



## IN AUTUMN.

I want to go where the leaves are burning,  
Burning in scarlet and gold;  
The wind is up and my heart is turning  
Again to the forest old.

I want to go where the leaves keep dropping,  
Dropping in crimson and brown,  
From dawn till dusk, not a moment stopping,  
They are drifting, drifting down.

I want to go where the leaves are blowing,  
Blowing in russet and red:  
The brook, like a voice, through the silence flowing,  
Still whispers of summer dead.

Yet, why go back where the leaves are falling,  
Falling again on the hill?  
Though woods await and the winds are calling,  
Thy voice is forever still.

—Alice E. Allen.

## THE WANDERERS.

They wander over land and sea.  
In forests dim, through crowded marts,  
Searching for peace, unceasingly.  
That all the while lies deep within their hearts.  
—Torrence Benjamin.

## FORGIVENESS.

With the statement we are met—  
Can forgive but not forget!  
If man forgive, remembering,  
The bee he kills but not the sting!  
—Lee Faichtry.

## NOTES

H. Addison Bruce is spending the summer in the Catskills, completing his "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road," on which he has been at work for the past two years. This is one of the new volumes to be added this fall to the Marston series of "Stories from American History." As its title indicates, it is the narrative of the great migration over the Alleghenies.

Out in the far west they like William Allen White's "A Certain Rich Man," though it was of the wheat fields of the middle West and not of the Pacific slope did Mr. White writes. "Mr. White has made the newest approach yet to the great American novel so long looked for," says the Los Angeles Graphic. "He has taken all the affections and understanding of the homely, simple things that make the daily lives of the mass of Americans; he feels the desire for social justice, the belief in the power of right, which is the very foundation stone of our institutions."

The third large edition of James Lane Allen's new book has already been sent to press. Few books that have appeared recently have created as much discussion as "The Bride of the Mistakes." In its case the poetry and charm of Mr. Allen's style have been devoted to a theme of vital importance.

Sept. 8 is the date announced for the publication of "The New New York," the book in which Prof. John Van Dyke and Joseph Pennell have set themselves to do for the most elaborate work of the kind that has ever appeared. Mr. Pennell's pictures of New York have long been regarded by connoisseurs as among the best of his works, and in "The New New York" there are no less than 131 of his illustrations. Of these 25 are in color, the others full-page drawings in black and white.

To those who like the book is remarkable not only for a new analysis and vivid description of the city as it is to-day, but for a vision of a not so remote future when New York shall have come into its own. As Prof. Van Dyke sees it, New York is destined to be like no other city on the globe. With amazing rapidity it is being rebuilt on a scale so colossal that few of us have imagined any of its significance. Extravagant though the vision is, it has not blinded Prof. Van Dyke to the present. He knows the city as few men do, and in addition he knows how to tell of his knowledge. With Mr. Pennell's aid he has achieved a remarkable feat of description and analysis.

Without question, the most successful religious novel of the year is "Paul Anthony, Christian," by Hiram W. Hayes. It is not only a brilliant novel, dealing with that greatest religious question of the age—Christian healing—but it is a fascinating and dramatic story of life in the Orient, wherein the way to healing is a necessity, if Christians are to take its proper place as a saving power.

When Mr. Hayes wrote "Paul Anthony, Christian," he was unknown as a writer of religious fiction. But so great was the merit of his first effort along this line, that within 10 days after he submitted his manuscripts to the Field Publishing company of Boston, he was in receipt of a contract, and not only this, but by the amount of \$10,000, which brought him the contract came under offer from a large publisher to undertake the publication the following spring. It being then considered too late to get the book out for the holidays, the Field company did not consider mistakes and pushed the book through to such good purpose that the book was on the market Dec. 15, but a trifling 20 days from the time the contract was signed. Before the holiday trade was over, the first edition of 5,000 was gone, and sales were so great that there have been two more editions since, and it is expected that a fourth will be necessary for the present holiday.

The story of "Paul Anthony, Christian" is that of a typical American boy born in the cologne of the Master. He is not only given to the margin in a practical way, by letting the right thing always have the stick by the shoulder, application of those truths which Christ taught and practised. Yet without kindly, loving work, he is a busy, hard-working man engaged in the handling of large enterprises in the east.

Those who have read this first work of Mr. Hayes will find much to read in his new story, "The Peacemakers," which is handled from the same high and rugged path, a broader and greater problem in the same misty, ethereal manner, yet so dramatically that one loses sight of the problem in its wonderful demonstration.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God, is the underlying sentiment of the new religious novel by Hiram

Cheap Novels Stirring  
English Book Circles

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Aug. 26.—Hall Caine and his publishers are enjoying the fruits of their enterprise in pioneering the serial novel field, although it can hardly be said with justice that they have taken much risk and Hall Caine's new book, "The White Prophet," is published in two volumes at 50 cents each. However, they have set an example which is being widely followed and in the fall we will have a number of complete novels placed on the bookstalls at the new price.

Perhaps it is hardly right to judge the public response to the new experiment by the success of Hall Caine's book. Caine is an author with a large and eager public always waiting for anything from his pen, and a good many people believe that he would have had as large a sale if "The White Prophet" had been published at the old price of \$1.50.

The discussion which the low price experiment has aroused led to some revelations about the returns which authors receive for their work. The publishers are frankly sceptical about the value of the cheap book. It costs just about as much to produce the book which is sold at 50 cents as it did to produce the \$1.50 book, and it is stated that in order to reap the same profit the sales must be quadrupled. It is extremely doubtful whether in these days of circulating libraries, the thing can be done. The author does not want just as much as he receives, but the fact that it is a great deal more than he used to receive. The magazines are responsible to a great extent for this and the competition between them has sent the

good German writers, give up your trick of pointing, however beautiful your finger may be and however delicate may be its movements.

"Remember me to Julian Schmidt," i am sending him Zola's 'L'Assommoir.' It is a despicable book, but it is a work of great talent. It will be too much for the Germans to read it with a mixture of disgust and admiration, but disgust prevails in the end. However, it is 'un usage des temps' as the French say, and is an enormous success."

Like most great masters Turgenev was modest. This is what he says in reply to his friend's praise of his "Dreams":

"You have reproduced my 'Dreams,' but I am little surprised that you thought it worth while to communicate a thing like that to the worthy public. But my alarm is that you overwhelm me with a deluge of compliments. Now I shan't be able to open my mouth without thinking: 'Look out,

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JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON,

The well-known cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune. He is now hunting big game in Africa.

## price of attractive literary matter sky high. Some of the sums that are paid now for magazine work would astonish me. I never heard of a sum so high as not so very long ago that "a guinea (\$4.25) a page" was the standard price paid by the high class English magazine. Now the average price for first class men is doubt that, and there are many who receive prices which makes these rates look ridiculous. Kipling, of course, is absolute king at the top of the list. I would like to return to the market paper for less than 50 cents a word, while I have just heard of another author who is asking and receiving \$300 thousand words.

## A RUSSIAN CRITICISM.

It is always interesting to read what a master of literature thinks of the language and art of work of his fellow in another tongue. The "Saturday Review" has been printing a series of letters written by Turgenev, the great Russian, to his friend and translator Ludwig Pietzsch in 1876 and 1878 and in them he was not sparing in his criticism of the German story teller. In one letter he says:

"The Germans always make two mistakes in their stories—they love painful themes and they persist in their damnable habit of idealizing the truth. Grasp the truth simply and poetically, and the element flows." The German story teller, says the Denver Field and Farm, Indians allege that the secret is revealed to them in a dream or by a bird or an animal. After pronouncing it, the people begin the practise of medicine. Success in their opinion, is only possible with the aid of the Great Spirit, and in order to invoke the help of the supernatural they make various sacrifices."

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One of the relics of Tennyson which was not included in the book which followed was the poet's manuscript of "In Memoriam," and it was not shown to the public because the authorities of Trinity College, Cambridge to which it belongs, consider it far too precious to be exposed to such a risk. Tennyson himself placed no such value on it. About a fortnight after he had left his lodgings in Mornington place, Hampstead road, London, he wrote from the latter to W. D. Pellow, the printer, that he could not find his "Book of Hours which he described as a 'long butcher-like book.'" He had some obscure recollection of having lent it to Patmore, but he asked his friend if that were not so to go to his old lodgings and see if it was there. Patmore went to Mornington Place and after a struggle with the landlady who objected to letting him into the room where he found the book in a cupboard where the host kept his tea and bread and butter. The book was presented afterwards by Tennyson to Sir John Simon, who gave it to Trinity College in 1888.

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