

WHAT THE WRITERS OF BOOKS ARE DOING

PROMISE OF BOOKS FOR THE FALL IS NOT QUITE ROSY

Well Known Writers Do Not Figure Very Largely in the Advance Sheets of the Publishers—Forman Attempts a Novel—Lillian Bell's Book.

The publishers are getting out their autumn catalogues and prospectuses and while there are a number of books to be issued by well known writers as appeared in the spring, there are many good things promised. Justus Miles Forman, the transplanted Minneapolitan, is bringing out "Monsigny" as a novel. It is a very clever, intensely dramatic story that appeared in the Smart Set a few months ago, and it is believed that the publisher has already disposed of the dramatic rights. "Monsigny" is the most ambitious work Mr. Forman has done.

If Lillian Bell's last book, "The Dowager Countess and the American Girl," doesn't create talk both in this country and England, it will certainly be strange, for the writer has handled the English without gloves and has drawn a picture of the higher classes that, to judge by stories of returning travelers, is not overdrawn. The story in itself is a very painful one, but it is well done and the conversations of the characters are very natural. The author has explained the attitude of the Southerners toward the color question and the feeling in this book remarkably well.

Speaking of Lillian Bell reminds one of some of her eccentricities which have been the result of overestimating her fame. It is said that on her visiting cards, under her married name, is "Lillian Bell" in brackets. But with all that she writes well and is making a name for herself. The craze for dramatizing successful novels continues, and many of the new plays being prepared for this winter are made from books. Among these are "Lady Rose's Daughter," "A Japanese Nightingale," and "Jerome a Poor Man," by Mary Wilkins.—The Book Lover.

Books.
The Master of Millions—By George C. Lorimer. Fleming H. Revell company, publishers. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery company.
 Dr. Lorimer has written a book about as opposite to his last one as could be imagined. "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" made a hit; it is doubtful if this story does. It is long, verbose, complex in plot, too numerous as to characters and altogether strange. But it is well written and exceedingly interesting. The story concerns Dawney Macgillivray, a Scotch lad, who has fallen in love with Angelica, his playmate. The poor boy is honest, but is unjustly accused of a theft and is forced to fly for his life, and he sails from England for South America and the story goes on and supposedly all hands are lost. But Dawney is saved, and under the name of Pitsligo Tysford he goes to Australia and disposes of his fortune. After fifty years, when he is forgotten and supposed to be dead, he goes back to Scotland in search of his sweetheart and his sister. The story is a good one, and it turns out that the thief of his early years and for whom he had to suffer, was the brother of the woman he loved, and for the sake he spared him. There is a Monte Cristo tone to the story, as Dawney is fabulously rich and is able to play the fairy godfather to all his old friends and to those who were his enemies. There is a most bewildering number of characters in the book, and it is hard to keep track of them all and to find the connecting links which make the story together. The seamy side of London life is well portrayed, and there is much to commend in the conclusions of the writer. The good and the good are rewarded and the wicked punished. Some of the glaring inconsistencies in the tale are the stilted manner of speech of the street characters, and the lack of contrast between the inhabitants of hovel and palace. On the whole it is an interesting story, but one that would have appealed to the reading public very much more twenty years ago than now; it is too rambling and long drawn out to suit the present jaded palate, which likes its fiction well and quickly done.

Ahead of the Army—By O. W. Stoddard. The Lothrop Publishing company, Boston. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery company.
 Here is a book which will delight boys of all ages and will not be uninteresting to grown up children as well. It is a stirring narrative of the experiences of an American boy who arrives in Mexico just as the war with this country is beginning. He becomes a guide of the American army and comes much in contact with such young officers as Capt. Lee and McClellan and Lieut. Grant, all of whom later became famous in his own country. Fact and fiction are delightfully blended in this lively story, and there is much of sound instruction as well as interesting incident in the tale. It is written in a natural, hearty manner which appeals to boys, and is totally lacking in what we call cant—for want of a bet-

ter word—which is sometimes objectionably prominent in books for the young person. This book and others of Mr. Stoddard's are of excellent tone and kind for boys and young men.

Andy Barr—By Willis B. Hawkins. The Lothrop Publishing company. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Here is another book for boys which will appeal to all those who like a stirring tale. Andy Barr, the character which gives the name to the work, is a remarkable creation in the way of a quaint philosopher.

The story deals with the lives of two boys up to the time when they go to fight in this country in the Civil war. There they win their sweethearts and the love story is very prettily told. There is plenty of action, which is what the young readers like, and the original figure of Uncle Andy makes the book a readable one for all. The scene is laid in a small town and there is the fascination of military life running through the story. The plot is well carried out and leads up to the revelation of the secret history of the wise old cobbler, Andy, and will hold the attention to the end.

Here are a few samples of Andy's way of looking at things:

"I guess many a time you'd find that thinkin' out the way is about the hardest part of doin' things." * * *

"I don't want nobody to work for me for nothing. Folks that work for nothin' is 'gally' worth the price." * * *

"It's a mighty poor cap'n that lets his men get killed off when he can't 'compish nothin' by it."

BOOK NOTES.
 Just the book for holiday reading, easy to slip into one's bag and light in the hand, is Margaret Sidney's new character sketch, "Sally, Mrs. Tubbs," Lothrop Publishing company, Boston, Mass. It can be read through in an hour or so and is a study of a typical New England old maid, full of humor and lively delineation and not without touches of true pathos. It is not a juvenile story, but will appeal to a wide audience of grown-ups. The Macmillan company has issued in all the points of book-making.

"The Travels of John Wryland" after lying many years in manuscript, is now for the first time, given to the world. It is a narrative by John Wryland himself, and is a study of his journey to Tibet of his there becoming king of the land. Fall and winter of the year he was waged upon the Ne-ar-Bians. The narrative thrown new light upon the geography of Tibet and upon the history, laws, institutions, architecture and inhabitants of that land. The inhabitants of this island, and the narrative appear to possess a knowledge of war and statesmanship that may well inspire our own statesmen and warriors to emulate them. The Macmillan company has issued its regular monthly list with notes of forthcoming autumn publications.

The very latest edition of Mr. James Lane Allen's "The Mistle of the Pasture" was exhausted soon after publication, and the second edition is already on the market. The Boston Herald has issued its story almost as soon as the first copies came into the hands of the reviewers, and it has been glowingly commended. Miss Carman's review in the New York Times, which virtually said that the right sort of woman would not be the one to whom he was offering his love of his early sin, roused a chorus of protest, and the book is now being reissued. Mr. Allen's meaning is that a man ought to tell a woman a whole truth, that they ought not to begin life together with a lie between them. Mr. Carman and many other writers have taken issue with it, and it seems to be practically settled by the overwhelming majority of opinion, that the book is a masterpiece.

Harper & Brothers are publishing a new edition of Constance Fenimore Woolson's well-known novel "Anne." It will be remembered that Miss Woolson was a great story writer and novelist. She was not at all sure of her powers as a novelist, a lack of confidence which she later sought to overcome. Her first novel, "The Red Rover," and Mr. Henry Mills Aldrich, editor of Harper's Magazine, recalls her once saying to him that she was not sure of her powers. "Happy Valley," which appeared in Harper's Weekly, she would have abandoned literature, calling it a waste of time. It was followed by "Anne," "Rodman the Keeper," "Horace Chase," and others, and her last work was her delightful Italian stories completed not long before her tragic death at Florence.

As a heroine of the novel of Miss Gwendolen Overton's of the same name, is described in an English review as "a strong, slender, beautiful, intense, Joan-of-Arky girl." In general the English reviewers like the book, though not quite so well as the American. The amusing thing is the haste with which they inform the readers and the world at large that Harriet is not a typical Englishman. Harriet, it will be remembered, is not man enough to marry Anne and give up the fortune which his uncle has promised if he marries a certain girl whom he does not love.

As a heroine of a first-class piece of fiction is the New York Sun's comment on Jack London's new novel, "The Call of the Wild." This is one reason why the book has been welcomed by men and women alike—the fact that it is stimulating, invigorating and brain and body alike. The air that blows through this book is fresh, and the comment of another critic, while all the reviewers speak of the book's closeness to life and its power to please and to thrill, is that the theme for an article on materialism in fiction, is not forgetting, or omitting, to note that the book is read fairly alive by the imagination behind it.

Grant Allen, than who no more persuasive observer has ever promulgated his observations for the edification of travel lovers. Just previous to his death, he wrote the most pleasing and authoritative monograph on "Belgium: Its Cities." Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, have issued a new edition of this most sumptuous and appealing dress, with all the luxuriance of superior typography and illustrations.

Harper & Brothers are bringing out a new edition of William Hamilton Gibson's book on "Our Edible Toadstools and

Mushrooms," a volume that has long been a standard guide for the mushroom hunter and lover. It is embellished with thirty colored plates of native and cultivated of the edible fungi, in addition to fifty-seven other exquisite drawings by Mr. Gibson. The book contains all the practical rules for identifying mushrooms.

A singularly appropriate and timely book is Ida M. H. Starr's "Goblets of the Caribbees," which with the accompanying many illustrations and exceeding attractive dress forms a valuable and interesting addition to the library of the travel lover.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers' novel "The Maid-at-Arms," which the Harpers published last fall, is being dramatized by Anita Bridges, who has written a story of colonial days in New York, among the aristocratic old Dutch families that could well be said to have admirably to stage effects.

A new novel of Boston has just been published by the Page & Co., "The Schemers," by E. F. Harkins. It deals with life in the city and suburb and his of delightfully the Back Bay and the "smart set."

The Harpers are advised that "Ethel," the fascinating military life running through the story, will be published in England next publication.

Intimations for September.
 Thomas Bailey Aldrich will contribute to the September Scribner's a delightful sketch of an old book-lover, who many years ago worked in the book shops in Boston, and who wrote little essays in the manner of Charles Lamb, which he signed "Tom Polo."

Bliss Carman has made 100 imaginary paragraphs of the lost lyrics of Sappho, which the great Irish poet will be published in the September Scribner's.

Pearson's Magazine for September contains two subjects of great international interest, "America's Debt to the Russian Jew," which at still vivid in the public mind, will be of universal interest, and "Sir Thomas Lipton," which makes his debut as a magazine writer and tells of his quest for the blue ribbon, from Lipton himself, not only of his endeavors to lift the American cup, but of the most interesting personal experiences in his marvellously successful career.

Marguerite Merrington, the author of "Captain Lettice," contributes to the September Scribner's an amusing, farcical story entitled, "Tolly Stronach," a humorous account of how an artist and a writer found a home on the top floor of a Fifth avenue mansion.

Mr. Victor H. Smalley, of St. Paul, has changed his Northwest Magazine and now publishes it bi-monthly as "The Northwest Magazine," and in addition puts out a 10-cent magazine of short stories. Both are very creditable publications.

BIG LOCOMOTIVES FOR SCOTTISH SERVICE

Northeastern Railway Models Locomotives on American Make.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—The Northeastern Railway company is now completing its Gathead works for the first of an entirely new class of twenty locomotives, which have been primarily designed for working, as between Edinburgh and York, the heavy east coast Scotch express trains.

The engines are modeled on similar types of locomotives so successfully employed in hauling the Atlantic City flyers, which are booked to regularly cover the distance of fifty-five and one-half miles between Camden and Atlantic City in exactly fifty minutes. The Northeastern engines, the first of which will be introduced into experimental working in a few days, have cylinders of exceptional size. These are placed outside the frames, and have a diameter of twenty inches, and as this is twenty-eight inches. To supply steam to the cylinders a boiler is provided the barrel of which has the unusual length of fifteen feet ten and one-half inches and a diameter of five and one-half feet.

To clear the driving wheels the barrel of the boiler is placed eight feet ten inches above rail level, and as this approaches very closely to the gauge limit, the engines will have practically no chimney. The new locomotives, which will be the heaviest in English railway traffic, will weigh not less than 100 tons each, and will be unsurpassed in Great Britain for tractive power and high speed capacity.

Their cylinders are authoritatively stated, an abundance of power, which will enable them to haul with comparative ease the heavy corridor vestibuled trains of the east coast Scotch service.

Our Safety Deposit Vaults are the best. Security Trust Company, N. Y. Life Bldg.

VIENNA FIREMEN'S DUTIES ARE MANY

Overpower Thieves, Rescue Women, and Remove the Papal Arms.

VIENNA, Aug. 16.—The fire brigade in Vienna is put to every imaginable use. For instance, the other day some of the men were called out to overpower a thief who had been caught in the act with with the policemen at the station had struggled in vain. The firemen succeeded in binding the unruly prisoner.

When a woman flung herself into the cement bed of an empty canal and all efforts to rescue her failed, it was again the fire brigade which brought the unfortunate one up in a sheet.

When the pope died firemen had to take the papal arms down from the nuncio's palace—a work so difficult that it could not be trusted to ordinary workmen.

We pay 2 1/2 per cent interest on daily balances and 3 per cent on monthly balances, both subject to check. Security Trust Company, N. Y. Life Bldg., St. Paul.

LOOK UP WOMEN ARE PLANNING A CLUB HOME FOR WRITERS

Mrs. Craigie and Other Notables Will Aid the Project—Margaret Louisa Principle to Be Adopted—Laurence Housman Writes Love Letters.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—Women writers of London are agitating the subject of erecting a big club-house in the district of the Strand. Mrs. Craigie, the American novelist, who chooses to call herself John Oliver Hobbes, has been asked to give her support and has stated that her sympathies are all with the movement. There is some talk of trying to interest American capital in the scheme, and a deputation is planning to wait on William Waldorf Astor for the purpose of asking whether one of his buildings on the Strand estate might possibly be utilized as a foundation for a complete club house.

Many members of the Writers' club now having quarters in Norfolk street, Strand, are desirous of making their organization a residential club, and thus establishing a down-town home for the hundreds of women in London who earn their living by contributions to magazines and newspapers. Miss Stronach, a member of the club, and one of the most successful of English journalists, recently visited New York, and the Margaret Louisa Principle, who she urges that the proposed club house be run on Margaret Louisa principles. Miss Stronach says, "We haven't an inexpensive club in England which compares with the Margaret Louisa home for comfort or for cost." John Oliver Hobbes, who is a member of the Writers, has promised to give up his quarters in the Strand, but is prevented from co-operating at present by illness. She has left London for Steephill castle, her place on the Isle of Wight.

There is also talk of putting the new club house scheme into the hands of Mrs. G. A. Dundas, whose expert ability as a club promoter has just been shown at its Gathead works for the first of an entirely new class of twenty locomotives, which have been primarily designed for working, as between Edinburgh and York, the heavy east coast Scotch express trains.

Rusticating the Files.
 The British museum has nearly finished its scientific and literary files in the country at Hendon, where the prodigious accumulation of old files of provincial newspapers is to be kept. If you want to see one you will have to wait until the files are ready, but there are four hours in advance, whereupon the museum authorities send out to their distant storehouses and get it. As a matter of fact, the files are not so rarely in demand, and as the process of getting them is now so cumbersome, the museum annex can be expected to be the most restful place in the city.

Of course, it was unofficially known some time ago, that Laurence Housman was the smart literary workman who had written the "Englishman's Letters," but the authorship was never acknowledged until now, when it is claimed by Mr. Housman on the title page of his latest work, "The Blue Moon and other Fairy Tales."

Another little literary mystery is the authorship of the "Letters to a Young Poet," which appear in this month's Cornhill. The subject is a very interesting and most sympathetic and broad-minded advice to aspirants for honors in fiction that I have ever seen in print, and it is a pleasure to see it on paper can fail to get help from them. Although it would be a betrayal of confidence to tell who wrote the letters, and who received them, no harm would be done to their genuineness. They were written by a fairly well known author now dead to a novelist whose work is now as well read in America as it is in England.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has just opened the second season of her "Vacation School" in London with every convenience for the family. She attends her efforts, thanks to a better head for business and for the planning of details than most novelists are blessed with. Last year nearly 400 children of the poorest poor received free lessons in all kinds of entertaining work and play—swimming, cookery, dancing, music, nature studies and the like. The school is a success, however, and accommodations for 700 children, but the number of applicants has been over 1,200.

No Copyright on News.
 All newspaper writers will be interested in a case that came into court last week. A free lance journalist sent a little item to the Mail and got \$2.50 for it, although the item was almost entirely rewritten. The Evening Standard refused to pay for it, and the author sent in a bill for it. After some correspondence the Standard sent him 60 cents, but being a member of the Institute of Journalists he decided to make a free lance journalist sent a little item to the Mail and got \$2.50 for it, although the item was almost entirely rewritten. The Evening Standard refused to pay for it, and the author sent in a bill for it. After some correspondence the Standard sent him 60 cents, but being a member of the Institute of Journalists he decided to make a free lance journalist sent a little item to the Mail and got \$2.50 for it, although the item was almost entirely rewritten. The Evening Standard refused to pay for it, and the author sent in a bill for it. 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