read the life of such a man as John Wellborn Root must needs be interesting and instructive, not only because of its illumination of the noble art of architecture, the building of music and poetry into form to delight and inspire every beholder, but also because of its illumination of the fact that in the building up of character poetry and music can find expression in the conduct of a life stately, strong and beautiful, like some great architectural masterpiece. The book which gives the public the benefit of these two studies is so happy in its selections of what Root said about art and life, and in what it tells us about his personality, and is written in such pleasing literary style, that it will be found as absorbingly interesting as some great novel.

Miss Knapp's New Book.

The Roycroft Printing Shop of East Aurora, N. Y., announces the publication on March 15 next of a new book by Miss Adeline Knapp, entitled "Upland Pastures."

The book will consist of short outdoor essays, dealing with the beautiful things that spring and summer bring.

Five hundred copies will be printed on Dickinson's rough English paper, bound in antique boards, $2 each; forty copies on Japan vellum, hand-illumined by Bertha C. Hubbard, $5 each.

The book will be done throughout in the best Roycroft style, which fact will be enough to assure admirers of artistic work. We have already taken occasion in these columns to speak of the excellent taste displayed by Elbert Hubbard in the Roycroft publications.

Miss Knapp is well known to readers of the reviews as the author of numerous striking essays on economic subjects. To the public of San Francisco she will be remembered by her charming "Idylls of the Field," which have appeared in THE CALL. Her new venture will be awaited with interest.

About Artists.

A STURDY BEGGAR—By Charles Carrington. Stone & Kimball, New York. Price $1 25. For sale by William Doxey, Palace Hotel, City.

The Sturdy Beggar in this cleverly written little book was an artist who maintained that a true genius of art could never do hireling work. He was a very talented man and a great art critic. One night he dropped into the studio of a young sculptor who had just finished after long labor a statue of "Prudence," for which he was to receive a big sum of money. The Sturdy Beggar convinced the ambitious young man that he ought to destroy his work, and he was just about to smash it up with a hammer when a friend came in and stopped the destruction. The caustic and learned critic turned out to be a madman who had escaped from a lunatic asylum.

Triumphant Fraud.

LADY BRAMBER'S GHOST—By Charles Charrington. Stone & Kimball, New York. Price $1 25. For sale by William Doxey, Palace Hotel, City.

The Lady Bramber in this tale is a great social success, and in addition to that glory she makes a big reputation as an author by representing as her own the work of her divorced husband, who is a morphine-eater, but a literary genius. This wretched man is the "ghost" of the story. A young newspaper man discovers the fraud, but the managers of the papers all think he is trying to fake a story on them, or are afraid of the power of Lady Bramber. Finally the journalist is decided to be mentally unbalanced, the ghost dies and the literary fraud's triumph is complete.

Riddles.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SPHINX—By Carolyn W. Wells. Stone & Kimball, New York. Price $1 25 For sale by William Doxey, Palace Hotel, City.

This book of charades contains queries calculated to quicken the brain by the exercise of answering them correctly, and the language used in asking them is quite pretty and often poetical. It contains a table by which the answers may be put to proof for their correctness, but without giving any hint of what they are before being guessed.

Ruskin's Philanthropy.

From time to time references are made to the sacrifice of his fortune made by Ruskin for the benefit of the poor. The Home Journal gives some of the interesting and inspiring details of this sacrifice:

"Through his father Mr. Ruskin fell heir to nearly $1,000,000, to which must be added the income of his writings. But this man counted his treasures as a trust fund, held in the interests of suffering merit or youth's promising talent. That he was on the London committee for the victualing of Paris in 1871 proves that his benevolence was as well known as Peabody's or Lady Burdett-Coutts'. Taxing himself first a tenth, then half, he finally gave his entire income. If he needed botanical and art works for his studies he crippled himself rather than refuse his last spare 20 guineas to the widow of a dead artist. If for health's sake and art's sake he wanted to take a trip to Switzerland, he would forego it that he might contribute £100 to the Cruikshank memorial. If others would not encourage the study of art in schools, he would buy ten water-color drawings of William Hunt, paying for each $375, and give them to the public schools of London. In one of his letters to the workingmen of Great Britain he told them what he had done and was doing with his money in carrying on his St. George's Guild and his plans for rent reform. Up to 1877 he had given away all his fortune save $250,000. But, in view of the needs of his workingmen's clubs, this amount seemed much too large for his personal wants. He therefore determined to distribute all save £12,000 worth of consols, the interest of which would bring him some £300. Upon this interest he now lives, the income of his books being distributed among his servants, his old pensioners and his various plans for social reform."

He bestowed his art treasures, we are further told, with like generosity, on institutions where the poor would have access to them. He anticipated General Booth by founding a guild to redeem waste lands and regenerate ruined lives. Under his influence the historian Green spent several years in work among the London poor. The best lectures of the great art critic, it is said, have never been given where wealth and social prestige were represented, but before working-girls' and workingmen's associations.

The Value of the "Times."

Any one who wants to get an idea of the value of a big newspaper may take as a basis the estimated profit of shareholders of the London Times, as suggested in a recent trial. Mr. Adams bought one-fourteenth of two-thirds of one-ninth of two-sixteenths (or 1-1512) of the Times from Mr. Brodie for £353, on the assurance that this minute share was worth £25 per annum. According to him, after he had purchased the share he found it only to be worth £17 a year. On this he asked for damages. A jury assessed the damages at £65. Assuming this share to be worth £18 per annum (which seems about the average value), it is clear, says London Truth, that the net dividend on shares is £27,216. Mr. Adams, believing it to be worth £352, paid for it 14.1 years' purchase. The jury valued it at £288, which, taking the annual return at £18, would be sixteen years' purchase, making the Times worth £435,456. This, however, does not quite correctly, I believe, represent value, for Mr. Walter, as printer, derives a large profit on an old contract. This contract, in point of fact, represents what may be called preference shares, while those of the shareholders may be termed ordinary shares, the value of the Times being the sum total of both.

JOHN WELLBORN ROOT.

CLEVER BITS OF VERSE BY CURRENT RHYMESTERS

Uncle Silas and the Universe.

"What's all this thing about?" says he.
"Wall, I dunno," says I.
"What good is all this worl' to me,
This lan' an' sea an' sky?
The same ol' thing! Git up an' dress.
An' eat an' work like sin;
Then go to bed, git up an' dress,
An' eat an' work ag'in.
What's all this thing about?" says he.
Says I: "Can't tell ye, John;
But, as for me, I like to see,
To see the thing go on.

"There ain't no end to this machine,
An' no man hereabout.
So fur as I have seen,
Can tell what it grinds out;
Its belts are hitched to far-off gears,
Far out be-end the sun.
An' I've no doubt 'twill run for years
The way it allus run."
"But what's the thing about?" says he;
Says I: "Can't tell ye, John;
But, as for me, I like to see.
To see the thing go on."

"'Tis day an' night an' night an' day,
The same ol' thing," says John.
"I guess it is," says I, "but say,
Let's watch the thing go on.
For all the grass an' things that grow,
An' stars, it seems to me,
Are jest a free-for-nothin' show,
For us deadheads to see.
An' I ain't tired of it yit,
It's pretty middlin', John;
An', as for me, I like to see,
To see the thing go on.

"I like to see the thing, my friend,
'Tis healthy sport for man,
Though I can't tell ye where 'twill end,
Nor where the thing began."
"What's all the thing about?" "Dunno;
'Tis fun enough for me
To jest lay back an' see the show
An' wonder; yes, sir-ee!
An' so I guess that we are here
And that's our business, John,
To work an' git ourselves in gear
To help the thing go on."

SAM WALTER FOSS in New York Sun.

To My Pipe.

Oh, I love the merry gurgle of my pipe,
Brier pipe;
When the flavor of the weed within is ripe;
What a lullaby it purls
As the smoke around me curls,
Mounting slowly higher, higher,
As I dream before the fire,
With a flavor in my mouth
Like a zephyr from the south,
And my favorite tobacco
By my side—
Near my side,
With the soothing necromancy
Sweetly linking fact to fancy
In a golden memory chain
To the gurgle, sweet refrain,
Of my pipe, brier pipe,
To the fancy-breeding gurgle of my pipe.

Oh, what subtle satisfaction in my pipe,
Brier pipe:
Nothing mundane can impart
Such contentment to my heart;
She's my idle, she's my queen,
Is my lady Nicotine.
When in trouble how I yearn
For the incense which I burn
At her shrine.
How I pine
For the fragrance of her breath;
Robbed of terror e'en is death
By her harmless hypnotism;
Healed is every mortal schism.
Foe and friend
Sweetly blend
At the burning of the brier;
Greed, cupidity, desire
Fade away within the smoke,
In the fragrant, fleecy smoke
From my pipe, magic pipe,
From my glowing, peace-bestowing,
gurgling pipe.

SIGEL ROUSE in New York Sun.

The Broken Joy.

A broken toy! what memories cling
Around this half-forgotten thing;
What baby laughter seems to rise,
Like old, delightful melodies;
What shouts of wordless, tuneful joy,
At sight of this poor broken toy!

Oh, tiny feet that would not rest!
Oh, dear head pillowed on our breast,
What would we give to hold again
The form we lost, 'mid tears and pain!
Ah, child! the empty cot is ours,
But thine the sunshine and the flowers!

What could we give thee, shouldst thou come
To smile again upon thy home?
Such little pleasures as we know
In this, our twilight life below:
Some fragments of earth's paltry joys,
A handful of its broken toys!

How calm thy lot, forever blest;
How exquisite thy happy rest!
How changeless, joyful and serene
Compared with what thy lot had been
With us, whose fleeting, clouded joys
Are at their best but broken toys.

J. H. in Chambers' Journal.

A Pen Portrait.

Hair whose gold was deftly spun
By viewless spindles of the sun.

Eyes whose silken fringes seem
The curtains of a fairy's dream,

On mischief bent, yet half demure—
The home of thoughts and fancies pure.

Where heavenly lights have equal sway
In union of the blue and gray.

Words whose sweetness cannot wane
From lips like rosebuds after rain.

A heart whose softly rhythmic beat
Is timed to all things true and sweet.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE in Leslie's Weekly.

Barrie Hard Hit.

This is how the "Chap Book" comments upon J. M. Barrie's latest work, "Margaret Ogilvy":

When Forster published his "Life of Charles Dickens" it was said that the proper title for the book should have been "Life of Forster With Reminiscences of Charles Dickens." Pretty much the same may be said of "Margaret Ogilvy," Mr. Barrie's memoir of his mother. The book should have been called, "James M. Barrie as a Son; how he carried shawls and made beds and scoured plates in his own home; and went to London; and wrote books about his friends and relatives; and the strange faces he made while writing them; what he thought of things in general and himself in particular; with full details of his daily habits and domestic life and occasional glimpses of His Mother." Nothing less would give a true idea of Mr. Barrie's quiet way of creeping to the front of the stage himself. The book is not about his mother; it is about Mr. Barrie. No one who knows Mr. Barrie—a more modest or more refined man never lived—will hold him consciously to blame for this mishap. He started out to give us a sketch of his mother; to make the picture a true one he was compelled to bring himself in; and quite by accident—these things will happen somehow—he has made himself the central figure in the foreground. The impression left by the memoir is that Mr. Barrie was a most dutiful and well-behaved young man. As a work of art the book is undoubtedly a very dainty piece of literature. But it is impossible for the reader to rid himself of the impression of artificiality—not so much in the execution, as in the idea of the thing; the instinct that it is unnatural for a man to sit down and turn his home life into public copy and sell for money a description, however pathetic, of his mother's and sister's deathbed. There is something too theatrical about it; that smacks too much of the set funeral oration over the grave of an eminent Frenchman. Mr. Barrie, by tact and sheer literary ability, has concealed the innate deceitfulness of his task; but if books of the "Margaret Ogilvy" style become common, feebler hands will not so conceal it. And it is interesting to note that the Scotsman, the most literary of all Scotch papers, condemns the motif of the book as "alien and repulsive to the Scottish nature." If that is so, the Scotch are for once in harmony with the rest of the world. We commented in the last number of the "Chap Book" on the dexterous methods by which the American publishers of the book have shifted its interest from Margaret Ogilvy to Mr. Barrie, booming it as purely personal gossip, and already the world is being told that such and such a character is Mr. Stead and so and so is Lord Rosebery, and this editor is Mr. Frederick Greenwood and that kind friend is of course Dr. Robertson Nicoll. Whatever on earth has all this to do with Margaret Ogilvy?

Who Is the Author?

The following letter was published in a recent issue of the Cleveland Leader:

To the Editor of the Leader: In that charmingly odd book, "A Club of One," by A. P. Russell, under the heading, "The Perfect Ballad," I find the following, which I think interesting enough to quote, hoping some reader of that great Northern Ohio journal, the Leader, may be able to identify the writer of so beautiful a verse: "John Anderson, my Jo, John," all the world has been in the habit of regarding as another perfect ballad, till a verse lately (1887) added to it by a gentleman in Northern Ohio proved it far from being perfect. The additional verse was sent to me in manuscript, as taken from the lips of the author, and should make his name famous if he never wrote another line. I have copied it into the margin of my Burns alongside the poem, and also copy it here to preserve it further in case the book should be spirited away:

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We winna mind that sleep;
The grave sae cauld and still, John,
The spirit canna keep;
But we'll wake in heaven, John,
Where young again we'll grow,
And ever live in blessed luve,
John Anderson, my Jo.

How Burns and the author of this stanza will shake hands on the other shore! I should like to witness the meeting of the two bards. Cannot some reader of this give us the name of one whom I am sure all would gladly honor, though now to most unknown. C. A. P.

Cleveland.

Mr. I. Zangwill, famous as the author of "The Children of the Ghetto," has completed another book concerning Jewish life, which will be entitled "Dreamers of the Ghetto." From a business point of view this second title is not chosen happily, and it is to be feared that comparisons, always odious in themselves, will be made between the books bearing names so nearly similar. "The Children of the Ghetto" is not the only fiction Mr. Zangwill has produced, but it's the only one so far which could have given him any distinction. "Dreamers of the Ghetto" will be awaited eagerly—and somewhat anxiously—by those who recognize in its author something quite out of the ordinary so far as literary ability is concerned.

The English papers are still discussing the new masterpiece, as they classify Mrs. Steel's wonderful novel of the great mutiny, "On the Face of the Waters." The Macmillan Company have announced their edition of it for publication the 20th inst., but are forced by delays in press to postpone it for a week. It will surely be ready by the end of the month. It is a compact book (the English edition has about 430 pages, the American about 475, the increase being due merely to a difference of type), but in its intense unwavering interest its length is unnoticed. The scene is for the most part in Delhi, and her marvelous palace, the Cantonment, the Ridge, or the narrow streets, even the noise of the bazaar, are described with a vivid vitality which is rarely equaled and cannot be surpassed. Mrs. Steel has the rare gift of writing in colors.

Among the several works left by Robert Louis Stevenson unpublished at his death, undoubtedly the one of completest and widest interest is a romance entitled "St. Ives." Unlike "Weir of Hermiston," the only other novel left by Stevenson unpublished, "St. Ives" was left all but complete, and it is, those say who have read it, a straight-away, honest tale of adventure, related in Stevenson's most spirited and charming vein. It is a love story, and records in particular the exploits of a very cool, audacious, attractive French soldier who becomes a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle. The exclusive right of serial publication of "St. Ives" for America was purchased soon after Stevenson's death by McClure's Magazine, and the publication will begin in the March number of that periodical.

Warning Voice of Albion's Bard.

THE YEAR OF SHAME—By William Watson. New York: John Lane publisher. The Bodley Head. For sale in this City by William Doxey, Palace Hotel. Price $1.

This book consists of about two dozen short poems and sonnets, most of which are reprints from Mr. Watson's pamphlet, "The Purple East." The others have from time to time appeared in the columns of London newspapers.

To the present collection the Bishop of Hereford contributes a preface. He points out that these poems were written more as a patriotic appeal to Englishmen than merely as a poet's impassioned utterance. The appeal is specifically addressed to those Britons who, seated at warm firesides in comfortable homes, shake their heads negatively at the idea of any of the great European powers interfering with the course of Armenian massacres on account of the commercial or financial disturbances such action would entail.

"The commercial jingo," says the Bishop of Hereford, "is unhappily becoming very prominent in English life, and is very militant if any material interests are threatened, but all for peace and patience and concerted action when the only thing concerned is a question of old-fashioned honor and moral obligation." Much as the average business man affects to despise the criticism of the churchman, the careful reader of events of the past twelve months cannot fail to perceive the truth of the English cleric's words and to agree with him in his assertion that the "stand by and hands off" policy adopted by the powers toward the unspeakable Turk is merely the result of the prompting of the bondholder and the speculator. This being so, what becomes of Britain's claim, iterated and reiterated, that she is the friend of the oppressed? Where is the old-fashioned, chivalrous idea of assisting the downtrodden of the earth, so often advanced as one of the component parts of the Englishman's make-up? Can it be that this tradition will not be carried down to posterity as one belonging to the present generation of Englishmen?

"The Year of Shame," it can safely be prophesied, will not make pleasant reading to residents of the United Kingdom nor the colonies. The poems are written with an almost brutal directness and power, as if their writer were in deadly earnest, meaning every word that he uttered, warning Englishmen that national honor and tradition must at all risks be preserved from sacrifice at the altar of mercenary consideration. What, for instance, do Albion's sons think of this appeal?

A HURRIED FUNERAL.

A little deeper, sexton. You forget
She you would bury 'neath so thin a crust
Of loam was fiery-souled, and ev'n in dust
She may lie restless, she may toss and fret,
Nay, she might break a seal too lightly set,
And vex, unmannerly, our ease! She must
Beneath no lack of English earth lie thrust,
Would we unhaunted sleep! Nay, deeper yet.
Quick, friend, the cortege comes. There—that will serve:
Deep enough now; and thou'lt need all thy nerve,
If, in her coffin, at the last, amid
The mourners in the customary suits,
And to the scandal of these decent mutes,
This corpse of England's Honor burst the lid!

Englishmen are sturdy and materialistic, not sentimental; but lives there the Briton who would not blush at the imputation contained in the last half a dozen lines?

Another remarkable poem in this collection is the one entitled "Repudiated Responsibility," wherein the callous indifference of England to Ottoman atrocities is lashed:

REPUDIATED RESPONSIBILITY.

I had not thought to hear it voiced so plain,
Uttered so forthright, on their lips who steer
This nation's course: I had not thought to hear
That word re-echoed by an English thane,
Guilt's maiden speech when first a man lay slain,
"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yet full near
It sounded, and the syllables rang clear
As the immortal rhetoric of Cain.
"Wherefore should we, sirs, more than they—or they—
Unto these helpless reach a hand to save?"
An English thane, in this our English air,
Speaking for England? Then indeed her day
Slopes to its twilight, and, for Honor, there
Is needed but a requiem and a grave.

Verily, to quote again from the Bishop of Hereford's introduction, "It is the spirit of Isaiah that is represented in this book of poems * * * making us feel that behind these desolated Armenian homes, those tortured and murdered men, those dishonored and heart-broken women, there stands the vision of a stern and unavoidable reckoning for those who might have saved and would not or dared not."

It is a relief to turn from verses of so denunciatory a character as those quoted to ones no less earnest, but breathing a more fraternal spirit. In the following lines it will be seen that the poet, disdaining to recognize the independent English jingo, extends the hand of fellowship to the "half-brother of the world":

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

O towering daughter, Titan of the West,
Behind a thousand leagues of foam secure;
Thou toward whom our inmost heart is pure
Of ill intent; although thou threatenest
With most unfilial hand thy mother's breast,
Not for one breathing space may earth endure
The thought of war's intolerable cure
For such vague pains as vex to-day thy rest!
But if thou hast more strength than thou canst spend
In tasks of peace, and find'st her yoke too tame,
Help us to smite the cruel, to befriend
The succorless, and put the false to shame.
So shall the ages laud thee, and thy name
Be lovely among nations to the end.

EMANUEL ELZAS.

Literary Notes.

Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., will contribute to the March number of Harper's an article entitled "Preparedness for War," in which he will both urge the view that our consistent enforcement of the Monroe doctrine involves greater probability of conflict with European powers, and outline a scheme for defense by sea.

Of "the biggest books in the world" there is no end, but it is believed that the blank book of greatest weight, size and bulk belongs to an eccentric physician of Baltimore, Dr. Fahrney. It was made in Chicago in 1891. It weighs exactly 280 pounds and 7 ounces, and has leaves made of the very best rope manilla. The cover of this giant of books weighs fifty pounds, and is provided with two complicated padlocks. The book cost the doctor $65.

Among the books which Messrs. Harper & Brothers announce for publication in February or March is Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's "Farthest North," a work which, in addition to its popular interest, may be presumed to have a scientific value beyond that to be found in other records of Arctic exploration. The expedition was not a mere feat. In physical geography, in biology, in meteorology, the results obtained will mark a new departure in the various sciences concerned.

The work on Byron on which Clement K. Shorter is engaged is not likely to see the light for some considerable time yet. It will be a volume about the size of his Bronte book. It will not contain any letters and, therefore, its interest will be in no way affected by any success which may attach to Mr. Henley's edition of Byron or by Lord Lovelace's "Life and Works," which Mr. Murray is to publish. Mr. Shorter proposes to set forth the details of Byron's career in chapters. The first chapter will be entitled "The Mad Byrons," the second "The Gay Gordons," the third "Childhood in Aberdeen." In these more stress will be laid than has ever hitherto been done on the part played by heredity in Byron's life and on the early influence of his Celtic origin and of the Scotch surroundings of his early years. Mr. Shorter has already examined much hitherto unpublished material and the work promises to be one of great interest.

Outing for February is seasonable, interesting and superbly illustrated. "'Way Beyon' de Saskatchewan" is an entertaining story by Therese Guerin Randall, which proves her to be well acquainted with the halfbreeds of the North. "Sportsmen's Dogs," by Ed W. Sandys; "Grouse-shooting in the Snow," by R. B. Buckham; "Horn and Hound in Louisiana," by A. Wilkinson; "Under the Snow," by W. B. Cameron, and the conclusion of Sara Beaumont Kennedy's admirable story, "Redcoat and Continental," are prominent features of an excellent number.

The Aldine Club of New York is the subject of an article in the February number of the Month. Three drawings illustrate it—one by Rudyard Kipling, which forms the frontispiece; one by the late C. S. Reinhart, commemorating the Aldrich dinner, and one by George Wharton Edwards, celebrating the dinner to Dr. Conan Doyle. This is the first extended account we have seen of New York's club of publishers, authors, artists and journalists. It is written by Mr. William W. Ellsworth of the Century Company, who has contributed much to the success of the Aldine's entertainments.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers will publish the following books next week: "Bound in Shallows," by Eva Wilder Brodhead; "In the Old Herrick House, and Other Stories," by Ellen Douglas Deland; "The Last Recruit of Clare's," by S. R. Keightley; "Beauty and Hygiene," Anonymous; "A Previous Engagement," by W. D. Howells; "Six Cups of Chocolate," by Edith V. B. Matthews; "Literary Landmarks of Florence," by Laurence Hutton, and "Theory of Physics," by Joseph S. Ames.

Dr. Henry Sweet, author of an Anglo-Saxon primer and Anglo-Saxon reader, the new English grammar and other works on the history of the English grammar, besides being editor of various editions of early English texts, has further increased the indebtedness to him of the scholastic world by preparing a "Students' Dictionary of Anglo-Saxon." The head words are given in their early west Saxon spellings, the meanings given in plain concise modern English, brevity with clearness being aimed at throughout.

Every Month for February contains an album of celebrities, including the late Mrs. Hungerford, author of "Phyllis"; Rose Parsons Lathrop, who is devoting her time to the poor cancer patients of the New York slums; Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor; "Bob" Ingersoll, Maude Adams; Hannah G. Solomon, the new president of the National Council of Jewish Women; and Herman H. Kohlsaat, the rising editor of the Chicago Times-Herald. These photos, with their comprehensive comments beneath, are a feature of interest, and are evidently selected with great care and a just comprehension as to the really important individuals prominent at the time the world over. New York: Howley, Haviland & Co. Ten cents.

"American History as Told by Contemporaries," by Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard University. In four volumes.

Vol. I, "Discovery and Colonization" (1492-1689). Vol. II, "Making the Republic" (1689-1783). Vol. III, "Growth of the Nation" (1783-1845). Vol. IV, "Welding of the Nation" (1846-1896). This series is made up entirely from the original sources of American history, the records and narratives of men who witnessed and shared in the events which they describe. Extracts long enough in each case to give some idea of the writer's style are arranged in a logical sequence, so as to make up a general account of the times from the first voyages to the present day. To each volume is prefixed a practical introduction on the use of sources by teachers, students, pupils, libraries and readers, with a bibliography of the most valuable sources and collections.

The Peter Paul Book Company of Buffalo have in press a volume of poems by Irving Browne, who was for many years editor of the Albany Law Journal. Few of them have been published, but those have had a popular acceptance through several of the leading literary newspapers. The volume will contain none of his numerous legal poems, but only lyrics and ballads, grave and humorous, and the title and arrangement are quite novel and ingenious. Under the title, "The House of the Heart," they are distributed under the following subheadings, according to their pertinency: the Windows Looking Over Sea, on the Street, the Woods, the Churchyard; By the Hall Fire; In the Bedroom, the Nursery, the Library, the Garret, the Tower. The edition for sale will be limited to 300 copies, will be printed from type, and in the very neat form which might be expected from a person of Mr. Brown's well-known bibliophilic taste.

The February Ladies' Home Journal opens with a striking article—"When Kossuth Rode Up Broadway"—the fourth of its "Great Personal Events" series. In it Parke Godwin recalls the unprecedented demonstration and enthusiasm with which the Hungarian exile was welcomed to New York; also his patriotic but vain mission to this country. Charles Dana Gibson's second drawing of Dickens' people—portraying Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness—worthily occupies a prominent place in the excellent magazine. The splendor and sumptuousness which marked the festivities incident to a double royal wedding in the imperial palace of the German capital is glowingly reflected in a "Page at the Berlin Court." In a delightful vein Edward Page Gaston writes of the winsome belles of Mexico and the restraining barriers that social customs of the land interpose between lovers during courtship. An article that will appeal to women is Mrs. Talcott Williams' sketch of "The Most Famous Cook in America." The February Journal also presents the first of Mrs. S. T. Rorer's Cooking Lessons: "Ideal Cooking" and "How to Make Soups." These are the initial contributions to the department she will hereafter conduct in the Journal—the only publication for which she writes. "The Senate and House of Representatives" is the subject of ex-President Harrison's "This Country of Ours" paper, and he expresses himself very forcibly upon several points. Edward W. Bok writes in vigorous denunciation of the "wishy-washy" books to be found in Sunday-school libraries, and points an easy way to secure better literature for Sunday-school children. "Daughters of Our Presidents" is an attractive series of sketches of surviving daughters of Chief Executives, and "The Origin of Our Popular Songs," by William George Jordan, relates the interesting circumstances in connection with the writing of many of our favorite melodies. Dwight L. Moody addresses his Bible Class on Atonement, and Ruth Ashmore writes a helpful article addressed to girls on "Casting the First Stone." An admirable sketch by Miss Mary E. Wilkins portrays "A Quilting Bee in Our Village" with charming fidelity. "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise," Herbert D. Ward's serial, is fairly overflowing with humorous interest as it is unfolded. There are also articles on amateur photography, sweet pea culture, plans for "A $1500 Summer Cottage," matters pertaining to dress and the usual departments. The magazine is boundless in the scope and interest of its articles.