BOOK TOPICS IN TIMES OF WAR

Famous Books Which Other Wars Saw Produced---Their Sale Sometimes Very Large

THE HOUR AND THE BOOK

Works of Genius That Date From Napoleon's Time and Our Own Revolution—Books on the Bicycle Now Read—Some of the Best in a Hundred That Have Appeared—The New Edition of Byron—Mary Chaworth's Portrait—Thackeray's Daughter Edits Thackeray's Writings—New Edition of Dickens.

Correspondence The St. Paul Globe.

NEW YORK, May 20.—It is not alone war topics that now interest readers of books. Nor are these alone likely to interest them as the war goes forward. Sir Walter Besant has just reminded Englishmen that in the history of their own country it was times of war than saw produced some of the most famous books in English literature, whereas times of peace have sometimes been marked by the most commonplace and unimportant productions. And he is certainly speaking with many facts on his side when he refers to the era of Napoleon's wars. From that period date the poems and some of the early prose writings of Scott. To it belong many of Coleridge's poems, many of Wordsworth's and some of Byron's. Surely they are among the greatest names English literature has gathered to her roll of honor in the present century. Nor do their names exhaust the possible list. Landor, Lamb and Southey, to go no further afield, belong to that period. England's earlier conflict, that was epoch making in another sense—the war with her colonies in the Atlantic seaboard—could tell a similar story. It was in the period of Washington's soldiership, and the French Revolution, that Burns was writing his immortal songs, Boswell collecting material for his immortal biography and Gibbon writing his immortal story of a great nation's decline and fall. France herself, from the outbreak of the Revolution until the battle of Waterloo—a period of twenty-six years and years of almost constant warfare—saw produced some of the best remembered works in modern French literature.

The advent of fine spring weather—and we have had fine weather in this latitude within the present week—has directed attention, not only to books on outdoor life in the large sense implied in the list which I sent The Globe a few weeks ago, but to that smaller class which relates only to the bicycle. It is remarkable how large a list of books on this subject has grown up within a few years. One of the earliest of them all is a book still read, though not many years old, which will long remain a monumental sort of tribute to the favorites of this pastime. It was called "Ten Thousand Miles On a Bicycle;" its author, a man still living in this city, who chose to write under the name of Karl Kron. These thousands of miles were covered, not on the modern safety wheel, but on the old high wheel which one now almost never meets even on thoroughfares that are crowded with wheelmen. Since that book was published probably a full hundred books relating in one way or another to the wheel, have appeared. In the selected list given below I have aimed to indicate those which have seemed to me to have most interest and value, on the one hand a practical sense and on the other the sense of affording entertainment. Among works which relate to the practical side of wheeling these may be named:

Cycling for Health and Pleasure. By Luther H. Porter. With illustrations. 16mo. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.
Wheel Within a Wheel: How I Learned to Ride a Bicycle. By Frances E. Willard. (Revell.) 50 cents.
Bicycling for Ladies. By Maria E. Ward. Illustrated. (Brentano's.) $1.50.
Cycling. (In the Badminton Library.) By the Earl of Albemarle and G. Lacy Hillier. Plates and illustrations by the Earl of Albemarle, Pennell, Dadd and Moore. (Longmans.) $3.50.
Road Rights and Liabilities of Wheelmen. By G. B. Clementson. Chicago. Callaghan & Co.
Pleasure Cycling. By H. Clyde. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.
Bicycles and Tricycles. An Elementary Treatise on Their Design and Construction. By Archibald Sharp. Illustrated. (Longmans.)
Athletic Sports. Bicycling articles by Philip G. Hubert Jr., Marguerite Merington and J. West Roosevelt. 12mo. (Scribners.) $1.50.

For beginners, probably the best of these books is Mr. Porter's. It is thoroughly practical, direct and helpful. Mr. Porter knows what the beginner ought to know, and he understands how to tell it clearly and briefly. Once a rider has mastered his wheel, books of this class cease more and more to interest him. He may have a curiosity to read what they contain, but they offer him few suggestions that he will value. He has now reached the point where touring books have more attraction. In this class some very good books are to be had, and here are the best with which I am acquainted:

Around the World on a Bicycle. By Thomas Stevens. Introduction by T. W. Higginson. Illustrations. $2.50.
Across Asia on a Bicycle. By James G. Allen Jr., and William L. Sachtleben. Illustrated. The Century Co. $1.50.
Why Not Cycle Abroad. What a bicycle trip in Europe costs, how to take it, how to enjoy it, with a narrative of personal tours, illustrations, and maps. By Clarence Stetson. American News Co. 50 cents.
Our Cycling Tour in England. By Reuben Goldthwaites. Illustrated. (McClurg.) $1.50.
Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle. By "K. Kron." New York; Carl Kron. $2.

In the foregoing list, the work of Mr. Stevens is an epoch making one in bicycle literature. The volume by Mr. Goldthwaites, the secretary of the Wisconsin Historical society, and the editor of the noble edition of "The Jesuit Relations," now in course of publication in Cleveland, is a delightful chronicle. "Awheel in Modern Iberia" will interest many who are reading other books on Spain nowadays; but it will scarcely move them, at the present juncture, to make a trip into that hostile territory. Meanwhile, a considerable number of books celebrating the wheel in poetry and fiction have appeared—not the least of them Zola's recent "Paris."

The World Awheel. A collection of verse and prose stories. Edited by Volney Streamer. Illustrated. (Stokes.) $2.50.
Paris. By Emile Zola, translated by Ernest A. Vizetelley. (The Macmillan Co.) $2.
The Wheels of Chance. By H. G. Wells. Illustrated. (The Macmillan Co.) $1.50.
The Quest of the Golden Girl. Including a Song. By Richard Le Gallienne. (Lane.) $1.50.

Judging from new editions of their works—and there could be no better guide to conclusions—there is a renewal of interest in several of the older authors—notably in Byron, Thackeray, Dickens and Jane Austen. The first volume of the Byron edition, with the Earl of Lovelace, the poet's grandson, as sponsor, shows a handsome and interesting work. Several volumes will be devoted to poetry, and several others to the letters. The Earl of Lovelace has supplied the editor of the poems, Ernest Hartley Coleridge, with many unpublished manuscripts. Valuable notes have been added, showing variations in the text, and elucidating many statements.

One of the illustrations in the first volume is a new portrait of Mary Chaworth, Byron's early love, whose rejection of him, as Byron told Medwin, probably changed the current of his life. It was certainly due to his disappointment that he sailed away from England and gathered the inspiration to write "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." The story of this romance in the poet's life is told in the well-known poem called "The Dream," where Miss Chaworth is described as "his life, the ocean to the river of his thoughts." Miss Chaworth's portrait has not been unknown to us heretofore. Many years ago one was printed in Byron's works; but the later present one is less pleasing. It has been made from a miniature supplied for the purpose by a daughter of Mary Chaworth, who is still living in England, at more than ninety years of age.

The new edition of Thackeray is edited by his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, who contributes an introduction to each of the several volumes, giving biographical facts. No authorized life of Thackeray has ever been written; nor is one likely ever to be written. Mrs. Ritchie's introductions will do with Anthony Trollope's sketch in the English men of letters series, they are practically all that the public may hope to know of the life of Thackeray. Mrs. Ritchie, in the introduction to "Vanity Fair," points out how slowly success came to her father. "For years," she writes, "he had to face the great question of daily bread." Thackeray was no longer a young man when "Vanity Fair" made fame certain for him. Even "Vanity Fair" made a halting start. Here is one interesting story that Mrs. Ritchie tells:

"I still remember going along Kensington gardens with my sister and our nursemaid carrying a parcel of yellow numbers, which she (the novelist's grandmother) had given us to take to some friend who lived across the park; and as we walked along somewhere near the gates of the gardens we met my father, who asked us what we were carrying. Then somehow he seemed vexed and troubled, told us not to go on, and to take the parcel home. Then he changed his mind, saying that if his grandmother wished it, the books had best be conveyed; but we guessed, as children do, that something was seriously amiss. Something was seriously amiss. The sale of 'Vanity Fair' was so small that it was a question at that time whether its publication should not be discontinued altogether. I have always been told that it was 'Mrs. Perkins' Ball' which played the part of pilot or steam tug to that great line-of-battle ship, 'Vanity Fair,' and which brought it safely off the shoals. In later days I have heard my father speak of those times, and say that besides 'Mrs. Perkins' Ball,' a review in the Edinburgh Review by Mr. A. Hayward, greatly helped the sale of 'Vanity Fair.'"

The new edition of Dickens has Andrew Lang for editor. It will comprise, when completed, thirty-two volumes, and twenty-six are already published. The illustrations are the old ones—those which Dickens himself approved for editions printed in his lifetime. Although an English manufacture, this edition is offered in this country for the remarkably low price of $1.25 per volume. In the present state of new interest in Dickens I cannot doubt that many Americans already have added this edition to their shelves. Of the Jane Austen edition no copies are yet to hand in this country. But we have been well supplied with this author's delightful books through a Boston house—an edition adequate to the merits and charm of the stories, convenient to read and attractive to look upon.

The war has brought Capt. Mahan into a prominence shared probably by no other writer on war topics. His books about "The Influence of Sea Power" are talked of everywhere. Newspapers are quoting passages from them, not the least interesting of which is the account of Rodney's great victory in West Indian waters over the French and Spanish in 1783, by which England acquired Jamaica. For the June number of the Century Capt. Mahan has written an account of the defeat of the Armada, in which he shows how it was that smaller and fewer ships commanded by Drake and Frobisher, were able to overwhelm the so-called invincible force of Philip II.

In that defeat certainly was seen an event which changed the current of human history. Henceforth the dominant civilization of the world was no longer to be Latin, but Anglo-Saxon. England now saw that she could acquire strength beyond her own borders. It was not until after this success that she undertook to plant colonies across the Atlantic. John Smith and Raleigh, the Pilgrim Fathers and the Winthrop migration were direct consequences of this new rise of England to power and dominion. From the overthrow of the Armada in very considerable degree dates the history of the United States as an English-speaking community, as a nation founded in Anglo-Saxon institutions and laws. Much else remaining in the destiny of our land was to be fixed beyond danger. The most memorable conflict of all, that century-long conflict with France which closed with the victory of Wolfe at Quebec was ahead. Forever was it now to be decided that neither Latin laws, nor Latin speech, was to dominate the continent of North America. Henceforth an undisputed sway was assured for that type of civilization we call Anglo-Saxon.

And in this war which is now engaging our energies is seen another step in this progress of what Lord Salisbury has called "the living nations at the expense of the dying nations." Once more the conflict depens. Out of it will come still greater and better things for the world and for mankind.

—Francis W. Halsey.

LITERATURE OF TODAY

THROUGH THE GOLD FIELDS OF ALASKA

Mr. De Windt's Unique Trip—Hopkinson Smith's Last Novel, "Caleb West, Master Diver"—"Penelope's Progress," by Kate Douglas Wiggins—"Spun Yarn," Sea Stories by a Sailor.

When the war is over and the country has time to think of other things we shall have another Klondike excitement, probably, and one of the books to be read, in this event, with the greatest pleasure will be Mr. Harry De Windt's "Through the Gold Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits."

The trip that Mr. De Windt proposed to take was certainly unique and enterprising enough, and, if he was not quite successful in carrying it out in all its details, tyrannous nature and not the ambitious traveler must bear the blame. In May, 1896, Mr. De Windt started from New York to Paris, and his intention was to make the entire journey by land. The proposed route was from New York to Juneau, via Victoria, B. C., thence across the Chilkoot pass to the chain of lakes at the head of the great Yukon river, and down the river to St. Michael on Bering sea; the crossing of Bering sea was, if possible, to be accomplished over the ice. Then he was to reach the settlement of Anadyrsk in Siberia and from there journey to St. Petersburg, 6,000 miles distant, with communication only possible every six months. From St. Petersburg to Paris the way offered all the conveniences of modern travel. Mr. De Windt was forced to cross Bering straits in a United States revenue cutter, because the straits are really never completely rozen over; and his unique course of travel included also short journeys over waterways, but in comparison with the breadth of the Atlantic or Pacific oceans by the usual beaten track the water traveling is not important enough to mention.

Mr. De Windt anticipated hardships and was quite ready to discount them; that the story of his adventures is largely a record of difficulties overcome and sufferings endured, because they were inevitable, is no surprise.

The ordinary reader is rather well informed concerning the dangers and hardships that attend the usual trip to the Klondike, but, even so, surprises await him in every chapter of Mr. De Windt's goodly sized volume, and he is allowed to suffer and enjoy experiences that are quite as real as the printed page can make them.

But the book is of a larger enterprise than just a sight-seeing trip through the Klondike, and, although the reader will spend much time over the part devoted to the gold region, the rest of the volume is more unusual in its interests and helps to complete the picture of Alaska as a whole.

"Through the Gold Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits," by Harry de Wendt. F. R. G. S. $1.50. Harper & Bros., New York. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Caleb West, Master Diver.

The novel of occupations has arrived to stay. If nothing is so interesting to a man as how the next man gets his bread and butter, then surely the stories of life which deal largely with the tasks by which bread is earned are fully justified. Mr. Kipling set the example with his admirable study of the codfish business, and F. Hopkinson Smith has followed with a spirited and interesting account of how light houses are built in shippery places, and what the life and dangers of the builders are.

"Caleb West, Master Diver," is a good book of its kind. It conveys a great deal of very absorbing information in an agreeable way, and the story of the young contractor's struggle with the refractory government inspector is the best and brightest incident in the tale. For, after all, unless you are a very great writer, indeed, the occupation novel has its limits in your hands.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith is often charming, but never great. The character drawing in the book is a distinct falling off from anything the writer has done. Being preoccupied with the light house, the writer has not wasted much strength in realizing the personages of the tale. Caleb West's young wife, the Platonic friend of the contractor, the young Southern girl, all are indistinct, misty, uninteresting. The men are better, because they are set off and brought out by their work, but even they are not such clear-cut and vigorous pieces of portraiture as we expect from the creator of "Col. Carter."

Can it be that there is something about the consideration of man, the bread winner that detracts from man the entity? It is true that men define themselves with less clearness in their business relations than in their social and domestic environment. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that the occupation novel, as such, is a little dry and hard, a little less intimate and moving than the acknowledged novel of character.

A combination of the two in which full justice is done to each element is of course the ideal to be pursued, but, as we said before, only a great man can hope to write a book of that sort.

"Caleb West, Master Diver," by F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Penelope's Progress.

Gay in tartan plaid is the binding of "Penelope's Progress," and its outer form is but an earnest of its inner brightness. Kate Douglas Wiggin is always charming in her breezy confidential way, and these "extracts from the common-place book of Penelope Hamilton that relate to her experience in Scotland" are conceived in her brightest and most appreciative spirit. It is a continuation of "Penelope's Experiences" in England, and her former tried companions, Salemina and Francesca, are with her again. The best thing about this form of triangular marriage, Penelope claims, is "that they know the very worst there is to know about each other," and this is not, by any means, an inconsistent estimate of friendship. The Scottish spirit is rife in the book, and Scottish ballads, Scottish religion, Scottish hospitality and Scottish wooing make up the story. Penelope herself, as her old friends will remember, had her future bespoken in the English experiences, and Willie Beresford is something of a bar to further conquests on her part. But Francesca is still heart-free, despite various experiences of the past, and quarrels herself into love with a fine specimen of a high-bred Scotchman, and, after walking roughshod over his happiness through many pages, she discovers that her own joy in life depends on his, and one infers the good old conclusion that "they lived happy ever after," unless, perhaps, one is skeptical and doubts Francesca's adaptability to the new requirements.

The story closes with a wholly happy Scottish wedding, and Penelope is the happy, bonny bride.

"Penelope's Progress," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Spun Yarn.

Sea stories by sea-faring men have become so popular of late that a book with a nautical title not justified by the marine experiences of the author is looked upon with disfavor and must justify its existence by a degree of realistic impressiveness not always exacted from the "men that go down to the sea in ships."

Mr. Morgan Robertson is one of those fortunate individuals who can justly claim to speak as one who knows the sea with an intimate knowledge and who adds to this advantage a certain breezy, salt-lectured style well adapted to his natural subject. He has not ridden the high-seas without developing his imagination, and the result of the combination of his personality and experience is a number of stories ingenuous and interesting and worthy of success. "The Survival of the Fittest" is, perhaps, the strongest of the five yarns. It is the tale of a strange and weird voyage, full of horror and fear, taken in a dismantled ship by a land tramp. The only man left on board the wild craft, crippled, ignorant and miserable, but with a miraculous inherited instinct for mechanics, and a heaven-given knowledge of the right minute for action, he brings the wreck to port through one of the terrible storms that sweep Lake Erie. The tale, improbable as it is, is so forcefully told that it is impressively realistic, and the character study of the ne'er-do-well himself is worthy of the rest of the sketch.

"Spun Yarn," by Morgan Robertson. Harper & Bros., New York. $1.25. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Notes.

A mystery as unsolved and perhaps as unsolvable as that of "The Man in the Iron Mask" envelopes the question of the guilt or innocence of Capt. Alfred Dreyfus, of the French army staff, convicted in 1894, by secret trial, of having sold government army secrets to Germany, and sentenced to a living death at the hideous Isle du Diable.

A very general feeling that Dreyfus had been not only illegally but erroneously convicted, and that the acquittal of Maj. Esterhazy, who was later accused of the crime for which Dreyfus suffered, was brought about by equal injustice and illegality, found its voice in M. Zola, the great novelist, who arraigned the government in a long, published letter, and challenged the government to prosecute him.

The government responded by trying M. Zola upon a single technical point, avoiding the main issue, sedulously keeping it out of court, and conducting the whole trial with such a suppression of evidence and brow-beating of witnesses, such utter disregard of the rights of the accused and every principle of justice or equity, as to make the French courts and French justice a scandal and a laughing-stock to the whole civilized world.

In the May Atlantic, John T. Morse Jr. takes up the question from the beginning, rehearses clearly and accurately the details and the whys and wherefores of the Dreyfus and Esterhazy cases, and the racial feuds and hatreds involved; dissects and analyzes wittily and keenly the abuses and shortcomings of the Zola trial, and concludes finally that after all and in spite of all, "the affair remains an unsolved mystery. But its mystery is its charm. If we knew, as an absolute fact, either that Dreyfus is guilty or that he is innocent, we should forget his case within twenty-four hours."

The dramatization of "Vanity Fair," with Mrs. Fiske as Becky Sharp, will be looked forward to with some impatience. Every objection that was urged against her Tess was based upon the discrepancy between the great, buxom, somewhat bovine heroine of Mr. Hardy's novel and the slender, nervous, animated intelligence which we know as Mrs. Fiske. Objections in one case are qualifications in the other. Physically, intellectually, Becky and Tess stand at opposite poles. "A Doll's House," "The Queen of Liars," and Mrs. Fiske's repertory in general bespeak the public favor in this newer venture.

But the histrionic interest is, if anything, exceeded by the literary problem which this dramatization will solve. It is a question of the newer school of art in English. The art of the novelist is near its acme in "Vanity Fair." Yet at the time it was written, and for many a melancholy year since, there was nothing the English dramatist could do well except borrow from France. If he departed from this by ever so little, he did very badly indeed. And yet, all through this depressed period, he—the British dramatist collectively—would insist upon attempting to realize Becky and Dob, the Crawleys and Amelia upon the stage.

Necessarily, all such attempts so made were failures. To argue from this, as so many have done, that the novel does not lend itself to the uses of the stage is not, nor has it ever been, a criticism of the book, but of the capacities of the British playwright.—The Chap-Book.

Mr. Henry James' "American Letter" in the current number of Literature begins with a discussion of the question of groups and directions in American fiction. "Are there groups, directions, schools, as French criticism, for instance, deals with such matters?" he asks; and, on his way to reach an answer to this question, he touches in this letter upon work of Mr. Winston Churchill, Mrs. Atherton and Mr. Bret Harte. One paragraph on the threshold of this inquiry is eminently quotable: "The great difference—to speak broadly—between the French reading public and the English is that 'literary success' is for the one the success of the author and for the other the success of the book. The book has often, for the English public, the air of a result of some impersonal, some mechanical process, in which, on the part of the producing mind, a particular quality or identity, a recognizable character and cast, are not involved. It is as if the production, like the babies whose advent is summarily explained to children, had been found in the heart of a cabbage. This explains why one of a writer's volumes may circulate largely and the next not at all. There is no vision of a connection. In France, on the contrary, the book has a human parentage, and this humanity remains a conspicuous part of the matter. Is the parentage, in the United States, taken in the same degree into account, or does the cabbage-origin, as I may for convenience call it, also there predominate? We must travel a few stages more for evidence on this point, and in the meantime must stay our curiosity with such aids as we happen to meet. Grouping them is, yet awhile, not easy—grouping them, at least, in relation to each other."

Besides the article on the causes of the failure of the Spanish Armada, by Capt. Mahan, the June Century will contain "Ten Months with the Cuban Insurgents," the experiences of a major in the army under Garcia, and an article on "The Confederate Torpedo Service," by the electrician of the torpedo division in the Confederate navy who laid the mine which blew up the first gunboat ever destroyed by this means.

The youngest person who has ever illustrated a magazine article is without doubt the boy whose drawings are reproduced in the June Harper's to illustrate the article entitled "The Study of a Child," by Louise E. Hogan. The author, who is interested in the development of the new science of infant psychology, busied herself with collecting authentic records of spontaneous mind development. The child studied was allowed to grow up as much as possible as his own nature prompted. He learned to count and to write as nature taught him, and almost from infancy he drew things he saw with a pencil or cut them out of paper. The article is full of amusement and is, besides, an important addition to the science of bringing up children.

On Our Book Table.

From the St. Paul Book and Stationery Company:

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.—"The Duenna of a Genius," by M. E. Francis. $1.50.
DREXEL, BIDDLE PUBLISHER—"A Duel With Destiny, and Other Stories," by Edith Townsend Everett; "Shantytown Sketches," by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle; "The Revenge of Lucas Helm," by Auguste Blondel; "Word for Word and Letter for Letter," by A. J. Drexel Biddle.
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY—"Latin Prose Composition," by Charles Crocker Dodge, B. A., 75 cents.

From the Publishers:

F. TENNYSON NEELY—"The Rise and Fall of the United States," by a Diplomat; "A Spanish Plot," by H. A. Randle; 50 cents; "The Soul of a Woman," by Dolores Marbourg, 50 cents; "An Unusual Husband," by Chandos Fulton.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS—"The Head of the Family," by Alphonse Daudet, $1.50.
R. F. FENNO & CO.—"The Love of an Obsolete Woman," chronicled by Herself, $1.
DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE COMPANY—"Little Masterpieces" (Abraham Lincoln), edited by Bliss Perry, 25 cents.

"THE DUENNA OF A GENIUS"

BOSTON'S CHIEF NEW NOVEL OF THE WEEK

Clinton Scollard's "A Man at Arms" Is Well Done—First Volume of the English Dialect Dictionary to Be Issued in July—Sir Walter Besant's Allegory of Two Cousins—Rush's Prophetic Words.

Correspondence The St. Paul Globe.

BOSTON, May 20.—The chief new novel of the week is Mrs. Blundell's "The Duenna of a Genius," published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.; a musical story equally unlike the rhapsodies of "Charles Anchester" and "Counterparts" and the inanities of the commonplace musical story. The two heroines, a Hungarian violinist and her sister, who plays duenna, are seen in the course of their struggle to obtain recognition from the London world, and the stolid strength of English convention makes a very good foil for their artistic temperament. The author allows the book to end happily, contrary to her ordinary custom, and seems to have deliberately set herself the task of producing a story entirely free from anything painful. The chapter heads are musical, from "Introduzione" to "Finale con Molto Sentimento," and the musical hero, with his white hair, black brows and ivory white face, suggests a pianist well known and well worshiped in London.

Mr. Clinton Scollard's "A Man at Arms," published by Lamson & Wolfe, is precisely what might have been expected by those who know his poetry, very carefully finished, even polished, accurate in all its minor details, but never concealing its art. It reminds one of Dick Heldar's picture painted to please the British public, and "drored, and redrored, and tre-dored," and finished up with a high light on the soldier's boot toe to catch the eye of the British buyer. The thing is well done and pleases those for whom it is intended, but doing it injures the artist, who has no right to think of the public. The time of the story is the fourteenth century; the scene and characters Italian and chiefly Venetian, for Mr. Scollard has no idea of being measured against Mr. Weyman. In spite of its shortcomings, this novel prophesies better things than the author's verse, for its subject is masculine, not effeminate. A very good book to read after this is Dr. Alexander Robertson's "The Bible of St. Mark; the Altar and Throne of Venice." It is to be published by Mr. George Allen, of Ruskin House, and will especially appeal to lovers of Ruskin.

For July, a very serious work is announced, but interests only scholars and librarians. The first volume of the "English Dialect Dictionary." It has been compiled by the same methods as the great Oxford dictionary, by the labors of many voluntary workers and by a large staff of paid assistants. The cost is about $7,000 a year; twenty-three years have been spent on the work; a million and a half of reference slips have been collected; and the first volume, containing three letters, will give 17,519 words and 2,248 phrases, with 42,915 quotations, and the exact source whence they have been obtained.

Sir Walter Besant has just published a little allegory of two cousins, Jane and Sophia, and their conduct in regard to certain suffering neighbors, and under its cover says some very good words for the United States, as is his custom. In England, they are quoting Sir Charles Murray's observations in regard to the Cuba of sixty years ago, with its captain general controlling 65,000 soldiers, only 10,000 less than England required for the whole Indian empire; and also Trollopi's comments on the state of affairs thirty-nine years ago, when Mr. Buchanan advocated the purchase of the island. "There must be some stage in misgovernment," he says, "that will justify the interference of bystanding nations." It is rather interesting at this time to find in Richard Rush's "Residence at the Court of London," published in 1845, and containing remeniscences of his life as American minister during Monroe's administrations, words, now seen to be prophetic. Discussing the independence of the South American republics with Canning in 1823, he wrote to the secretary of state that he said: "Spain might go on with her languid efforts and protract the miseries of war; but over the question of Spanish-American independence, she had no longer any control. Europe had no control over it. It was a question forever settled. The independence (of the late colonies of Spain) was the new political element of modern times, and must henceforth pervade the military arrangements of both worlds." This was said almost seventy-five years before the battle of Manila impressed its truth upon Europe.

—Stephenson Browne.

The official decree which the archbishop of Cincinnati has issued with regard to "Quo Vadis" is interesting. We have already spoken of the divided religious and erotic interest of the book, and of how each justified the reading of the book in the minds of various classes. The archbishop of Cincinnati had evidently hung for some time on the horns of a dilemma, undecided whether a knowledge of the manners of the early Christians was worth while having if it entailed too intimate a knowledge of the habits of their pagan contemporaries. He finally announced his views as follows:

As regarding the book "Quo Vadis," the archbishop is not disposed to take part in the discussion of how much or how little harm it may do to readers, young or old. He wishes, however, that the Catholic institutions, schools, colleges, etc., of the diocese of Cincinnati should not take on themselves the responsibility of favoring its being read by persons under their care; particularly that they should not give it for premiums nor cast it in their libraries.—The Chap-Book.

CANNING AND PRESERVING

CANS AND TOPS MUST BE CLEAN

How to Have Whole Bright Berries, Cherries and Crab Apples—Plums Will Keep Covered in Cold Water—Best Way to Make Grape Jelly—How to Make Clear Crab Apple Jelly.

Of all woman's work there is none probably quite so hard as canning and preserving. The long hot days over the hot stove are bad enough, but the certainty that all the work may not be in vain is often the hardest part.

The first requisite is to have the cans and tops perfectly clean and scalded with boiling water just before using. To prevent breakage rinse first in very warm water; wrap a wet towel around each and set in a pan in which there is an inch of hot water; pour in the boiling water; rinse well and put in the fruit at once. The same method may be used in preparing jelly glasses.

As an extra precaution after the tops have been screwed down as tightly as possible, prepare a wax of three parts of rosin, two parts bees' wax and one part tallow, melt and mix well, and when preparing to can put on the back part of the stove, allow it to warm and after each can is ready put a thick rim of this around the base of the top. The friend who gave me this recipe said: "I would not give two cents for a can of fruit that had been boiled again after it had commenced to work. By using the wax the fruit would keep, if I used no rubbers, but I always use them to be sure."

To have bright, soft preserves, boil thoroughly from three to four hours before adding the sugar.

To be sure the jelly will jell heat the sugar in the oven so hot that it will sizzle when added to the juice. To have clear jelly do not boil longer than from five to ten minutes after the sugar is added.

To have whole, bright berries, currants, cherries, grapes and crabapples, carefully pick them over, then rinse in tepid water and put into the cans, using about one-half cupful of sugar to each pint, fill as closely as possible without mashing the fruit and cover with cold water; put on the rubbers and screw the tops on loosely, put in a boiler in which is sufficient cold water to come to two inches from the tops of cans, and boil about twenty minutes; screw the tops tight and add the wax.

Apples, peaches and other such fruit may be peeled, cut in halves, cored or pitted and canned the same way.

If the fruit is desired sweeter a thick syrup may be made of white sugar and water and used instead of above method. The fruit will keep if less sugar is used.

Plums will keep by putting them in jars, covering with cold water and sealing closely by tying paper over the top. Plums for preserves or butter should be scalded and drained. For preserves, make a thick syrup of water and white sugar. Add the plums and one cupful of vinegar for each gallon after the plums have been added. Boil about three hours, can and seal. There is no need to measure to get the exact amount of vinegar, but any one who once uses it always uses it. To make plum butter, rub the scalded plums through a colander, add half as much sugar as fruit, boil slowly, stirring well, to prevent burning, until very thick.

The most satisfactory way to make grape jelly is to put the grapes in a granite kettle with one-half cup of water for each four quarts, boil until soft, strain through a jelly bag, pressing through all that will come, boil twenty minutes, add as much sugar as juice and boil ten minutes. This is very dark and rich and takes the place of grape jam without the addition of the useless seeds and skins. To make very nice grape jelly put the grapes in a jar, place it in a kettle of boiling water, boil until soft, put in a jelly bag, let drain, but do not press; add an equal quantity of sugar and boil ten minutes. What remains in the jelly bag may be made into sauce by the addition of water and sugar and boiling a few minutes.

Currants, to be palatable when cooked, require at least one-half as much sugar as fruit, and are much nicer if canned with that amount of sugar added. Currant jelly is made like second recipe for grape jelly. Green currants are very good canned, but must be quite sweet if we are to be paid for our trouble by the way they are liked.

In green gooseberry catsup is one of the nicest ways in which this fruit may be put up. Take half as much sugar as fruit and half as much vinegar as sugar, add all-spice, cinnamon and cloves, boil until thick, can and seal. As tastes differ, it may be well for those who like things sweet to add more sugar.

There are hundreds of ways to use tomatoes. The usual mistake made is in adding water when put to cook. The proper way is to set the kettle that holds the peeled tomatoes on the back part of the stove until the juice starts, when they may be moved to the front and canned after they come to a boil, or cooked longer with the addition of sugar, if liked as sauce. If lemon flavor is liked, sliced lemon may be added to suit the taste. Green tomatoes require longer cooking, but make a very nice sauce, with the addition of either cinnamon and cloves or lemons for flavoring.

Pieplant for canning should be gathered when tender and need not be peeled.

The easiest way is to rinse, wipe, cut in inch-long strips, fill the cans, pour cold water over, and seal. A better way is to fill the cans, add no water, put to boil in cold water like other canned fruit, and as the pieplant boils down add more until the jars are full, boil twenty minutes longer, seal. The pieplant will be a light wine color. For preserves boil the pieplant in a thick syrup until it is thick. It does not make a good jelly without the addition of other fruit, such as currants or apples. A very healthful drink is made by pressing out the juice, adding a cupful of sugar to each pint, bring to a boil, can and seal. This makes a nice family wine by putting it in jars, tying a cloth over the top, and allowing it to ferment. It is fit to use in about a year.

Clear crab apple jelly: Pick the apples over, reject all poor ones, and cut out any bruised spots; wash, core and quarter, put in the preserving kettle, with water enough to cover and boil until soft. Strain, but do not squeeze the bag, boil the juice ten minutes, add an equal quantity of sugar, and boil five minutes. Apple butter may be made of what is in the bag. Press through a colander, add water until it is like sauce, then add one-half cup cider vinegar and two pounds of sugar to each gallon. Flavor with cinnamon, boil down about one-third. Three hours is none too long. Care must be taken that it does not burn.

Plums and crabapples, equal parts, makes a bright, well-flavored jelly. Scald the plums, put in the kettle with the apples and proceed as for apple jelly. The pulp may be made into butter in the same way.

All fruits should be gathered on a bright day; never after a rain.

To make the syrup for preserving, take a pound of sugar for a pound of fruit, add one tablespoonful of water for each pound of sugar.

Many recipes are given for preserving grapes fresh during the winter. The first requisite is that the fruit be in perfect condition. If the grapes bought in the market are to be used, they should be as fresh as possible when received; remove any imperfect ones with a sharp pair of scissors, put a layer of cotton in a pasteboard box; then a layer of grapes; the bunches not touching each other; another lay of cotton, and so on, until the box is full, with a layer of cotton on top. The cotton should be tucked down at the sides after each layer. Put on the cover, tie securely, and put away in a cool, dry place. A good cellar does very well.

—E. E. H.

"A Yankee in Spain" is the title of a series of articles by Poultney Bigelow, beginning in the number of Harper's Weekly dated May 14. Mr. Bigelow made a bicycle trip through the peninsula in the interests of the weekly, to ascertain the sentiment of the people of all classes in the country in regard to many subjects that are now of vital interest. The articles will be illustrated with photographs by the author. The opening of communication between Dawson and the outside world brings letters from Tappan Adney, the Weekly's special correspondent in the gold fields.

"Animal Intelligence," by Wesley Mills, is the title of a book announced for early publication by the Macmillan company. The author treats his subject from the point of view of the comparative psychologist, and from the physiological standpoint several chapters of the book are devoted to hibernation and allied states, and the physical correlation to psychic development, etc. It will be remembered that the author was in 1887 the president of the Society for the Study of Comparative Psychology in Europe.

A Whale's Skeleton.

The skeleton alone of an average whale weighs twenty-five tons.