

eral average writers a lifetime. Besides these several novels by Mr. Hanshew have appeared under pseudonyms, and one of these pen names, it was said at his death, was that of Bertha M. Clay.

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The Bertha M. Clay story was denied in this country (incidentally, it must be said the publishers of Mr. Hanshew's later work have never in any way used the Bertha M. Clay story) and proof of the denial was advanced on the argument that Bertha M. Clay actually lived and that her grave may be seen to-day in England. The whole question seems to have been not one as to whether Hanshew wrote *all* the Bertha M. Clay novels, but whether he wrote *some* of them, and writing from London Mr. Hayden Church gives an interesting account of an interview he has had with Mrs. Hanshew. Mrs. Hanshew inclines toward the side of the controversy which places Bertha M. Clay as one of the pseudonyms of the English author, Charlotte M. Braeme, who died in 1884 and is buried at Hinkley, in Leicestershire. "I can say quite positively," she said, according to Mr. Hayden Church, "that my husband's only connection with the 'Bertha M. Clay' novels was that, after the death of Charlotte M. Braeme, a New York publishing house kept on issuing novels as by her, some of which were written by Mr. Hanshew, and the rest by other writers."

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Mrs. Hanshew is herself an American woman, coming from Kentucky, and now lives with her two unmarried daughters, both of whom are writers, in a London suburb, where her husband settled when first he went to England, and where "Cleek's" rose garden still may be seen. "My husband was not 'Bertha M. Clay,'" Mrs. Hanshew went on; "he was two or three other supposedly woman writers, among them 'Charlotte May Kingsley' and the story of how he 'became' the latter is amusing. See," she added, pointing to a nearby bookcase, "there is a whole shelfful of books which he wrote under that name. At one time,

when Mr. Hanshew was doing a tremendous lot of work for Norman L. Munro and other publishers, he asked for an advance in the rate of pay which he received for his work and was refused. This annoyed him, and he told Mr. Munro that never again should he get a single line of his work, and fully intended to keep his word.

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"Not long afterward, however," Mrs. Hanshew went on, "an idea for a serial occurred to him which he knew would make exactly the kind of story that Munro was wanting most. Accordingly he wrote it, using for the first time the invented name of Charlotte May Kingsley, and to complete the illusion, I copied it out word for word in my own handwriting, after which the story was sent to Munro. He fairly jumped at it, offering at once a higher rate per thousand words than my husband had previously demanded, and at the same time asking for more work by 'Charlotte May Kingsley,' which, of course, was forthcoming. For several months after, in fact, my husband published a considerable part of his work under the name of Charlotte May Kingsley, and every word of it was copied out by me. And when later on," Mrs. Hanshew added, "Mr. Munro desired to meet Charlotte May Kingsley in person it was I who called on him. The best joke, however, remained for the last; for when, considerably later, my husband and Munro made up their differences, Munro was anxious to have Mr. Hanshew meet Miss Kingsley. An introduction, however, that was never effected."

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As yet the only woman winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, the prize awarded to Kipling, Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann, is Selma Lagerlöf, whose novel, *Jerusalem*, has just been presented to American readers through the medium of the translation by Velma Swanston Howard, and with an introduction by Henry Goddard Leach. The book is a novel of Dalecarlia, the author's home

province in Sweden. It pictures the every-day life of the simple Swedish peasants, their toil in the fields, or at the lonely forest kilns, their loves and their hates, their gradual religious awakening, and finally their supreme sacrifice, when, leaving home and country, they set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. "Truth is stranger than fiction," says Mr. Leach in his introduction. "*Jerusalem* is founded upon the historic event of a religious pilgrimage from Dalecarlia in the last century. The writer of this introduction had opportunity to confirm this fact some years ago when he visited the parish in question, and saw the abandoned farmsteads as well as homes to which some of the Jerusalem-farers had returned. And more than this, I had an experience of my own which seemed to reflect this spirit of religious ecstasy. On my way to the inn toward midnight I met a cyclist wearing a blue jersey, and on the breast, instead of a college letter, was woven a yellow cross. On meeting me the cyclist dismounted and insisted on showing me the way. When we came to the inn I offered him a krona. My guide smiled as though he was possessed by a beatific vision. 'No! I will not take the money, but the gentleman will buy my bicycle!' As I expressed my astonishment at his request, he smiled again confidently and replied, 'In a vision last night the Lord appeared unto me and said that I should meet at midnight a stranger at the cross-roads speaking an unknown tongue and "the stranger will buy thy bicycle!"'"

An interesting effort is being made by the Boy Scouts of America, in conjunction with the American Booksellers Association and the American Library Association, to develop a taste for the really good things in literature for boys and girls. A "Safety First Juvenile Week" has been planned for, from November 28th to December 4th, during which time the Boy Scouts, through their Library Commission, will make a country-wide canvass for better books

for children by appeals to the various Scout Libraries and through the co-operation of booksellers' exhibits. Ministers also are being asked to preach upon the iniquity of the modern "thriller"; newspapers will be furnished with special articles, and leaders of women's clubs, Parent Teacher Associations, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and other women's organisations, are being invited to arrange for addresses, or the reading of articles that will at this time emphasise the importance of children's reading. Regarding the books to be used to promote better standards, we learn that the Boy Scouts Library Commission are preparing a list to be known as "Books Boys Like Best." It will be ready for distribution about the time this issue reaches our readers. These books have been selected from reports received from the public libraries and bookstores representing all parts of the country.

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This is the poem which by many persons in England has been hailed as the best the war has as yet inspired. It appeared in the *London Weekly Despatch* and was signed "Edwin Smallweed." "Edwin Smallweed" has since been identified as A. Neil Lyons, the author of *Arthuro*, *Sixpenny Pieces*, and *Cottage Pie*.

My Ned has gone, he's gone away, he's gone  
away for good;

He's called, he's killed.

Him and his drum lies in the rain, lies in  
the rain where they was stood,

Where they was stilled.

He was my soldier boy, my Ned,  
Between these breasts he'd lay his head.

But now he's killed.

My soldier's gone. His head lies now be-  
tween two naked stones.

His drum is broke.

There's none to mourn him in the rain, only  
the rooks which watch his bones:

Which Watch and croak.

His great red hand is wasted bare,  
That tapped his drum, that touched my hair.

Hark! Not a stroke.