

Of and About the Makers of Books.

Notices of Recent Interesting Volumes and Chats Concerning Literary Men and Women.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

One of the most interesting articles in the June Chautauquan is an article by Franklin Morris on Charles A. Dana. From it the following appreciative comment is quoted: "Mr. Dana, at the beginning of his control of the Sun, selected his men with reference to ability and character. It was an unwritten law of his staff that every man was expected to be a gentleman and a scholar. He supervised the details of his paper himself and his influence and his principles were felt without formal expression, down to the rawest reporter. That influence, so far as it affected the form of the paper, was conserving. He never suffered the sheet to break away from the first law of order. It is integrally as compact, as concise, and as symmetrical in its matter, as it was the first day it was issued. It covers every field of thought in its departments, from the chronicling of a fire to the analysis of philosophy. It is narrative, descriptive, analytic, humorous, aggressive and independent, but everything is in its regular place. If you are a subscriber, you can put your finger in a twinkling on anything you want. This is a more important index of journalistic character than at first sight appears. In fact, it is the very outcome of character. It shows on its face, calm reliance on the integrity, the worth, and the disposition of the material, which is in strong contrast to the anxious and erratic impatience of the 'at pads and trimmings' and decorates the best worthless article up to a semblance of importance. In short, the character of Mr. Dana permeated and shaped the Sun with a sane coherency. His vitality animates it; his intensity of conviction gives it force; his pronounced and mercurial; his outspoken contempt for cant and phrasemanship, his respect for the great underlying truths of Christianity, his sturdy assertion of the essential principles of American democracy, and his well-balanced scholarship, give the tone and temper to his sheet, for he not only contributes regularly to his columns, but he keeps his eye on all his workers and by his presence and example preserves a personal and intellectual standard for the humblest of his associates."

The May Bookman is once welcome because of its up-to-date gossip about persons and things of interest to every reader, writer or seller of books, and twice welcome because of its illustrations. Three portraits in particular, in the May number, attract our attention. The first is that of "John Oliver Hobbes," otherwise Mrs. Craigie, whose absurdly named novel, "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenden," is just now the sensation in London, selling at the extraordinary pace (for England) of 5,000 copies a week. The impression derived from a look at this portrait, without wishing to be uncomimentary, is that Mrs. Craigie might profitably divert a half-hour from her literary pursuits and expend the time on her toilet. Sharply differentiated from the tout ensemble of Mrs. Craigie's likeness is the portrait of Miss Lilian Bell, the gifted young Chicagoan whose second novel, "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," was reviewed on this page one week ago. Miss Bell is neatness personified. But one who is not overmuch pleased with the recent vague of balloon sleeves might wish that she were compassed, as was her heroine, Mag, to practice economy in the item of dress. Lastly we have the forceful and yet dreamy face of Richard Le Gallienne, peering at one from under the bushy dispensation of curly hair, and clearly bespeaking the fine texture of mind and conscience which promises, at no distant day, to enroll this coming apostle of true art in literature among the immortals of his generation.

With its June issue that clever Gotham competitor of Stone & Kimball's highly successful little Chap-Book reaches its fourth month of existence. For a frontispiece the June number has an unique drawing by E. C. Burtt of a portrait of Joaquin Miller. The blustery face, flowing beard and great slouch hat of this famous bard of the Sierras appear in white, in the center of a background of black, arranged in the shape of the Maltese cross. The poetry of the number is supplied by Edith M. Thomas, Clinton Scollard, Franklin E. Denton, William S. Lord, Francis Edmund Lester and Marion Miller Will. In addition Andrew Millard, Will M. Clemens, Helen L. Herrick and Percie W. Hahn contribute thumb nail sketches in prose. Miss Herrick's being a clever adaptation of Stockton's "The Lady of the Tiger," in which the good nature of a somewhat morbid new female fights a psychological duel with her evil nature, and the reader is asked to guess which conquered. Here is one of the bright things in this issue of Chaps: "The story goes that when the Devil was cast out of Heaven he fell to earth and rolled into several pieces. His head rolled into Spain, his heart into Italy, his stomach into Germany, and his feet into France. This is why, says the legend, the Spaniards are so haughty, the Italians so amorous, the Germans so gluttonous and the French so fond of running after women."

What was formerly the Southern Magazine reaches in its June issue the second number of its new series under the restricted designation of "The Mid-Continent Magazine." The change is in every respect an improvement. The Mid-Continent, while still largely made up of contributions by southern writers, is no longer distinctly sectional in aim or purpose, and in fact occupies such a happy median position between the polished formalism of the older magazines and the crudity of most of their cheap competitors that its success ought not to be a matter of even momentary doubt. Every reader who enjoys well-written letters of travel will be charmed with Dr. August Schaeffer's article in this number on "Midwinter Travels in Mexico," which, in addition to being graphic in its word-pictures, is very well illustrated. Of the half-dozen well-written short stories, Fanny Kemble Johnson's "The Prisoner Releaved," a psychological study of much strength, will be found to be most interesting. Indeed, the number as a whole is admirably compacted.

RECENT FICTION.

In "The Grasshoppers" (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; for sale in Scranton by M. Norton) Mrs. Andrew

"Pussy and Her Language" for 50 cents. It is an unique book.

In "A Girl's Life in Virginia" (New York, Frederick A. Stokes Co., for sale in Scranton by M. Norton) Miss Letitia M. Burwell describes in pleasant manner the social life of the old South in the halcyon days before the war. We are presented with almost a photographic picture of the scenes, incidents and experiences of the plantation system, as viewed from the standpoint of a daughter of one of the first families of Virginia. It is a picturesque narration full of interest to the democratic, and even semi-socialistic people of the North, and it is made even more attractive by sixteen full-page illustrations by W. A. McCullough and J. Tureas which admirably reflect the spirit and details of the writer's theme.

Deans has told a charming story apparently for no other purpose than to afford entertainment to its readers. There are no forced lessons in the book and no great problems; and such persons as cannot be content with simply a well-told tale about natural folk who have interesting but in the main quite natural experiences had better skip "The Grasshoppers." Mrs. Frere, a conventional British matron, whose husband derives wealth somewhere "in the city," has two daughters, Hilary and Bell. Hilary goes to college and Bell remains at home, to lead a buttery life. After a period of social gaiety, in which the reader is introduced to various interesting personages who show us what English social life in the higher untitled circles is like, the Frere family meet with reversed pater familias dies, and the relatives are forced to take refuge with a rich aunt in Hambridge. We have no King John, who can imprison at his will, or another innocent little boy. We have no Queen Elizabeth to dictate how we shall worship the ever-living and true God. None such are found in this glorious republic, in which the supreme power is vested in the people.

The impression is left that King John, Henry and Elizabeth are all alive now, and ready to behead any one who annoys them.

attending any other church, he was excommunicated.

In England they have what is called a house of commons, which many people think is like our house of representatives. President Lincoln is said to have asked the following questions of some gentlemen: "Gentlemen, if we were to call a sheep's leg a tail, how many legs would the sheep then have?" "Why," said they, "five legs, of course." "Not so, gentlemen," answered Mr. Lincoln. "Why not?" asked they. "Because, gentlemen, calling a sheep's tail a leg does not make it one." And so, calling the house of commons like our house of representatives does not make it so. In the house of commons many of the members are only 21 years old—men boys to make the laws for one of the largest countries in the world.

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TELEPHONES ARE CHEAP.

Not in This Country, but in Sweden Where the Cost is \$10 a Year.

To have a telephone in Sweden does not cost a cent. The fee is only \$10 a year. The Ericsson telephone is used. Through that telephone you can speak with your friends in nearly every part of the realm, and if you want to speak with yourself you can do so. The telephone is connected with the post office, and the post office is connected with the telegraph, and the telegraph is connected with the telephone.

It is encroaching upon the dramatic critic's province to state that Richard Mansfield is about to bring out "Trilby."

F. Marion Crawford's "Saint Harle," the sequel to "Sarcasmis," is issued by the Macmillan company at 50 cents.

Professor Marie Louis Gaston Boussier has been elected secretary of the Academie Francaise, to succeed the late M. Camille Douet.

Tolstoi's story, "Master and Man," with an introduction by William Dean Howells, will make its appearance from the Appleton & Co.'s press in a few days.

It is said that the demand for Hall Caine's "Manxman" shows no signs of abating. In the United States the novel reached its tenth edition some time ago.

The new Walter Pater volume will include his essays on "Romanticism" and "The Child in the House," and also papers on Prosper Merimée, on Raphael, on Apollo in Picardy, on Notre Dame d'Auvergne, and on Pascal.

Rudyard Kipling is writing a play. That young man knows a dramatic situation when he sees it is made evident by his stopping and looking back to point out to others what he has seen.

The Amateur Dramatic association hire the Hunky Kid to play "Charles the Wrestler," at the presentation of Orlando.]

The night is come, the house is packed, From pit to gallery.

As those who through the curtain peep Quake inwardly to see.

A squeak's heard in the orchestra, As the leader draws across

Th' intestines of the agile cat

The tall of the noble hoss.

All is at sea behind the scenes;

Why do they fear and funk?

Alas, alas, the Hunky Kid Is lamentably drunk!

He's in the most unlovely state Of half-intoxication,

When men resent the hint they're tight As a personal imputation!

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