BOOKS OF THE MONTH OF MAY.

BOOKS ON WAR TOPICS

NEW ONES IN PRESS—OLD ONES IN DEMAND

A List of Military Books of Various Classes — Nelson's Life Again Narrated—Capt. Mahan's Book on the War of 1812—A Remarkable Fall in Prices at a Landon Sale—Fashions That Change.

Correspondence The St. Paul Globe.

NEW YORK, May 13.—Unless this war with Spain comes to an end speedily, we may look for few books of large general interest from any of the great houses. More and more do I hear reports of the serious decline in demand for books which treat neither of naval nor of military topics, neither of Spain nor of Cuba. But the publishers must continue to do business. This kind of trade, like many other kinds, must go on in one way or another, else disaster will follow. One of the best known names in the trade said to me not many months ago: "A publisher is like a man who has hold of the tail of a bear; he must hold on, or go to destruction."

And so we find that among the new ventures—those few which publishers dare to make—are books that relate to war or to heroes of war. An American publisher has been found for Lord Charles Beresford's biography of Nelson, and this, notwithstanding the fact that Capt. Mahan's life of Nelson—one of the ablest pieces of biographical writing produced in this country in twenty years—was brought out only about one year ago; notwithstanding also the fact that Mr. Loughlin, about the same time, published a life of Nelson. I cannot fancy Lord Charles Beresford writing an epoch-making book on Nelson. Capt. Mahan did that piece of work, and did it all too well. Couper has done it well also. Surely, with these classics, there was no immediate demand for a new book. But Lord Charles has undertaken it, and, as Lord Charles is a rear admiral in the British navy, his work is certain of sale in England. But will Americans want it? Most likely they will, for Nelson now, with Dewey's victory before us, is very much in evidence.

Capt. Mahan has recently returned to this country from Italy, where he was engaged on another book in which he was to set forth the influence which sea power has exerted in the history of modern Europe and America. He has been called to Washington. For the time being his literary labor must cease. His new undertaking, I believe, relates to the war between this country and England in 1812. Certain it is that in that record the United States have something very much to their credit as a sea power. Dewey's victory is not our first great success on the sea. John Paul Jones made a record for us more than a century ago with his Bon Homme Richard, and England was his foe. Commodores Perry, Bainbridge and McDonough are other names that recall American naval glories that will not die. And there was Decatur and the fight he waged for free commerce in the Mediterranean—that fight won by him against he Barbary corsairs, whom emperors and kings alike, whom popes and admirals for several centuries had in vain sought to crush.

But these are not the only war books in prospect. Reading a long list of announcements a few days ago, I noted also that a life of Saladin was in preparation; that a popular edition in paper covers was about ready of Richard Harding Davis' "Cuba in War Times," and that a new edition had been called for of a romance of future warfare, that was first published two or three years ago, when I imagine that its success was limited. But those were "piping times of peace," and times now have changed. Hence we may hear more pronounced success for this book, which is called "The Final War; an Historical Romance of the Near Future."

But with new war books in preparation there continues to be a large sale for many old ones. I have already sent to The Globe lists of books on the navy and books on Spain and Cuba. It is time that readers had a list restricted to matters purely military. Cuba is to be invaded now—at the very hour I am writing United States soldiers may be almost ready to disembark from steamer transports to tread the soil that once was Spain's, but can nevermore be hers. The war therefore that remains may be largely military rather than naval—the Cape Verde fleet is shy of us—and hence the list I will now give. First will be named several books relating to heroes of military warfare—all Americans and nearly all men who were eminent in that colossal war which was fought within our own territory and of which so many of us still possess vivid recollections:

Great Commanders Series. Edited by Gen. James Grant Wilson. 12mo. $1.50. Each illustrated. Gen. Taylor. By Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard. Gen. Jackson. By James Parton. Gen. Greene. By Capt. Francis V. Greene. Gen. Johnston. By Robert W. Hughes. Gen. Thomas. By Henry Coppee. Gen. Scott. By Gen. Marcus J. Wright. Gen. Washington. By Gen. Bradley T. Johnson. Gen. Lee. By Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. Gen. Hancock. By Gen. Francis A. Walker. Gen. Sheridan. By Gen. Henry E. Davies. Gen. Sherman. By Gen. M. F. Force. (Appleton.)

Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy. 1807-1870. By Alexander White. Illustrated. (Putnams.) $1.50.

Stonewall Jackson. A Military Biography. By John Esten Cooke. Personal Reminiscences. By Rev. J. William Jones. Maps and portraits. 8vo. $3. (Appleton.)

Memoirs of Gen. William T. Sherman. By Himself. Two volumes. 8vo. $3. (Appleton.)

Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. By his son, Col. William Preston Johnston. 8vo. Maps. $5. (Appleton.)

Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee. By Rev. J. William Jones. 8vo. $3. (Appleton.)

The Sherman Letters. Correspondence between General and Senator Sherman from 1837 to 1891. Edited by Rachel Sherman Thorndike. Portraits. 8vo. (Scribner.) $2.

The Life of Maj. Gen. George H. Thomas. By Thomas D. Van Horne. 8vo. Portrait and maps. (Scribner.) $3.

Among books that deal with the histories of wars, apart from sketches of individual lives, these may be named:

Battles of the American Revolution. By Henry B. Carrington. Illustrated. 8vo. (Barnes.) $5.

Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. By Benson J. Lossing. 2 vols. (Harper.) $14.

Campaigns of the Civil War. Contributed by prominent generals and civilians on both sides. 12 vols. (Scribners.) Per vol., $1.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. By Union and Confederate Officers. (Century Company).

Fiction has been properly represented in the war literature of the past few years. Here are some of the most successful books in their class:

Between the Lines. A Story of the War. By Charles King. Illustrated by Gilbert Gaul. 8vo. (Harper.) $1.25.

Cadet Days. A Story of West Point. By Charles King. Illustrated. 8vo. (Harper.) $1.25.

A Soldier of Manhattan, And His Adventures at Ticonderoga and Quebec. By J. A. Altsheler. 12mo. (Appleton.) $1.

The Sun of Saratoga. A Romance of Burgoyne's Surrender. By Joseph A. Altsheler. 12mo. (Appleton) $1.

In Defiance of the King. A Romance of the American Revolution. By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. 12mo. (Appleton.) $1.

The Red Badge of Courage. An Episode of the American Civil War. By Stephen Crane. 12mo. (Appleton.) $1.

The Little Regiment, And Other Episodes of the American Civil War. By Stephen Crane. 12mo. (Appleton.) $1.

The Seats of the Mighty. Being the Memoir of Capt. Robert Moray, sometime an officer in the Virginia Regiment, and afterward of Amherst's Regiment. By Gilbert Parker. 12mo. Illustrated. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Southern Soldier Stories. By G. C. Eggleston. Illustrated. 12mo. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

A War Time Wooing. By Charles King. Illustrated. 8vo. (Harper.) $1.

In Blue Uniform. An Army Novel. By George I. Putnam. 12mo. (Scribners.) $1.

Last week I said something about the unsatisfactory result of a recent sale of scarce books at auction. The cause of those low prices was the war; no one has questioned this. And we may safely assume that, with the return of peace and prosperous times, prices for sought-for rare bookswill again resume their old level. But it is not war which has caused the declines just reported from London. Some fifteenth century books just sold at auction show an even greater decline than the books sold here. Many of them had been purchased within the past three or four years at prices which had appraisers to fix upon the whole collection a valuation of $150,000. But they have now been disposed of at something under $30,000. The truth is that fashion in book collecting is changing. For fifteenth century books there is no longer the demand that once existed. Specimens of early printing and first editions of Greek and Latin classics no longer tempt the collector to the same extent that other books tempt him. In first editions he cares more for English authors than for Roman, more for American authors than for Greek. This explains why a New Testament manuscript of the fourteenth century, that had been valued at $225, when put up at auction was knocked down for $50. It also explains why a copy of the Killmarnock Burns has brought more than $2,700, and why Americana steadily rise in price, even in war times.

Sales of books at auction have commonly been regarded as an institution of comparatively recent times. The present auction has been thought to have seen the beginning of them. But the fact is otherwise. It is more than 200 years since the first sale of the kind was held in London, and almost as long since the first sale was held in Boston. In New York the beginnings are much later. But it is in New York rather than in Boston that the most important sales have taken place. As New York has fully supplanted Boston as a publishing center, so has it taken the lead—a very long lead—as an auction center for books. Boston, in all her book history, has witnessed the sale of only thirty-six books that fetched $200 or more, whereas New York has been the scene of the sales of 275 books bringing that sum or more. Viewed in another way, as for example, from the point of view of totals realized for collections sold, the results would be equally striking in their showing of the supreme place New York holds.

The recent auction of the Seventh—regiment of New York—distinctively the show regiment of the metropolis—has called down upon the heads of their soldiers very general criticism. But it looks now as though the regiment might find a way to go to the war, after all. Critics of the action of the regiment have been looking into the conduct of the same organization in 1861, and, among other things, have brought to light some letters written by Theodore Winthrop, who went out with it. Winthrop was one of the earliest martyrs of the war, and widely was his death lamented, for the man was a hero in high life, an author who not only could write of brave deeds, but could perform them himself. Writing from Washington, Winthrop said: "The Seventh, with careful secrecy, he it said, has as yet but little stomach for real service. They would fight well enough, but half the men in it fancy themselves Hannibals, and fit to lead armies, not to march in the ranks. They have the faults and the merits of volunteers, and sigh for their home comforts quite too much, though with plenty of good material."

Readers of The Globe must already have heard of Morgan Robertson. Probably they have read his sea tales in McClure's, and perhaps are getting in line with that rather large company which has been captivated by his volume called "Spun Yarns." A short time ago I had the pleasure of meeting this virile writer, whose tales are tales of things he has seen and known. A short, strongly built, manly man is Morgan Robertson—unassuming as are most men of character and force, altogether a man whom you understand at once as one who could write nothing except with his whole heart. Mr. Robertson is the son of a lake skipper, and when he was only sixteen years old he shipped for Shanghai. For eight years he followed the sea, and the things he saw will be found in "Spun Yarns."

—Francis W. Halsey.

A Bismarck Retort.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Men who find it hard to acquire foreign languages may take a little comfort in the following Bismarck story:

Prince Bismarck was pressed by a certain American official to recommend his son for a diplomatic place.

"He is a very remarkable fellow," said the proud father. "He speaks seven languages."

"Indeed!" said Bismarck, who has not a high opinion of linguistic acquirements. "What a wonderful head waiter he would make!"

Sunday Trains to Camp Ramsey.

The Great Northern will run trains Sunday from union depots, St. Paul and Minneapolis, into the fair grounds. The only quick and comfortable route. First train at 11 a. m. Last train returning in the evening after guard mount.

The Usual Signs.

From the New York Evening Journal.

Burgling Bill—We've made a mistake, Jimmy! Dis fellow's a poor man!

Jeweled Jimmy—How'd ye git on?

Burgling Bill—He's got seventeen children! I mistrusted suthin' when I saw ther raft of dogs out in ther yard.

LITERATURE OF TODAY

"AN OPEN BOAT: A TALE AFTER THE FACT"

Mr. Stephen Crane Contributes Out of His Own Experience to Literature—"Hirelooms in Miniatures"—"The Lion of Janina" and Others—Notes of Interest to Book Lovers.

Mr. Stephen Crane does great things greatly and mean things meanly, and his method in either case is identical, and just there is the rub. The reader, held in the unrelenting grasp of Mr. Crane's visualizing power, comes to resent bitterly the use of the same revealing adjectives, the same hurtling, direct sentences—in short, the peculiar style that stamps everything he writes with the color of "The Red Badge of Courage"—in the painting of a lesser picture. The race in "The Wise Men," a fragment from his last published book, may be worth the graphic—or rather photographic treatment it receives from Stephen Crane, but its presence cheapens "Death and the Child," another sketch in the same volume. Having read "The Wise Men" with enjoyment, it becomes one's unwelcome duty to completely forget it in order to enjoy rightly "Death and the Child" or the yet greater sketch that gives its name to the book—"The Open Boat." Had Mr. Stephen Crane never published "The Red Badge of Courage" he would never have written "The Open Boat," for it was his strange war story that sent him as war correspondent to Cuba, and that incidentally led him to the wreck which gave him the power to write this remarkable sketch. "The Red Badge" gave him prestige and indirectly "The Open Boat," and so for a second time we are in its debt, for "The Open Boat," mere sketch though it is in size and treatment, is the greatest thing Stephen Crane has done and almost deserves a place in the classics. It is a bit of romantic realism of which only Mr. Crane is the master, and the experience that bought it was cheap at the price of two days and a night in a boat with death.

We have been shipwrecked any number of times in literature and escaped in an open boat with more than one hero of biography or fiction, and have been duly impressed with the possibilities of the situation, but this is something entirely different. At the first reading it has no literary qualities, good or bad—no more literary qualities than would two nights and a day spent in a ten-foot dinghy on the open sea with a hurt captain, a cook and an oiler for companions. This description seems to the reader as the forgotten lines of the "Soldier of the Legion" seemed to the correspondent in the dinghy—"It is no longer merely a picture of a few throes in the breast of a poet, meanwhile drinking tea and warming his feet at the grate; it is an actuality." Whatever qualities of a master Stephen Crane may lack, he has the visualizing power in an unprecedented degree. The critic may amuse himself with the quaintness of Mr. Crane's adjectives, but at the same time it's very like jeering at 500-pound torpedoes.

"The Open Boat, a Tale Intended to Be After the Fact: Being the Experience of Four Men From the Sunk Steamer 'Commodore,'" is the introduction given to sixty pages of visualized emotions, emotions so forceful that they annihilate everything but themselves. A boat has never seemed as small, nor the waves as vast and gray, the night as interminable, nor the toll of rowing as terrible, the helplessness of courage and effort so complete, fear so devouring and endurance so inevitable as in these sixty pages. The trivial, the inconsequent, the grotesque, the commonplace are a part of the whole that intensifies every shadow, and the subtlety of the thing reminds one of a curdling painting by Hogarth. It is, I think, the best that the startling author of the grewsome "Black Riders," and the disturbing "Red Badge of Courage" has done. Other men have experienced shipwreck; he has dissected it. And to some purpose, for the good of men. For himself he has gained—

"The faith of men that ha' brothered men
By more than the easy breath,
And the eyes o' men that ha' read wi' men
In the open books of death."

Better work than the rest of the book contains is to be looked for from Mr. Crane, if he takes the lesson to heart.

"The Open Boat and Other Tales of Adventure," by Stephen Crane. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York; $1.00. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

"Heirlooms in Miniatures."

"To gather together some interesting and representative American miniatures, and to accompany them with a brief record of the individuals whom they represent, was the first intention of the author of this volume. In the course of her researches and while in correspondence with families owning precious heirlooms in miniatures, so much of interest was brought to light with regard to early American painters that the book has grown into a chronicle of the saying and doing of the artists, as well as of those whom they portrayed. For this divergence from her original design the writer feels that she need make no apology, in view of the interest that belongs to the reminiscences and anecdotes which have been brought to light, our early artists being men of attractive personality, whose histories are inseparably connected with their country's progress in the arts and sciences, as well as with her colonial and her Revolutionary life." The book itself, aptly named "Heirlooms in Miniatures," is in all respects its own justification. Its interest is threefold for either artist or amateur. The gossipy details of social happenings of a century ago lose none of their vitality because the gallants and dames about whose "portraits in little" those memories cluster are dead and gone these many years. Gossip a century old may not be as dangerous as that born an hour ago, yet it is almost as fascinating. The artists of this period have not been brought before Americans with the persistency that is their artistic due, as well as our patriotic tribute, and Mrs. Wharton has done well to give them such prominence in her book. But to the lover of pictures the reproductions of the miniatures themselves are the real treasure of the volume. The temptation comes upon one to mention individually the most charming of these small portraits, but the list would swell into a catalogue and no good purpose be served by its publication. The work of two artists, however, has such a haunting power that it simply demands attention—Edward Greene Malbone, whose exquisite painting of Mrs. Alexander Bleecker is the colored frontispiece of the volume, and only one of a score of exquisite portraits painted with wonderful perception of beauty and character, and Edward Miles, whose Russian princesses and unfinished miniature are enough diverse in character to show the artist's great scope.

A comprehensive chapter on miniature painting, including a very condensed history of the art and something of its technique, is contributed to the volume by Emily Drayton Taylor.

"Heirlooms in Miniatures," by Annie Hollingsworth Wharton. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.50. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Maurus Jokai Again.

Mr. R. Nisbet Bain has translated Jokai's "Janiesarok vegnapjai ("The Last Days of the Janissaries") and called it by a new name that he thinks both more romantic and suggestive, "The Lion of Janina." Maurus Jokai wrote "Janiesarok Vegnapjai" nearly a half century ago when his power is said to have been the greatest.

The subject was one with great dramatic possibilities, and Jokai was one to avail himself of them all. The telling of the story is just lightly touched with satire, a touch that relieves it of some of its natural gruesomeness, but, even so, it remains terrible enough to the reader. "The Last Days of the Janissaries" is the story of the jealousy, insubordination and treachery and final downfall of that remarkable body of Turkish soldiers, for so long devoted to the Turkish throne. But the hero of the romance is Ali Tepelanti, "The Lion of Janina," a surpassingly cruel, crafty and terrible man, whose wicked life and heroic death are naturally a favorite subject for romance writers. There is considerable passion and blood in the 295 pages of "The Lion of Janina," but what does one expect else in a story of Turkey and Greece?

"The Lion of Janina," by Maurus Jokai. Harper & Bros., New York. $1.25. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

A French Background.

"At the Sign of the Silver Crescent" has a French castle for a background and a typical (?) American artist for a hero. The French castle is the ruined heritage of a very old and noble family, and its last lord has gathered into his personality all the refinement and helpless dignity of the race. His daughter, cold, calculating, beautiful and ambitious, is forced by the condition of things social in France to sell herself to a newly-created baron of Jewish blood, her name balancing his wealth. Embittered by her failure to gain high station as well as wealth, she determines to assert her liberty of action at all events. The story is a familiar one and a favorite with those who consider Parisian society, and it cannot be asserted that the treatment of it in the present book is of the character to renew its freshness.

"At the Sign of the Silver Crescent," by Helen Choate Prince. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Literary Criticism.

Mr. Charles Johnson, in his "Elements of Literary Criticism," starts off with the admission that "the real value of literature lies in the fact that it is a source of pleasure, and it is most to be desired that we enjoy it unconsciously, as the Scotch enjoy the poems of Robert Burns, without any thought of elements or qualities or reasons." And the statement that follows this assertion is equally true, that this "is possible only where an entire community is possessed of a love for poetry that has grown up among them, with which all have been familiar from earliest childhood. We have very little folk poetry and have inherited a vast literature which we have not produced. Study and reflection add greatly to our appreciation of this."

Mr. Johnson writes for learners, and his treatment of the subject is appropriately simple and direct. The elements of literary criticism he divides into seven parts for convenience of consideration; "Unity," "The Power of Drawing Character," "The Writer's Philosophy," "The Musical Word-Power," "The Phrasal Power," "The Descriptive Power" and "the Emotional Power." The divisions are abitrary of course, but express concisely Mr. Johnson's spirit of criticism.

"Elements of Literary Criticism," by Charles F. Johnson. Harper & Bros., New York. $1.00. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Notes.

The article of greatest interest in the May Studio is a "A Swedish Painter and Etcher: Andres Zoru." Zoru is one of the unique figures in the European art world of today and his work is worthy of the high place accorded it from almost his first appearance. A man not confined to one mode of expression, his genius seems broader in its spirit than most modern artists. Zoru is a painter of great virility and originality. As an etcher he is startlingly forceful and unconventional, indeed, in this art, he seems to have created a style distinctly his own. He is the creator of the "mighty line," a line imitated by Gibson in his pen and ink work. Zoru is also a wood carver, who works in the spirit of the middle age craftsmen. A powerful example of his genius in this direction is the small bust of his grandmother, exhibited at the Columbian exposition. Bronze and marble also furnish this Swedish artist with means of expression, and lately, as another proof of his versatility, he has wrought a gold ring of exquisite design, and thus entered the field of industrial art. The Studio for May is full of many other things worthy of place in the best art paper of the day, but space forbids a more detailed account of its riches.

The newspaper paragraphers have jumped at the photograph of Richard Harding Davis in his war kit, which appeared in this column on April 23—have jumped at it "like a gouty senator at a bill," as the late Col. Sellers used to put it. They have all had something to say about it. "No one should miss it," exclaims the Springfield Republican.

"'El Capitan' is a Sunday school superintendent beside him. If he were cut up into small pieces he would furnish the insurgents with arms and equipments for a whole winter. A canvas shooting-jacket, bristling with cartridges and composed principally of pockets is the imposing basis of the composition, and a pair of toy opera glasses and a huge revolver which sags him down violently to the left, help to complete the picture. It may be ungracious to criticise such a work of art, but it would be interesting to know how Mr. Davis proposes to extract that revolver from under his armpit. And those high shooting-boots! We hope that he has some easy carpet slippers in his 'man's' charge. The Cuban climate is very warm. However, the redoubtable reporter looks formidable enough, and we make no doubt that there will be a terrific inkshed when he reaches the front."

It is "some thing inspiring," declares the Boston Herald—which announces, by the way, that it is to share Mr. Davis' reports with the London Times and the New York Herald.

"He is armed to the tips of his fingers, so to speak, with all the equipment necessary for taking a broad survey of the scenes of battle, for jotting down his impressions of the same on the spot, and for defending himself against any armed foe who may chance to cross his path in search of trouble. In his canvas shooting-jacket and his top-boots, he is a picture of an intrepid war correspondent who is in for a long siege."—The Critic.

Capt. Mahan, in his latest book, "The Interest of America in Sea Power," says of Cuba: "Regarded as a base of naval operations, as a source of supplies to a fleet, Cuba presents a condition wholly unique among the islands of the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico, to both of which it, and it alone of all the archipelago, belongs. It is unique in its size, which should render it largely self-supporting, either by its own products or by the accumulation of foreign necessaries which naturally obtains in a large and prosperous maritime community; and it is unique in that such supplies can be conveyed from one point to the other, according to the needs of a fleet, by interior lines, not exposed to risks of maritime capture. The extent of the coast line, the numerous harbors, and the many directions from which approach can be made, minimize the danger of total blockade to which all islands are subject. Such conditions are in themselves advantageous, but they are especially so to a navy inferior to its adversary, for they convey the power—subject, of course, to conditions of skill—of shifting operations from side to side, and finding a refuge and supplies in either direction." This is from the chapter, "Strategic Features of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea." Other chapters on "Preparedness for Naval Warfare," "Anglo-American Alliance," etc., are equally pertinent to the present interest in all things pertaining to the army and navy.

"In view of the projected Edinburgh memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson," writes J. C., of New Albany, Ind., "it seems to be worth while to recall that when the river Oise 'bereaved him of his boat' and left him clinging to a tree in the water, he says ("An Inland Voyage"): 'Death himself had me by the heels, * * * and still I held on to my paddle. * * * On my tomb, if ever I have one, I mean to get these words inscribed: He clung to his paddle.'" Nothing more typical of the man's character and career could be graved upon his monument.—The Critic.

The May Magazine Number of The Outlook has on its cover a fine portrait of Commodore Dewey, and nearly twenty pages are devoted to a historical account of the war and to editorial comment thereon. The article on "The Parks and the People," by Samuel Parsons Jr., ex-superintendent of the New York parks, is accompanied by numerous charming pictures, now first printed, of scenes in Central park, Prospect park and Morningside park. The fiction for the number is also distinctively of a seasonable character; the author is Maria Louise Pool, and the title is "In Sappin' Time." It may also be specially noted that the month's installment of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" contains some beautiful photographs, made for the Outlook, of Elmwood in the early spring. Other features of this magazine number are: An article on "Mr. Stedman as a Poet," with a full-page portrait; an article by Clifton Johnson on "English Inns," illustrated by photographs taken by the author; an article on "The New Polychrome Bible," by Prof. Francis Brown, of Union seminary; an article on "Municipal Water Works," by Mr. M. N. Baker, of "The Engineering News;" a readable paper by Mr. Charles M. Skinner on "Animal Life;" and several other light sketches, poems and articles, besides the usual reviews, news departments and editorials. ($3 a year. The Outlook Company, 287 Fourth avenue, New York.)

And still they come! A new translation of the quatrains of Omar Khayyam is appearing under the auspices of the Vilion society, "now first completely done into English verse, from the Persian, in accordance with the original forms." This, says The Daily Chronicle, is the work of Mr. John Payne, who translated the "Arabian Nights" for the society. He contributes an introduction.—The Critic.

Under the caption of "The Situation in Cuba," the North American Review for May presents two remarkably important and timely articles, viz.: "Our Work and Observations in Cuba," from the pen of Clara Barton, president of the American National Red Cross, and "The Insurgent Government in Cuba," by Horatio S. Rubens, counsel of the American delegation of the Cuban Revolutionary party.

Mrs. Pennell has gathered together her chapters on crossing the Alps on a bicycle, and they will be published in London by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, with illustrations by Mr. Pennell.—The Critic.

Mr. Crockett's new story, "The Silver Skull," will commence in the August Pall Mall Magazine. It is a tale of adventure in Italy in the first quarter of the century.

The chapter on "Preparedness for Naval War" in Capt. Mahan's latest book, "The Interest of America in Sea Poyer, Present and Future," is particularly pertinent just now, and is being read with the greatest interest.

"Undergraduate Life at Vassar" is described in the June Scribner's by Miss Margaret Sherwood, a graduate who is familiar with the life not only at Vassar, but at other women's colleges. Orson Lowell has made a series of original drawings to illustrate the article. The drawings for the Wellesley, Vassar, and Smith articles are being exhibited in succession at those colleges.

Howard Pyle has made for the June Scribner's a dramatic painting of the storming of the historic Chew house in Germantown. The incident pictured was described to Mr. Pyle by one of the Chew family.

Miss Mary Wilkins' novel, "Madelon," has been dramatized by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge.—The Critic.

Herbert E. Hamblen ("Fred B. Williams"), whose stirring "Adventures of a Freight Engineer" lately appeared in a popular magazine, has written a thrilling railroad story for the Youth's Companion for the week of May 19. Mr. Hamblen served for years as a ship's engineer, some of his experiences being recorded in his book "On Many Seas." That he also knows something of the life of a locomotive engineer is shown in the strong story he has written for the Companion.

Harper's Magazine for July will have an article on "A Century of Cuban Diplomacy," by Albert Bushnell Hart, professor of history at Harvard university. The leaders of thought in our colleges have often been accused of straining the judicial and non-partisan attitude to the extreme of fostering un-American feeling, but in the present case, though Prof. Hart is judicial and historical throughout, such an imputation would not hold. He concludes that our attitude has been characterized by a forbearance and a lack of territorial ambition rare in international relations.

To the May number of the North American Review the Rev Lyman Abbott, D. D., contributes an important paper, entitled "The Basis of an Anglo-American Understanding," wherein he discusses the commercial, political and moral advantages of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States.

In the nick of time to catch the aroused interest in things naval, Little Brown & Co., Boston, bring out in this country the first two volumes of "A History of the Royal Navy," a sumptuous work in five volumes. Mr. W. L. Clowes is at the helm, and has such able-bodied writers to aid him as Sir Clements Markham, Capt. A. T. Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt, etc.

On Our Book Table.

From the St. Paul Book and Stationery Company:

HARPER & BROS.—"A Boy I Knew, and Four Dogs," by Laurence Hutton. $1.25; "The Gods of Our Fathers," by Herman L. Stern. $1.50. Popular edition "Farthest North," by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. $3.

MACMILLAN & CO.—"The Development of the Child," by Nathan Oppenheim. $1.25. "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vols. IV. and V., edited by Edward Gibbon. $2 a volume.

D. APPLETON & CO.—"The Standard Bearer," by S. R. Crockett.

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WE'RE A NATION OF CLERKS

WHAT MARTIN MORRIS THINKS OF YANKEES

Queer Misinformation Gets Into "Transatlantic Traits"—Our "Best and Brightest Men as a Whole Are Our Regular Politicians"—"Honest American Newspapers Do Not Exist."

Correspondence The St. Paul Globe.

BOSTON, May 12.—"The Yankees are a nation of clerks; they know of no entrance into life but the tradesman's, and firmly believe that there is no admission to heaven except on business." These kindly words come from "Transatlantic Traits," a new book by Martin Morris, the son of that rather grotesque creation of sovereign power, a life-peer, and they come at the especially happy moment when the Yankees, under which name Mr. Morris groups all the people of all the states, are showing no small indifference to trade and are preparing to fight for a principle. Possibly, foreseeing that his remark might not be received with pure delight, he explains that "Americans understand nothing but gross adulation and flattery, and that criticism or discrimination, however (sic) slight and superficial, is invariably regarded as rude and unwarrantable."

These two statements are mated with a third, hardly less amazing, that "there is not in the United States a better, brighter, or more honest body of men as a whole than the regular politicians," and that "they are the best class of citizens the republic has produced up to this," and that the business men and millionaires who do not go into politics "are dull men." "Good business men are dull and greedy;" those of a better class are "like honest American newspapers—they do not exist," says Mr. Morris. Perhaps it is unnecessary to explain that his theory of the American politician was bestowed upon him by certain New York exemplars, and that he is one of those Irishmen always fervently desirous of being mistaken for Englishmen, and accustomed to regard themselves as irresistible. His conviction seems to have been rudely shocked, for he has no good words for the American girl, and finds the behavior of her countrymen in her presence is "servile." "No one else can talk," he says, "because she never stops."

Possibly these girls, whom he met, used the means put into their hands by God and nature to protect themselves against hearing too many of his opinions, but upon the whole his American girl would be a very good companion for the American soldier recently described by his countryman, John M. Robertson, as more anxious to shoot down his unarmed fellow citizens in a street brawl than to meet a foreign enemy. Max O'Rell was not always amiable, but the sham Irishman was civility itself compared to these real travelers in the United States.

"Paul Kruger and his Times," by F. Reginald Statham, to be published by the L. C. Page company, about May 20, is even more favorable to the president of the South African republic than Poulteney Bigelow's papers in Harper's Magazine. It is a political, and not a personal history, although it incidentally mentions that Mr. Kruger's present wife is the niece of his first spouse, and that he has sixteen children and 104 other descendants. The author finds Mr. Brice's "Impressions," a mischievous book, and looks upon Cecil Rhodes as a plotter of wonderous and malignant skill. To an impartial observer it seems as if Mr. Kruger were no more scrupulous when contending for the rights of his people than Mr. Rhodes when working for his stockholders, but the world is led by sentiment, and property calling itself home and country will always seem a more worthy object of devotion than property which is merely a money-maker, and the rough, untutored president seems a finer figure than the shrewd, astute financier with his easily assumed courtly manners, and his tireless energy. Mr. Statham is quite sure that Great Britain has not only been systematically deceived in the matter of the South African mines, but also in regard to political issues, and his view of the Jameson raid is entirely Dutch Boer. That he is right on the former point nobody can doubt who reads the Saturday Review and sees the deliberate misleading art of its financial columns, but there are many English influences not Rhodesian in South Africa.

The L. C. Page company will issue some of its fiction almost immediately, first of all "In Kings' Houses," by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, of whom excellent obituary notices were published last autumn, somewhat to her surprise; "Mere Folly," by Mrs. Marie Louise Pool, a novel just issued in Lippincott's Magazine, and two of her books formerly issued by Messrs. Stone & Kimball; "In a Dyke Shanty," and "Boss and Other Dogs." "Rose a Charlitte," by Marshall Saunders, and "The Making of a Saint," by Mr. W. Somerset Mangham, will appear. Later come "Omar, the Tent Maker," by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole; "The Road to Paris," by Mr. R. N. Stephens, and "The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore," by Hal Godfrey. "Bijli, the Dancer," by James Blythe Patten; "Cross Trails," by Victor Waite, and "To Arms," illustrated, by Mr. H. C. Edwards, will follow in rapid succession.

In the fall will come "The French Court and Society" and "The Court of the Tuileries," by Charlotte Lady Jackson, both in two volumes. These are gift books in two volumes, and complete a set of the five works of the author, three of which have been issued in former years. A new library edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" will include all three of the Fitzgerald versions in one cover, and will have a photogravure portrait of Fitzgerald, and will be generwise illustrated with photogravures from original drawings. The American edition of Edward Heron-Allen's translation of Omar will be published by the Page company. This edition is a facsimile of the Persian manuscript in the Bodleian, with a transcription into modern Persian characters, and is to be bound in Oriental fashion. Even if one do not read Persian, and it is said that there are persons in Chelsea and Reading who do not, it will be pleasant to look at the original, for the characters are extremely picturesque. A new edition of "The Blessed Damozel," giving the original text as it appeared in "The Germ" and introduced and edited by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, will have each stanza enclosed in a border by Mr. W. R. McDonnell, and will have for its protispiece a reproduction of Rossetti's study of the "Damozel's" head in his well-known picture.

"Angelsin Art," by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement Waters, and "Love Ideals in Art," by Miss Mary E. Potter, two volumes with illustrations after masterpieces; "Old Yale, Her Triumphs and Traditions," by Mr. Walter Camp and Mr. Lewis S. Welch, the first of the American University Series; "Old World Memories," by Edward Lowe Temple; "The Poetry of Rest," by Mrs. Kate Stearns Page, and a new and unabridged edition of "Tom Jones" must be added to books already announced. Now this list includes nearly twice as many books as this house issued last season.

The Atlantic Monthly is a fair thermometer of the state of the Boston mind, and the June number will contain an editorial summary of the Cuban question not adapted especially for Spanish reading, and also a paper on the "Naval Situation," by Prof. Ira N. Hollis. These two papers will be followed by "The Montanians," by Mr. Rollin Lynde Harte, an animated piece of historical writing; a paper by Mr. Frederick Burk on "Normal Schools and the Training of Teachers;" an article by Mr. D. S. Sanford, of the Brookline high school, on "High School Extension," and a remarkable paper by Prof. C. Hanford Henderson, amiably proposing to revolutionize education, substituting gymnastics, music, manual training, free-hand drawing, and languages for the three "Rs" and the thirty-three various follies of the modern curriculum. It looks very Greek in outline. The Atlantic office, with the youngest man absent on his tour of coast guard duty with the cadets; another a war veteran, with Cuban literature and Maine testimony piled in small mountains on his desk, and with lively discussion of war matters afoot, suggests about the same kind of apathy that prevailed in 1861.

—Stephenson Browne.

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