



THE AUTHOR IN HIS WORKS

By CHARLES EUGENE BANKS,
Author of "A Child of the Sun," Etc.



HIS silent subtle force that lies Between all worlds whereby the I Can traverse as the light that flies From star to star, who shall deny? Yet never Saga can define The union of thy soul with mine. The "Dickens revival" has revived the search for the works in the character of the author. It is no doubt true that the first vital element in any book is the author's personality. The soul that understands, the mind that adjusts, the eyes that see, the heart that feels, the inexplicable combination of all these that attains a result different from that of any of the parts—these constitute a radiant morning, noon or evening light which beautifies the commonest objects and makes us see the world of nature as Adam and Eve saw it when the earth was young; or the world of men and events as from a point of vantage above the crowd—a point whence is observed not only the individual but the shape, mass and tendency of the throng, with vague glimpses of its starting-point and destination. The second life element is, of course, the subject of the book. It is the object on which the light falls, the balcony from which the spectator leans at the never-ending stream of humanity, the vast procession of the nights and days.

BOOKS LIVE BECAUSE THE AUTHOR HAD SUFFICIENT OF THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS IN HIS COMPOSITION TO WIN FRIENDS FOR HIMSELF, for it is certain that the personality of the author, discoverable in his works, is his real character; the thing which buys immortality; the palpitating, viewless essence which we see, feel, hear and understand when the body is before our natural eyes. No circumstance can add anything to this personality except growth, or take anything away from it except the opportunity for growth. This table at which I write is simply a table. Decoration or extension may make it a better table; damage may make it a worse one; but it remains a table, and even if the world can be persuaded into believing it a harp, the illusion soon disappears and the old, indestructible fact resumes its natural way.

WHAT MAKES THE AUTHOR IS THE POWER TO ENTER INTO, UNDERSTAND AND UTTER OTHER LIVES AS WELL AS HIS OWN. He may understand a group of people, a class, a nation, a race; or the world, time, eternity and divinity; that is according to the measure of his genius. But he must understand more than his own life. Actual experience is one part of knowledge among several; but it is likely to be the least important because the least beautiful. Nature is too wise to waste the time and strength of her seers by causing them to pass through what they have barely force to record. Milton originated and Kant embodied the nebular theory, without astronomical appliances. Schiller described the whirlpool he had never seen. Among all the eccentric theories concerning Shakespeare, it has not yet been suggested that he plucked a rose with either York or Lancaster. Yet he makes the story distinct.

WHAT IS OBTAINED FROM LIFE IS WHAT PERSONALITY IS WORTH, with not a single instance to the contrary. The value of success finally settles down to that with absolute precision. The inner building is the only one that makes any difference. Character is capital, energy, time, place and opportunity. A man's books are just as he is in character; no more, no less. He may be sure when he writes that he is laying his soul bare before the world.

THE LABOR PROBLEM AND THE FARMER

By JOHN M. STAHL.

ONE of the most annoying, difficult and vital problems of farming is to get a sufficient supply of good labor. Farmers could hardly pay higher wages. But to a very small degree is it a question of more wages. The loneliness of farm life that has been so powerful in taking farmer boys from the farm and in keeping city laborers from it, is fast passing away BEFORE RURAL, FREE MAIL DELIVERY, THE FARM TELEPHONE AND THE COUNTRY TROLLEY LINE.

If by education and a proper appreciation of our calling, the introduction of business methods, we put farming on the same plane as other business enterprises, we can command for it our rightful share of the faithful, intelligent labor that now goes to railroading, manufacturing and merchandising.

This will come to pass all the sooner, BECAUSE THE FUTURE WILL SEE MANY WOMEN FARMERS. It is already fashionable for girls to be strong and muscular and athletic and sunburned. In farm work so much machinery is used nowadays that the greater part of farm work on the up-to-date farm requires intelligence and dexterity and application rather than muscular strength. Very much of farm work is no more tiring on the muscles than operating a typewriter; it is much less wearing on the nervous system, and it is certainly much more healthful. Woman has taken man's place to a large extent in the schoolroom, the store, the office, even the pulpit and the courts; why not on the farm? The past harvest quite a number of women worked in the fields and liked it. There are now some very successful women farmers. The farmer may, indeed, MUCH PREFER SEEING HIS DAUGHTER HELPING HIM IN THE FIELD, OPERATING THE MOWER OR THE HARVESTER OR HAY-RAKE OR CORN-PLANTER, THAN TEMPTING FATE AMID THE ARTIFICIAL, UNWHOLE-SOME AND DANGEROUS CONDITIONS OF THE CITY.

A very good way to equalize the labor supply of the city and country would be to equalize taxation, and also the expenditure of taxes. The big public building and the tax-dodger are characteristic of the city and not of the farm.

In time, and perhaps not long, cheap transportation between city and farm, as by trolley lines, will bring to labor on our farms those that must have the glitter and excitement of the city in their lives.

PECULIAR CATASTROPHE.

Four Men Killed and Three Others Seriously Affected by Gas in a Sewer at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Nov. 1.—By a sudden rush of gas, supposed to have been sulphurated hydrogen, four men were killed and three seriously affected near the Twenty-fourth street heading of the big tunnel trunk sewer last night. The dead are: Lawrence Fisher, of Niagara Falls; George Rhodes, colored, Niagara Falls.

Hugo Swanson, Niagara Falls; William Bradish, of Tonawanda. The seriously affected: Romano Kovich, Niagara Falls; Sam Finch, colored, Niagara Falls; Michael Mulroy, foreman, Niagara Falls.

Kovich is not expected to live. The accident was a peculiar one. Thirteen men, comprising the entire second shift, were working on the sewer. They had started a heading at a new level and had loaded up a blast which was to be discharged. After loading they walked back about 225 feet between the heading and the shaft at Twenty-fourth street, but before they could reach the shaft four of the men fell to the floor of the tunnel, over which a considerable stream of water was flowing. The others, becoming alarmed, pushed ahead to the shaft.

Foreman Mulroy was the first to reach the surface, a distance of 50 feet, and gave the alarm. George Rhodes was ascending in the bucket when he was overcome by the gas and fell from the bucket to the bottom of the shaft. He died from the result of his injuries. Seven others succeeded in getting out. Four men lay in the tunnel. All were dead.

DUN'S REPORT.

Activity in Manufacturing Continues and the Outlook Is Bright.

New York, Nov. 1.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review says:

Speculation waits upon politics, but legitimate business is not disturbed by the approaching elections. New labor complications have been promptly settled by advancing wages, and the gradual improvement in supply of coal has reduced prices and restored activity in manufacturing. Complaints are increasing as to the tardy movement of freight, miles of cars being stalled by the lack of motive power, and many roads refuse to accept further shipments until the blockades are removed.

Lower temperature has stimulated retail sales of seasonable merchandise, but frost comes too late to seriously injure agricultural products. Liberal consumption sustains quotations in most lines, domestic demands being supplemented by large exports. Operating expenses of the railways have been increased in many cases to such a degree that net earnings are somewhat curtailed, but gross earnings for October thus far exceed last year's by 4.7 per cent.

New England shoe manufacturers are receiving additional orders at fully sustained quotations and many shops are assured of full occupation well into January. Supplementary orders for winter goods have decreased.

Conditions at the cotton mills are healthy, a scarcity of goods being general, while there is no disposition to force transactions.

Failures for the week numbered 27 in the United States, against 191 last year, and 22 in Canada, compared with 21 a year ago.

EQUINE CHAMPION.

Crescens Beats the World's Record by Trotting Two Miles in 4:17, on the Memphis, Tenn., Track.

Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 1.—Crescens, the great son of Robert McGregor, made good his claim to championship honors Friday afternoon at the driving park in a remarkable exhibition of speed and stamina. The horse was sent against the world's two-mile trotting record of 4:28½, held by Onward Silver and completed the circuit twice without a break in 4:17 flat, clipping 11½ seconds off the former record. Both the horse and Mr. Ketcham, who drove him, received an ovation from the large crowd present.

Crescens appeared shortly after 3 o'clock and after scoring twice Ketcham nodded for the word. Accompanied by a runner Crescens went to the quarter in 35 seconds. At the half the timers hung out 1:06½, and the three-quarters pole was passed in 1:39. Straightening out for the wire Ketcham sent him along at a lively clip, the mile being reeled off in 2:10½. At the mile and a quarter Crescens seemed to increase his speed and the post was passed in 2:41½, and the mile and a half was made in 3:12. The last three-quarter pole was passed in 3:45 and the two miles was covered in 4:17. Crescens trotted the last mile faster than the first. He covered the two miles in 7¼ seconds faster than the pacing record, made by Nervola.

Killed Her Husband.

Joplin, Mo., Nov. 1.—R. O. Randall, a real estate dealer of Carthage, was shot and killed Friday by his wife. Mrs. Randall had sued for divorce and when they met in a lawyer's office a quarrel ensued. Randall drew a knife and attempted to stab his wife, when she shot him five times. Mrs. Randall was arrested.

A Wreck on the Erie Road.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 1.—Two men were seriously injured, one fatally, in a wreck on the Erie railroad near Addison last night. Fast freight No. 86, westbound, broke in two before reaching Addison. The train ahead was not out of the block and the freight on its approach was brought to a standstill. Just as the train stopped the cars in the second section crashed into those at the block and both tracks were covered with wreckage. Two cars rolled up against a safe near the track and in an instant ten cars were scattered about.

ITS GLORY ALL GONE

Melancholy Fate of a Famous American Frigate.

Forgotten, the President Lies at a London Dock—Was One of the Finest Fighting Ships That Ever Flew Our Flag.

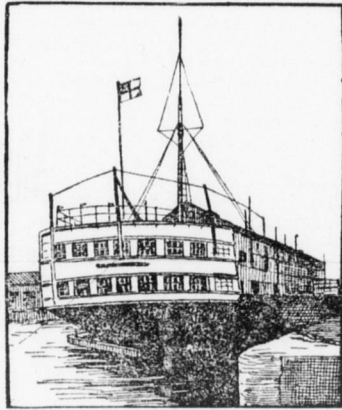
Never again will there be a war between England and America. This is the very confident prediction of the statesmen of the two great English-speaking nations. More than ordinary interest attaches, therefore, to the once famous Yankee frigate President, whose guns were among the last to be trained by Americans on the flag of England. For nearly a century this trophy of the final armed conflict between the two countries has rested in English waters. Few are the Americans who know that one of the most renowned fighting ships of the early days of the republic—a sister-ship of the beloved Constitution, of which Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the stirring lines:

"Ay! 'Tear has battered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high—"

lies, unhonored and forgotten, in a London dock. Just a century ago this winter the President, newly launched from a New York shipyard, was in the Mediterranean as the American navy's first flagship on the European station. The contrast between her and the present American flagship, the steel-clad Illinois, is as great as that between the young republic of those days and the mighty America of to-day.

Little does the President look like a fighting ship to-day as she lies in the West India docks, denuded of masts and spars and carrying a house on her deck. But, says the London Graphic, in the early years of the past century, when England was embroiled in the Napoleonic conflict, and had little desire for a dispute with the states, the fleet-footed Yankee frigate circled the British isles, challenging every craft that flew the British flag. Such a scourge was she to British shipping that the admiralty issued a special circular to the navy that the President must be captured at all hazards.

How America's first European flagship came to fly Britain's flag is a



STERN OF THE "PRESIDENT."
(Once Upon a Time She Was the Pride of Our Navy.)

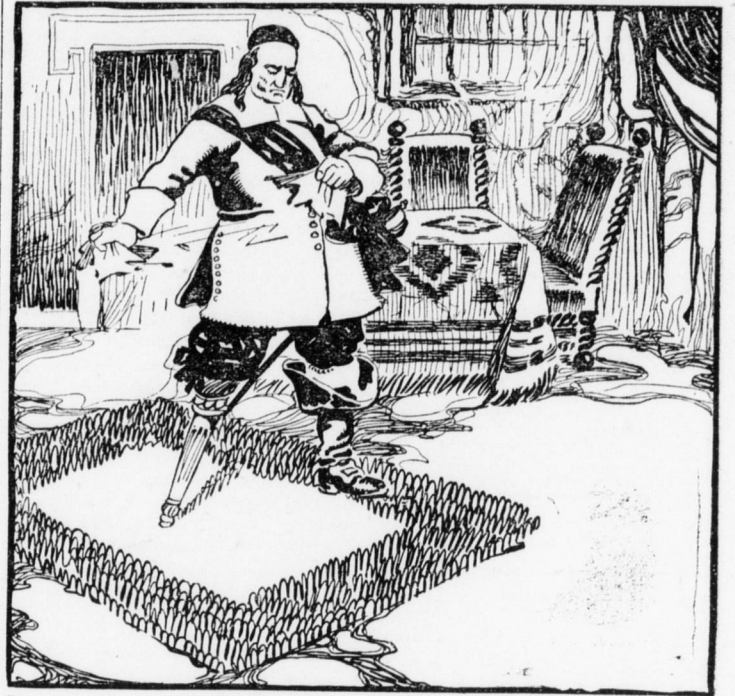
story of Anglo-Saxon courage and daring. It was on the night of January 14, 1815, that the President, having just returned from "hearding the lion in his den," was chased into Long Island sound, near New York harbor, by a British fleet. In command of her was the adventurous Deatur, whose capture and burning of the Philadelphia in the harbor of Tripoli in 1804 Nelson pronounced the "most daring act of the age." At daybreak on the 15th, the President, having grounded and strained herself during the night, was again under sail. Deatur then discovered that four of the enemy's ships were in pursuit, one on each quarter and two astern. At noon the breeze fell. The Yankee frigate was almost waterlogged.

A favoring breeze brought on the Endymion, the most powerful of the pursuing fleet. She opened fire with her bow chasers, to which Deatur replied with his stern battery. This running fight continued for two hours and the Endymion was so disabled that she avoided Deatur's efforts to come to close quarters. For hours the two ships sailed side by side, firing occasional guns. But towards midnight two fresh English ships, the Pomone and the Tenedos, crawled up and opened fire on the President at close range. Deatur was compelled to strike his colors. His loss was 24 killed and 55 wounded.

The loss of the President was investigated by a court-martial, but Deatur was exonerated of blame. "In this unequal contest the enemy gained a ship, but the victory was ours," the court found. "We fear we cannot express in a manner that will do justice to our feelings our admiration of the conduct of Commodore Deatur and all under his command."

The President was sent to Bermuda, and from there she was brought to England by the Endymion, whose captain was rewarded by the king. For 55 years the President lay at Portsmouth, where she was the model for several British frigates. Later she was at Chatham, and some time in the '60s she became a drill ship at the West India docks. There she has rested for 40 years, and on her ancient gun deck, where once American sailors gave their lives for their flag, British blue-jackets are now instructed in the art of modern naval warfare. One mark only does she bear of her American origin—the figurehead of John Adams, the second president of the republic, on her prow.

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



STUYVESANT TEARS THE DEMAND FOR SURRENDER TO PIECES.
Find Gov. Winthrop.

It was in August, 1664, that an English land and naval force under Col. Richard Nicholls anchored in the harbor of New Amsterdam and demanded the surrender of the town, and at the same time sent a proclamation to the citizens promising perfect security of person and property to those who would quietly submit to English rule. A second letter, brought by Gov. Winthrop of Connecticut, came, demanding surrender, and the council suggested reading it to the people, but the governor, in a rage, tore the letter into bits, but later had the pieces gathered up and a copy made, which was submitted to the people.

HUMOROUS.

"She's not as pensive as she was before you married her." "No; she's expensive now."—Indianapolis News.

His Pound of Flesh.—Financier (tenant of our forest, after a week's unsuccessful stalking)—"Now, look here, my man, I bought and paid for ten stags. If the brutes can't be shot, you'll have to trap them! I've promised the venison, and I mean to have it!"—Punch.

Holdon—"I tell you what, Harry, I wish I had enough money to relieve all the distress amongst the poor people of this town." Somers—"A generous wish." Holdon—"You see, if I had all that money, I'd be able to live like a fighting cock all the rest of my life."—Boston Transcript.

Opportune Time.—She—"George, I think you'd better not speak to papa to-night. I'm afraid he isn't in a very good humor." He—"Why not?" She—"My desecrated hat hit his bill to-day." He—"But, dear, I'll make it clear to him that I want to provide for you in the future."—Philadelphia Press.

A young man from Banffshire was spending his holidays in Aberdeen. While walking on "the green" in company with his uncle he was surprised to see so many kites flying. Observing one far higher than the rest he called his uncle's attention and asked if ever he had seen a kite flying as high before. "Did ever I see one as high as that? Man, Jamie, that's naething, for I have seen some o' them clean out o' sight."—Scottish American.

GIANT MUSHROOMS.

In England They Sometimes Grow Big Enough for Sunshades or Umbrellas.

Mushrooms are specially abundant in many districts this year. The statement that great quantities are being found in the rural districts around Colchester has brought in several letters from other parts of the country. All our correspondents state that they are enjoying the delights of mushroom picking, and one of them adds that this is the best tonic for the season. Two correspondents have found mushrooms which they consider to be of unusual size. What is an unusual size for a mushroom is a very much discussed matter, but we give our correspondents the credit of their finds, says the London Express.

"Paterfamilias," writes from High Wycombe to this effect:

"The other day I was out in the fields with my two children. It was the sort of day to which we have got accustomed now—when rain is regarded as probable every other minute. I mention this to explain what follows. My children had gone on ahead of me when I was struck by their attitude. I could not see exactly what they were doing, as I am short-sighted, but they were coming toward me with something over their heads. It turned out to be a very late mushroom, and they were pretending that it was a fairy's umbrella. I had no measure with me, and before we got home the mushroom had been chipped a good deal, owing to the children's letting it fall, but I feel sure that it was at least ten or twelve inches in diameter. This surely constitutes a record."

But the supposed record is soon beaten. Our other correspondent has found a bigger mushroom. Writing from North Kent, he says:

"I was looking for mushrooms yesterday morning, when I came across a patch of the biggest I have ever seen, all together in a field. They all seemed to run from ten inches to a foot across, and after looking about for some time I found one that eclipsed all the others in size. I took it home carefully and had it measured. It was just under 13 inches across, but was only three inches in the stem. My wife and I made quite a meal off it."

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The fact that last year the Fiji islands contributed \$25,000 to foreign missions is in itself an announcement that the heathen countries of the world are diminished by one.

There are between 80 and 90 principal synagogues in the United Kingdom, in which just under 100,000 Jews worship. There are also 150 minor synagogues, or Bethels.

An extensive movement toward Christianity is reported among the low caste Lal Begis people near Meerut, in the northwest provinces, India, in connection with the mission of the Church Missionary society.

A movement has been started in England, under the lead of Lord Radstock, to place a copy of the Scriptures in the hands of every child in the schools of India who is able to read a Gospel in his or her own tongue.

Iowa college, Grinnell, opened its first year under President Draxby with an attendance of 503, the largest in the history of the institution. The total of all the students on the ground, including those studying in the academy and the school of music, reaches 450.

A Bombay medical missionary last year treated 3,110 patients in addition to her regular work as teacher in a boarding school. This missionary's industry is paralleled by that of a doctor in India, an eye specialist, who treated 12,000 patients during one year, besides visiting many in their homes.

A richly deserved retort was that made by a Sioux girl at the Hampton institute not long since. A silly visitor to the school went up to the magnificent red-skinned belle and said: "Are you civilized?" The Sioux raised her head slowly from her work—she was fashioning a breadboard at the moment—and replied: "No; are you?"

Bradford (Mass.) academy began its one hundredth year with an entering class of over 100 young women. This turn in the fortunes of this institution is deserved testimony to the beauty of its situation and its excellent equipment. Several new teachers are employed, the accommodations of the school are insufficient for its needs and there is a long waiting list.

Hebrew Exclusiveness.

Is Jewish exclusiveness becoming a legend rather than a reality? It would seem so, at least in Australia. The recently published matrimonial statistics of New South Wales show that in 1901 67 Jewesses selected husbands from the Church of England, 17 mated with Catholics and 11 found their affinities in the Presbyterian fold. One hundred and fifty-one Jews united to Anglican wives, 62 to Catholics, 13 to Presbyterians, 12 to Methodists, four to agnostics, and two to Congregationalists, while a solitary son of Israel is returned as having wedded a Baptist. Altogether, out of 781 Jewish marriages, 341 were more or less "mixed."—London Chronicle.

Future Vengeance.

"You'll be sorry for this some day!" howled the son and heir as his father released him from the position he had occupied across the paternal knee.

"I'll be sorry? When?"

"When I get to be a man!"

"You will take revenge by whipping your father when you are big and strong and I am old and feeble, will you, Johnny?"

"No, sir," blubbered Johnny, rubbing himself. "But I'll spank your grandchildren till they can't rest!"—N. Y. Times.

Deeds of Daring.

Cholly—Aw—I say, Fveady, let's do something desperate and break into the hoecake class.

Fveady—All right, dear boy. What shall we do?

"Something extraordinary, something new. How I have it; we'll have breakfast food for dinner."—Chicago Daily News.