

her eighty-seventh year. It was the story of her love romance and sacrifice as told by Washington Irving that captured Scott's imagination. She loved, but her religion rose up a barrier between her and every boon that the world could bestow. Loyal to the ancestral faith, she could not conscientiously marry one of a different creed. Like Irving, Rebecca Gratz lived the life of a celibate. She wedded herself to the most varied acts of philanthropy, and the rest of her career became one long chain of golden deeds. The whole spirit of the life of this noble Philadelphia Jewess is summed up in the words with which the daughter of Isaac of York bids farewell to Rowena in the last chapter of *Ivanhoe*.

With very few exceptions it may be taken for granted that an author is never quite satisfied with his **Explaining an** illustrator, or sure that **Anachronism** the illustrator has given the proper attention to the text of the story. Dr. Cyrus Townsend is no exception to this rule. Some time ago he was shown a rare copy of the Bible illustrated with steel engravings. One engraving in particular was pointed out to him. It represented the children of Israel crossing the desert, the warriors wearing armour of the sixteenth century. "How could that have been?" was the puzzled question. "Very easy," replied Dr. Brady, sweetly. "As usual, the artist had not read the book."

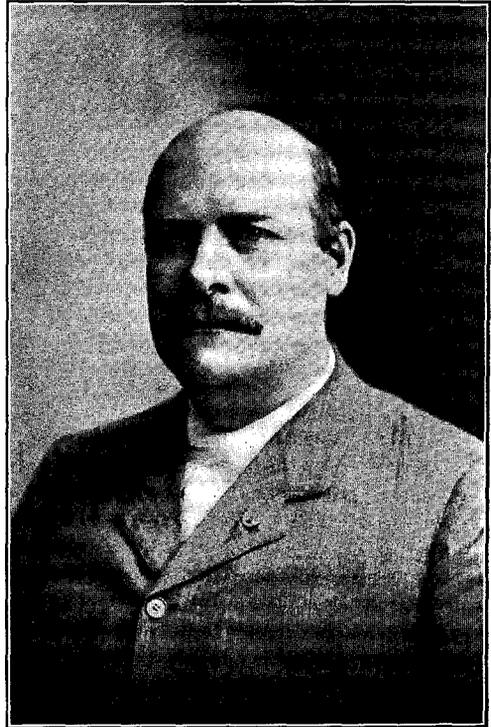
It is very seldom that a contributor has anything to boast of after an encounter with Mr. Robert **An Exchange** H. Davis, of *Munsey's*, but the other day we heard of a man in Memphis who recently exchanged shots with Mr. Davis and seems to have had rather the better of the exchange. This man submitted a story to *Munsey's*, and asked for a quick decision. A glance showed the tale to be an old friend. It originally appeared in the *Overland Monthly* under the title "The Luck of Roaring Camp." So Mr. Davis wrote:

MY DEAR SIR: We should be very glad to use this splendid story, but unfortunately

Bret Harte had it copyrighted when he first wrote it, and his publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, who now own the copyright, would object, we fear, to your receiving money for it.

Naturally Mr. Davis thought that this would effectually close the episode. But he did not know the man in Memphis. Back came the reply:

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I have looked that matter up and I find that the story was first wrote

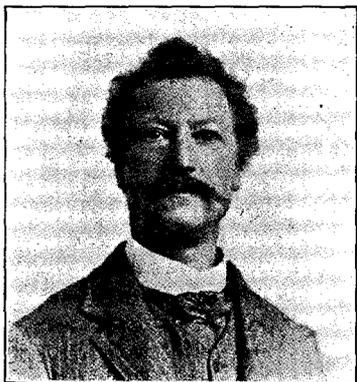


DR. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

in 1886 and the copyright has run out and you have a perfect right to pay me for it, and I hope to receive check by return mail.

This rather staggered Mr. Davis, but he tried again:

MY DEAR SIR: We are very glad to hear that the copyright on *The Luck of Roaring Camp* has expired. How very careless of Bret! However, I regret that it seems still impossible to pay you for this story, because I now recall that, when Bret Harte lay on his death bed, he made me promise that I would never, never buy and print a story of his that



ROBERT HALIFAX

had been previously bought and paid for elsewhere. I am very, very sorry.

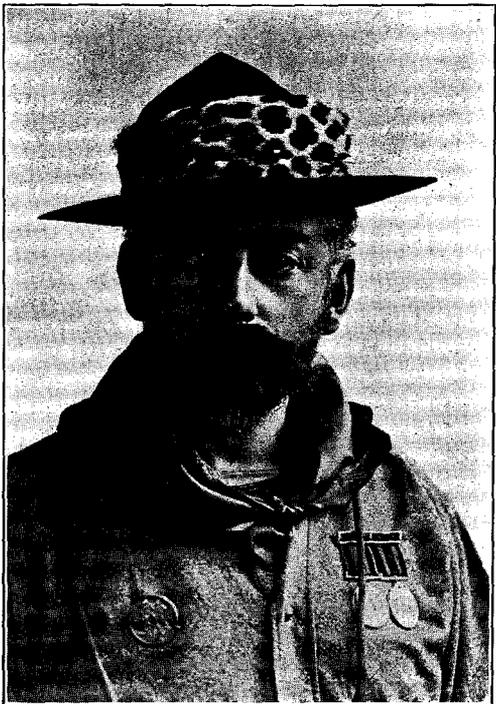
There was a brief silence and then came this on a postcard: "You ought to be sorry. For making such a promise you are a damn fool."

Two or three American publishing houses are talking of a new discovery in the person of Robert Halifax, whose *Low Society* and *The Borderland* appeared in August,

and whose *The Whistling Woman* is announced for this month. Mr. Halifax is described as one of the few novelists writing of low life who is not too busy writing and talking about that sort of life to see anything of it. "I can," he recently wrote, "go safely down London streets where policemen go in pairs and where a burglar, active or potential, stands on nearly every doorstep." Within a few minutes, in a London slum, Mr. Halifax saw a woman too eager to get her gin to notice the detail that the heavy swinging door of the saloon had crushed her baby's head like an egg-shell; then saw a man sell his boots for sixpence to guarantee the fee of a cheap doctor who, without the fee, had declined to visit the bootless man's neighbour.

Mr. Percy Mackaye has published under the title of *Yankee Fantasies* five one-act plays concerning **On the Wrong Track** which the newspapers have had a good deal to say. The point which had been em-

phasised is their "literary quality." Most reviewers of Mr. Mackaye's plays speak of their "literary quality" in an awestruck manner, and hint that the only difficulty in the way of their production is that they overshoot the sordid standards of the present American stage. We have already offered in these columns our explanation of the matter. As a playwright Mr. Percy Mackaye seems to fall betwixt two stools, being too literary for the multitude, and too self-conscious in his "culture" to please the few. Moreover, of late years he has strangely confounded his aspirations with his abilities in attempting to write humorous plays. The woman—it must have been a woman and one with a very tender heart—who encouraged his playful beginnings, has much to answer for. No man would have achieved the awful kittenishness of *Mater* for example, if he had not been over-indulged in private life, if the home circle had not spared him the usual number of home thrusts. A good wife could have done much to prevent it. A



ROGER POCOCK, THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAN IN THE OPEN"