

sought his advice and his support. When he was writing the *Life of Lord George Bentinck* he consulted Delane as to the advisability of including the racing side of his hero's career. The editor dissuaded him from the perils of such an adventure. Disraeli also accepted at least one rebuke with humility. Delane

Perhaps no part of *Julia Ward Howe 1819-1910*, by Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott (Houghton Mifflin Company), remains more vividly in the memory than that chapter which describes the last two years in the life of

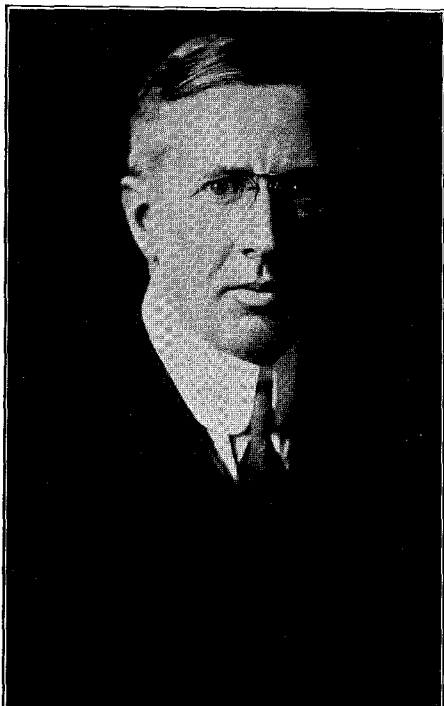
The Last Years



JULIA WARD HOWE ABOUT THE TIME OF THE WRITING OF "THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC"

was firmly resolved that columns of *The Times* should be free from literary log-rolling. Disraeli begged to be allowed to nominate his own reviewer for the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*. Delane wrote such a letter in reply as caused Disraeli to apologise promptly for his "stupid suggestion."

the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." She was entering her tenth decade. But she was still the Grand Old Woman, active in public work, and filled with an undying fire. The days were busy ones, but the relaxation of the evening took the form of reading aloud. She had to have a novel, not a "problem



MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY,"
AND AUTHOR OF "NATIONAL FLOODMARKS"

novel"; those she detested, but a good, stirring tale, with plenty of action in it. She thrilled over Sienkiewicz's *With Fire and Sword*, Kipling's *Kim*, and Stevenson's *The Master of Ballantrae*. Foreign authors visiting Boston made it a point to call upon her. Mrs. Humphrey Ward was one of the last of these visitors; another was William J. Locke, whose *Beloved Vagabond* Mrs. Howe had greatly enjoyed. The news of the death of Marion Crawford in the spring of 1909 was a great shock to her. He had been very dear to her since his boyhood. On account of her great age people were always endeavouring to keep her from physical effort. This she did not quite relish. In the autumn of 1909 she was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and in December she wrote for its first meeting a poem called "The Capitol." She greatly desired to read this poem before the association and planned to go to

Washington. On learning of her intention, three officers of the association, William Dean Howells, Robert Underwood Johnson, and Thomas Nelson Page, sent her a "round-robin" telegram, begging her not to run the risk of the long winter journey. The kindly suggestion was not altogether well taken. "Ha!" she flashed out. "They think I am too old, but there's a little ginger left in the old blue jar." Once she was to be at a reception in Newport. She was late, and a neighbour, Bradford Norman, drove her to her destination in his automobile at a terrific clip. On alighting, "Braddie," she said, "if I were



MARIE CHER WAS BORN IN NEW YORK CITY. HER NEW NOVEL, "THE IMMORTAL GYMNASTS," IS A TALE OF LONDON LIFE WITH A GOLDEN THREAD OF POETIC FANCY RUNNING THROUGH IT. AS A YOUNG GIRL, MISS CHER VISITED LONDON AND SO ATTRACTIVE DID THE LIFE OF THE PLACE PROVE TO HER THAT SHE RETURNED THERE ON FREQUENT VISITS. SHE HAS A WIDE CIRCLE OF ENGLISH FRIENDS. IN THE PAST FIVE OR SIX YEARS SHE HAS BEEN A RESIDENT OF PARIS. AT PRESENT, HOWEVER, OWING TO THE WAR, SHE IS STAYING IN NEW YORK CITY

ten years younger, I would set up one of these hell wagons myself."

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This, in its simplest form, is the story of *Patience Worth*, a book about which a great deal has already been written, and a book which may prove to be the sensation of the spring. In July, 1913, Mrs. John H. Curran, wife of a former Immigration Commissioner of Missouri, and Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, wife of the Secretary of the Tower Grove Park Board of St. Louis, were amusing themselves with a ouija board, when out of a clear sky came:

Many moons ago, I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name.

There was a pause and then the board continued:

Wait. I would speak with thee. If thou shalt live, then so shall I. I make my bread



MRS. JOHN H. CURRAN, WHO FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS HAS BEEN IN COMMUNICATION WITH "PATIENCE WORTH"



CASPER S. YOST, WHO HAS TOLD IN BOOK FORM THE STORY OF "PATIENCE WORTH"

by the harp. Good friends, let us be merrie. The time for work is past. Let the tabbie drowse and blink her wisdom to the fire log.

Thus began an association with "Patience Worth" that has lasted for more than two years. The story of that association is presented in a book by Caspar S. Yost, editorial director of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, who vouches without reservation for the genuineness of the communications. "Patience," according to her story, lived "across the sea" in the year 1649, but she has made clear the fact that she is not tied to any period. Incidentally, in England, 1649 was the year that witnessed the execution of Charles I. "Patience" tells a story of Charles and makes him stutter. The communications have consisted of conversations, poems, allegories, short plays, a long mediæval drama, and two novels. They come on the ouija board at almost any time Mrs. Curran sits down to it, in instalments of eight hundred to three thousand words at a sit-