

every good play is horizontal, the second perpendicular, and the third circular. Moore agreed to this, and the matter of construction was adjusted. But it was not so easy to reach a satisfactory basis for the writing, and finally Moore said that he would sooner write the play in French. Yeats said: "Why not write it in French? Lady Gregory will translate it." And that night Moore was awakened by his collaborator with the following suggestion: "Lady Gregory will

vigorously than Mr. Frank Harris has lately been doing about the celebrated controversy between **Whistler versus Ruskin** and Whistler and the trial which resulted in a verdict of one farthing damages, without costs, in favour of the American painter. As Mr. Harris sums it up:

This Whistler was exhibiting some of his work, notably some "Nocturnes," night scenes on the Thames. The worst the trading-folk and their servants, the journalists and critics should do if they didn't like the work would be to pass by in reverent silence, recognising the nobility of the intention. But, no! A man, self-styled a critic and connoisseur of painting, declared that this priest of art, Whistler, was insulting the public, throwing his paint-box, so to speak, in their faces, and asking money for the insult. No more preposterous and improbable accusation was ever made; it was shamefully cruel besides, and the very reverse of the truth. But it was repeated and re-echoed in every London paper with triumphant yells of obscene delight amid the heehaws of the multitudinous, furry-eared crowd. Had Ruskin tried to stop a financier from swindling or a tradesman from stealing he would have had a warm time of it in England *even though he had told the truth*. But Ruskin could practically ruin a great artist with a foolish lie and English journalism and English prejudice would help him in every way.



ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER AND ANOTHER  
"MUSICAL AMATEUR"

translate your text into English. Taidgh O'Donoghue will translate the English text into Irish, and Lady Gregroy will translate the Irish text back into English."

It will be a long time before any one has the last say about James McNeill Whistler, and it will be a long time before any one will express himself more

Howard Pyle, the illustrator, who died suddenly at Florence, Italy, on November 9th, had been associated for more than thirty years, both as author and artist, with the periodical publications of Messrs. Harper and Brothers. He recently gave this interesting account of his first successful venture as an artist to Mr. James B. Morrow, who quoted the painter in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*: "I had been in New York for a year and a half, perhaps, when I painted my first important picture. It was made in black and white and called "The Wreck in the Offing." A crew of a life-saving station were in a room playing cards by the light of a lantern. The door burst open and a man in oilskins, streaming with spray and rain,



WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

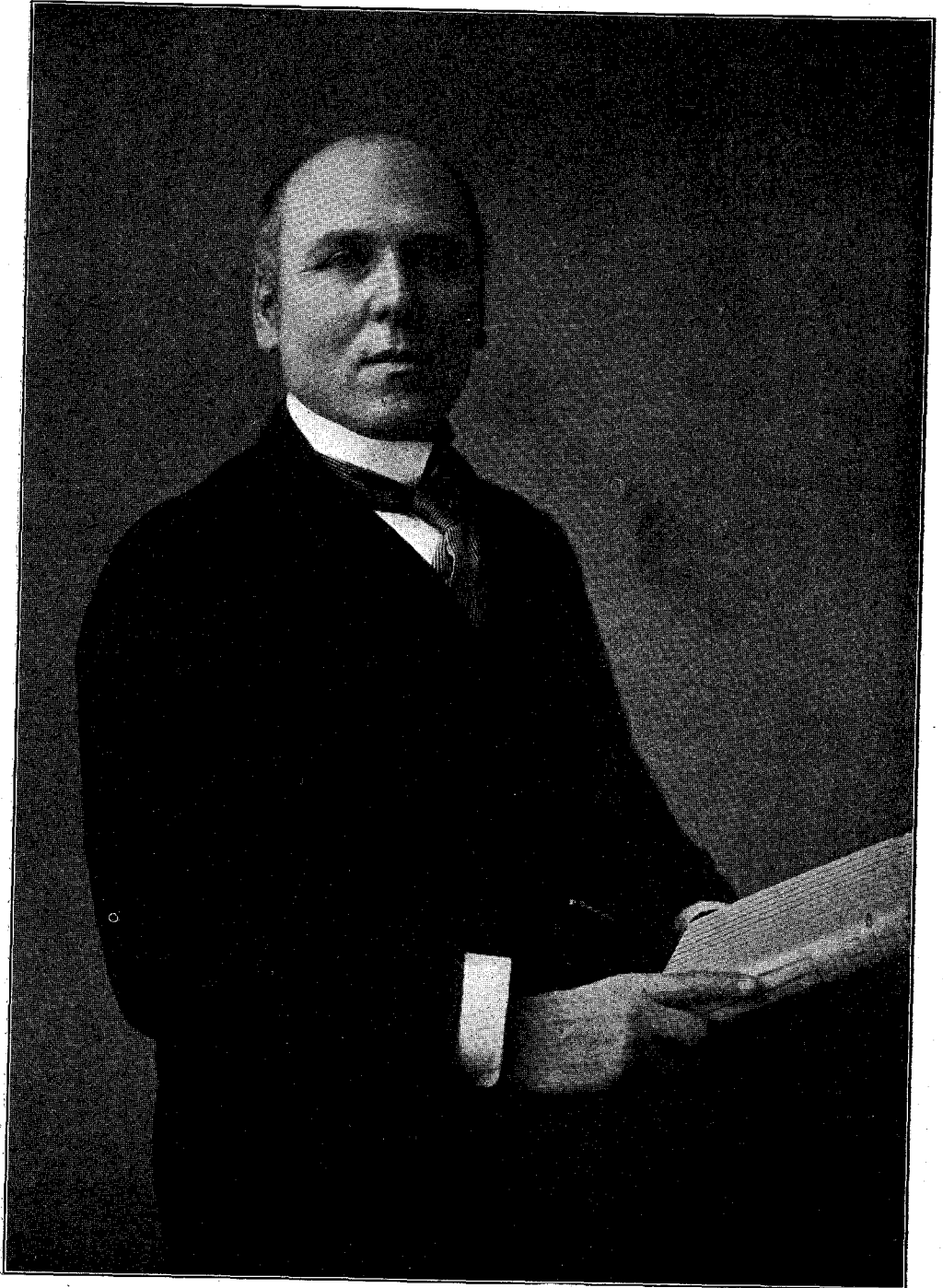
told the news of the disaster. I spent weeks on that picture. When it was finished five cents was the total sum of my remaining cash resources. I knew the idea was worth fifteen dollars even if the picture were rejected. But I neglected to consider that the art editor might be absent. It was a shock, therefore, when I found that he had gone home for the day. However, I left the picture. Walking back to my studio, miles away, I stopped to see Frederick Church, who was always kind to young artists, but I could not bring myself to the point of letting him know that I was penniless. I told the young men who shared my studio that I was ill and had lost my appetite. But when they had gone to the restaurant I searched my old clothing and found half a dollar; it paid for my dinner that night, my breakfast next morning, and my carfare back to Harper's. My nerves were on edge when at last I faced the art editor. My picture, big as a house, was standing on his desk. I felt sure the minute I saw it that it had been declined. 'Mr. Harper,' the art edi-

tor said, 'has looked at your picture and likes it. Indeed, he intends to give it a double page in the *Weekly*.'

"Since that eventful morning," Mr. Pyle continued, "my ways have been in pleasant places. I was paid seventy-five dollars for 'The Wreck in the Offing,' and the first thing I did was to take a friend to Delmonico's for luncheon. I want to add that I thought I foresaw the time when illustrating would be a very important part of art life in this country. I never lost confidence in my early judgment, and I am glad I have lived to see American illustrating a dignified and major factor in our national art evolution." "Why did you leave New York and come back to Wilmington?" was asked. "I found the diversions in New York too many and attractive for sustained and serious effort. When I made up my mind to move I didn't linger, but packed my effects and bought a ticket." "How do you work and when do you play?" "I come to my studio in the morning and stay until six o'clock in the

summer, and so long as I can see in the winter. When I shut the doors of this building I shut my mind to paints, pen-

cils, and pictures. I don't think of art except when I am here. I don't talk it. I stand up while I work and that is all



THE LATE HOWARD PYLE



the physical exercise I ever get. My recreation is found in the social life of the fine old city of Wilmington, and it is equal to the best in the United States."

Some day we are going to print what we hope will be a sweeping vindication of that exceedingly useful, significant, and much maligned department that appears in the last pages

#### Best Sellers of 1911

of every issue of THE BOOKMAN. As we have said before, when we print the list of "the best selling books" we are not under the impression that we are pointing solemnly to stupendous monuments of literature. We do not even claim that every individual report is absolutely accurate and unbiased; but we do implicitly believe that these reports, collected and weighed, are accurate and unbiased in the bulk. But the vindication for this department that we plan will not deal with matters of personal integrity. We are going to dip into the subject of the "best sellers" of the past, and we believe that in these "best sellers" we shall find nine-tenths of what has proved permanent in literature. We have not the slightest doubt that in ancient Rome there were scoffers who flouted at Quintus Horatius Flaccus on the grounds of his popularity, professing vastly to prefer to his *Odes* the verses of some less favoured bards. Unquestionably, in the London of the early seventeenth century there were critics who deplored that popular taste which took theatre goers to the Globe to witness the plays of Mr. Will Shakespeare. (We refuse to be drawn in any way into the old controversy.) A hundred years later and the "best sellers" of England were Henry Fielding and Samuel Richardson. Another hundred years, and they were Dickens and Thackeray and Bulwer-Lytton.

With this month's issue THE BOOKMAN completes its seventeenth year, and we have been looking over the old volumes with an eye to that much-discussed question of "best sellers." The first number of the magazine bore the date of February, 1895, and though there were reports of book sales from nineteen dif-

ferent cities, there was then no summing up of these reports such as there is to-day. Going over those lists of the first issue according to the system now followed, we find that the first "best seller" was George Du Maurier's *Trilby*. In a month when there were only about half as many reports as are now received that book led with a total of 138 points. Other books of prominence among the best sellers of that time were *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Manxman*, *Golden House*, and *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*. We do not think that these books have been entirely forgotten. If they have been, where are the masterpieces of that year that grew in obscurity, only to emerge at the bidding of a wiser and more discriminating posterity?

The best selling books for 1895 were Ian MacLaren's *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, Paul Leicester Ford's *The Honorable Peter Stirling*. They were not *Père Goriot* or *Vanity Fairs*, to be sure, but we think that librarians will bear us out in saying that they are still fairly widely read. For 1896 there were Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis* and Gilbert Parker's *The Seats of the Mighty*. 1897 saw on the crest of popularity James Lane Allen's *The Choir Invisible*, Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune*, Weir Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne* and Hall Caine's *The Christian*. In 1898 the book that stood out as the year's best seller was Edward N. Westcott's *David Harum*. In 1899 there were several strong contenders: *David Harum* was still in the field, as were Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel*, Charles Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith* and the various books dealing with the philosophy of Mr. Martin Dooley of Chicago. In 1900 the books of chief prominence in the list were *Red Pottage*, *Alice of Old Vincennes*, *To Have and To Hold*, and *Janice Meredith*; in 1901 they were *The Crisis*, *The Right of Way* and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. A compilation made from the lists of THE BOOKMAN for the eight years from 1895 to 1902 inclusive showed that the three leading best sellers of that period were *Quo Vadis*, *David Harum* and *The*