



NOTES.

The manuscript of Edward Marshall's novel "Lizette," which is one of the full books published by Lewis, Scribner & Co., had many exciting adventures and some narrow escapes before it was turned into type. Mr. Marshall began the story several years ago when he was stationed in Paris as a correspondent. This part of the story and the notebook in which Mr. Marshall had jotted down many incidents of life in the Latin quarter went to Cuba at the beginning of the Spanish war and was misplaced with a part of his luggage about the time when he received the wound at El Caney which was believed at the time to be fatal.

Several months later the missing luggage turned up in New York. In the winter of 1900-1901 Mr. Marshall was living at the Hotel Jefferson in New York and had just completed the story when the book burned down. As most people know, Mr. Marshall lost one of his legs as the result of the wound he received in Cuba but he managed to escape from the burning building by a narrow board laid across to a wall about two feet distant.

Just as he got across the plank he thought of his story and turned back. The package of manuscript was burning when Mr. Marshall reached it but he brought it out with only one end of the story. Then he took it to a safe depository and left it there until it was transferred to the hands of the publishers.

That there has really been very little change in the Latin quarter of Paris since the days when the folk of "Lizette" disported themselves therein, is shown by his novel. Mr. Marshall, who is well known as the war-correspondent, who was almost fatally wounded in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, has had much opportunity while acting as the European correspondent of various New York newspapers, to study his subject, and he has painted his picture of life with broad strokes and a fine appreciation of humor. There is strength as well as humor in the story of Lizette's love for John Murdoch, the artist-banker and the beauty and pathos of her self-sacrificing devotion to him. The story of a woman-kind who will forget her one fault in reading of her long and self-inflicted penance for it.

One of the most striking titles among the new full books is that of Mr. George D. Eldridge's novel, "I Will Repay," which is among the full publications of Lewis, Scribner & Co., of New York. The phrase admirably fits the book which is a dramatic story of reparation. Mr. Eldridge has selected a novel theme for his story and he certainly has hit upon a novel title. Although by no means a stranger to literature Mr. Eldridge is better known as vice president of a life insurance company of international fame.

That a number of families may live together, sharing all things in common, eating their food in co-operative "kitchen houses," and dwelling in "co-operative" will and peace, is shown today in the cluster of villages in Iowa peopled by the members of the Amana society, also called "The Community of True Inspiration." In Harper's Magazine for October, Prof. Richard E. Ely, the well known authority on social and industrial betterment, writes a most entertaining article about "Amana: A Study of Religious Communism," in which he describes the practical methods of these people.

Ely states that his investigations seem to indicate that living in these communistic settlements tends to increase the length of life.

"Everywhere in communistic settlements the members frequently live to a great age," says Prof. Ely. "I was impressed with this when I visited the Shakers at Mount Lebanon. During the year preceding my visit, there had been three deaths; two brothers had died at the ages of 91 and 92 respectively, and a sister had departed this life at the age of 103. Daniel Frazer, who is delightfully described by Howells in his Undiscovered Country, was then between 89 and 99. His intellectual powers were so keen that he was a delight to converse with him. The leader of Mount Lebanon was Elder Frederick Evans, 78 years of age. "How old you take this horse to be?" he asked me, pointing to a horse which was drawing a load of apples. "I should say that he was about 12," I replied. "He is 30," said Elder Evans; but he has enjoyed Shaker treatment, not the world's," Mr. Hinds. In his book to which reference has been made, tells us that recently, when he inquired, he was told that one member of the Amana Society had not long ago died over 100 years of age; that there were two living members above 80 and about 25 between 80 and 90. The Shakers speak of their "watch-tower," and among them one has the feeling that one is standing on a watch-tower, looking at the great, busy world through a telescope, as it were. But the Shakers neither marry nor give in marriage, and their life is more isolated and separated from that of the competitive world of industry than is that of Amana."

In the Era, William S. Walsh discusses the question, "Have Women Intuition?" He does not throw bouquets to feminine vanity for he writes:

"Literature is the final expression of human thought. If women can lay claim to a special faculty of intuition, why do they not manifest it in their writings? Intuition, if it means anything, means the faculty that gets down to the germ of actions and character traits and focuses external traits into a central verity recognizable to the

general public. Now there are more female writers than male. No woman poet has ever written an inevitable line, a line that flashes spontaneously out of the unknown and casts an illuminating light upon the abyss. Woman has added practically nothing to our stock of familiar quotations. Take down your Bartlett or your anthology, and you may be surprised to find that from Browning to Mrs. Meynell women have never coined a phrase which has passed into the common currency of speech. Mrs. Browning has indeed written fine lines, but nothing of hers can be said to have become a household word.

No woman novelist created any character that is generally recognized as typical. George Eliot has come closest with her Tito Melema and Mrs. Poyser. You would appeal only to the educated few if you described a person as a Tito or a Poyser. But call a man a Don Quixote, a Micawber, a Don Quixote, a Falstaff, a Colonel Newcome, a Blithedale, a Parson Adams, a Bob Acres, call a woman a Mrs. Malaprop, a Becky Sharp, a Beatrice, a Diana Vernon, a Mrs. Medley, and even the literature will mentally classify the individual as you wish him or her to be classified.

"Ah, but," you say, "in real life women are the true intuitions. They size up a man or a woman at a glance. They know the character when they trust to their instincts."

I can only testify to my own experience. I have not found that women's snap judgments of character are imbued with any special verity. They form likes or dislikes quicker than men, because they are quicker on the trigger of conjecture. They can only be one of two things—right or wrong. If time proves that they are right, as they must be in 50 per cent of cases, the right guess is rewarded. But the treasure trove of the slower-minded man as an extraordinary instance of intuition. The wrong guess is forgotten.

Miss Louise Forsslund, whose new novel, "The Ship of Dreams," is published by the Harpers, had an interesting experience with her first novel. The story of Sarah. In the first place, the book was the young author's initial attempt at a long story, and she spent three years in writing it. Then followed eight weary months in which she endeavored to find a publisher. The first one rejected it; the second likewise; and so on through five dismal rejections. The sixth refused even to examine it, saying he was too busy. The seventh publisher accepted it, and the book proved a big success. Now comes this author's second book, "The Ship of Dreams," showing a striking advance in power and charm over her first, and dealing with that part of our country which is the most interesting and beautiful—Long Island and its native folk.

Japanese authors receive so little pay for work in their own country that a native writer says there is no hope for any remarkable Japanese work to be produced. A Japanese man of letters, in order to live in bare comfort, has to produce at least four or five long volumes a year, and it is seldom he receives as much as five dollars for a volume. In order to live decently he must earn at least \$300 a year. It will be seen from these figures that he can scarcely be expected to do any fine work at that rate of production. The only professional Japanese author in America at present is Onoto Watana, whose latest story, "The Woe of Wistaria," the charming love story of a lady of quality, has just been published by Harper & Brothers. Miss Watana's striking success in this country ought to encourage other Japanese novelists to learn English and come to America.

When Col. T. W. Higginson was in England, summer before last, he was much impressed with the great popularity of Longfellow's poems there and the large annual sale of them which the booksellers reported. In his life of Longfellow just published Mr. Higginson has made a distinct contribution to our previous knowledge of the poet's character and work, having had much new material at hand.

George Ebers' earlier work still furnishes the standard by which to judge Egyptological fiction. "The Pharaoh and the Priest," translated from the Polish by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, and published, of course, by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., resembles the German writer's stories in nothing except in its mistakes. In translation, which is, however, with surprising lightness upon the Polish author's shoulders. Here is a novel of which it can be said that it gives life to the far distant past. Mr. Curtin's depictions of men and women like ourselves, affairs of state such as might have been in France before the Revolution, as may be in rural Russia today—the struggle between the Pharaoh and a ruling priesthood, the sufferings of the peasantry, the mortal power of the Pharaoh, the relations between the farther east and the mighty empire on the Nile. This is historical fiction of the best, the truest kind, fascinating in its pictures of a life now gone and forgotten, dignified and made strong by a note of profound understanding of the life and needs, the sufferings and joys of all humanity. We owe Mr. Curtin a debt of gratitude for his discovery of Sienkiewicz to the English-reading world. Hardly less must be the thanks he deserves for translating this new Polish master and introducing him to us. "The Pharaoh and the Priest" is a book to be recommended without reserve.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has fallen in love with the soldier of fortune—not the fighting idealist of whom the late Count de Villebois-Mareuil was the modern type, but the adventurer pure and simple, who seeks danger and fighting for his own sake. "Captain Macklin," his latest hero of this class whose story Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have just published, is a very young man, with this poison of adventure hot in his veins; he has tasted it, he must taste it again. At the end of the book we find him ready to fight under the French flag, under any flag, wherever fighting is to be done yet declaring himself true at heart to the one under for whom he was born. The character does not call for analysis: Mr. Davis' heroes are always young and romantic, untouched by the sobering hand of experience and growing years. An adventurer in the midst of the adventures he loves—that is what Mr. Davis gives us, and it need hardly be said that he succeeds in creating the required illusion. A word of praise should be given to Aiken's description of the true inwardness of a Central American revolution, a bit of humor not unworthy of Tarrin's friend Bonaparte, of the exuberant imagination; but why was Capt. Macklin so inexcusably rude to the German baron who was his second in the romantic duel? Soldiers of fortune, above all others, should respect every tradition of the code.

"Castle Cranecrow," the new novel by the author of "Graustark," had a phenomenal success. The advance orders were larger than even the bargain publishers expected, and from the day of publication the story has gained steadily in public favor. It moves fast enough to be exciting from beginning to end, and it can hardly

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fail to hold the attention of the busiest man. This is after all the end and aim of fiction, and unless it is interesting it has no excuse for being. "Castle Cranecrow" is one of the stories that one does not willingly relinquish. The author's personality is in the situation. "Castle Cranecrow" has aroused a good deal of discussion among readers of this thrilling novel. The abduction of an American girl on the way to her own wedding is not an easy thing to accomplish in these prosaic days. But to Mr. McCutcheon's hero all things are possible, and one follows him with absolute belief in his power to carry things his own way. Yet the readers of the story have questioned a number of the incidents and discussed the possibilities of the situation as if it were an episode in real life which was described with large headlines in the morning paper.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce the early appearance of "Nova Solyma," the romance in prose and verse unearthed last winter in England by Walter Begley, and believed to have been written anonymously by John Milton. "The title page is as follows: 'Nova Solyma, the Ideal City of Zion; or Jerusalem Regained.'"

An anonymous romance in prose and verse written in the time of Charles I. 1628-1648. Now first drawn from obscurity, translated and attributed, with further evidence, to the illustrious John Milton. By the Rev. Walter Begley. With introduction, literary essays, and a bibliography.

The surprising part of this great find is that it was not a hidden manuscript that Mr. Begley discovered, but a book that had been printed and published. It was in Latin, and the vast political excitement of the year when it was published probably account for its dropping immediately out of sight.

The book was published in 1648, and bears the imprint of John Legat, London. There is also a copy extant bearing date of 1649, which, for various reasons, Mr. Begley thinks not a second edition, but as it might give the remainder new life by a fresh title page. On this there appears a subtitle, "Siv Institutio Christiana."—"The Education of a Christian." It is a romance interspersed with verse, and in the opinion of the discoverer and translator, a work of "such genius that no one living within the period of its production, except Milton himself, could have written it."

Mr. Begley prefaces his translation with an elaborate argument, adducing many reasons why Milton must have been the author.

Mr. Eden Philpotts has "arrived." He no longer belongs to the multitude that succeeds once, and perhaps a second time in lesser measure. He is master of his subject, its treatment, the proper method to create the impression that lasts; he is a true artist. His latest work, "The River," just published in his country by the P. A. Stokes company, deals again with his favorite Dartmoor, the river Dart itself giving the story its title. His drama is part of the background with which his nature supplies him; he rises easily and potently to climaxes of true strength, while through it all runs the beauty of his country, its grandeur described with a love that is eloquent and picturesque and strong. The book is one of its great merits. He succeeds in linking his characters to the soil that witnesses their being and lives; they become one with it. Hence no "beautiful writings" for the sake, no purple patches without ample justification of being. Mr. Philpotts has been pointed out as the successor of Thomas Hardy. This new book of his strengthens the daring prophecy thus made of his future. He certainly stands aside in the first rank of living English novelists of today.

Books for children will be more plentiful than ever this season, it would appear, and they certainly have begun to fall from the press earlier than ever before. They call for extended discussion a little later in the season, when the annual question, What books to buy for the youngsters, confronts parents and grandparents, and the friends of the young. Four of these that really need no praise have already appeared, the first of them being Mr. Kipling's "Just So Stories," gathered together in a handsome, sizable volume, within the author's own admirable illustrations. There can be no two opinions about the freshness of the charm of these tales and drawings for children; in fact, like all good stories for the young, they have their proper attraction for their elders, for all the crustiest and crustiest old misanthropes. The fate of this volume, this season, and many seasons thereafter, is easily foretold.

"The same may be said of Mr. Howell's 'The Flight of Tony Baker' (Harper & Bros.). It is one of those books that parents will read to the end, in one sitting, after its youthful owner has gone to bed. From the same publishers we have also Mr. Chambers' "Outdoor Land," with its illustrations by Mr. Birch, a captivatingly imaginative "nature" book, and Mr. Newell's illustrations to "Through the Looking Glass," uniform with last year's "Alice in Wonderland."

BOOKS.

Willis George Emerson has written a very good story of the west, full of dramatic action, good character drawing, and effective passages of description, in "Buell Hampton." There may be a better picture of a prairie fire than

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the one Mr. Emerson gives in his book, but one doubts it. The author in several chapters reveals himself as a person of keen appreciation of music. Likewise he understands something of the inner workings of politics, and interest of western journalism. The whole story goes along with a brisk swing which keeps interest aroused and continually shifting. The readers of the country have long been waiting for a typical western novel, and doubtless many of them will find in Buell Hampton the object of their search. Nothing better has been done in its line thus far, and this is saying something when we consider the work of a family chronicler and Mr. Allen White. Buell Hampton is a good story in every particular. It will be popular, beyond all doubt. The book is published by Forbes & Company, Boston.

Every singer will undoubtedly look forward with much interest to the appearance of Lilli Lehmann's book, "How to Sing," its title. It will contain a complete exposition of the principles of the art which she herself has developed for her own use, and which are the foundations of her marvelous success. And are so made that they will enable the singer to see the practical workings of the vocal organs, and the probable use of each method. They are in diagram form. Madam Lehmann is able to impart the true method of song and dramatic singing. She goes into much detail about the part played by the various organs, diaphragm, lungs, vocal cord, larynx, pharynx, uvula, tongue, nose, teeth, lips, and in forming, modulating, and coloring the tone and forming the various registers about the management of the breath and about the proper training of each of the organs concerned, with minute directions for it, and many exercises to be practiced. The writer's personality runs through the book. It is strenuous and exacting, and presupposes serious purpose in the reader. There is much that is striking and entertaining, many vivid and picturesque comments, vivid and picturesque digressions, and a number of anecdotes of various singers, especially some detailed critical comment on, and explanation of the methods of Patti, Maria Serravallo, Wagner, Reiz, and others, a great general interest to the book. This side of it will render the book vastly entertaining to those who, though not singers themselves, have been interested in Madam Lehmann as a prima donna, or who are lovers of the operatic and musical stage. In fact, it appeals directly to both serious students and intelligent amateurs, whose number is legion, and the general musical public will find much entertainment in it.

MAGAZINES.

The main feature of the November Ainslee's is a novel, entitled "A Mercenary Marriage," by Ethel Watt Mumford. Mrs. Mumford has evolved some very dramatic situations, and at the same time has peopled them with characters that talk and act like human beings. The leading comedy personage in the story is a tomboy, drawn with delightful freshness and humor.

An equally amusing story is "The Stub-Nosed Soubrette," by George H. Brennan, who writes of the experiences of a barnstorming manager evidently as one that knows. "The Future Duchess," by Elizabeth Duer, is a pretty drawing-room comedy. The reads "Hallyard's Mutiny," by Norman Duncan, is a splendid story of Newfoundland life, into which enter all the feeling and atmosphere of that remote clime. Harvey Sutherland, author of the "Hollyhock," reappears in Ainslee's with a very amusing essay, entitled, "The Hole in the Saucenpan," "Among the Philistines," by Herbert E. Hamblin, is a dramatic account of the trials of an inventor who gets into the toils of swindlers and impostors.

"Society Woman" is an anonymous contribution that is well written and interesting. "A Bachelor's Cost of Living," by George Barry Mallon, is very well done, and contains little to encourage that is very suggestive. All, Ainslee's has thirty-nine distinctive features, including in its list of names Robert Hitchens, David Osbourne, E. S. Wheeler Wilcox, Caroline Duer, E. S. Van Zile, Joseph A. Lincoln, Carolyn Ainslee, David Osbourne, and others. Ainslee Publishing Co., New York.

The publishers of "The Reader" have made another announcement concerning their new literary magazine which appears this month. The contents of the first number will include, in addition to the monthly department of news and reviews, a story about Dante and Beatrice by R. V. Risley; a selection from a new rendering by Biles Carman of the lyrics of the Greek poet Sappho, who has been made familiar by Swinburne and Tennyson; the first of a series of reports of the sitting of the Literary Emergency Court (Mark Twain and Oliver Herford, justices of the court), which deals with "The People Against Richard Harding Davis," and should be full of amusing situations; "Rudyard Kipling as an Illustrator," with illustrations; a frank article, "The Attitude of the Jews toward Jewish Fiction," by Bernard G. Richards, a well known literary critic; and four letters, and twenty or more other original contributions all guaranteed by the publishers to be "entertaining, unprejudiced and authoritative." The cover of "The Reader" is about the most attractive of any of the magazines.

"How Rosamund Made Up Her Mind" is the opening story in this week's issue of the Youth's Companion, and "Nevin's Temptation," "Trapped in an Ice Jam" and "Old Rhiney" are the other pieces of fiction. An important contribution to the number is an article on "The Supreme Court of the United States," by Justice David J. Brewer, and there is the usual good poetry, and material in the departments.

The "Arena" for November is preeminently a "reform" number. E. L. Mowry, M.A., contributes the first of a series of three articles on "Needed Political Reforms;" Duane Mowry, LL. B., presents "Some Thoughts on Public Reforms;" Alice Rollins Crane discusses "Desirable Reform in Motherhood," and proves herself a close student of her sex. Mr. Pomeroy's paper is admirably supplemented by George H. Shibley in a "conversation" on "The Optional Refereendum Initiative." The opening article is by Prof. Frank Parsons who discusses "The President and the Trusts;" and this is followed by "Personal Power of the President;" a brief paper by the Ven. A. Kingsley Glover, archbishop of Oregon; Theodore T. Washington considers "The Agricultural Negro;" and B. O. Flower contributes the third paper of his series on "The Divine Quest." In reply to one of the August contributions, the president of the American Church describes the "Real Origin of American Polygamy." F. Edwin Elwell presents "The Educational Side of Art," and Winifred Harper Cooley has "A Dream of the Twenty-first Century." "The Home of the Future" is an interesting story by Laura N. Eldridge, Editor Flower's "Topics of the Times" and reviews of new books are excellent, as usual. (The Alliance Pub. Co., 569 Fifth Ave., New York.)

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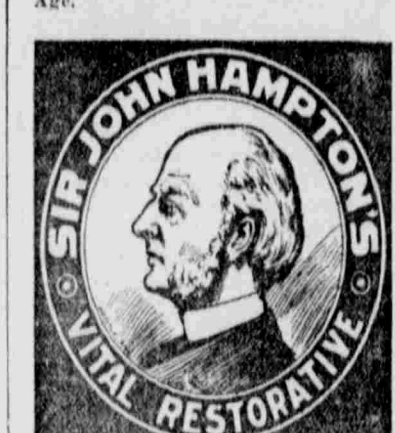
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