

Indiana, even to call his reputation local is a splendid exaggeration. There is hardly a month in which this attitude of amused derision is not brought forcibly home to the Chronicler of a literary magazine. We review a book without positively damning it. We print a harmless, and we hope fairly entertaining Unconventional Portrait of the author of the latest best seller according to the lists of, say, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., and Portland, Ore. The voice of the self-constituted Censor literally sizzles with contempt, *O tempora! O mores!* Why do they give space to this sort of mediocrity? Why don't they confine themselves to the people who are really worth while? If that be the standard of *THE BOOKMAN*, and so forth, and so forth. But pause a moment, Mr. Censor, we beg, and consider conditions not as you would like to have them, but as they are. How many men and women are there writing to-day whose works, it is agreed, are of permanent and enduring nature? Ten? Twenty? Thirty? Certainly not more. We cannot be prating all the time about the Division Officers, the Kiplings, Jameses, Hardys, Howells, and Barries. Occasionally a word or two must be flung to the second lieutenants, and even to the non-commissioned officers and lowly privates in the ranks. Take the portrait gallery of the concededly great in contemporary literature. How many months do you think it would go around without repetition? Would not you yourself be the first to bring the charge of narrowness of range, to demand variety, and to offer the suggestion that there were readers who might be interested in literary persons of more ephemeral worth?

It is so easy to ridicule and so difficult to offer the practical remedy. We do not confine these pages exclusively to the doings and portraits of writers of enduring reputation. We have never made any pretence of doing so. On the other hand, the fact that we devote a paragraph or two to an anecdote about some young woman who has written a clever detective story, or a bright little tale of adventure after the manner of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, does not imply that we have

entirely forgotten that there once existed a Sir Walter Scott, an Honoré de Balzac, a Thackeray, a Dickens, and a Victor Hugo. After all, we do not think we have ever offended so very grievously. We cannot seriously be charged with finding *Vanity Fairs* and *Père Goriot*s in every batch of new novels, and if to some entertainingly written yarn that is read to-day and forgotten to-morrow we hold out for the moment the hand of kindly recognition, don't, Mr. Censor, fall into misinterpretation, and ascribe to us an exaggerated enthusiasm that we have never felt, and to which certainly we have never given expression.

The latest list of the "One Hundred Best Novels" has recently been issued by a Maryland library. The announcement of the list is accompanied by the somewhat astonishing statement that "before this there was no list in existence for the guidance of the uninitiated through the labyrinth of fiction." Without correcting certain errors in spelling we print the list as a curiosity. It is, in spots, so deliciously absurd.

Allen	Kentucky Cardinal, Aftermath
Alcott	Little Women
Austin	Pride and Prejudice
Balzac	Père Goriot
Barrie	Little Minister
Barrie	Sentimental Tommy
Besant	All In A Garden Fair
Besant & Rice	All Sorts And Conditions of Men
Black	A Princess of Thule
Blackmore	Lorna Doone
Bronte	Jane Eyre
Bulwer-Lytton	Last Days of Pompeii
Burnett	That Lass O' Lowries
Caine	Eternal City
Churchill	Coniston
Churchill	Mr. Crew's Career
Collins	The Moonstone
Connor	The Sky Pilot
Cervantes	Don Quixote
Cooper	The Deerslayer
Crawford	Saraceneca
De Foe	Robinson Crusoe
De Morgan	Alice for Short
Dickens	David Copperfield
Dickens	The Tale of Two Cities
Disraeli	Coningsby
Diver	The Great Amulet
Doyle	Hound of The Baskervilles
Dumas	The Three Musketeers
Eliot	Middlemarch
Eliot	Adam Bede

Fogazzare
Ford

Fox Jr.

Frederick
Gaskill
Goethe
Goldsmith
Grant
Hale

Hardy
Hardy
Harte
Hawthorne
Hawthorne
Hichens
Holmes
Howells
Howells
Hugo
Hugo
James
James
Kingsley
Kingsley
Kipling
Kipling
London
Lever
Lover
MacDonald
Maclaren

Marryat
Maupassant
Meredith

Meredith
Mitchell
Mulock
Muhlbach

Oliphant
Page
Parker
Reade
Reade
Richter
Roe
Seinkiewicz
Sand
Scott
Scott
Sinclair
Smith
Steele
Stevenson
Tarkington
Thackery
Thackery
Tolstoi
Tolstoi
Trollope
Turgeniff
Twain
Twain & Warner
Ward
Wallace

The Politician
The Honorable Peter Sterling
The Trail of The Lonesome Pine
In The Valley
Cranford
Wilhelm Meister
The Vicar of Wakefield
The Chippendales
The Man Without a Country
Tess of The D'Urbervilles
Under The Greenwood Tree
Luck of Roaring Camp
The Scarlet Letter
The Marble Faun
The Garden of Allah
Elsie Venner
The Rise of Silas Lapham
A Hazard of New Fortunes
Les Miserables
Notre Dame de Paris
The Portrait of A Lady
Daisy Miller
Hypatia
Westward Ho!
Captains Courageous
Kim
Call of The Wild
Charles O'Malley
Handy Andy
Robert Falconer
Beside The Bonnie Brier Bush
Peter Simple
The Odd Number
The Ordeal of Richard Feverel
The Egoist
The Adventures of Francois
John Halifax, Gentleman
Frederick The Great and His Court
Salem Chapel
Red Rock
The Seats of The Mighty
Put Yourself In His Place
Cloister and the Hearth
Hesperus
Opening a Chestnut Burr
Quo Vadis
The Snow Man
Kenilworth
Ivanhoe
The Divine Fire
Peter
On the Face of the Waters
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
The Gentleman from Indiana
Vanity Fair
Pendenis
Anna Karenina
War and Peace
Barchester Towers
Father and Sons
Prince and Pauper
The Gilded Age
Marcella
Ben Hur

Weyman
Wharton
White
White
Wister

A Gentleman of France
Fruit of the Tree
A Certain Rich Man
The Blazed Trail
The Virginian

American readers of British periodicals during the recent general election must have taken heart. After **Power of the Press** all, our own political journalism could have done no worse. We felt quite patriotic as we read page after page of those awful archiepiscopal British weeklies as fast as they came out, and saw all the tricks of American yellowness performed with a stateliness of manner that strongly accentuated the meanness of the thought. Humbug very badly printed and coming out in hourly editions does not seem half so bad. To lie in an "extra" appears impulsive and almost pardonable. To see the same result set forth with grave decorum and at weekly intervals of premeditation was what cheered the downcast patriot. The *Saturday Review* ought to have appeared on pea-green paper. The articles on the navy in the *London Spectator* should have been printed in red and with enormous scare-heads. The *Atlantic Monthly* has recently published two interesting articles on the failing power of the press. In the first Mr. Edward Porritt gives a number of striking instances in England, Canada and the United States of the tendency of voters to take precisely the opposite course to that which the press has unanimously urged. His search for the causes does not take him very far. Mr. Leupp, in the February *Atlantic*, finds the source of the reader's growing indifference in certain large matters that we all know—the influence of the counting-room, commercialism, sensationalism, and so forth. To neither of them occurred the cheerful thought that this declining power might be due to the rising common-sense of readers. One likes to think that every reader of the political arguments in those sententious British reviews voted contrariwise. Nor is it quite incredible.

Here is an anecdote which Mr. Leupp uses to illustrate a point in his article. It bears all the marks of verity.