IF the diary of Alfred Dreyfus had been published two years ago it would have set the world on fire. At this time it is not likely to prove a fad, but, nevertheless, it promises to command a great amount of attention.

Six years have passed since the accusation of the young artillery captain for the most atrocious of all crimes known to the soldier—high treason against his country. To the world at large the cry of this man against the degradation that followed his trial seemed the plea of an innocent man and subsequent events pointed but the more strongly to a martyrdom.

For years Dreyfus was out of the world and remained silent. When he was finally brought back to receive again his liberty it was thought for some time that this wreck of a man would never again know the blessings of health and strength. He went to prison young and came out after those few years prematurely aged.

At last he has spoken and submits to the world his own account of those frightful five years of trial and incarceration, 1894-1899.

The life of Dreyfus up to the time of his accusation is told in two pages. It amounts to nothing more than the usual career of a young army officer. Born in Alsace, October 9, 1859, he became a cadet of artillery in 1880, in 1889 received a commission of captain of artillery, was married the next winter, and in 1893 took service in the Second Bureau of the General Staff.

Saturday, the 13th of October, 1894, was the beginning of what came very near being the end. He was arrested on the suspicion of having furnished the German military attache in Paris with a treasonable paper. This was the famous "bordereau" that became the basis of the entire Dreyfus case.

This account of his life by Alfred Dreyfus appeals to the reader not as a mere recital of occurrences in the case, but because it is by Dreyfus himself. At last we hear from the persecuted man his own side of the story, his own feelings and sensations.

We have had the newspaper and magazine accounts and reports until every one is familiar with the details of the case and has formed his own opinion long ago. The interest in the mere recital of facts is dead, but the curiosity to know exactly what Dreyfus himself thought about the whole affair certainly exists. It must be said in all justice to the man that absolute fairness seems to rule his account, and still this recital is the most dramatic bit of fact ever published.

In the first chapter Dreyfus tells of his arrest and peculiar examination by Commandant Du Paty. The proceedings were certainly irregular, to say the least. He was called into a private room and asked to copy certain sentences from dictation, then suddenly charged with high treason, and hustled away to the military prison.

A note from Commandant Forzinetti, the head of the prison, is given in full and shows that this man, accustomed to all sorts and conditions of prisoners and criminals, decided in his own mind beyond the question of a doubt that Dreyfus was an innocent man. It is certainly a most interesting paper, but too long to copy as a whole. This extract shows the general sentiment:

"During the years that I have spent as the head of various military prisons I have acquired a great experience of prisoners, and I do not fear to say, and to say deliberately, that a terrible mistake has been made. I have never regarded Captain Dreyfus as a traitor to his country and uniform."

Then came the first court-martial of 1894 and the conviction, the beginning of persecution for the unfortunate man. The diary says:

To me acquittal seemed certain.

I was found guilty.

I learned four years and a half later that the good faith of the Judges had been abused by the testimony of Henry (he who afterward became a forger), as well as by the communication in the courtroom of secret documents unknown to the accused and his counsel, documents of which some did not apply to him, while the rest were forgeries.

The secret communication of these documents to the members of the court-martial in the Council Chamber was ordered by General Mercier.

The man's terrible mental sufferings after this are shown in his letters to his devoted wife. He received another blow when, on the 31st of December, 1894, he heard that his appeal for a new trial had been refused. It was then that only the thought of his family and of regaining his honor kept him from a suicide's grave. On the 5th of January followed his degradation.

"I underwent the horrible torture without weakness," he begins simply, as, indeed, the newspaper reports attest. "Before the ceremony I waited an hour in the hall of the garrison adjutant. * * * During these long minutes I gathered up all the forces of my being. * * * After this I was marched to the center of the square, under a guard of four men and a corporal. Nine o'clock struck. General Darras, commanding the parade, gave the order to carry arms. I suffered agonizingly, but held myself erect with all my strength. To sustain me I called up the memory of my wife and children. As soon as the sentence had been read I cried aloud, addressing myself to the troops: 'Soldiers, they are degrading an innocent man. Soldiers, they are dishonoring an innocent man. Vive la France, vive l'armee!' A sergeant of the Republican Guard came up to me. He tore off rapidly buttons, trouser stripes, the signs of my rank from cap and sleeves, and then broke my sword across his knee. I saw all these material emblems of my honor fall at my feet. Then, my whole being racked by a fearful paroxysm, but with body erect and head high, I shouted again and again to the soldiers and to the assembled crowd the cry of my soul: 'I am innocent!' "

What were the emotions of the innocent when the mob heaved forward in a murderous surge, crying, "Death to the traitor! Kill him! Coward! Judas! Dirty Jew!"

"I heard the howls of the deluded mob," he writes, "I felt the thrill which I knew must be running through those people, since they believed that before them was a convicted traitor to France; and I struggled to transmit to their hearts another thrill—belief in my innocence." To his wife he writes: "Some time when we are reunited I will tell you what I have suffered to-day as I went through, one after another, those ignominious stations of my degradation. Again and again I wondered to myself, 'Why are you here? What are you doing here?' I seemed to myself to be the victim of a hallucination. Then my torn, dishonored garments would bring me brutally back to reality. The looks of hate and scorn told me, only too plainly, why I was there. Oh, why could not my heart have been laid open so that all might have read it—so that all those poor people along my route would have cried out, 'This is a man of honor!' * * * How well I understand them. In their place I could not have restrained my contempt for an officer branded a traitor to his country. But, alas! here is the pitiful tragedy. There is a traitor, but it is not I!"

Then follows his account of the trip to the Ile de Re Prison and the unnecessary and brutal treatment that he received there. The letters between himself and his wife are pitiful in the extreme. All of his rights have been taken away from him and in his first letter he says:

"And now I must remind you that before you come here you must provide yourself with all the authorizations necessary to see me; do not forget to ask permission to kiss me."

These letters tell better than the most eloquent pen of any of the world's greatest writers could the life of Dreyfus at that time, for they were written at the moment and when the incidents were living actualities.

At last he is allowed to see his wife with the director of the prison in the middle of the room and guards in front of the glass door outside. They are warned that conversation on anything concerning the trial is forbidden. Even this, however, was easy compared to the long years ahead in the solitude of Devils Island.

On the 21st of February he sees his wife for the last time.

She asked that they tie her hands behind her back and let her approach and kiss me. The director gave a rough refusal. After the interview, which was from 2 to 3 o'clock, I was suddenly told I must get ready for my departure, without either of us having been previously informed.

He is taken on a launch to the transport in the roadstead of Rochefort and——

"The next day the Saint-Nazaire weighed anchor."

He has no idea of his destination and for food is given the regular convict's ration in old preserve cans. After fifteen days of this he arrives in the roadstead of the Iles du Salut on the 12th of March, 1895, but is kept in his cell aboard ship for four days in the tropical heat before he is landed and shut up in the prison establishment of the Ile Royale.

On April 13 he is taken to the Ile du Diable, a barren rock used previously for the isolation of lepers. Here is a description of the measures adopted for his disposal:

The hut destined for my use was built of stone and covered about seventeen square yards. The windows were grated. The door was of lattice work with simple iron bars. This door led to a little hallway six feet square, the entrance to which was closed by a solid wooden door. In the anteroom a guard was always on duty. These guards were relieved every two hours; they were not to lose sight of me day or night. Five men were detailed to that service.

At night the outer door was closed inside and out, so that every two hours at guard relief there was an infernal clatter of keys and ironwork.

By day I had the right to go about in that part of the island comprised between the landing place in the little valley where the lepers' camp had been, a treeless space of less than half an acre. I was absolutely forbidden to leave these limits. The moment I started out I was accompanied by the guard, who was not to lose sight of a single one of my movements. The guard was armed with a revolver; later on a rifle and cartridge belt were added. I was expressly forbidden to speak to any one whomsoever.

At the beginning my rations were those of a soldier in the colonies, but without wine. I had to do my own cooking, and in fact to do everything myself.

Then follows his diary of that year on this Devils Island. The man's sufferings with the heat and the vermin, the rattle and change of the guards every two hours so that sleep is almost impossible, his struggle for life against the bad food provided, the prevention of all communication with the outside world—these things sound rather like a story from back centuries than the doings of a civilized nation only a few years ago. Here is a page from his diary, April 20, 1895, 11 o'clock in the morning:

I have finished my cooking for the day. This morning I cut my piece of meat in two; one piece is to boil, the other is for steak. To cook the latter I have contrived a grill from an old piece of sheet iron which I picked up on the island. For drink I have water. My food is ill prepared in old tin cans. I have nothing with which to clean these properly and have no plates. I must pull together all my courage to live under such conditions, added to all my mental tortures. Utterly exhausted, I am going to stretch myself out on my bed.

From that time on it is a constant round of hot, tropical weather varied by frightful rains, fever, sickness and despair. The only thought that seems to hold Dreyfus up is the idea that his mentality must support life in his body until he can finally clear his good name. Finally he is put in irons, "as a measure of precaution," and then he closes his diary with this last entry:

"Thursday, September 10, 1896.

"I am so utterly weary, so broken down in body and soul, that to-day I stop my diary, not being able to foresee how long my strength will hold out, or what day my brain will succumb under the weight of so great a burden."

Following this is a petition to the President of the republic to give the diary to Mme. Dreyfus, closing with:

"I simply declare once more that I am innocent of this abominable crime, and I ask ever and again for this one thing, always the same thing—that the search for the culprit who is the real author of this base crime be prosecuted.

"And when he is discovered, I beseech that the compassion which so great a misfortune as mine inspires may be given to my dear wife and my darling children."

From the description of the days that followed in this hell hole when every night he was chained to his bed by iron foot bracelets and his days were spent under the strictest and most persecuting surveillance, and the sweltering tropic sun, it is to be wondered how the man ever managed to come out of it alive. He has written this part in such a plain, straightforward way that reading brings appreciation, sympathy and conviction.

On the 5th of June, 1899, came the first glimpse of sunshine he had seen for nearly five years. He received notice of the order to take him back to France and finally reached there on the 1st of July to see his wife, meet Maitre Demange and Maitre Labori, and learn the chronology of the "Affaire." Then followed the court-martial at Rennes and Dreyfus' liberation.

His book closes with the statement that he published at that time:

"The Government of the republic gives me back my liberty. It is nothing to me without honor. Beginning with to-day I shall unremittingly strive for the reparation of the frightful judicial error of which I am still the victim.

"I want all France to know by a final judgment that I am innocent. My heart will never be satisfied while there is a single Frenchman who imputes to me the abominable crime which another committed."

(Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. Price $1 50.)

B. G. LATHROP.

ALFRED DREYFUS.

Indian Basketry.

"Indian Basketry," by George Wharton James of Pasadena, is a book which will in all probability stand long at the head of its class. At present it is alone. The author has gone into a field where none of the book writers have been, and those who follow will find meager gleanings, not only by reason of Mr. James having gathered his harvest so thoroughly, but from the fact that the art of basket making is one which is expiring among the Indians themselves. It was fortunately discovered by the collectors just in time to preserve the last gems of the art, which would have soon sunk into the unnoticed past.

It should be explained in the beginning that California Indian baskets are something more than mere baskets as baskets are known to the commercial world. They are science, literature, legend and art all woven into one.

A basket made by a California maiella is full of meaning. Every fiber of its warp and woof was gathered with tender solicitude and painful care. The basket itself tells a story, or is an emblem of a religious idea. Every shape and design has a significance, some of them, like the world-known swastika, old as the hills and almost as unknowable.

Baskets are made by other aborigines, but they are merely containers, utilitarian makeshifts to take the place of box or bag, and are void of meaning or artistic purpose.

The baskets of the California Indians are alone enough to give their makers high rank in the ethnological scale, and the much-repeated statement that the California Indians were the lowest of all the American tribes will be hushed before the evidence recorded in "Indian Basketry."

Comparing the Amerinds of East and West, Mr. Wharton says:

California has long been known as the home of particularly expert basket weavers. Possibly the finest baskets ever made with but two or three exceptions, were the work of Gualalas, Yokuts or Pomas. The fertile, well-wooded and watered western slopes of the majestic Sierra Nevadas were long the home of an aboriginal people which in early days was so large as to command the astonishment of travelers familiar with the populations of the cold forests of the Atlantic States, or the vast sterile wastes of the interior of the continent.

Stephen Powers estimates that at the beginning of the century there must have been not less than 700,000 Indians in California alone. Civilization has swept most of them away. Regardless of what the "carpet knights who wield compiling pens" in comfortable Eastern or European libraries say, we who have studied the Indian in his own home, have heard his traditions of the origins of his races and the stories of their decline, have seen the rapid diminution of population in recent years, know full well that it is sadly too true in most cases that "Civilization bestows all of its vices and few if any of its virtues on the American Indian."

The California Indian was very different from his warlike brother of the Atlantic Coast and Great Inland Basin. He was the type of quiet, contented, peaceful simplicity. Not that he never went to war, but he preferred to take life easy, enjoy his simple pleasures, indulge in his religious dances, destroy his enemies by treacherous assassination rather than by open warfare, and run away with a good-looking girl when he was too poor to purchase her. Of the vast and teeming population of this ideal land, there are but scattered remnants.

It is a credit to California to have such a thorough work on a subject the importance of which will not be fully apparent until the opportunity for compiling will have passed forever. For there is but little popular interest in aboriginal art, which is the fountain of all art, and the author's work must of necessity be a labor of love. Long as Turkish and Oriental rugs have been before the public, it is only within the last year that a book has been published which was devoted exclusively to Oriental weaving, although the traffic in the goods must have amounted to millions of dollars each year, and they are found in every household where beauty is held above gaudiness. Yet to many, "the many," all rugs look alike; they are merely different kinds of carpet. To those who know, an antique oriental rug is something to be put in a glass case or hung on the wall. There is the difference between it and other rugs or carpets that there is between true diamonds and bits of polished or other glass. So there is the same intrinsic beautiful value in a genuine basket, and this book which so fully records the basket weavers' art and attainments may by stimulating interest in the craft rescue it from fast coming oblivion.

The book is dedicated to "Otis T. Mason of the Smithsonian Institution, whose conscientious labors reveal how large a debt the world owes to aboriginal woman."

In support of this statement, among other things Mr. James says:

Indian basketry is almost entirely the work of Indian women, therefore its study necessarily leads us to the sanctum of feminine Indian life. The thought of the woman, the art development, the acquirement of skill, the appreciation of color, the utilization of crude material for her purposes, the labor of gathering the materials, the objects she had in view in the manufacture, the methods she followed to attain those objects, her failures, her successes, her attempts to imitate the striking objects of nature, with which she came in contact, the esthetic qualities of mind, that led her to thus desire to imitate nature—all these and a thousand other things in the Indian woman's life are discoverable in an intelligent study of the baskets they have woven in their camps.

One has but to study the history of all industrial, as distinct from military occupations, to see how honored a position woman has won, by her energy, industry and wit.

Those fools of the male sex who sneer at the "uselessness of woman" merely reveal their supernal ignorance of what man owes to her in the industrial arts and sciences. Her work from the earliest ages has tended toward the health, comfort, knowledge and culture of mankind. She has not been merely the wife, mother and nurse of man, but his teacher in many arts which he now haughtily claims as his own "sphere."

Compare the basketry of women with that of men. Go into any basket shop of the modern civilized world and pick up the ugly and homely though useful objects called baskets, and place them side by side with the savage woman's art and skill. Every lover of artistic form, beautiful design and delicate color cannot fail to be struck with the highest admiration at the sight of the latter, while the former are tolerated only for their usefulness.

To the uninitiated, a fine Indian basket may possess a few exterior attractions, such as shapely form, delicate color and harmonious design, but anything further he cannot see. On the other hand the initiated sees a work of love, a striving after the ideal, a reverent propitiation of supernatural powers, good or evil; a nation's art expression, a people's inner life of poetry and religion.

Fine baskets, to the older Indian women, were their poetry, painting and sculpture, and the civilized world is just learning the first lessons of the aboriginal melodies and harmonies in these wickerwork masterpieces. But in almost every case the basket maker of today is dominated by a rude commercialism rather than by a desire to make a basket which shall be the highest expression of which she is capable, of the art instinct within her. Hence the rage for old baskets. A true collector does not wish a basket which was made to sell. And as the old baskets were limited in number the opportunity to secure them is passing away.

Through all of his more than two hundred large pages Mr. James never once gets away from his subject, and there is not a line of padding in the book. It is "copiously illustrated" in reality, with pictures which are pertinent. Over three hundred illustrations, mostly photographic, and showing altogether probably more than one thousand basket patterns, so that the collector or dealer will have no trouble in placing at once any pattern which may come under his notice.

In view of the general popularity, especially in England, of the revival of handicrafts, it would be well if Mr. James' suggestions on "How the art may be preserved" were taken up and put in force by those who have the leisure to devote to such matters. The Government is spending much money on the education of the Indians and there is a great field for them in the perpetuation of their own arts, for which they are better fitted than for ours.

The wonderful water tight baskets in which they have for ages cooked their food are in themselves curiosities for which the demand will never end, but will increase as fast as the marvels become known. (Published by Henry Malkan, 1 William street, New York.)

The American Husband in Paris.

The latest work from the pen of Anna Bowman Dodd is "The American Husband in Paris." The "Three Normand Inns" made a hit, and then last year "Falaise, the Town of the Conqueror" repeated the success for Mrs. Dodd. Her last book, on the American husband in Paris, is not nearly so pretentious a work as either of the other two, but it bears the author's stamp of cleverness and cannot fail to entertain.

It tells in dialogue the humorous story of how Mrs. Nash took her husband to Paris. Mr. Nash is a New York business man and one of the greatest railroad men of the United States. He has some twenty thousand men who hold their positions at his discretion. In spite of that fact he is rather under the thumb of madam, who by no means appreciates the kind of husband she has.

Mrs. Nash is an old hand at the annual trip to Paris of the New York wealthy class. She has been going over for years to pick out her gowns, enjoy the gossip, educate her child and spend her husband's money.

This year she succeeds in getting Mr. Nash to accompany her. Mr. Nash goes under the doctor's orders, for, like other American men, he has worn his life nearly out in business and had barely time to strike up a passing acquaintance with his family.

It is to be in Paris that these two, typical of a certain class of Americans, are to become better friends than ever before.

Mrs. Nash does not hold a very high opinion of her husband when it comes to chancing the delicate diplomacy of mixing with the cream of foreign society. She is, moreover, bored to death when he expresses the desire to see Paris as the tourist sees it. He almost drives her crazy when he floats about the city in an open carriage with his guide book in his hand and his head in the air.

It seems more than the finer sensibilities of the refined Mrs. Nash can bear.

Mr. Nash goes his way with dogged persistency, however, and sees everything there is to be seen, and often surprises his wife by showing that he knows more of the works of art they are visiting than she does herself. She is in despair when a grand function is in the near future where they will meet all the notables of Europe. First, because she fears that "George" will not go, and, second, because having consented to go she is afraid he will not be dressed in the proper manner and will disgrace her with his "American ways."

Imagine the good lady's surprise when, during the event, she finds her husband surrounded by all the titled personages in the room, all falling over each other in their endeavor to meet him, while she herself is left to stand alone. It seems that Mr. Nash is recognized abroad as the greatest railroad promoter of the century—a fact unknown to his wife and one about which he is himself most modest.

Then it is that it gradually dawns upon the dress-and-function-loving Mrs. Nash that her husband is really a somebody, and not merely "the husband of Mrs. Nash." She has a hard time nursing him through a dangerous illness, but after that his stock with his own family goes up just about 300 per cent above par, and the reader, man or woman, cannot help being pleased.

The story as told in dialogue is sparklingly witty and epigrammatic. It makes excellent reading aloud. Mrs. Dodd knows her France as well as she does human nature, and in this instance the combination is particularly pleasing. (Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price $1.)

A Heart of Flame.

"A Heart of Flame," by Charles Fleming Embree, the author of "A Dream of a Throne," is a story of old Santa Fe. The one character that stands out above the rest is that of Mathilde, the woman who, for some reason not clearly explained but darkly hinted, has sworn eternal war on the church. She has a personal grievance against a particular priest, Madret, and eventually excites Patricio Borrego, a man of Mexican blood, to the same fanatical state of mind as herself.

The child of Patricio dies and his wife sends for the priest against the will and without the knowledge of Patricio. The husband comes half crazed from a sick bed and by mistake slays the bishop. Patricio, his brother, Mathilde and her sister, and a sympathetic priest, Durant, escape to the mountains to make a last stand at an almost impassable defile. Their party is finally overwhelmed by superior numbers, but not until Mathilde has murdered Madret in his tent and nearly every one else has been killed or mortally wounded.

The end of the book is as tragic as could be expected for a tale that from the first page breathes of portending evil. Mr. Embree writes with a forceful pen, but this story is really far fetched in its dramatic effects and of rather the dime-novel order. (Published by The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Price $1 50.)

The Aristocrats.

"The Aristocrats" is supposedly a collection of letters written by an English woman in the Adirondacks to a friend in Great Britain. Lady Helen, the writer of the letters, is the sister of a young English Duke. The Duke has come to America with his two sisters to seek among the forests of the Adirondacks restoration of a health lost in dissipation.

Several months are spent by them in a cottage far up in the woods. The author is certainly a great lover of nature, as is shown by the appreciation in the letters of this young girl. The matter of climate and scenery is, however, a side issue to the real purpose of the book. This real purpose seems to be a sarcastic and caustic criticism of both Americans and Englishmen.

The letters wonder at the odd types of humanity we have that call themselves Americans, and most cleverly set forth our weaknesses—all as seen through the candid eyes of this young woman who is such a good correspondent of some one over the water.

This said young woman, the sister of the Duke, holds the most extraordinary views and also seems to think that her ideas are those of the whole British empire. The main tenor of her thoughts is the vindication of free love—she does not claim to personally approve of it for herself, but simply for other people.

The identity of the author is held a secret. It may have been written by any one, but it sounds as if it came from the pen of some New York newspaper man out for a little fun. It is certainly well written, filled with clever epigrams, and is said to be creating considerable discussion in the East. From a moral standpoint it is at times—rotten! (Published by John Lane, New York.)

Yale Bicentennial Series.

A series of volumes has been prepared by a number of professors and instructors of Yale University to be issued in connection with the bicentennial anniversary of the university as a partial indication of the character of the studies in which the University teachers are engaged. The series will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and will comprise about thirty volumes, which are intended to illustrate the function of the university in the discovery and orderly arrangement of knowledge. Some of the works are special and technical, but works of more general interest will also be found in the set. In the series will be included books on the social sciences, history, minor philological sciences, linguistics and phonetics; volumes on literature, ancient and modern; mathematics, pure and applied, and on physics and mechanics. Also collected papers written by instructors and advanced students in the various laboratories, taken from scientific journals and reprinted with some new additional contributions. In one case all the work of the laboratory is thus collected. It is confidently expected that with few exceptions these volumes will be published before the bicentennial celebration in October.

The first of the series to appear is one on "The Confederate States of America, 1861-1865," by John Christopher Schwab, professor of political economy in Yale University. This work gives a financial and industrial history of the South during the Civil War. Others have written the history of the finances and industries of the North, but the South has heretofore been neglected, owing to the lack of reliable material upon which to base the complete story. Professor Schwab treats fully the financial legislation, the legal tender agitation, the Southern banks, Confederate currency, Southern prices, speculation, trade and industries of the South, and the Confederate and local taxation. (Price, $2 50.)

The Inheritors.

The three dimensions in space, as every one knows, are length, breadth and thickness. The "fourth dimension" is a scientific fiction, which the learned have not yet been able to establish in fact. Nevertheless, undaunted by so trifling an obstacle, Joseph Conrad and Ford M. Hueffer have written a clever and amusing story entitled "The Inheritors," in which they claim the heroine to be an inhabitant of the fourth dimension—and indeed her remarkable actions do give color to the possibility of an ultramundane origin.

The story is a fantasy, and deals with political and journalistic life in Paris and London, and has to do with a gigantic scheme to cheat the inhabitants of Greenland out of their country and their homes. The scheme, however, is happily frustrated. (Published by McClure, Phillips & Co. Price $1 50.)

Literary Notes.

We are to hear again of Sherlock Holmes. Dr. Doyle is to write for the Strand, beginning with the September number, a novel of 50,000 words giving more of the life of the great detective. Of course he does not bring him back from the tragedy in the Alps where he met his death, but simply will give adventures that happened prior to those recorded in the recent book of "Sherlock Holmes." This will be a task worthy of the good doctor's best efforts, for if he writes not better than his first book his readers will cry "Too bad!"

Doubleday, Page & Co.'s "Personal Eliot" still grows. Volumes four and five contain George Eliot's greatest if not the greatest historical novel ever written. Into "Romola" more than any other she put her life work, and the Cornhill Magazine gave her $20,000 for it—the largest price that periodical ever paid for a serial. The personal features in the present issue are particularly rich in illustrations reproduced from photographs, which the publisher and the editor, Esther Wood, have been put to much pains to secure.

McClure's Magazine for July has the most interesting account of ballooning that has appeared for some time. It is written in an entirely popular vein and tells of the great balloon coursing tournament at the Paris Exposition in October of last year. The winner descended after over thirty-five hours of flight, having accomplished a voyage of over 1100 miles. When you have read this paper you can then better realize the charms and possibilities of aerial navigation. Even with the comparatively simple form of airship that was used by the Frenchmen the possibilities of traveling in a desired direction were demonstrated. According to the account of these skilled balloonists, there is very little danger, and from the skill required it is undoubtedly the finest sport in the world.

The Bohemian (Bohemian Publishing Company, Boston) for July is replete with clever things by clever people, and presents a table of contents that will delight the summer reader. It is an artistically constructed magazine, and its score of sparkling short stories and dainty verse are well up to the standard as regards originality and literary merit. It has for a leader "At the Livington Stile," a fascinating short story written by Guy Mortimer Carleton. "Letters Three," a bohemian sketch by Katherine J. Smith, and "The de Bellco Smythe Tragedy," by Salarado, are also extremely interesting. Other clever things are by Edward Carpenter, Harry Yette, John de Loss Underwood, Edward Payson Jackson, Everit Rogert Terhune, Anna E. Holden, Joe Cone and Bertha Esterbrooke Goodier.

The July Century, which is to be a fiction number with stories by some of the best known writers of the day, will contain nothing more thrilling than the account of an actual escape from the Chateau de Joux just a century ago, from the hitherto unprinted diary of a French royalist, William Girod, who was the chief actor in the affair and whose son died recently in Brooklyn at the age of 85. Nor will it contain anything more romantic than "The True Story of Harman Blennerhassett," the highly cultivated young Irish aristocrat, who came to this country in 1796 and was induced to advance large sums of money to aid Aaron Burr in his treasonable schemes. This narrative, by a collateral descendant, gives for the first time the actual facts in the career of this unfortunate man, who figures conspicuously in two of this summer's novels.

Even since he finished "Evelyn Innes" George Moore, the author of that much talked about piece of realism, "Esther Waters," has been working steadily and with intense earnestness upon a new story. This novel, with the title "Sister Teresa," he completed a few weeks ago—about the time he flung the dust of English soil from his shoes in revolt against what he regards as the artificiality and sordidness of London fashionable life and betook himself to the peaceful delights of Ireland. And now J. B. Lippincott & Co. will publish the novel, giving it handsome dress. Its title must inevitably recall to readers of "Evelyn Innes" that unusual story. Evelyn with her beauty, her art, her joy in the material pleasures of the world, but with that strange compelling impulse now and again to deny the flesh utterly in the repose of meditative life—the same Evelyn, and yet not the same, is brought forward in "Sister Teresa." Nor does her figure lose any of its allurements nor her emotions any of their vitality and sympathetic appeal in this new chapter of her life. Mr. Moore's psychological analysis was never as penetrating and delicate, so his publishers declare, his power of expression so sustained and his story as human as in "Sister Teresa." Mr. Moore has said that this new book he regards as the finest thing he has done, the most satisfactory from an intellectual point of view and the most satisfying to his desire to picture life as it is. The book will be issued early in July.

In the World's Work for July J. D. Whelpley writes of the relations of the United States with Canada, Sydney Brooks of the strength of the French republic, Booker T. Washington of Hampton's great work in negro education, and E. P. Tolman of a striking industrial community in England which he calls "a trust for social betterment." Prof. Bailey of Cornell tells of the revolution in farming which the new teaching is making, and Earl Mayo of the picturesque and practical "Good Roads" train. Senator McLaurin gives a concise interpretation of the new industrial and political South, a theme and writer of particular interest at this time. Some really wonderful photographs of tropical fishes made by A. Radcliffe Dugmore are reproduced, and there are intimate sketches of President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad and of Governor Odell's executive career. Considerable space is given to Wall street, apropos of the recent boom, corner and panic. S. A. Nelson describes the routine of Wall street's machinery, Edwin Le Fevre tells the story of James R. Keene's picturesque career, and Arthur Goodrich of a stock broker's day's work. The national movement toward an economical and regulated preservation of forests is explained by Gifford Pinchot, the Chief of the United States Forestry Bureau. Of the departments, the March of Events considers among other topics the Supreme Court decision, church creed revision, the labor troubles, and the problems in Cuba, China and elsewhere which the month has brought forth.

Edward W. Bok seems to have fallen into disfavor. Mr. Bok is the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. Incidentally it is rumored that Mr. Bok is the only journalist in the whole wide world who always keeps his upper bureau drawers in perfect order, all of which doubtless comes from the rigid training of editing the L. H. J. Anyway, it seems that Mr. Bok is now in literary difficulty, for the American Press Company of Baltimore, Md., has this to say:

"Edward W. Bok, the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, has allowed that periodical to perpetrate one of the most outrageous plagiarisms that has ever disgraced American journalism. He announced a series of articles under the general title of 'A Story of Beautiful Woman,' claiming that these articles 'will be the most wondrously fascinating ever given in this magazine.' The first of the series was 'The Most Wonderful Romance in the Life of Any American Woman,' in which was narrated the extraordinary career of Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, who married Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of the Emperor Napoleon. A diligent comparison shows that most of the material of this article was copied word for word, sentence for sentence and paragraph after paragraph from 'The Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte,' written by Eugene L. Didier of Baltimore. The boldness of this plagiarism will be better understood when it is remembered that Mr. Didier's work is in most of the public and private libraries of the United States."

Edmund Vance Cooke, who contributes to a recent number of Lippincott's Magazine, is better known as a platform poet than as a magazinist. Thus in a degree at least he harks back to the spirit of the minstrel, the minnesinger, the bard and the troubadour of the middle ages; or, further yet, to the times when Homer traveled and recited the deeds of Achilles. Any man given to travel soon acquires the mark of it, which, though difficult to describe, is none the less apparent. Furthermore, most travelers are commercial men, who are wont to accost each other with "What line do you carry?"

During a recent Texas tour a drummer dropped into the seat beside Mr. Cooke and asked, "What do you sell?"

"Hot air," answered Mr. Cooke, in a matter-of-fact manner.

"Huh! Hot air?"

"Yes."

"Gee, I hope you don't sell any in this country. We want rain down here."

"Where do you reside?"

"San Anton'."

"Well, I sold a couple of lots there."

"Who did you sell?" asked the drummer, characteristically, if ungrammatically.

"Franklin and Shaw," responded Mr. Cooke, mentioning the names of the president and secretary of the San Antonio Lyceum.

"Franklin and Shaw. Don't know 'em. You don't mean Lawyer Franklin, do you?"

"Yes."

"Well, pardner, I can sell a ton of coal to a man that's lookin' for a load of ice; I can sell men's shoes to a woman milliner, and once I sold a man a barrel of salt for confectioner's sugar, but if you can sell 'hot air' to a lawyer you can go to the head of the class!"

Everybody's Magazine for July contains a series of capital articles and stories. Its most important contribution is "The Real Abdul Hamid," an astonishing and powerful sketch of the Sultan of Turkey, founded on material gathered from members of the Young Turkish party, now living in Paris. It is the first time this depraved and cruel potentate has been pictured in his true colors. In a second essay on "Christian Science" Dr. Thomson J. Hudson presents a new and most ingenious theory to explain the alleged miracles of the sect, and W. D. McCrackan replies to his strictures. A fascinating sketch of the Marquis de Mores is contributed by G. W. Ogden; Oscar King Davis of the New York Sun writes in "Sabe Hike" of the life of our soldiers in the Philippines.

Much that is interesting will be found in Franklin Fyles' article, "Is There a Dramatic Profession?"; "Legs," the story of a coyote, is one of the best of Maximilian Foster's attractive animal stories. In the way of popular science there is a sensible article by Dr. H. W. Wiley, head of the chemistry department of the United States Agricultural Bureau, "What to Eat to Live Long."

Ludlow Brownell describes Professor Milne's earthquake laboratory on the Isle of Wight, and F. F. Coleman in "Uninvented Inventions" tells of the opportunities still open to the inventor. In "Photography as a Fine Art," Charles H. Caffin writes of methods of individual expression as illustrated by the work of the brilliant photographers, Frank Eugene and Joseph T. Kelly.

In the matter of fiction there are stories by Booth Tarkington, Mrs. W. A. Leland, Adachi Kinnosuke and William McLeod Raine. Lloyd Miffin contributes a noble sonnet "An Evening Near Athens."

Books Received.

OCTAVIA THE OCTOROON—By J. F. Lee. The Abbey Press. 50 cents.

POETICAL WORKS—By Louis M. Elshemus. The Abbey Press, New York. $2.

A PERILOUS PATH—By Kate Davis. The Abbey Press, New York. 50 cents.

A MUSICAL REFORMATION — By John A. Cone. The Abbey Press, New York. 50 cents.

THE GREAT BREAD TRUST—By W. H. Wright. The Abbey Press, New York.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE—By Law Muir. The Abbey Press, New York. 50 cents.

A SUMMER HYMNAL—By John Trotwood Moore. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. $1 25.

THE GREAT WAR TREK—By James Barnes. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1 50.

MARCUS WHITMAN—By William A. Mowry, Ph.D. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION TO THE YEAR 200—By Charles V. Waite, A. M. C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago. $2.25.

HERBERT SPENCER AND HIS CRITICS—By Charles V. Waite, A.M. C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago. $1.

THE BOXER BOOK—By William Rae. Frank Finsterbach, Chicago. Cloth 50 cents, in paper 25 cents.

THE RUBAIYAT OF MIRZA-MEM'N—Published by Henry Olendorf Shepard, Chicago.

WITHOUT A NAME—By Edward Blackman. The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. $1.

AMONG THE REDWOODS—By Lillian H. Shuey. The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. 25 cents.

STORY OF EVANGELINE—By L. H. Vincent. The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. 25 cents.

SHELLS AND SEA LIFE—By Josiah Keep, A.M. The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. 50 cents.

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