

born August 17, 185 B. C." He is the author of *De te, Fabula, De et Nox* and over three hundred other books. He invented the ablative absolute, for which he was rewarded by the Senate with the proconsulship of *Ultima Verba*. His military career seems to have led him into Northern Italy, for it is recorded that on one occasion, after a long siege, "he took Umbrage, and retired into hither Gaul." Umbrage is, perhaps, a false reading for Umbria. The latter years of his life are clouded in mystery, for he lived mostly in exile. He passed his time in writing the vast number of poems which were subsequently published under his pen name of "Anon." Finally he seems to have transgressed the laws seriously, for he was hanged in Effigy, a town in Lower Egypt, on Christmas Day, 102 B. C.

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About the time of the appearance of this issue of *THE BOOKMAN* the city of Saint Louis will be on "Saint Louis, the eve of the presentation of Mr. Percy Mackaye's *Saint Louis, a Civic Masque*. The performances are to take place on the evenings of May 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st. Apart from the literary quality of the Masque, statistics of the presentation are astonishing. In the first place, over seven thousand

persons are to take part. The stage is built over the lagoon at the foot of Art's Hill, in Forest Farm. The sides of the hill form the auditorium of the amphitheatre in which sixty thousand spectators can be seated. One hundred and twenty-five feet of water, representing the Mississippi River, flows between the stage and the audience. The stage is five hundred and twenty feet at the back with a semicircular front of eight hundred and eighty feet. It is two hundred feet from footlights to background. The background is a great screen, fifty feet high and three hundred feet long. It will be both a sounding board and a decorative part of the scenery. In front of this screen will be the music pit. This pit will be large enough to house the chorus of five hundred singers and the band of one hundred pieces. The chorus and band will be heard but not seen by the audience. Near the front of the stage, on each side, will be a great tower four hundred feet high. Concealed within these towers will be the system to control the thousands of vari-coloured electric bulbs which light the stage and the telephone station of the stage manager. The stage is so large, and there will be so many actors that he will have to call them by telephone.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

"*When Boston Was Athens*" is the title of Mr. Tassin's next instalment of the story of American authors and publishers. It depicts the rapid growth of the Boston scorn and shows the grounds for it. "I doubt if anywhere in the world," wrote Mr. Howells, "there was ever so much taste and feeling for literature as there was in that Boston." The main effect of the Boston scorn was to unite its authors and publishers in a family group. Where in New York and Philadelphia the makers and manufacturers of books were still largely in open warfare, the trade in Boston partook of the nature of the country-store, a hospitable, neighbourly centre with confidence and credit on both sides.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART III—WHEN WAR WAS IN THE AIR

THE most delightful occasion of his publishing career, says Derby, was the Fruit and Flower Festival given to authors by the New York book-publishers at the Crystal Palace which had been erected in Reservoir Square. This was in 1855, and naturally it was a moment for retrospect and prophecy. About six hundred invited guests were present, chiefly authors and booksellers.

"Eighteen years ago," said G. P. Putnam, in response to the toast American Literature, "a gathering of authors and booksellers took place in the old City Hotel. Our recently formed association came to the sensible conclusion that it was quite time to have another. The interests of writers, publishers, and sellers of books are daily growing in magnitude and importance, and these interests are and should be identical." Bryant spoke in his happiest manner of the growth of American letters. "After Cotton Mather," he said, "the procession of American authors for one hundred and fifty years was a straggling one; at present they are a crowd which fairly choke the way." J. W. Francis, who had attended three such gatherings in fifty years, thus joined the general jubilation.

In our literary annals the making of books has not been an employment of selfish and inert gratification. This is indeed the offspring of but a recent period among us, but the fact is not less solacing to the pangs of intellectual labour. For much of the salutary change, let all praise be given to the higher culture of the people and to the patronage of our enlightened publishers. I allude to such patrons as the Appletons, the Harpers, Scribner, Wiley and Putnam. I am limited to New York in these specifications. The leading Boston firms are identi-

fied with our national historians, poets, essayists. What Childs and Peterson have done is enough of itself for the renown of Philadelphia. At the primary meeting (in 1802) the venerable Matthew Carey held forth in earnest language persuasive to renewed meetings of a like nature; at the Harper entertainment (1832) similar opinions proceeded from many minds.

The occasion, he said later in his book, was conducted on a scale of great variety and elegance. Those public-spirited publishers, the Appletons, with Wiley and Putnam, rendered the banquet a genial gathering of kindred spirits. As for the growth of public demand, the intelligent and patriotic Putnam had stated that in less than twenty years there had been an increase of about eight hundred per cent.; and the magazine of the Messrs. Harpers now reached the astounding number of one hundred and eighty thousand.

The epithets "public-spirited" and "patriotic" which Dr. Francis applied to Putnam were not universally re-echoed in those days. To some patriots of the book trade, it seemed in those touchy times that the publisher had been engaged in a project distinctly un-American. His senior partner, John Wiley, had allowed him seven years—as Mr. G. H. Putnam tells us—to work it out and see if it would pay. To try to build up in London an agency for American books was all very well, but some people thought that to try to secure equitable literary connections in England was a horse of another colour. Wiley was not impressed with the lack of patriotism in the proceeding, but he had his doubts about its business prudence; and these the seven years abundantly confirmed. His contention was that the labour and