

Lyme Regis, and above all that gentle dignified—(one is tempted to say holy) Mother?

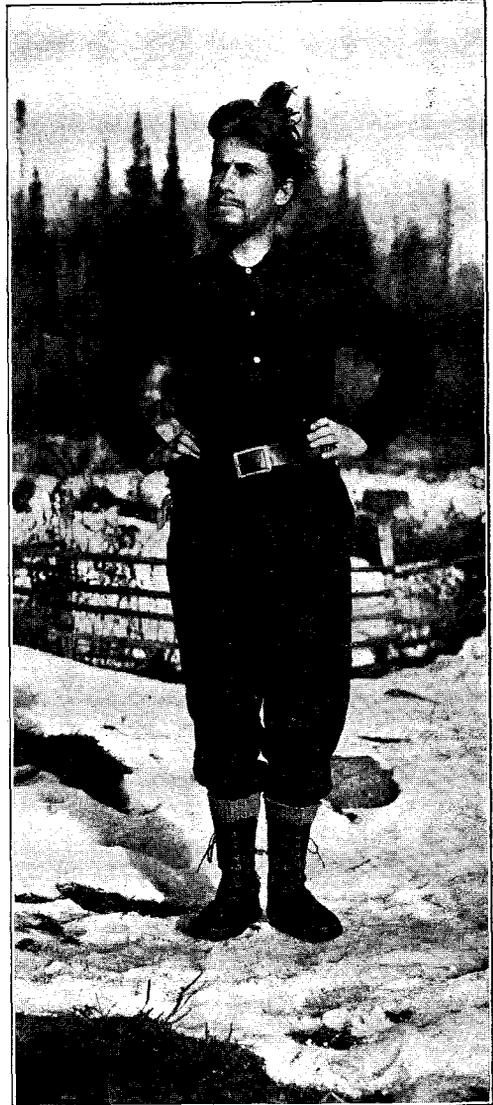
Some captious reviewer, in commenting upon Jack London's recent book, *Martin Eden*, made the assertion that it would be physically impossible for a man to go through the porthole of a ship as Martin does. The criticism would seem to be answered in the suicide the other day of some unhappy individual who ended his life by throwing himself into the ocean, using the porthole as his avenue of escape.

The study of politics remained even up to the hour of his death the all-absorbing interest to Thomas Platt and "Coniston" C. Platt. It is said that the last page he read was in Winston Churchill's *Coniston*, a copy of the book being found open on a table at his side. Recalling the fact that the political boss depicted in this same story was once the provocation of no little comment from ex-Governor Odell, it would seem that in *Coniston* Mr. Churchill had touched upon a sore spot to politicians.

The errors of stenographers are sometimes costly and seldom amusing. One of the best instances of the latter kind relates to the contract that Mr. Isaac F. Marcossou has for his new book, *The Autobiography of a Clown*. When he came to examine the document he was amazed to find that after stipulating the usual facts about terms, date of publication, etc., it called for the publication of a volume entitled *The Autobiography of a Clam!*

Mr. Marcossou, by the way, has had an animated career. He was raised in the picturesque Louisville newspaper school and came to New York seven years ago to become associate editor of the *World's Work*. While on this magazine he had a large share in *The Jungle* campaign, which was one of the most spectacular publishing episodes of recent years. Mr.

Marcossou left the *World's Work* to go with the *Saturday Evening Post*, whose New York representative he is. Among other things he is the *Post's* envoy in Wall Street. He persuaded John D. Archbold to write his celebrated defence of the Standard Oil Company, which broke the trust's thirty years' silence, and he is the only man who has really interviewed Thomas F. Ryan and Edwin



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Mr. Curwood's "The Danger Trail" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue



ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Hawley. He originated and still writes the department in the *Post* entitled "Your Savings."

We have no desire to take a hand in the very complex controversy which is now vexing the sons of Princeton University. Indeed, it has so many ramifications, social and educational, as to make it almost impossible of comprehension.

For this very reason we asked a clever personage the other day to sum up the whole affair in a nutshell.

As to
Princeton

"Oh," said he, "it's perfectly simple. It began when President Wilson wanted a quadrangle. Somehow or other he failed to get the quad; but now by way of compensation they are all having the wrangle."

