

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES LAMB.

Mr. Swinburn's dedication of *The Age of Shakespeare*, which the Harpers publish in this country, is to Charles Lamb. The poet's approval and reverence of Lamb's judicious vision is exquisitely manifest throughout the whole course of his criticism, and the dedicatory verses are invested with rare personal emotion. The stanza reads as follows:

When stark oblivion froze above their names
Whose glory shone round Shakespeare's, bright as snow,
One eye beheld their light shine full as fame's,
One hand revealed it: this did none but thou.
Love, stronger than forgetfulness and sleep,
Rose, and bade memory rise and England hear:
And all the harvest left so long to reap
Shone ripe and rich in every sheaf and ear.

A child it was who first by grace of thine
Communed with gods who share with thee their shrine:
Elder than thou wast ever now I am,
Now that I lay before thee in thanksgiving
Praise of dead men divine and ever-living,
Whose praise is more as thine is theirs, Charles Lamb.

BOOKS

A novel called *An Immortal Soul*, to be published by the Harpers in October, has been written by W. H. Hall. Mr. Hall, who is recalled as the author of several novels, among them: *A Romance of Nineteenth Century* and *A Human Document*, has for a space of years been devoted himself to serious non-fiction, such as *The Reconstruction of Religious Belief* and *A Critical Examination of Socialism*. His new novel will afford a picture of English provincial life, and a heroine who is undeniably "different."

Mr. Wind and Madam Rain, by Paul De Mausel, (Harpers' Young People series), illustrated, 12 mo. cloth, 60 cents.

A bit of Breton folk-lore, with rollicking humor and vigorous action, Peter the Peasant wins power over Mr. Wind and Madam Rain. Mr. Wind at the bidding of Peter's son, scatters the seeds of the rainbow and Dore that attacked William the Conqueror when he had become king of England. When Madam Rain puts some Cornish rebels to flight with her showers, Peter's son is enchanted and marries the baron's daughter in the good old way. A winnowing of the elements that tastes like a deep-drawn breath of childhood.

On the title-page of *The Testing of Diana Mallory*, Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, appears this inscription: "To my kind hosts beyond the Atlantic from a grateful traveler."

The Testing of Diana Mallory, has been published, and the critics rise to compare it with other novels by its author. Assuredly this Diana is no daughter of Lady Rose nor any young woman. She is just a young, generous, high-minded, single hearted girl brought with brutal suddenness into the knowledge of her dead mother's crime and its inherited disgrace. She is likewise deserted by her betrothed lover, whose political aspirations are sufficient to turn him, under the hand of a patriotic reformer, into a deserter. She goes to him, this Diana goes to him with a love that will make a man of him, if anything will, and a pretty defiance of an old notion of the world that pride would forbid it. The romance of it is very pure and charming. A brilliant world of statesmen and society encompasses these two and their characters as the Vicar and Marion Vincent are not likely to be forgotten among types in modern literature. It is practically certain that Diana Mallory will deepen Mrs. Ward's peculiar firm hold on the public of two continents. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

Senator Albert J. Beveridge is the author of a new book under the title of *The Meaning of the Times*. The book contains the principal addresses made by Indiana's senior senator during the past 10 years. They are the speeches which gave him his national reputation as an orator and public man. While the title of the book, *The Meaning of the Times*, is taken from a single address—one which Mr. Beveridge recently made at Yale university—the entire series of speeches included in the volume. For each speech is in itself an interpretation of some phase of the life of our times in the United States.

Nearly every one of these speeches has been called forth by some national or historic occasion. They have been made in all parts of the country, and embrace a wide range of subject. "The Vitality of the Constitution," "Lincoln the Conservative," "The Command of the Pacific," "Riley, Poet of the People," "Trusts, A Development," "The World's Debt to Methodism," "Child Labor," "School and Nation," "Business and Government"—These are but a few of the texts of Mr. Beveridge's book.

The speeches are marked not only for their beauty of diction and inspiring patriotism, but particularly for the

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LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MRS. MILANDO PRATT AT SEVENTEEN.

The above cut shows Mrs. Milando Pratt as she looked at the age of 17 years. She is the wife of Milando Pratt, a sketch of whose youthful life recently appeared in this paper. They were married in 1870, the late Daniel H. Wells performing the ceremony.

Mrs. Pratt's early life was much like that of other young girls of the period. She had her schooling at the best of the institutions then existing in the state, and was attending Morgan's college at the time of her marriage. Mr. Pratt at that time, also, in attendance at the college.

Mrs. Pratt is a well known and well-loved figure in the community, and is active in all philanthropic and church work. She is a daughter of the late Apostle Charles Rich, and is the mother of the well known vocal artist, Viola Pratt Gillette.

fancy desserts than to let her suffer in the mazes of physics and philosophy.

The Popular Magazine for November is strikingly attractive in a colorful and realistic football cover by Leven-decker. Within the college athletic tone is continued in a complete novel by Ralph D. Paine, "The Stroke-out." This exuberant story of campus, river and barroom-scum adventure is fully up to the standard Popular has set for itself, of youth, vigor and Americanism. Mr. Paine's peculiar whimsical humor was a delight in "The Wild Man of Jersey," but here in an entirely different kind of story he proves his versatility. Himself formerly a Yale oarsman he writes intimately of a life with every detail of which he is familiar. "The Avenger" by M. R. Rhinehart is a dramatic little bit with truth and a thrill in every line.

H. G. Wells' notable serial novel "Tone-Bugay" goes on in its sure, steady stride with ever-increasing interest. The famous author displays an almost uncanny insight into the methods and character of a modern kind of finance. Quite a big part of the November installment of the story in the Popular is devoted to the hero's experiments and adventures with flying-machines. Full of mystery and surprising incidents is "The One-eyed Parrot" by F. Gordon, ex-chief of the Paris detective police.

In "The Charmers," by A. M. Chisholm, the Popular Magazine for November has the most perfect of modern fiction—a really funny story. Popular is devoted to the hero's experiments and adventures with flying-machines. Full of mystery and surprising incidents is "The One-eyed Parrot" by F. Gordon, ex-chief of the Paris detective police.

In the offbeat east and in the sphere of "smart" society is laid the scene of "The House of the Jack Bohamy," by E. B. M. Fong, a story of refined crime baffling in its mystery. The solution comes as a distinct surprise at the very end of the story. The second part of J. Kenilworth Egerton's Tom-

Famous Authors' Club On Its Last Legs.

Our London Literary Letter.

LONDON, Oct. 8.—Runners have long been current in literary circles here that the Authors' club, well known to numbers of American writers visiting this country, was in a bad way. The rumors have had a solid foundation; and now, unless the unexpected happens, by the end of the present month the club will probably have ceased to exist. Although the event has been anticipated, or at least feared, for a considerable time, there is still a certain amount of indignation among the members, who can hardly help looking on the club's failure as a reflection on the profession of author in England. It is not likely that a similar thing could have happened in America, for all would have been in the same boat. But here, all has been kept dark, and in truth the press neither knows nor cares much about the author or his club and will chronicle the latter's dissolution, when it occurs, in a few cold lines.

There is some talk of continuing the club as a dining society, and there is just an outside chance that an arrangement may be made for the preservation of it in a modified form of its present form. Two proposals have been under consideration: one, to have the club in a modified form at the Whitehall club, in rooms near the present ones; the other, to move into smaller and less pretentious premises elsewhere and to preserve the existing organization. There is a great deal of opinion on this point, which seems likely to result in both schemes falling through. If so, an interesting feature will vanish from London club-life. Some of the members have already, in anticipation of the end, joined other clubs, the Devonshire, for instance, having gained several recruits.

CAUSE OF FAILURE.

The cause of the Authors' club failure, if we must consider it as such, is not very hard to find. It is a common-place that London clubs, generally speaking, have been going through a

my Williams story, "For the Cause of Princess Sonnet," the November Popular, is even more exciting than was the first instalment. An exceptional short story is "Red Ryan: Doctor of Moral," by Charles Miller. By it reveals the inside workings of political corruption.

Both you and I owe to get away from the conventional attire of boy and girl, now and then, and plume ourselves with a dash of autumnal color—of lambent vermillion, or flaming orange, or, again, to lay hold of some brightly colored morsel of romance and give the imagination a chromatic treat. Gunter's Magazine for November certainly furnishes the rich and magnificent hues that give new life to the Monotonous green landscape of the magazine summer. Do not stop reading other magazines on this account; rather read them all and remember the more willing to turn to Gunter's for a welcome relief from an unvaried color-tone.

"Take 'Midnight to Dawn,' by Howland Fitzalan, author of "The City of Lost Kings." It opens with a streak of scarlet suicide, brings in a dash of purple in the person of a royal princess and closes with a yellow background of jealousy. Although this story is a full-length novelette, yet its entire action takes place in six hours. The action is laid in New York and later rapidly removed, by means of a most exciting motor-chase, to a small island off the south shore of Long Island. It is an ideal romance; one that takes a reader's heart and one of himself.

But in the remainder of the contents there is to be found a full complement of color, not a shade or tint missing. If R. H. Haggard's stories of the Ghost Kings need no comment. One should read it to keep step with current literature. "The Case of the Countess," by Arthur Cecil Edwards, has the rub of this and sparkle of a literary gem of the first water. This is a corsair, romance of special literary qualities. "Kory's Purchase-price" is a touching story of a young man's kindness in a South Sea island and his subsequent love-affair. Not to mention a host of other stories. Gunter's Magazine contains 160 pages of illustrated fiction. Price 15 cents.

Roman history, and most of the guests of Lady Holland were listening to him with wrapt attention. Everybody but her ladyship appeared to enjoy it, and she finally called out to the great writer: "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of that; give us something else." She frankly told Tom Moore, in the height of his popularity, that she could not read his "Lalla Rookh"; and she said to Rogers, the poet, who proposed to read her an article he had written: "Your poetry is bad enough, so spare us your prose." One of her guests, however, was quite equal to Lady Holland in repartee. This was De Weyer, Minister of the Belgian government. King Leopold had just come to the throne, and Lady Holland, to her playmate the minister, asked him, at dinner, "How's Leopold? I have heard of Flemings, Hainauters and Brabanters, but Belgians are new to me." The minister would refer to Caesar's Commentaries, she would find out something of these people. Most people went to Holland House not only to meet the lions of the day, but to see Lady Holland breathe her husband before the company. Lord Holland was frequently "not invited" in the dinner at his own house, and when asked if he would be at a certain celebrated function at his own house, replied: "I don't know, ask her ladyship." Had Lady Holland lived in England in these days she would doubtless have been able to give pointers to the militant suffragettes.

CHARLES OGDENS.

DO VACATIONS FOSTER CRIMINALS.

"When the public schools close for the vacation my business begins to pick up." This statement was recently made at playground meeting by the judge of the juvenile court, leading western city. At a similar meeting in another city the following testimony was also given by a juvenile court judge:

About five months ago the physical director of our Y. M. C. A. undertook to provide organized games and athletics for the boys in my district. The gymnasium of a clubhouse in the neighborhood was secured for certain afternoons and evenings, a vacant lot was fitted up as an athletic field and playground, and the boys were organized into teams and snout asport, bus shipment, snout arranged. During the five months this work has been in progress the business of my court has decreased 75 per cent. These instances are given to illustrate the fact that the need of organized play is being recognized and the remedy applied in the cities of the west as well as in the east—Lee F. Hammer in the July Chautauque and The Commons.

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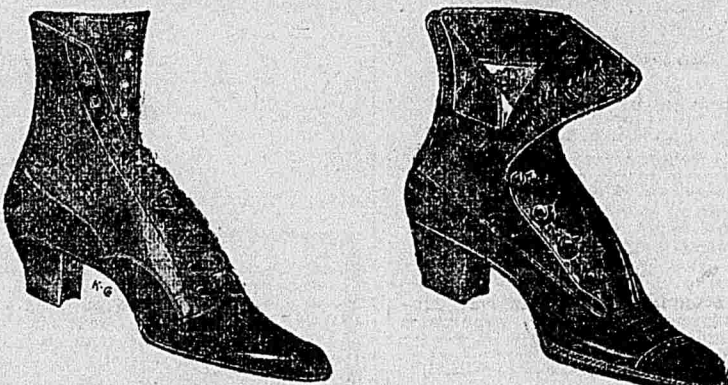
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