THE STORMING OF THE RUDDYS

MARY ELIZABETH DEFIED THE GREEKS FOR TWO DAYS.

When All the Others Had Fled and Only One Brick Kept the Citadel From Collapsing She Capitulated A Real Estate Epic of Brooklyn Borough.

Pius Æneas of Troy, who carried Anchises, his father, and all the household gods on his shoulders away from an impending real estate slump in the good old days, deserved of the Olympian concert no more than does Mary Elizabeth Ruddy, lately of 98 North Elliott place, Brooklyn. To be sure, Mary Elizabeth did not carry her father away from their beleaguered citadel on her shoulders, but she did remove all the lares and penates, including the cat, after having withstood the treacherous Greeks who stormed the approaches to the sacred Ruddy hearthstone during two bitter days.

In the case of P. Æneas bitter wanderings and many adventures befell after that heroic levitation of the father and the familiar deities. None the less so with Mary Elizabeth, who yesterday set her apron for a sail and thus made of herself a fitful galley, steering wildly along all the coasts of Myrtle avenue and Fleet place and seeking a new land which should fulfil the prophecy of the Sibylline leaves of the house renting agents. Apollo's westing steeds kicked the dust from Hoboken heights back on the head of Pia Mary Elizabeth, stranded temporarily in the shoals of Navy street with the household gods heaped in confusion before a new and strange altar.

'Twas this way, O Augustus!

Mary Elizabeth, her father, John, and her brothers, Phil and Frankie, all lived in happy accord on the top floor of the ancient brick house on North Elliott place, knowing no enemy and loving their neighbors. Came one day an inspector of the Tenement House Department who prodded the old foundations and fingered the crumbling abutments. "The house must go," said the inspector with sternness. "You must go," said Agent Carlo Rokechis, addressing each of the tenants in turn.

"When?" then upspake Mary Elizabeth, the daughter, the housekeeper and jealous protector.

"Immediately," Agent Rokechis then made reply.

"Not," then quoth Mary Elizabeth, who is one given to little wasting of the breath.

That was less than a week ago. More timorous tenants on the first floor and the second floor of the condemned building moved on Tuesday. Mary Elizabeth and her brother Frankie leaned far from the entrenched battlements of the third floor and gazed down in derision upon the craven heads of those fainthearted ones who had heeded the threat of the agent and who were decamping so precipitately.

Again Agent Rokechis appeared. He stood on the sidewalk and made a funnel of his hands. The words carried up to Mary Elizabeth with a tang of anger:

"Do you get out before the wreckers begin or do I get a dispossess?"

"Get your wreckers. Get your dispossess," came the taunt from that square of blackness illumined by the ambrosial locks of Mary Elizabeth. "Do yuh think me dad's going to quit work an' lose his job a-movin' because of youse?"

Then on Wednesday came the army of the Greeks. They came not by stealth, no wooden horse except a child's toy steed could enter the portal of this defended stronghold. But boldly and with their picks and saws in their hands came the Greeks, Papa Anagyropopolis leading them. They attacked the portal; it yielded. They went on into the house, and the smash of their sledges and the shrilling of their saws ascended to the resolute ears of Mary Elizabeth.

All of Wednesday the Greeks undermined the foundations of the Ruddy citadel. The plaster ascended to the windows of the third floor in warning clouds. The rending of beams and ripping of laths counted off the minutes that led to impending disaster. By Wednesday night the lower floor of the house was a skeleton.

Then again yesterday morning came on the implacable Greeks. Mary Elizabeth and Frankie still held inviolate the sanctum of the home on the third floor. Father Ruddy and Phil, the elder brother, went off to their labors. The weakened stairs leading down from their home creaked under their tread, but still they went away, knowing that where Mary Elizabeth was there also was security.

One of the attackers went into the dismantled lower floor and cut the water pipes. Mary Elizabeth above was prepared for that; she had two tubs full of water and every bucket and dish in the kitchen was brimming against a famine.

"Ain't you smart, though?" came the burning rebuke of Mary Elizabeth down the skeleton length of the staircase. With it came also a pailful of water, but the water was not in the pail; it drenched the attacking Greeks. It was the most potent token of the scorn of the besieged.

After the water pipes the drains were torn down. Then the planks of the floor on the second story were ripped up. Daylight streamed through the ribs of the old house. Mary Elizabeth sat on the top step outside the door of her castle and did some crocheting, also she commented tersely from time to time upon the character of the besiegers.

By noon the plumb of the house depended upon a brick's thickness. The Greeks, baffled, withdrew to sit on the curb and munch their onions, wondering upon whom would fall the pleasant task of knocking out that brick. Then came Father Ruddy. He took a look at things, saw his home perching on stilts above a ruin, decided that gentle discretion should court surly defiance. Up he went to the top floor.

"Mary, girl, ye ve done noble," said he, "but I guess we move the afternoon."

So they moved.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

G. P. Huntley and Hattie Williams Costars in a Comedy From Paris.

The English comedian G. P. Huntley and Miss Hattie Williams are to be joint stars this season in a comedy in three acts named "Decorating Clementine." The authors are Armand de Caillavet and Robert de Flers, who wrote "Love Watches" and "Inconstant George." The piece ran last winter at the Théâtre des Variétés in Paris under the title of "Le Bois Sacré." Charles Frohman will also produce the play in London.

Liebler & Co. announce that H. B. Warner's run in Paul Armstrong's success of last season, "Alias Jimmy Valentine" will be resumed on August 22 at Wallack's Theatre.

The opening attraction at Maxine Elliott's Theatre will be "The Upstart," under the management of Bertram Harrison, beginning on Thursday evening, September 1. The piece is by Tom Barry and is described as a farce comedy in three acts. It relates the experiences of a young man just out of college who has a theory for the cure of the divorce evil. The four leading roles will be played by John Westley, Jane Cowl, George Woodward and Frances Byrne.

Henry B. Harris has placed in rehearsal "The Country Boy," a new play by Edgar Selwyn. It is scheduled to open at the Liberty Theatre on Monday evening, August 29. The cast includes Forrest Winant, Mrs. Stuart Robson, Lois Clark, Willette Kershaw, Caroline Elberts, Stanley Wood, Walter Allen, Katy Donnelly, Marion Kerby, Arthur Shaw, Robert McWade, jr., G. C. Staley, George H. Wender, Geraldine O'Brien and Jack J. Horwitz.

COMPLAINT OF A COMPOSER.

Thinks Extension of Competition Term Unfair to Those Who Are Ready.

THE SUN has received a letter of complaint from one of the competitors for the $10,000 prize offered by the Metropolitan Opera Company for the best opera composed by a native of the United States.

"On behalf of those who have hurried their work," he writes, "and have lost many a night's sleep in order to have their operas ready within the specified time, I should like to utter a protest against extending the time another year. It seems hardly fair to those who have not only done work that would have been much better could they have had a longer time in which to finish it, but who have already incurred the expense of having their scores copied, which is no trifling one, and composers are as a rule not overburdened with this world's goods.

"Naturally they do not feel like losing either the time or the money; consequently their operas will suffer in comparison with those that have had two years expended upon them instead of one. It would seem in an equable contest that it is not fair to change the conditions under which the contestants have been working."

The competitor suggests that the competition be delayed six months instead of a year.

"When Mr Gatti-Casazza decided to postpone the closing of the competition," said Otto H. Kahn yesterday, "he consulted an attorney, who advised him that he had the right to do so. Until the postponement was thought of there had been very few works submitted. After certain composers had assured Mr. Gatti-Casazza that they would compete in case the time were extended to allow them to compose an opera, it seemed that the greatest good of the greatest number should be consulted and the postponement was announced."

Mr. Kahn declined to say how many scores had been submitted, but it has been reported that only twelve had been received a few months ago. Naturally any move on the part of the committee that tends to increase the number of works submitted does not find favor with the composers who have already submitted their works.

The reward is one that is well worth trying for. In addition to a cash prize of $10,000 the Metropolitan Opera Company promises to produce the work and pay royalties for its use.

TETRAZZINI IN CONCERT.

San Francisean Says He Has Engaged Her for Opera Also.

W. H. Leahy, an opera manager of San Francisco, declared yesterday that he had an exclusive contract for the services of Luisa Tetrazzini for the season of 1910-11. He gave out a statement to that effect which was signed with the singer's name in London on July 28. Mr Leahy further said:

"Tetrazzini is to appear in concerts in the principal cities of the United States and in grand opera in San Francisco in conjunction with the grand opera company under the direction of George Polacco, who handled the orchestra when Tetrazzini made her American debut in San Francisco in 1904.

"The Polacco company has an engagement to sing in Mexico during the centennial celebration of Mexico's independence. There are 250 people in the company and they will support Tetrazzini when she sings in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle.

"Tetrazzini will arrive in this city in November and will immediately begin her grand concerts. Her first concert will be given here. She will then go to Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City and other large cities.

Mme Tetrazzini had a great deal to worry her while in London. On April 28 she got a wireless message from Gatti-Casazza saying he might arrange for two months at the Metropolitan. About the same time she received a copy of a statement made by Messrs. Kahn and Russell that they had engaged her to appear in Boston. On May 30 Herr Dippel called on her and arranged to have her appear in thirty performances, fifteen in Chicago and fifteen in Philadelphia and Baltimore. The contract was to have been closed on or before June 10, but on June 1 Mr Guard, representing the Metropolitan people, called and announced that Herr Dippel had no authority to deal with her.

"On June 28 Attorney Seligberg, representing the Metropolitan Opera House, called and said that Guard, Dippel or no one else had any authority to deal with her, that he was the only one with power to make terms with her. Tetrazzini became so disgusted that she would not discuss business with any of them."

Mr Leahy has been manager of the Tivoli Opera House of San Francisco for twenty years. He purposes to erect a new house on the site of the old one.

SONG IN CENTRAL PARK

To Be Added on August 14 to the Orchestral Recreations.

Park Commissioner Stover has decided to have choral concerts on the Mall in Central Park on Sundays, beginning on the afternoon of August 14.

Frank Damrosch and Mr. Marquard, conductors of the Peoples Choral Union, have promised the Commissioner that the members of the union will give their services. The German and Swedish singing societies have also volunteered.

The Commissioner announced yesterday that his plan to give new and little heard of American orchestral compositions would be carried out next week with the Volpe and Kaltenborn orchestras. Next Sunday at the Mall the "Legend" and "Negro Episode," by Henry F. Gilbert, will be given in the afternoon.

At McGown's Pass on Sunday afternoon will be given Arthur Farwell's "Domain of Hurakan," based on a creation legend of the Central American Indians, which tells that Hurakan, the mighty wind, passed over the waters and called for the earth. The children's dance on the recreation pier at East Twenty-fourth street has worked so successfully there that it has been decided to extend the pastime to the Third and East 112th street piers. The Park Department got Miss Madeline L. Stevens and a number of trained assistants to establish the juvenile dancing.

MADE HIS OFFENCE WORSE.

Didn't Remove Names Painted on His Fence, but Tarred and Feathered Them.

FREEHOLD, N. J., Aug. 4. Instead of removing a number of objectionable signs, as he had promised to do to avoid prosecution for criminal libel, James M. Aligor of Scabright merely covered them with tar and feathers, according to representations made to-day by Prosecutor Applegate before Judge John E. Foster. The Court withdrew the promise to quash indictments that had been found against Aligor and he must stand trial.

Aligor bore grudges against Mayor P. Hall Packer, Charles O. Halsey, Frank M. Mahon and others, and he is charged with having painted their names on his fences with impolite remarks alongside of them. When indicted for libel he was given to understand that if he would remove the signs he would not be prosecuted. His counsel, Alan Strong, agreed that this would be done. The Prosecutor, however, produced photographs to-day showing that the removal consisted in covering them with the material which is symbolic of even deeper contempt.

"Mr Aligor's latest action is intended more to incite than to prevent a breach of the peace," said the Judge to-day in refusing to quash the indictments.

INACCURACIES OF AUTHORS.

Curious Mistakes That Have Appeared in Famous Books.

Lovers of Sir Walter Scott care little that in "Kenilworth" Amy Robsart is made to have a dramatic meeting with Queen Elizabeth some years after the date of her actual death or that in "Ivanhoe" a knight of Richard I. converses with another of William the Conqueror, the great grandfather of Richard. Anachronisms and minor errors are pardoned to geniuses and a complete list of the mistakes committed by Shakespeare alone would fill many pages.

Lunar troubles particularly have seemed to affect authors. In "King Solomon's Mines" Rider Haggard accomplished an unsurpassed feat in eclipsing a moon when it was new instead of full. Sir Walter Besant also juggled with the moon when in "The Children of Gibeon" he had his new moon rise in the east at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Thackeray is almost as prolific in errors as Shakespeare. In "The Newcomes" Clive asks in a letter dated 183 : "Why have we no picture of the sovereign and her august consort from Smee's brush?" In answer to which one reason might be attributed to the fact that the Prince Consort did not appear until 1840. Similarly, in Rachel Esmond Warrington's preface to "Henry Esmond," which Thackeray dated 1778, he had her refer to Rochambeau's visit to this country. As a matter of fact the French soldier did not come until 1780.

Mohammed's soldiers in "Pendennis" are accused of cutting off the heads of all prisoners refusing to accept the one prophet of God, regardless of the fact that Mohammedans profess belief in all the prophets of the Bible—Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, &c.—Mohammed only being taken as the greatest. And in "The Virginians" a character is arrested for debt during divine service—an unlawful proceeding according to the English code.

Some of the errors committed, not through ignorance but apparent absent mindedness, are ludicrous. Trollope made his Andy Scott come whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth, and Defoe assures his readers that Robinson Crusoe before taking off his clothes to swim to the wreck took the precaution to fill his pockets with biscuits. More recently Jules Verne has brought his hero in "Around the World in Eighty Days" to his club in triumph just as the clocks of London strike ten minutes to 12. Among newspapers such ludicrous mistakes are not lacking. A Paris journal reported the discovery in the Seine of the "nude body of a man who had only ten sous in his waistcoat pocket."

Cervantes allowed his Sancho Panza in "Don Quixote" to ride on an ass after having volubly lamented the animal's death. Lever in "Charles O'Malley" gave to Portugal Andalusia as a capital.

Some errors are manifestly because of the author's ignorance. The author of "Monte Cristo" never thought it necessary to acquire a knowledge of toxicology and introduced into his romances many poisons, unknown to science, of startlingly instantaneous and deadly effect. He worked with an equally free and untrammelled hand when he put old Nortier in the bonds of complete paralysis. The unfortunate one was yet more fortunate than any similarly afflicted person that has ever come under the notice of any physician. Unable to move or speak, yet he was left by Dumas with his intellectual faculties unimpaired and could communicate his thoughts and desires to his family by winking his eyes in an agreed fashion.

The finding and proving these literary inaccuracies has grown to a mania with some individuals; infinite time and labor has been expended only to prove some minor error which made no difference anyhow one way or the other. The lines from Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore":

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And our lanterns dimly burning.

fell under the sceptical eyes of a certain Irish Astronomer Royal who spent no one knows how much time in calculations to prove conclusively that the moon could not have been shining, even mistily, for the hero's burial, as at that hour it was far below the horizon.

A COMRADE ON BONAPARTE.

The First Consul as He Appeared to Gen. Kleber in Egypt.

PARIS, July 27. For many years there has lain in the archives of the War Department a worn and stained notebook labelled "Piece Number 15355," and bearing the title written on the outside "Kléber's notebook," which no one ever thought was genuine. One of the keepers of the archives recently examined the faded handwriting with care, and after comparing it with authentic documents in Kléber's hand concluded that it was undoubtedly the manuscript of the French general, Napoleon's companion in arms in Egypt, and it has since been established that this note book was in Kléber's pocket when he was stabbed to death by the Egyptian fanatic Suleiman at Cairo on June 14, 1800.

Throughout his notebook Kléber shows a desire to obtain a just estimate of Napoleon's character as a general and as a man. His judgment is unfavorable to the First Consul, as the following extract shows:

"One day Bonaparte, with impudent presumption, spoke to me of reverses which he should have expected and of successes which he hoped for after the battle of Aboukir and he said: 'I play with history. I can calculate more coolly than another in this kind of event.' But to play with history seems to me to play with events themselves, and to play with events is to play with the lives of men, with public and private fortunes, with the happiness and prosperity of the country.

"Is that what the hero would have me understand? I do not know, but I should have understood him if he had said: 'I live only that my name shall fill pages in history, celebrity is my only object, and all the rest has no meaning to me.' Be that as it may, I was so struck with the impertinence of the words that an involuntary expression of indignation showed itself and caused him to change his tone and his language. * * *

"France could not have been subjugated by a more miserable charlatan on the Eighteenth Brumaire. He will not save the country. The Constitution is only a sorry mask which the tyrant has thought better to wear for the time being and which he will throw out of the window before it becomes useless to him. * * *

"Turenne acquired his glory in fighting Montecuculi, the greatest general of the century. Napoleon obtained his celebrity by fighting against all the most imbecile generals that the house of Austria could provide. Is he liked? How could he be? He likes nobody, but he thinks he can do without affection by making men bend to him by promotion and pensions. * * *

"No fixed plan, everything goes by leaps and bounds. Each day settles its own affairs. And he pretends to believe in fatality."

Many From the Brooklyn Diocese Going to the Eucharistic Congress.

A large number of clergymen and laymen of the Brooklyn diocese are to attend the Roman Catholic eucharistic congress in Montreal in September. A special committee of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Particular Council of Brooklyn, has been appointed to look after arrangements for those going from the Brooklyn diocese.

DRESS OF AUTHORS.

Some Writers Whose Fancy Has Turned to Fine Raiment.

The minds of literary genius seem sometimes to have turned naturally to finery. Even stern old Machiavelli had the very finest velvet costume in his wardrobe reserved for his hours of literary composition when he sat alone amid brilliant lights in his room of state.

Disraeli, the novelist, before he became predominantly the politician dressed habitually in a costume that was no mean second to that one of mediæval splendor, a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers banded with gold, scarlet waistcoat lace ruffled at the wrist so as nearly to hide his hands in their white kid gloves, but ring adorned without just the same, the whole set off with an innumerable quantity of gold chains all over his person, made up a characteristic and by no means unobtrusive costume.

Unobtrusive is hardly the word for the getup of Dumas the elder. Only he himself could design to suit himself the medallic decorations with which his uniforms were besprinkled. Once at an Ambassador's reception he created a sensation by appearing wearing a shirt covered with little red demons careering about in little red flames. He designed a Bacchus costume which he wore to a masked ball, only to be refused admittance, although considerable latitude was being allowed in the matter of dress. Dumas was grieved; his costume was only realistic and therefore artistic.

Another Frenchman, Gerard de Nerval, the poet, was also fervid in his achievement of artistic costuming. He had a pet lobster which he led about on a gayly colored ribbon, so he designed attire to match.

His trousers, coat and waistcoat were of green satin of variant hues to represent the variant colors of the sea under different conditions. Long strands of seaweed adorned his hat and a string of coral beads his neck. The buttons of his coat and waistcoat were shells and pebble brooches were pinned on his breast. To complete the effect he carried a Neptune's trident for a cane.

Gautier was hardly less gorgeous when he wore his suit of crimson and gold; Rousseau's working costume was a court dress; Buffon the naturalist always dressed himself elaborately to write; Paul Bourget wore green trousers, but Balzac, eccentric toward the other extreme, donned the dress of a Dominican monk to do his writing.

England has had no less a tribe of dandies among her authors than has France. Dickens perhaps heads the list for foppishness, closely followed by Lord Lytton. But long before their time Samuel Richardson, the author of "Clarissa Harlowe," declared that he could write only in a laced coat and with his favorite diamond ring sparkling upon his little finger, and Thomas Moore put on kid gloves to pen his poems. Boswell when he was making an especial hero out of Gen. Paoli did not hesitate to appear wearing a hat inscribed with "Corsican, Boswell."

Picturesque effects have been popular as well as those of splendor. Monk Lewis and his Venetian costume have not been forgotten. A fellow member of Stevenson in the Savile Club described the getup of that genius:

"He wore a black flannel shirt with a curious knitted tie twisted in a knot; he had Wellington boots, rather tight dark trousers, a peajacket and a white sombrero hat. But the most astonishing item of all his costume was a woman's sealskin cape, which he wore about his shoulders fastened at the neck by a fancy brooch, which also held together a bunch of daffodils."

Corduroys and top boots are conspicuous features to-day of the poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller. Longfellow was a dandy to his last days.

Sometimes the balance has swung clear around, the eccentricity in author's dress going to untidiness and even slovenliness. Leslie Stephen, when a don at Cambridge, might have been seen wearing a pair of ancient flannels, a large red flannel patch on the seat, the monument of an Alpine holiday, when a piece cut from the petticoat of his guide's wife had been used to make sundered ends meet.

LITERATURE IN THE FORTIES.

Not a Profitable Calling, According to a Letter From Prescott the Historian.

A letter from the author of "The Conquest of Mexico" to an Englishman who had conceived the notion of setting up as a literary man in America casts an instructive light upon the conditions of authorship in the '40s. Mr. Prescott wrote:

BOSTON, Jan. 30, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: I am extremely concerned to learn that the cloud still hangs so darkly over your prospects, now that you are again on your native soil. It is impossible for a foreigner like myself to judge of the expediency of the plans you suggest for the future maintenance of your family, and I am grieved to be obliged to say that I think it would be in vain to look for a contribution toward it here. There are so many projects that appeal so directly to those most liberally disposed in our community that their resources seem to be preoccupied.

With respect to contributions to the newspapers I fear there will be as little chance of success in that quarter. You might indeed furnish articles on literary matters to a respectable journal like our *North American*. But the compensation is too inconsiderable to furnish an inducement, since it is only a dollar a printed page. I have known this journal to give $2 a page to a popular writer who would contract for a certain amount of pages per annum. I know not whether this is ever done by the present editor. Should you send anything to me for that journal I shall have much pleasure in handing it to the editor and ascertaining whether he would be inclined to make an engagement with you for the future.

Our newspapers do not often press into their service writers who have drunk deep of the good wells of learning, and a penny a line manufacturer of casualties will find more encouragement with most of them than a man of learning. I have suggested it to one of our most respectable editors, but he has given me no encouragement.

W. H. PRESCOTT.

Firemen and Horses Into Hole in Street.

Between 9 and 10.30 o'clock yesterday morning three horses and a fire patrol fell into the excavation for the high pressure water mains which is being dug in front of 66 Stanton street. Fire Patrol 7, going to a small blaze, slid into the ditch first and then a horse attached to an Avenue C horse car fell in. Later a team of street car horses which had got loose from the car at the Bowery went helter skelter into the hole. All got out with little damage.

Allen-Schmidt.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 4.—The wedding of Miss Clara Rebecca Schmidt, daughter of Mrs. Clara M. Schmidt, and David Justin Allen, son of the Rev. and Mrs. R. Osmon Allen of Stanfordville, N. Y., took place last evening at the Cathedral rectory. Only the two families were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Austin Dowling. The bride was given away by her mother and was attended by Miss Clara McCarron as maid of honor. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Austin Ketcham Allen. After the wedding supper Mr. and Mrs. Allen left for a short wedding trip and when they return they will start on their journey West, stopping at places of interest en route for Seattle.

The bride is well known in local musical circles and the bridegroom is a graduate of Brown University, class of 1906, a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity and the Phi Betta Kappa Society.

NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page

exposition of the evils of mill life and child labor. The heroine, with her ambition to rise above the shiftless mountaineers among whom she is born, is attractive; so are the various types of mountain people. She seems to lose the force and common sense that mark her at the beginning for the sole purpose of permitting the author to describe various forms of wrongdoing. The actions of the villains and some mill incidents belong to the lowest class of sensational melodrama, and there are gaps in the story that detract from its interest. There can be no doubt, however, about the earnestness of the author, which some charming passages in the book will make the reader regret.

Even more earnest is Mr. James Oppenheim in "Wild Oats" (B. W. Huebsch, New York). His story deals with the East Side Jews whom he has described in earlier stories, and the doctor from whose office the observations were taken plays a part in this tale too. It is meant to exhibit the far reaching consequences of early dissipation, a matter which, in spite of the prefatory recommendation, most people will consider should be relegated to medical works and not to popular fiction.

Another novel, "The Laodicean," has been added to the pretty pocket edition of the works of Thomas Hardy which the Harpers are publishing. On reading again Hardy's stories retain all their old charm, his English few modern writers of fiction can approach. No more convenient shape for general use could be devised than this edition offers.

Books Received.

"Letters of Hawthorne to William D. Ticknor." (The Carteret Book Club, Newark, N. J.)

"Farlowods Surgery and Medicine." Charles Stuart Moody, M. D. (Outing Publishing Company, New York.)

"Sable and Purple." William Watson. (John Lane Company.)

"The Direction of Desire." Stanley M. Bligh. (Henry Frowde, New York.)

"The Boys' Chuchulain." Eleanor Hull. (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.)

"The White Merle." Lilian Gask. (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.)

"God's Troubadour." Sophie Jewett. (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.)

"Chinese Fairy Stories." Norman Hinsdale Pitman. (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.)

"Guida degli Stati Uniti per l'Immigrante Italiano." John Foster Carr. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

"Seeking After God." Lyman Abbott. (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.)

"Brief Sketch of the Milliken National Bank of Decatur, Illinois."

"The Diary of James K. Polk During His Presidency, 1845 to 1849." 4 vols. Edited by Milo Milton Quaife. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.)

"Now." Charles Marriott. (John Lane Company.)

"From Passaic to Peace." James Allen. (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.)

"The Lead of Honor." Norval Richardson. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston.)

"Comrades of the Trails." G. F. Theodore Roberts. (L. C. Page and Company.)

"The Prodigious Hickey." Owen Johnson. (The Bauer and Taylor Company.)

"Religion in New Netherland, 1623-1664." Frederick J. Zwierlein. (John P. Smith Printing Company, Rochester, N. Y.)

"Poets One Has Something to Sell." Max Ritteberg. (Gilbert Pitman, London.)

"Indian Legends and Other Poems." Hanford Lennox Gordon. (The Salem Press Company, Salem, Mass.)

"A Scientific Currency." William Howe Crane. (Broadway Publishing Company, New York.)

"Poems of Truth, Love and Power." William Lee Popham. (Broadway Publishing Company.)

"The Storm Birds." Schroeder Davis. (Moffat, Yard and Company.)

INSPIRATION OF AUTHORS.

Some Get It Standing, Others Reclining The First Idea of Stories.

Edward D. Ellis, the veteran New Jersey writer of thrillers for boys, pounds out his thousands of words per day standing at his typewriter. In this position he declares his mind works better and he becomes less physically tired.

Mr. Ellis is by no means alone in having individual methods and conditions of composition and production. Authors of all times and countries and of all degrees of fame have found the ability to write best under special conditions. Standing up at work was a characteristic of Victor Hugo even before the day of Mr. Ellis and his typewriter. The whole of "Les Miserables" was written by the author in this attitude.

Hawthorne was yet another follower of this plan and evolved many of his best romances afoot. Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel found their best thoughts in the other extreme of posture. Climbing up on a pile of lumber and lying down flat on their backs was most conducive to their best thinking and so was the posture most highly favored by them. Alexander Pope also liked the idea of reclining, but he was not so advanced nor so original, so he did his work quietly and comfortably, even though not so picturesquely, in bed.

He tried to have enough paper at hand when in the business of composition, but whenever a thought came to him he would jot it down, regardless. So his servant would often find in the bed, among the covers, or scattered on the floor, bits of paper scribbled over with what we to-day know as hackneyed quotations.

Another lounger was Sir Walter Scott, although he did not go so far as to work regularly abed, but reclining comfortably on a couch he could keep his mind working alertly enough to keep two amanuenses busy. The two trains of thought never confused him, although he frequently had to stop to let the amanuenses, confused in hearing, get straightened out.

No one could find any trace of inactivity in any phase of Napoleon Bonaparte's pursuits, and when dictating to Bourienne he would most often sit on the arm of his secretary's chair, patting him on the head or pulling his ears. When sitting in a chair of his own his favorite posture for dictation was with a leg thrown over the arm of the chair.

Balzac, dressed in the favorite monk's robe, worked best at night, and often wrote continuously from midnight till noon, fighting off drowsiness with draughts of strong coffee.

Authors have had many different stories to tell of how the conception of their works have come about. Dickens professed in the preface to "Pickwick" to tell this interesting secret. He goes on to explain much of details, the pages of letter press, the number of illustrations, the price, &c., but of the actual question all he says is "I thought of Mr. Pickwick and wrote the first number." He either could not or would not explain how he thought of that famous character and how it really originated.

Most authors likely could not explain. Douglas Jerrold told that the conception of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" burst upon him one winter day while he was looking at a group of Eton College schoolboys boisterously playing. The author declared that the sight suggested the idea of the "Curtain Lectures," though he admitted that he could not explain or even himself see the connection. Clergymen often tell of similar instances, the suggestion of texts to them by occasions which have no link of association.

Edgar Allan Poe, on the other hand, maintained that he could always logically trace out the plan by which an idea was born to him, matured and treated. He even wrote an essay minutely accounting for every detail of the genesis and development of "The Raven." This must be taken with a grain of salt, however, by those sceptical ones who remember that the weird genius repeatedly and openly avowed that he would make any statement likely to arouse interest.

THE WAY THEY PUT IT.

Well Known Sayings as They Have Been Expressed by Different Men.

It has been said that there were originally only three jokes in the world—some say seven—and from these has sprung modern humor; so people long ago learned to expect nothing new under the sun and to agree with Pliny the elder, who before he perished in the Vesuvius eruption of A. D. 79 remarked:

"In comparing various authors with one another I have discovered that some of the gravest and latest writers have transcribed, word for word, from former works, without making acknowledgments."

Some of these transcriptions make interesting comparisons.

Longfellow wrote, "Art is long, and time is fleeting." Goethe put the sentiment into German thus:

Ach, Gott! die Kunst ist lang,
Und kurz ist unser Leben.

Which Bayard Taylor translated almost literally:

Ah, God, but art is long,
And life, alas, is fleeting.

Chaucer had said: "The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne," but Hippocrates long before him had uttered the same thought.

Pope said:

Know thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

But Chaucer had said: "Full wise is he that can himselven knowe." Cervantes put it, "Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult thing in the world." Diogenes Laertius said that Tales was the originator of the saying, Plutarch gives it to Plato, and it is found also in slightly variant form on the tongue of Pythagoras, Chilo, Cleobulus, Bias, Socrates. Juvenal took its origin from the human realm when he says it descended from heaven.

Carlyle wrote of "One life a little gleam of time between two eternities." Marcus Aurelius had written, "Deem not life a thing of consequence, for look at the yawning void of the future, and at that other limitless space, the past." The old Saxon, Bede, likened man in his earthly life to a sparrow flying out of the dark night into the lighted banquet hall for a moment only, and then out again into the black and unknown night.

"No man is a hero to his own valet," is attributed to Mme de Sevigne. Marshal Catinat said that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre." Montaigne observed that "few men have been admired by their own domestics." And Plutarch says that Antigonus replied modestly to a eulogium, "My servant is not aware of this."

"When the candles are out all women are fair," said Plutarch. "When all candles be out all cats be gray," said John Heywood in the sixteenth century, and W. S. Gilbert recently sang:

She'd often passed for forty-five
In the dusk with a light behind her.

"To err is human, to forgive divine," wrote Pope. Plutarch had put it, "For to err in opinion, though it be not the part of wise men, is at least human."

Tertullian in the second century wrote that "he who flees will fight again." Goldsmith puts it:

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace," is recognized as belonging to George Washington. Horace had said, "In peace, as a wise man, he should make suitable preparation for war." While Publius Syrus put it, "We should provide in peace what we need in war."