

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 office 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, from the chronicle to the editorial, was conservative. He never suffered the sheet to break away from the first law of order. It is intrinsically 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 chronicle of the day to the analysis of a philosophy. It is narrative, descriptive, analytic, humorous, aggressive and independent, but everything is in its regular place, and if you are a subscriber, you can put your finger in a twinkling on anything you want. This is a more important index of his list of articles than that of any other sight appears. In fact, it is the very outcome of character. It shows on its face, a 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 modern editor. It is a pleasure to read up to a semblance of importance. In short, the character of Mr. Dana permeates and shapes the Sun with a sane coherence. His vitality animates it; his intensity of conviction gives it force; his profound love and dislike makes it plain and pleasant to read; his outspoken contempt for cant and pharisaism, 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 of 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 humbleness 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. Cragie, whose absurdly named novel, "The Gods, Some Mortals and a Witch," 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 uncomplimentary, is that Mrs. Cragie might profitably divert her talents from her literary pursuits and expend some time on her toilet. Sharply differentiated from the rest of the members of the "The Gods" is the portrait of Miss Lillian Bell, the gifted young Chicagoan whose second novel, "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," is now reviewed on the pages of this week's book. Miss Bell is neatness personified. But one who is not overmuch pleased with the recent vogue of balloon sleeves might wish that she were compelled, as was her heroine, Mag, to practice economy in the item of dress. Last, 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 is his. This coming age of "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. The June number has a frontispiece drawing by E. C. Burling of a portrait of Joaquin Miller. The bluff 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 a shape like the Maltese cross. The poetry of the Maltese is supplied by Edith M. Thomas, Clinton Scouler, Franklin E. Denton, William S. Lord, Francis Edmund Lester and Marion Mills Miller. In addition Andrew Millard, Will M. Clemens, Helen L. Herrick and Percie W. Hart contribute sketches in 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 a sample of the bright things in the issue of Chap-Book: "The story goes that when the Devil was cast out of Heaven he fell to earth and broke 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 rechristened designation of "The Mid-Continent Magazine." The change is in every respect an improvement. In 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 middle position between the polished formalism of the older magazines and the crudity of most of their cheap competitors that it is a pleasure to read to be a matter of even momentary doubt. Every reader who enjoys well-written letters of travel will be charmed with Dr. August Schachner'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-spoken short stories, Fanny Kemble Johnson's "The Prisoner Released," a psychological study of most 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

Dean 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 book. The author is a conventional British matron, whose husband derives wealth somewhere "in the city," and she has two daughters, Hilary and Bell. Hilary goes to college and Bell remains at home, to lead a butterfly 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 Prere family meet with reverses, pater familias dies, and the relatives are forced to take refuge with a rich aunt in Hamburg. After a series of interesting and rather tedious adventures, the thread of the story returns to England, and in London, in the last chapter, the knots are untied and the hero and heroine tied. The nearest approach to a lesson in the book is in the contrast drawn between the two daughters, Hilary and Bell. Hilary is a conventional matron, but Bell is utterly selfless. Reared amidst utter frivolity, her frivolous fiancée flees with the flight of her fortune, and she herself in pique and recklessness asks an old German friend, twice her age, to marry her, which he does, being lonely and good-natured, desiring to do a good deed, and to do it in a quiet way. Hilary, on the other hand, has been educated into substantial womanhood, and when it becomes necessary, goes to work like a veteran to earn her own living. In consequence of her superior character, which we are led to believe is due quite as much to her nature as to her education, she is in her own right, and in her own right, the young man who loved her and was rejected by her during the moment of her affliction remains loyal to her in the period of her poverty, and finally opportunely rescues her from spinsterhood and a garret. This novel is admirably printed, and will give pleasure as well from its form as from its contents.

From the same firm comes a beautiful volume for boys and girls entitled, "Stories for All the Year." These stories, nine in number, are written by Katharine McDowell Rice and illustrated by twenty-five original drawings by W. St. John Harper. The stories have already been printed, some in Harper's Young People, St. Nicholas, Wide Awake, Treasure Trove and other publications, but in the handsome form of the present issue, they gain new charms. As a gift-book for bright boys and girls from 12 to 15 years of age, this fine quarto volume, with its large type, calendared paper and appropriate ornamentation, cannot be too highly recommended.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"What the character of the message is which a wild flower brings to the observant lover of Nature," remarks P. Schuyler Mathews in the preface to his recently-issued book, "Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden" (New York: D. Appleton & Co., for sale in Scranton by M. Norton) depends largely upon the disposition of the individual. This one is susceptible to no suggestion; that one sees a vision of the beautiful beyond the conception of the flower; another sees the beautiful as well, but nature and sees the beautiful as well. There is no doubt to my mind as to what Beethoven was thinking of when he wrote the lovely scherzo of his Heroic symphony. The music is brimful of the woods and fields of springtime. We do not know exactly what Chopin imagined when he composed his impromptu fantasia, but it gives pleasure as well from its nature and sees the beautiful as well. There is no doubt to my mind as to what Beethoven was thinking of when he wrote the lovely scherzo of his Heroic symphony. The music is brimful of the woods and fields of springtime. We do not know exactly what Chopin imagined when he composed his impromptu fantasia, but it gives pleasure as well from its nature and sees the beautiful as well.

There is to be another volume of essays by Peter. A posthumous collection is presently to appear in which there will be printed some of his most characteristic pieces, as, for example, the essay on "Merit," which, it is declared, he wrote in 1840, and the "Apollon in Pearly," which first saw the light in an American magazine. The latest success of the London literary season seems to be the novel, "The Gods, Some Mortals, and a Witch," by John Oliver Hobbes, George W. Smalley devotes much space to this novel in a recent issue of the "Chap-Book." The author has secured permanent fame.

It is reported that the Memoirs of General James Longstreet, the war-hero of the Confederacy, who was the earliest of the Southern states to be reconciled to the Union, are now ready for the press and will be published by the J. B. Lippincott company immediately. They are said to reveal many new phases of the Confederate cause.

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One of our favorite stories concerning the late Mr. Tenneyson is an ultimate friend of the laureate set himself to find out all the rules of Tenneyson's versification, and collected from the verses an immense number of words. He said to Tenneyson, "Look here, he said to Tenneyson, 'It's all true,' replied Tenneyson, 'I do observe them, never knew it.'"

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"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 pen 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 narrative, 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 the artist, which admirably reflect the spirit and details of the writer's theme.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS: Richard Harding Davis' new story is entitled "Miss Delia's Understudy." "General Sheridan" is the last of the Great Commanders series edited by James Grant Wilson. The Scribner publishing company has brought out a paper edition of Grant Allen's "Sealwallow."

It is proposed to place a memorial to Tenneyson at Somersby, Lincolnshire, the birthplace of the poet.

Richard Harding Davis' latest story, "The Princess Alice," is to be translated into French and German.

J. Zangwill's newly published novel, "The Master," is said to have made him the "author of the week" in London.

It is encroaching upon the dramatic critic's province when the London Standard is about to bring out "Trilby" by F. Marion Crawford's "Sant' Elario," the sequel to "Saracinesca," is issued by the Macmillans in paper form at 50 cents.

Professor Marie Louis Gaston Bolster has been elected to the Academie Française, to succeed the late M. Camille Doucet.

Tolstoy's story, "Master and Man," with an introduction by William Dean Howells, will make its appearance in 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 de la Mare's novel, "The Child in the House," and also papers on Prosper Merimee, on Raphael, on Apollon in Pearly, on Notre Dame d'Amiens, and on Pascal.

Rudyard Kipling is writing a play. That this young man knows a dramatic situation when he sees it is made evident in his stories; and it is only reasonable to expect, says the New York Tribune, that he will make his knowledge available on the stage.

Captain King is about to issue, through the Lippincotts, a volume of stories in the best military vein. It is called "Captain King's Tales," and contains seven tales by other breezy writers from the ranks.

The recently discovered Lamb letters and papers also comprise letters from Samuel Taylor Coleridge and his son, and also the poet's correspondence with Southey; from William Wilberforce and Thomas Clarkson, the Abolitionists; from Anna Seward and Catherine Hutton.

In Maclaren's collection of charming short stories called "The Gods, Some Mortals, and a Witch," I find this sentence: "Jamie's been drawing my leg (boffing you), says I."

Unless Mr. Maclaren has been manufacturing the story, he is therefore old Scotch—Walter Learned in the New York Critic.

The scene of George Moore's next long novel will be laid in a nunnery. The central character is to be a prima donna, who, when she is in a convent, she is a nun, she takes the veil. The descriptions of convent life will be spread over the larger portion of the book.

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Fallacies of a Gospel of Gloom.

Text of Dr. Capwell's Instructive Paper Exposing the Dangers of Political Socialism.

The following scholarly paper on "Political Socialism" was read by Dr. D. A. Capwell at last Tuesday evening's meeting of the Young Men's League of the Penn Avenue Baptist church:

Not in this country, but in Sweden. Where the Cost is \$10 a Year. To have a telephone in Sweden does not cost a fortune. The fee is only \$10 a year. The Ericsson telephone is used. Through the medium of the telephone, the friends in nearly every part of the realm, and if you want you can even put yourself in communication with the people of Norway and Denmark, these countries being connected with the telephone. For telephoning in Stockholm and to places within a radius of fifty miles of that city the subscriber for an Ericsson telephone does not pay a cent over the annual fee, but for telephoning over a longer distance an extra fee is demanded. The fee is very moderate. For instance, a three-minute call between the cities of Malmo and Sollefteå—a distance about twice the distance between Detroit and Chicago—costs only 27 cents and 6 cents extra for every exceeding minute. Connections from the Stockholm General Telephone company's net to the government telephone net and vice versa are made all over Sweden, for which a small charge of only 25 cents is demanded.

THE HUNKY KID. [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, And ready to receive the Hunky Kid. As those who through the curtain peep Quake inwardly to see, A squeak heard in the orchestra, As the leader draws across The stage, and the Hunky Kid, The tall of the noble nose, All is at sea behind the scenes; "Or we must get the Hunky Kid!"

"Ring up! Ring up!" Orlando cried, "Or we must get the Hunky Kid!" For Charles the Wrestler is imbued With poisonous benzine; And every moment gets more drunk Than he before has been.

The wrestling scene has come and Charles Is much disguised in drink; The stage to him is an inclined plane, The footlights make him blink. Still strives he to get well his part Where all the honor lies, Though Shakespeare would not in his lines His language recognize.

He seized on Mr. Romeo Jones, In Greeko-Roman style; He got the Hunky Kid, a greivine lock On that leading juvenile; He flung him into the orchestra, And the man with the ophicleide, Who writes he to get well his part, No matter what—and dead!

When once the tiger has tasted blood I found that it is sweet, He has a taste of the more And can be possibly eat. Thus it was with the Hunky Kid, In his homical blindness, He lay the Hunky Kid, and he was dead.

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Text of Dr. Capwell's Instructive Paper Exposing the Dangers of Political Socialism.

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Not in this country, but in Sweden. Where the Cost is \$10 a Year. To have a telephone in Sweden does not cost a fortune. The fee is only \$10 a year. The Ericsson telephone is used. Through the medium of the telephone, the friends in nearly every part of the realm, and if you want you can even put yourself in communication with the people of Norway and Denmark, these countries being connected with the telephone. For telephoning in Stockholm and to places within a radius of fifty miles of that city the subscriber for an Ericsson telephone does not pay a cent over the annual fee, but for telephoning over a longer distance an extra fee is demanded. The fee is very moderate. For instance, a three-minute call between the cities of Malmo and Sollefteå—a distance about twice the distance between Detroit and Chicago—costs only 27 cents and 6 cents extra for every exceeding minute. Connections from the Stockholm General Telephone company's net to the government telephone net and vice versa are made all over Sweden, for which a small charge of only 25 cents is demanded.

THE HUNKY KID. [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, And ready to receive the Hunky Kid. As those who through the curtain peep Quake inwardly to see, A squeak heard in the orchestra, As the leader draws across The stage, and the Hunky Kid, The tall of the noble nose, All is at sea behind the scenes; "Or we must get the Hunky Kid!"

"Ring up! Ring up!" Orlando cried, "Or we must get the Hunky Kid!" For Charles the Wrestler is imbued With poisonous benzine; And every moment gets more drunk Than he before has been.

The wrestling scene has come and Charles Is much disguised in drink; The stage to him is an inclined plane, The footlights make him blink. Still strives he to get well his part Where all the honor lies, Though Shakespeare would not in his lines His language recognize.

He seized on Mr. Romeo Jones, In Greeko-Roman style; He got the Hunky Kid, a greivine lock On that leading juvenile; He flung him into the orchestra, And the man with the ophicleide, Who writes he to get well his part, No matter what—and dead!

When once the tiger has tasted blood I found that it is sweet, He has a taste of the more And can be possibly eat. Thus it was with the Hunky Kid, In his homical blindness, He lay the Hunky Kid, and he was dead.

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