### DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1904.



But fill that day, please that, if it such to wearing of the green. But if at last our color should be torm from Ireland's heart. Her some with shame and sorrow from their dear old isle will part: be heard a whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea, by heard a whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea, by heard and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day, Where itch and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day, bein, must we heave you, driven by a tyrant's hand 'Must we ask a mother's blessing from a stringe and distant land? Where the cruel cross of England shall nevermore be seen, And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

## NOTES.

Gellett Burgess, author of "The Reign Gellett Burgess, author of "The Reigh of Queen Lsyl," whose reputation for perpetrating funtastical practical jokes had its start in a most daring escapade. Mr. Burgess, on artistic grounds, had a great grudge against the Coggeswell statue which stands in an important corner in San Francisco, holding in one band a glass of water, and in the other a scroll marked "Weicome," It seemed impossible to remove the statue legitimpossible to remove the statue legit-imately, so Mr. Burgess and several of his collaborators in that original mag-naine. The Lark, which he was pub-lishing at that time took a characteris-us and the several of the several several of the several lishing at that time took a characteristhe method to accomplish their end. They chose a stormy night and pulled it to the ground. The city of San Francisto the ground. The city of San Francis-co-rejoiced the next day to find only the water-filled boots of the iron statue re-maining on the pedestal and the mis-creants were not caught probably be-caus the people of San Francisco were too grateful to them. Lincoln Steffens of McClure's staff, in

afte of his years of newspaper work, declares that he is a "journalist." "I am a reporter," he says, "yet not a newspaper reporter, so I think that I must be a journalist." In following the trail of graft through the various cities of the country whose conditions he deintry whose conditions he de

seems to have innerited literary ability. seems to have innerited literary ability. Her latest book, "A Country Interlude," published this source by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has been very well re-ceived, as affording enjoyable summer reading. She has previously been known through her short stories and poems which have appeared in many of the leaung magazines.

The work of Henry Harland has not always had that brightness and sun-shine which permeates every page of his recent books. It is not generally his recent books. It is *to* generally known that Mr. Harland studied for the bar and something over 15 years ago occupied a post in the office of the Surrogate of New York City and lived in Beckman place. Under the name of Sidney Luska, during this period he wrote some very grim storles. "The Yoke of the Thorah," "Mrs. Pexada," and made, a few years later, his con-tributions to that queer quarterly which he edited, "The Yellow Book." Mr. Harland's last book, "My Friend Pros-Harland's last book, "My Friend Pros-pero," is as far away as possible in spirit from those earlier works. "It is all sunshine and brightness"-as one critic characterizes it.

"Very few people ever get an op-nortunity to see Joseph Conrad, whose Romance,' written in collaboration with Ford Maddox Hueffer, has just appeared," writes a gentleman from England. "This is because Mr. Conrad -----



# NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

On this Fourth of July it will be one hundred years since Nathaniel Hawthorne, the greatest of American authors, was born. His literary career began really with his clerkship in the old custom house at Salem, Mass., the place of his birth, where he had access to old documents, relating to colonial times, whose treasures of incident and quaint detail were treasured up to be afterward used in his stories. "Twice Told Tales" was his first volume, and others rapidly followed, "The Scarlet Letter" being considered both as his best production and also as one of the standard literary works of the world, "The House of Seven Gables" and "Mosses From an Old Manse" rank next in popularity, and besides there are a long list of others, some of which rightly take rank as among the classic pieces of literature of the country. Hawthorne died on May 18, 1864, and, on this the centennial anniversary of his birth, the entire nation has joined to do him honor. Massachusetts-and his birthplace in particular-have held great fetes in celebration of the date, the programs of eulogy including the names of some of America's greatest literary lights.



#### ~BOOKS.~

"Africa from South to North "Africa from South to North, Through Marotseland, is a new book by Maj. A. St. H. Gibbons, F. R. G. S., R. C I., author of "Exploration and Hunt-ing in Central Africa." With numerous illustrations from photographs, together with maps. Major Gibbons' new book is a description of travels in Africa, undertaken in the interests of imperial development and geography, by an exdevelopment and geography, by an ex-pedition organized by Major Gibbons in 888, which included seven white men, in addition to native porters. The au-thor's description of his travels through the whole length of the African continent, is amongst the most valuable con-tributions of this class of literature published in recent years. Among oth-er features in the work is an account of the tracing of the Zambest river to its source, which had hitherto remain-

The book discusses the natural re-sources and industrial and commercial prospects of the countries traversed, and included adventurous incidents

with the natives, and also with the wild animals of Africa. The route, largely through quite un-explored regions, represents on the map a distance of 13,000 miles, quite beyond the reach of railroads. At the request of the late Mr Carll Phodes a special the reach of railroads. At the request of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, a special study was made by the expedition of the character of the country, with a view to reporting on the most descrable route for the great Transafrican tail-

Special features of interest are the illustrations reproduced from photo-graphs taken by the author, and the maps which have been specially pre-pared under the author's supervision.

A valuable reference book upon art and artists has just been issued by Messrs, Herbert S. Stone & Co., under tre title "Painters Since Leonardo." The book is written by James William Pattison, who has been for many years class lecturer at the Art Institute at Chicago, and art critic of the Chicago Evening Journal. It is said to have Evening Journal. ach more individuality than belongs most books of the kind. The work to most books of the kind. The work is brought down to the present time, and classifies the most distinguished Artists of the day. For this reason it will be particularly valuable to ama-tenis as well as to students and spec-ialists. "Painters Since Leonardo" is, the statement of the statemen illusivated with more than 100 pictures. The following extracts wil give some idea of the character of the book and the individuality of its opinions;

"The man who could paint the 'Mona Lisa' in the conditions in which he lived proved himself a genius, had he done nothing else. This portrait of a lady of noble bearing, only the head and bust one connected with the affections; but Miss Smith's adventures with housekeepers bring out some capital points, placed against a simple background of 

is to be; with impressive drawings, done under the supervision of the architects, one of which, printed in color, is a fromtisplece. This article will be a revela-tion to the public of the superb picture esque and monumental character of the esque and monumental character of the constructions now under way. The far east comes in for special attention: the theater of war is described in an illus-trated paper on "Manchuria," written by the present United States consul at An-Tung, Mr. James W. Davidson.from a special trip of inspection made last An-Tung, Mr. James W. Davidson. From a special trip of inspection made hast fall; the Japanese constitution is the subject of a paper by one of its four framers, Baron Kaneko (a Harvard LL.D.), under the title "The Magna Charta of Japan," and Andrew D.White Charta of Japan," and Andrew D.White contributes a paper of recollections of "Russia in War Time," recording his humorous and stirring experiences as attache at St. Petersburg during the Crimean war. "The Centenary of Hawthorne" (July 4) is the title of a paper of appreciation of the novelist by Dr. T. T. Munger, and there is a poem by Edith M. Thomas entitled "The Eyes of Hawthorne," facing an admirable portrait. Henry R. Ellot un-der the title "The Most Popular Book in the World" gives curlous facts con-cerning the publication and distribution of the Bible. Apropos of St. John's Eye

der the title "The Most Popular Book in the World" gives curlous facts con-cerning the publication and distribution of the Bible. Apropos of St. John's Eve (June 23) Mand Howe writes of "The Evil Eye and Witches' Night in Rome." Charles de Kay describes "An Impor-tant Art Treasure of New York," name-ly, the Etruscan charlot recently ac-quired for the Metropolitan Museum, an object of special interest to visitors to New York. Other artistic material are reproductions of a little-known pur-trait by Shi Thomas Lawrence and of a painting by Samuel Isham, entitled "A Fairy Tale." The fiction, nearly all of which is illustrated, includes further instaliments of Dr. Weir Mitchell's piquant and daring "The Youth of Washington," told in the form of an autobiography, and Jack London's vivid and adventurous "The Sea-Wolf." The nine complete tales are "The White Feather," by Margaret Deland, with a literary setting and a novel motive: "The Helmet of Navarre:" "Miss Clegg's Adopted," by Anne Warner, a humorous rurai sketch by the author of "The Marrying of Sisan Clegg." The Ancestry of Irene," another story of the Nevada Madigans, by Miriam Michelson-in which a romanite young girl is seen in search of a father; "The Conspiracy of Kraes," by Robert Ha-ven Schaufflor-a tale of hypnotism: "Miss Nigger," by Rose Young, a story of a white child and a nurse, and their supersuitions; "Floyd and the Arch-duchess," a romanite tale by Olivia Howard Donbar: "In the Nature of a Hero," a fire department story by Har-vey J, O'Higgins, and "The Rich Wi-dow of Spanish Town," a sketch of Cal-formin, by Goaverneur Morris, The fic-tion enlists the illustrative talent of Keller, Sterner, Orson Lowell, Florence Scovel Shinn, Aylward, George Wright, Guipon, Grefe and Irma Deremeaux.

Guipon, Grefe and Irma Deremeaux. The pathetic story of hopeless love, of a love completely unselfish, though born amid homely surroundings among "the plain people," yet glorified by unselfish devotion, is well told by Harvey J. O'Hirgins in "Larkin," in the July Mc. Clure's. It is a sail httle tragedy-marked by genuine simplicity and strength, holding your interest and fairly tugging at your heart-strings from the first. "By Way of Loss" one often finds (gain, and this was the hap-py fortune of the hero of a story by Mary Josephine Mayer under that cap-tion. By very force of his ill fortune and powett?, love and haplness are forced up to the hero, how, the story most interestingly relates. Fascinating-ly weird and thrilling is Richard F. Wood's story. "The Ringing of the

### WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The Century for July is primarily, but | Bell," in the July McChure's. The auby no means wholly, a fiction number. The opening article by Sylvester Baxter describes "The New West Point" on H

Bell," in the July McClure's, The au-thor describes a mystically eurious in-cident in connection with the death of a hospital nurse in such a realistic, graphic manner as to fairly halt the blood in your vehas. The story has sus-tained and absorbing power and luter-est. Its mystery grips the reader long after reading. "HI Chee's Hiorsee" furnishes the theme for a capital story by Clara Byrnes. Life, politics and sport in the "Sixt' of New York" are all pictured with true comic institut inill pictured with true comic instinct in-to a laughable complication and happy to a laughable complication and happy ending. The story is real farce-comedy, no knock-about or slapstick work, but genuine humorous caricaturing in both character and incident. The quandary of the poor Chinaman in the possession of the horse and his rescue from it fur-nish ample plot for the author's fun-making.-Meclure Pub. Co., New York,

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A striking cover design distinguishes this week's issue of the Youth's Com-panion, this being the Fourth of July special number. It shows a throng of people costumed in old colonial style gathered in the shadow of the hall from which issued the Proglamation of gathered in the shadow of the hall from which issued the Proclamation of American independence, their hats waving and faces lit with particite joy. The opening story is in spirit with the number and is called "A Peculiar Celo-bration," while other storles and special articles help in the prevailing tone. The number is an attractive one in every way and deserves credit.—Perry Mason Co., Boston, Mass.

#### NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following thirty-six books will be added to the public library Tuesday morning, July 5, 1904:

Chaucer-Canterbury Tales, ed. by aunders. Garrison-Life of Wm. Lloyd Garri-

on, v. 3, 4. Gerard-Leaves From the Diary of a

Soldier and Eportsman. Gordy-Pollical History of the Unit-ed States, v. 1. Henry-Feeds and Feeding.

Lounsbury-Studies in Chaucer, 3 vol. Masse-Pewter Plate, Moore-Studies in Dante, 3 vol. Raleigh-English Novel. Sedgwick-Francis Parkman, Smith-Our Nation's Flag.

Thwaites-Early Western Travel, v. 3,

Weed-Flower Beautiful.

Whation-Famous Men of the Old Testament.

JUVENILE.

Bonehill-With Boone on the Frontler. Bonenill-With Boone on the From Curtis-Captured by the Navajos. Eggleston-Running the River. Madden-Little Queen. Pyle-Jack Eallister's Fortunes. Seawell-Little Jarvis.

Seegmiller-Little Rhymes for Little Readers. teaders, Seeley-Story of Washington, Starr-Strange Peoples, Stoddard-Vilage Champion, Stoddard-Vilage Champion, Tomlinson-With Flintlock and Fife, Valle-M. M. C.; a Story of the Great Dashies

Weimore-In a Brazilian Jungle, Weimore-In a Brazilian Jungle, Wiggin-Half-a-dozen Housekeepers, White-Court of Boyville, ----

#### Doctors said He would not Live,

Doctors said He would not Live. Peter Fry, Woodruff, Pa., writes: "After doctoring for two years with the best physicians in Waynesburg, and still get-ing worse, the doctors advised me if I had any bushness to attend to I had better attend to it at once, as I could not pos-sibly live another month as there was no cure for me. Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me by a friend, and I im-modiately sent my son to the store for It and after taking three bottles I began to get better and confilmed to improve until I was entirely well." F. J. Hill Drug Co.

of the country whose conditions he de-scribed, Steffens has mapped out a def-inite plan of campaign which he talks of interestingly. "When I reached the city I am to discuss," he says, "I first look up three people: the political boss, the leading banker and the worst crank. In interviewing them I get the swidely separated views which give me the out-lines of my story. I learn the best and the worst. I meet the man who devises municipal corruption, the man who the worst. I meet the man who devises municipal corruption, the man who makes it and the man who is trying to destroy it. Then I fill in the details. I to to the grafters and 'sarn of graft, go to the reformers for reform, to the politicians for politics, to the business men for 'business.' In the wider field of the states the same plan is followed. The study of a state is largely the col-lective or composite impression of the ellies which make it." Lincoln Steffens probably knows more "bosses" than probably knows more "bosses" than any man living. His years of newspa-per work and his investigations into the be work and his investigations into the corruption of our cities and states have brought him into closer touch with all sorts of bosses and grafters all over the country. "And I like the bosses," says Mr. Steffens. "They are so human and helpful. The only tibing I hold against them is that they "boss."

conan Doyle's last book was "The Adventures of Gerard" (McClure-Phil-lips). His first story, written at the se of six, was about a tiger that wallowed a man. Mr. Doyle began his experience with the syndicating of his literary output at an early age. He used to tell stories to his schoolmates, by which they paid him in jam-tarts. Foung Doyle had his own way of ex-facting the price he wished. He would get his story worked up to some such elimax as this "While holding the pocky edge of the eliff with a grip of desperation, the hero could hear below him the continued growis of the en-maged bear." Having proceeded thus far, he would refuse to proceed further unas the price paid in current tart-lets of the schoolboy realm was dou-ble.

Julian Hawthorne, the son of the sman Hawthorne, the son of the fratromancer, was educated to be an ebgineer, but when he was little more than 25 years old, he gave this up to devote himself to literature. His bi-dgraphy of his father and his numerous novels are well known. Miss Hilde-garde Hawthorne, his daughter, also



England. "This is because Mr. Conrad is extremely averse to meeting strang-ers. But the other day, through the courtesy of Mr. Hueffer, who is, as it were, the guardian of Mr. Conrad's comfort. I had the opportunity of meet-ing the famous author. I found him a broad shouldered man above the mebroad should ered man above the me diam height, who would look much taller if he were not slightly stooped, saturnine of exterior, with dark hair, dark overshadowed eyes, and a black, bushy beard. His distinctly unconventional dress and manner set him immediately aside from the average run of people. Any one not aware of his identity would surely realize at once that he is a man who has experienced much, both of the sweet and bitter of hite, bits whole manner is extremely nervous. Ill health probably accounts for this, as he is not by temperament an excitable man. You remember he is a Pole whose first allegiance was to France. He betrays his foreign nation-pilty. for he hea a pronunced accent ality; for he has a pronounced accent and speaks with a very French rapidi-ty, though his English is academically pure." pure One of the disadvantages of creat-

One of the disadvantages of creat-ing a loveable, childish hero, is that you must stand a good deal of correspon-dence in regard to him. Edgar Jepson is now paying the penalty for having "Admirable Tinker." He has received scores of letters from people, young and old, full of gushing admiration, not in this case for the author, but for the character. A great many are solicitous about Tinker's future: and one man says, possibly out of the depths of his own matrimonial experionces: "For Heaven's sake, don't let Tinker marry porothy; that will put an end to all of his screpes," The first idea of the char-acter, Tinker, was suggested to Mr. Jepson by his own son, now about six years old, whose name is not Hilde-brand Anne but Selvyn. 

Few Americans can boast of so long The prominence that Mrs. Keays' name has attained through the success of her novel has brought her into connection with many new members of her family, She recently received a letter from a distant relative interested in genealogy, which contained Mrs. Keays' family tree written out, showing its roots reaching back to Henry III of England.

reaching back to Henry III of England. The heroic career of Francis Park-man is told by Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick in a volume based upon the historian's diaries, notes, and letters, and partic-ularly full in its account of his youth. Parkman's plan of writing history was formed early; his travels fixed in his mind the scenes and figures which he was to portray, and the rest of his life, as is well known, was spent in the retirement of an invalid scholar's chair. His working time was frequently reretirement of an invalid scholar's chair. His working time was frequently re-duced to less than half an hour a day, yet the greater part of his career was one of such tenacity of purpose and such magnificent endurance as has scarcely a parallel in the history of American letters. Many personal letters are used to show his close friendship with the great men of his day.

show his close friendship with the great men of his day. Mr. Sedgwick has recently published a volume of notable essays which has met with high praise (Essays on Great Writers, Houghton, Mifdin & Co.), and his literary ccreer promises to be an eminently successful one.

. . . Myra Kelly's rapid rise to wide popularity as an author in less than a year's time is a remarkable occurrence in the publishing world, but the reading of her publishing world, but the reading of her stories is its own proof of the eternal fitness of her success. Into "The Land of Heart's Desire" Miss Kelly takes her little company of East Side school children, her last story. Out of the tenements, away

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WHERE HAWTHORNE WAS BORN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO JULY 4. 

from brick walls and stone streets, these children of the poor journey to Central Park, and the story of their experiences Park, and the story of their experiences there, in this undiscovered country of rare delight, is refreshing, humorous, and, at times, pathetic. The struggle for car-fare, the quest of "the rubber-ngeked boat-birds," the joys of dis-covery, beauty and novelty and the final disappointment are all sympathetically described, and mark one of Miss Kel-ly's best efforts.

All the pathos of child life in New All the pathos of child hie in New York's crowded tenement district is re-flected in this soliloquy of one of these children: "The Central Park is awful pretty, awful pretty! I likes we should live here all the time."

Charlotte Perkins Gliman, the au-thor of 'Human Work' and "The Home" (McClure Phillips), has just been offered an important editorial po-sition on the Woman's Journal. Mrs. Gliman has a tremendous following among people in touch with advanced thought, and her books have aroused animated discussion throughout the world between the conservatives and the radicals. 'Mrs. Gliman is a grand-daughter of Lyman Beecher and, there-fore, comes maturally by her faculty for telling people what she thinks they ought to hear. Her birthplace was Hartford, Conn., and her career as a writer and lecturer began in 1890; since when her reputation through the trans-lition of her books into almost every . . . when her reputation through the trans-lation of her books into almost every modern language has become internaticnal.

Professor George Edward Woodberry, who is to be editor of McClure-Phillips' great undertaking, "McClure's Univer-sal Library," is in Europe and will spend the summer there. In answer to namerous inquiries McClure-Phillips wish to state that no further announce-ments of their plans for the library will be made for some time. 

be made for some time. \* \* \*

McClure-Phillips recently stated that about fifty sets a day were being sold of Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Lincoin" in the four volume edition and that over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of the books have been sold since its publication. This is proof enough of the vitality and commercial value of a most know on soul subject. good book on good subject.

HOSTETTERS Isn't it reasonable to sup-pose that when the Bitters has cured thous-ands of cases of "weak

stomach" the past that it will cure you too? It is worth trying anyhow.

ndigestion, Constipation STOMACH oor Appetite, "latulency and

The translator of "Religions of Au-thority" (McClure-Phillips), Auguste Sabatier's posthumous work, which has Sabatter's posthumous work, which has made such an impression on the re-ligious thinkers of today, was Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. Mrs. Houghtoa was requested to do this work by Mr. Sabatter before his death. She was in Parls in 1858 and met Mr. Sabatter, who expressed a high-appre-ciation of a review she had written on one of his works and made her promise that she would do the translation of any one of his works and made her promise that she would do the translation of any of his hooks which thereafter should ap-pear in English, She would have trans-lated his other book, "Outlines of the Philosophy of Religion," had it not been published in England first. Mrs. Houghton has translated a great many French theological works. Among them, the "St. Francis of Assist." by Paul Sabatier. She has for many years been associated effictor of the Christian Work and The Evangelist.

Work and The Evangelist.

The late Hugh Stowell Scott, author of "Barlasch of the Guard," (McClure, Phillips & Company), better known as Henry Soton Merriman, adopted this pseudonym to conceal from his father, an editor of the Graphic, the fact that he was attempting a literary career. The elder Scott wished his son to be a business man and frowned severely up-and lumb's efforts at writing (0) business man and frowned severely up-on all Hugh's efforts at writing. On one occasion while the subject of Hugh's literary aspirations was under discussion, the irate father turned to his son and placed before the young author a volume of one of Hugh's own stories and said. "Now, if you could ever hope to write a book like this, it would be a another thing altogether."

. . . There is some reward in novel writing and that there is some truth in pub-lishers' claims to great editions of poplishers' claims to great editions of pop-ular novels issued by them is indicated by the fact that the estate of Henry Seton Merriman, the author of "Bar-losch of the Guard," who recently died, amounted to more than two hun-dred and sixty thousand dollars. The royalities from "Barlasch of the Guard," which has sold among the best selling books in the United States, contributed no small amount to this total. no small amount to this total. . . .

The late Henry Seton Merriman, au-thor of "Barlasch of the Guard," (Mo-Clure-Phillips), though not much of a social lion abroad, was a splendid host at home. At one time he lived in the country at the top of a very steep hill and extended the following racy wel-come to his visitors: "Every man who bicycles up my hill is rewarded at the top with a bottle of champagne." It is a difficult hill, and every man who ac-complished the feat get his bottle, as did also a great many other men who tried, failed, and acquired nothing but a great thirst."

It is likely that the aproaching na-tional political campaign will furnish some literary material. Lincoln Stef-fens, of McClure's staff, is planning to attend the national convention of both always great parties and make studies of them for his series of articles on political problems

gray, suggesting mountains, is so lovable, so dignified, so tenderly executed, so atmospheric, so strong, so beautiful-ly constructed, and, above all, so mod-ern, that almost nothing better has been done by any painter since. It stands today the model for all portrait minters and we wonder the more whan painters, and we wonder the more when we think that nothing but the rigidity of the Gothic influence came before him In these days painters have masters, men of experience in their own line; Leonardo had only the somewhat im-proved Gothic to study, and from it he developed the art which today is our or " nrt.

"The Singular Miss Smith" is notable among the books of this season, because of the help it gives to women in man-aging their servants. That was not Mrs. Florence Morse Klugsley's inten-tion in writing this breezy story of her unusual helress, who ceases her re-searches about the time she becomes more interested in an older problem,



I Start the Fourth with a good "FORCE" breakfast and stow a package or two in the picnic-basket. You'll have the welcomest hamper you ever opened up.

It's appetizing anywhere :- Woods, fields, boat, or balloon ascension.

Sunny fine

# American Books and The English Reviewers.

### **≈OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.**

Special Correspondence.

ONDON, June 22 .- "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was the title, it will be remembered of Byron's savage onslaugh upon the Edinburgh Review, and that of American Books and English Reviewers" might be applied to the disussion that has been raging of late in prominent London newspaper regarding works from the United States and their standing in this country. Probably echoes of this argument have not failed to reach the other side of the Atlantic. It started in the Chronicle, -which is known as the most literary of the London dailies-and arose out of a book-review which appeared recently in the columns of that news-

paper. The volume reviewed, which had as its subject Matthew Arnold, was published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and perhaps this was why the reviewer, who reasted the work, got the impreswho rousied the work, got the impres-sion that its origin was American, and gave this impression in what he wrote about it. Instantly came a letter from George H. Putnam, who is now in the country, pointing out that the volume's author was not American at all, but English, and deprecating what the publisher described as a prejudice against American books on the part of British reviewers. The resultant discussion has been as to whether such a prejudice exists, and opinions have discussion has been as to whether such a projudice exists, and opinions have been expressed by authors, reviewers, and publishers-mong them John Lause, "Rita," Mrs. Dudenay, and, hast-ly, Arthur Waugh, who wrote the of-fending review. It was asserted by one witness that the bocks by Ameri-can professors that find their way over here almost invariably compare so un-favorably with the works of British savants that no English reviewer can be blamed for feeling some misgiving on encountering a supposedly "probe blained for feeling some misgiving on encountering a supposedly "pro-found" volume from the other side, but even this writer denied indignantly that a book of any kind would be "roasted" here, regardless of its mer-its, simply because it was American. Possibly the first part of the foregoing may be true—though one hopes it isn't. Regarding the point at issue, the present writer's experience has leg-him to believe that an American work of real quality—whather scious or fieof real quality—whether serious or fic tion—will be recognized as such by 99 out of 100 British reviewers. Bu when an American book is bad-well, then 1 think there is a tendency on the part of most literary critics to make

ather a point of its transatiantic ori-

Dr. Emill Reich, whose book "Success Among Nations," seems to have aroused a good deal of controversy in the United States-just as it has over here-is a smooth-faced, handsome, middle-aged Hungar-ian savant who has the gift of speech to an almost mireculcus degree. He has been giving a course of university lectures in London this season on a wide range of topics, packed with all sorts of difficult facts, and yet with never so much as a cuff-nota to look at. His eloquence is of the persuasive sort that somehow enables him to tell an audience largely composed of Eng-lish women that as a rule he thinks

He dearly loves to be on the other side of an argument, and I suspect that is one reason for his controversial attitude regarding Ameriacn women. He chuckled joyously, the other day, in the writer's presence, when an American visitor hurled at him the following comment: "You may have lived in America five years, Dr. Reich, but you evidently saw only one kind of American woman—the kind that rushed up to you after a lecture and carried you off triumphantly to din-ner for the sake of getting a bit of carried you off triumphantly to din-ner for the sake of getting a bit of prestige. You got among culture-grab, bers and hand-shakers and stayed mong 'em the whole five years, and tever knew there was another sort of increase woman.' You made a here American woman.' You made a hasty generalization, in other words." 'The learned doctor's answer to this gallant ossiaught was crushing, "My boy," said he, "come and have a drink." The doctor's wife is a charming little French lady, and their London home is hospitable indeed.

The coming centenary of George Sand has brought out the fact--which probably will surprise most persons--that some of the authoress's work still remains unpublished. These writings, which now are likely to see the light of day include two plays named "The Man With the Marloneites" and "Manon," and several fragments of novels. Of these the most interesting is "Memoires of J. Paille," which, begun by George Sand in 1863, was intended by the auth-oress to be the life-story of an imagin-Sand in 1863, was intended by the auth-oress to be the life-story of an imagin-ary grandson of Roussenu. It was given up, however, when Madme Sand discovered that the same idea had been used by Claude Genoux in "Le En-fants de Roussenu," Among the other fragments is "The Queen of the Snows," which its authoress seems to have in-tended much on the lines of Dickens" "Christmas Books,"

So far as known Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, who has just taken charge of the de-stinies of the weekly periodical, "Chic" is London's first American woman ed-itor. She has, of course, already had literary experience to burn, first with the Harpers in America, and lat-er as her husband's most valued as-sistant here-not to mention having written two or three plays.

Mark Twain has shown that no one can be more serious than a humorist, when so disposed, as Mrs. Gamp would say and Jerome K. Jerome is another essentie. Of late, the humorist has been pitching in to the vivisactionists in a really savage way. It may be re-membered too, that when Jerome was editing "Today" he went for the Sulditing "Today" he went for the Sul-an of Turkey so viciously that the ten of Turkey so viciously that the Foreign office had to warn him to soften his tone. And the author of "Three Men" once assured a gather-ing of voters that if they sent him to parliament-which they didn't-be would be "as solemn as the most por-tentous M. P. ever known."

It was not so long ago that I wrote about a French poet who, because let-ters proved unremuherative, set up as a cobbler, and now word reaches me that Herr Richard Skowronnek, a Ger-man dramatist, who has gained some little recognition, is about to abandon play-writing and take over the man-agement of a shoeblacking factory.

ah audience largely composed of Eng-lish women that as a rule he thinks English women are rather a tame lot. not at all comparable with their sis-ters in France, for example. There is something about his fiery entinusiasm that takes the sting out of the words.