Literature

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

BATUSCHKA.

From yonder gilded minaret
Beside the steel-blue Neva set
I faintly catch, from time to time
The sweet, aerial midnight chime,
"God save the Czar!"

Above the raveline and the moats
Of the white citadel it floats;
And men in dungeons far beneath
Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth—
"God save the Czar!"

The soft reiterations sweep
Across the horror of their sleep
As if some demon in his glee
Were mocking at their misery—
"God save the Czar!"

In his red palace over there,
Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer,
How can it down the broken cries
Wrung from his children's agonies?—
"God save the Czar!"

Father, they call him from of old—
Batuschka!—How his heart is cold!
Wait till a millon scourged men
Rise in their awful might, and then
"God save the Czar!"

—T. B. Aldrich.

DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best and leave the rest!
Never mind tomorrow;
He who works with happy zest
Has no need to borrow
Trouble from some future day,
True success will come his way.

Do your best and leave the rest!
He who strives for duty
Often finds that he is blessed
With life's crown of beauty;
Unseen forces lift the load,
Roses bloom beside the road.

Do your best and leave the rest!
What the use of worry?
Firm endeavor stands the test
More than haste and hurry.
Rich rewards will come to him
Who works on with smiling vim.

—Exchange.

NOTES.

In Marie Corelli's volume of "Free opinions," occurs this characteristic attack upon book reviewing: "Knowing much of the ins and outs of the literary grind, I tender my salutations to all reviewers of books, together with my respectful sympathy. I am truly sorry for them, and I do not in the least wonder that they hate with a deadly hatred every scribbling creature who writes a 'long' novel. Because the 'pay' for reviewing such a book is never in proportion to its length, as of course it ought to be. But anyway it doesn't matter how much or how little of it is criticised. The bulk of the public do not read reviews. This is left to the 'discriminating few.' And oh, how that 'discriminating few' would love to 'capture the fancy of the masses' if they could only manage to do it! Yet—'Never mind!' they say, with the tragedian's glare and scowl—'Our names will be inscribed upon the scroll of fame when all ye are forgotten!' Dear things! heaven grant them this poor comfort in their graves!"

* * *

The Academie Francaise at its recent meeting made the formal distribution of the Janin and Saintour prizes. The Prix Jules Janin, offered for the best studies on ancient literature, was divided between MM. Couat and Fournier, who received 1,500 francs for their commentary on Marcus Aurelius and M. Poyard, who received the same amount for his study on Demosthenes. The Prix Saintour of 3,000 francs, limited to essays on old French authors, was divided between MM. Chanard and Laumonier, each of whom has received 1,000 francs, and MM. Frenel and Gohin, between whom the remaining 1,000 francs was divided. The Prix Langlois was not awarded.

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William Dean Howells, who has been for some time in New York since his return from Italy, has now gone for the summer to his country home at Kittery Point, Me. This month the Harpers will publish Mr. Howells' novel, a story of a summer episode among the New England hills. The novel will bear the title of "Miss Bellard's Inspiration," and it has for heroine an up-to-date and original woman.

* * *

Over 100,000 copies of "The Leavenworth Case" have been sold by G. P. Putnam's Sons since the publication of that detective story 25 years ago. Two sets of stereotype plates have been worn out during that period, and now an entirely new edition is announced. It will contain illustrations by G. W. Peters in color and half-tone.

* * *

It is interesting in connection with the present war to find in Prince Kropotkin's "Russian Literature" an account of Tolstoi's youthful military prowess. "He lived through all the dreadful experiences of the defenders of Sebastopol. . . . He has the right to speak of war; he knows it from within." Kropotkin points out the pertinent facts that Tolstoi "obstinately refused during the siege to become an officer of the staff, and remained with his battery in the most dangerous spot," and that, though he seems never again to have written verse, he at that time "composed, in the usual meter and language of soldier's songs, a satirical song in which he described the blunders of the commanders which ended in the Balaklava disaster."

* * *

The constant cry of the average American is that he has no time to read. He gulps his newspaper like a literary anaconda and leaves the books to his wife and children. Once in a while he nibbles at a novel, but seldom finishes it. We have it on good authority that huge cider presses and cotton gins are being installed in certain large publishing houses into which will be cast the old dramatic novels of Dickens and Thackeray, of George Eliot, of Meredith and Hardy, of Howells and James, of Washington Irving and Cooper, and out of which the masterpieces will come neatly compressed into thin duodecimos, "quick lunch" editions which may be read by the busiest man in one street car journey between their residences and their places of business. In these compressing processes all the "fine writing," the decriptions, the delineations of character will be carefully extracted, leaving a residuum pale and innocuous, which may be taken without danger to any seminary for young ladies and introduced without fear into the family circle. We may soon expect "The Best of Boccacio" in this form, also "Purified Plutarch," "The Condensed Homer," "All of Dickens Worth While," "The Busy Man's Thackeray," "Don Quixote" (quick order edition) and "Moments With the Masters."

* * *

As illustrating Miss Jeanette Gilder's recent discussion of the question, "Does it pay to be a literary woman?" it is significant that the two most prominent present-day writers of short stories in Italy and in Spain are women. Mathilde Serao is easily the most popular author in Italy, and no other modern Italian, with the exception of the dramatist, D'Annunzio, is so widely known in other countries. In Spain a somewhat similar position is held by Emilia Pardo Zazan, an author who has been as prolific as she is popular. Besides her admirable work in fiction she has maintained for several years in Madrid a newspaper devoted to theatrical criticism written entirely by herself. Both of these famous women are contributors to the first issue of "Tales," which will soon be published. Among the other authors whose stories will appear in this issue are also the two leading women writers of France and Germany—"Gyp" (Comptesse de Martel) and Baroness von Heyking.

* * *

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell denines the authorship of "The House of Cards," which has been atributed to him by several critics. The story is now laid at the door of another well-known Philadelphian, Mr. Owen Wister.

* * *

Inquiry has arisen as to how Hamlin Garland has contrived to have the intimate knowledge of such different aspects of life as are shown in his various novels. According to a recent conversation with Mr. Garland, his fundamental principle in story-writing is to base his work always upon actual experience and observation. He believes it the duty of every novelist to "get next" the life he portrays. The absorbing psychic facts with which the novel deals are based upon Mr. Garland's experience as member of the executive committee of the American Psychical society. It is interesting to note that the invitation to serve on this committee was extended to Mr. Garland because of his keen common sense and skeptical attitude and the result of his investigations, as embodied in "The Tyranny of the Dark," is all the more significant on this account.

* * *

From the Gaulois comes a comical Balzac story. It is said the novelist flattered himself upon his skill in reading character from handwriting, and the story is of the test applied to his skill. A lady brought him an extract from the exercise book of a 12-year-old schoolboy, and asked for an opinion as to the youngster's character and prospects. Balzac inquired whether the child was her own. An swered in the negative, he examined the exercise carefully and delivered his judgment. "Madame," he said, "this child is thick headed and frivolous. He will never come to any good. If he were my child I would take him from school and put him to the plough." And then it had to be broken gently to the graphologist that the exercise on which he had pronounced so severely was one of is own, which had been discovered hidden away between the leaves of an old lesson book.

* * *

William Dean Howells, who has been for a time in New York since his return from Italy, has now gone for the summer to his country home at Kittery Point, Me. The Harpers are preparing to publish Mr. Howell's novel, a story of a summer episode among the New England hills. The novel will bear the title of "Miss Bellard's Inspiration," and possess a thoroughly down-to-date and original heroine, who contrives to give a novel turn to the love story. The situation gives Mr. Howells opportunity to display keen discrimination and humor.

* * *

Writing from the Japanese front to a friend, Richard Barry, whose stirring book, "Port Arthur, a Monster Heroism," is receiving such wide attention, humoronsly compares his condition now with that before Port Arthur. Then, it will be remembered, the brilliant young correspondent lacked almost everything in the way of equipment; he had not even a newspaper backing, having gone to the front on borrowed money, and far too little of that, to see war for himself and find his own market afterward.

"There is a difference this time," he writes. "I have a horse, an interpreter, servant, complete outfit and new leather clothes. The only thing not new is my nonchalant assurance that the trip will pan out."

Mr. Barry represents Collier's this time, and is with Nogi's left, covering a movement which, if peace does not intervene, soon will make startling history.

* * *

The announcement of Miss Ethel Barrymore's engagement to Capt. Harry Graham recalls the story that went the rounds several years ago when Miss Barrymore was reported engaged to a titled Englishman. Wishing to share the happy news quickly she cabled her father, Maurice Barrymore, who sent back the one word, "Congratulations." A few days later Miss Ethel decided she did not want the title as badly as she had thought, and so cabled her father that it was all off. Maurice, with characteristic wit and brevity, replied as before, "Congratulations." Were he here now to share in his daughter's happiness he would no doubt prefix "sincere" to his laconic cablegram, for Capt. Graham, besides being a soldier and a diplomat, is an author and a wit himself. His latest humorous verse is announced to appear in the August number of the Reader. It is entitled "Robert Burns" and with its illustrations occupies four pages in the magazine. Capt. Graham's facility for rhyming is quite equal to that of his more famous fellow-countryman, W. S. Gilbert.

* * *

So much has been written and said of Maxim Gorky as the "tramp author," the associate and leader of the poorest workingmen in Russia, that it is surprising to learn he has made a fortune in the publishing business with four other Russian authors. So successful has this venture been that it is said Gorky has made more than a quarter of a million rubles ($125,000) in the business. These authors, the most successful and popular of the younger Russians, will be represented by stories in forthcoming numbers of Tales, the new magazine of fiction.

* * *

The recent death of Miss Sarah Chauncey Woolsey, better known as Susan Coolidge, at Newport, R. I., at the age of 70, removes another favorite author of stories for young people, whose books, like those of Louisa M. Alcott, will be read by boys and girls of the second and third generation. "The Katy-Did" books, the first of which was published in 1872, have enjoyed widespread popularity, a new edition being printed annually to supply the demand. Her publisheres, Little, Brown & Co., were anticipating a new book from here, the first for many years, when the news of her sudden death was received.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

ABRAM HATCH, 40 YEARS AGO.
From a Photo Taken in Liverpool.

Booth Tarkington.

In his new book, "The Beautiful Lady, Booth Tarkington returns to the dainty, fanciful manner that brought him such cuccess in his "Monsieur Beaucaire." His now book has the same brilliancy, whimsicality and speed that characterized the former volume. Where Beaucaire treated of a world of powdered and peruked dandies, "The Beautiful Lady" deals with a world of automobiles and steam-cars and has a theme of distinctly modern character.

The scene is laid in Europe—Paris, Venice, Naples—and the story concerns a charming young American girl and her three lovers—a young American, a poverty-stricken Italian, and a fortune hunting Italian count. The narrative is put into the mouth of the poor Italian, who is one of the sweetest and most lovable characters Mr. Tarkington has yet drawn. He sacrifices himself to show up his rascally compatriot and to win the girl for the American.

Mr. Tarkington has recently returned from a long trip in Europe, and this delightful and fragrant story is one result of his sojourn across the water.

BOOKS.

In "The Medal of Honor," Gen. Charles King's latest novel, the author has lost no whit of his skill in involving his characters in a maze of misunderstandings and machinations which are finally unraveled to the satisfaction of his readers. From the scenes of army life where the hero wins his "medal of honor," the story is transported to the environs of a state college, where the hero teaches military tactics while recuperating from wounds received in his active army career; and the plot deals with his efforts to bring justice and discipline into an institution under the rule of political and local family bondage. The story is told in the author's usual entertaining style, and will doubtless be as widely read as his former productions.

* * *

A charming addition to child literature is Sara Andrew Shafer's "Beyond Chance of Change," its every day details of home and school life being interwoven with thoughts, descriptions and tales within tales, poetically told, and darkened only by the touch of pathos at the end, which is a little too sad for youngish hearts. These touches, however, come into most human lives, and perhaps no story of life would be realistic without them. The book is well bound and makes a dainty addition to the excellent youthful literature published from time to time by the Macmillan Co.

Story of Adolph and Anna.

Adolph, an Austrian artisan, adored Anna, an aristocrat. And Anna adored Adolph. Another aristocrat, Alfred, an ambassador, adored Anna. Anna abhorred Alfred. Alfred addressed Anna, admitting admiration. Anna assumed amazement. Alfred abjured Anna. Anna admonished Alfred. Alfred adopted aggressiveness. Alfred's audacity alarmed Anna. Alfred attempted abducting Anna. Anna, afraid and agitated, acquainted Adolph. Adolph accused Alfred. Alfred, angered, abused Adolph awfully. Adolph answered Alfred. Alfred attacked Adolph. Anna, aghast, aided Adolph. Adolph and Anna almost annihilated Alfred. Alfred abdicated absolutely. Anna accepted Adolph. Adolph and Anna abruptly absconded and abandoned Austria altigether, arriving at Antwerp, and always abiding abroad afterward.—Exchange.

What Bernard Shaw Wants in a Publisher.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 19.—George Bernard Shaw has just been telling what he wants in a publisher. Incidentally, too, what he doesn't want. Mr. Shaw's desires in this respect are expressed in the course of a characteristically slashing and satirical review of the now famous "confession" of an American publisher which he contributes to this month's issue of The Author, the official organ of the British Society of Authors.

"All I ask on the royalty system," says Shaw—after making fun of the 10-per-cent rate which he says the "Voice of Nature" suggests to the publisher—"is a modest 20-per-cent or so, a three years' trial, an agreement drafted by myself, and an unaffected bookseller. I don't want a compulsory partner for life. I don't want a patron. I don't want an amateur collaborator. I don't want a moralist. I don't want a Telemachus. I don't want a pompous humbug, nor a pious humbug, nor a literary humbug. I can dispense with a restatement of the expenses, disappointments, trials, and ingratitudes that pave the publisher's weary path to a destitute old age in a country house, with nothing to relieve its monotony but three horses, a Mercedes automobile, and a flat in London. I have heard it so often! I don't expect absolute truth, being myself a professional manufacturer of fiction; indeed, I should not recognize entire honesty, being only mod ily honest myself.

"What I want is a business like gambler in books, who will give me the market odds when we bet on the success of my latest work. No doubt this is a matter of individual taste. Some authors like the bland and baldheaded commercial maecenas who loathes a degraded commercialism; tenders a helping hand to the young; and is happy if he can give an impulse to the march of humanity. I can only say that these benefactors do not seem to get on with me. They are too sensitive, too thin-skinned, too unpractical for me. The moment they discover that I [illegible] capable man of business they re[illegible] chilled and disillusioned.

"Not long ago one of these affectionate friends of struggling authors, representing a first-class American firm, proposed to bind me to him for life, not by the ties of reciprocal esteem, but by legal contract. Naturally I said, 'Suppose you go mad! Suppose you take to drink! Suppose you make a mess of my business!' The wounded dignity and forgivinig sweetness with which he retired, remarking that it would be better for the permanence of our agreeable relations if we let the matter drop, are among my most cherished recollections."

Evidently the "confessing" publisher has greatly entertained Mr. Shaw. Especially his remarks about that "stray dog in the publishing world," the author who places his work in the best market without regard to former associations.

"Now that I come to think of it," says Shaw, "I have done this very thing my very self. Dare I add that I would do it again tomorrow without the slightest compunction if I thought I could better myself that way. My publisher's consolation is that though I have no bowels, at least I do not pose as his benefactor, nor accuse him of disloyalty because he publishes books by other authors. Granted that an author with two or three publishers may seem (in America) as abandoned a creature as a woman with two or three husbands, what about a colomonic publisher with half a hundred authors?

"Whenever a publisher gives me literary advice, continued Shaw, "I take an instant and hideous revenge on him. I give him business advice. I pose as an economist, a financier, and a man of affairs. I explain what I would do if I were a publisher; and I urge him to double his profits by adopting my methods. I do so as his personal friend and wellwisher, as his patron, his counselor, his guardian, his second father. I strive to purify the atmosphere from every taint of a 'degrading commercialism' (that is how the confession puts it), and to speak as man to man. And it always makes the stupid creature quite furious. Thus do men misunderstand one another. Thus will the amateur, to the end of the world, try to mix the paints of the professional."

* * *

Since finding his new novel, "Soprano," Marion Crawford has been in rather poor health and to recuperate he has just started on a rather lengthy yachting cruise in Italian waters. His new book will appear first on this side of the Atlantic as a serial in the columns of "The Gentlewoman."

One would have said that every possible device for getting a book published had been utilized. This is not the case, however, and the proof of it is the following advertisement which appeared in the staid and stately London Times, day before last:

"Advertiser is willing to have a novel he has written published and the proceeds of sale devoted to a deserving charity. His last two books have made good returns. No charges whatever made for MSS.—H. G. R. 854, the Times office, E. C."

One would rather like to know who the ingenious H. G. R. is, and what were the two previous books that made such good returns. Also whether he has had any "nibbles."

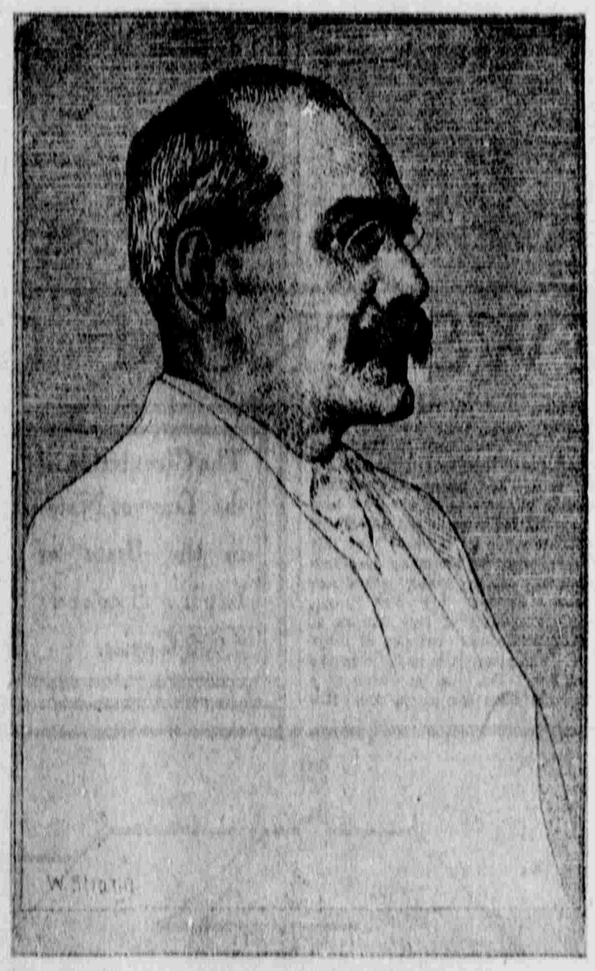
* * *

The utilization of publishers of the modes of advertisement commonly associated with the sale of soap and pills is generally described as a recent development. That such means of boosting were not unknown a decade or so ago has been recalled, however, by the recent issue of a new edition of Stevenson's "The Body Snatcher." This was first published as aspecial supplement to the Pall Mall Gazette, and was advertised by men carrying coffins, who attracted so much attention in the streets that the police had to intervene and insist upon their recall. The story was afterwards reissued in ordinary editions of the Pall Mall in serial form.

* * *

Perhaps the oddest memorial to a famous author ever erected in this country is a newly opened office building in Fleet street which commemorates Lord Byron. Named "Byron House" it has been built by Sir Tollemache Sinclair, Bart., who is a great lover of the poet and himself a writer of verse. Over the doorway of the new office building there is a bust of the poet, and the interior of the building has been adorned with thousands of glazed wall-tiles, each bearing the motto, "Credo Byron." The entrance hall is embellished with white slabs, giving appreciations of Byron in English, French, German and other languages, extracts from Byron's works and opinions of him by great writers.

HAYDEN CHURCH.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

Here is an unfamiliar portrait of Rudyard Kipling, who is probably more widely read and discussed than any living writer of English. His new story, "An Habitation Enforced," appears entire in the August Century.

By most critics, probably, Rudyard Kipling is ranked as the greatest of living story-writers, and a new tale from his pen is always an event in the world of books and magazines. His latest story, "An Habitation Enforced," in the August Century, is the first to be published in an American magazine for almost a year.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. *David* KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

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Produces Wonderful Results

Gives strength to the weak—energy to the exhausted.

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Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept, Distributing Agents.

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Many hours quicker than any other line

No Change of Cars, "THE OVERLAND ROUTE" all the way.

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Don't go away without a bottle of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

For preventing stomach troubles or malaria, fever and ague it is unequalled.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher