

Pennsylvania Railroad Company will publish the 1901 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal Summer resorts of Eastern America, with the best routes for reaching them and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts of the East, and over seven-teen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of Summer travel ever offered to the public. The cover is handsome and striking, printed

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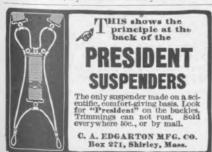
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> in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad

On and after June 1 this very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or, upon application to the general office, Broad Street Station, by mail for twenty cents.



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N the last page of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," Messrs. Besant and Rice describe the inscriptions on Dick Mortiboy's monument. One of these is perhaps the best that could be chosen for the tomb of the great-hearted man of letters who passed away on June 9—only a day, as it happened, before the passing of another well-known English novelist. This is the epitaph—Abou ben Adhem's: "Write me as one who loves his fellow-

Sir Walter Besant

Harper's Weekly

Sir Walter Besant was a man of brains and a man of cultivation; a delightful story-teller, and an accomplished biographer and historian. But what is mourned to-day and will be remembered in the years to come is the big warm heart that made it impossible for its owner to see oppression or injustice without work-ing valiantly to correct it. Neither in subject nor in treatment is *All Sorts* and Conditions of Men the most charm-ing and artistic of the stories he wrote, ing and artistic of the stories he wrote, either singly or in collaboration; yet it is likely to be the first recalled when Sir Walter's name is spoken. For it was in this book that he told of the Palace of Delight which he dreamt of as a means to relieve the sordidness of life in the "Joyless City," East London. Cer-tain friendly advisers told him that the story was impossible. What did he do in face of this criticism? Modify his tale, in the interest of plausibility? Not he! He merely gave it a subtile—"An Im-possible Story." And when people read it, means were forth-coming to make it possible. And for years, now, the Peo-ple's Palace has done more than any other agency to mitigate the joylessness of life in East London. Since the author made his solitary trips

Since the author made his solitary trips in quest of local color for this novel-the first he had written for ten years without the assistance of his friend and literary partner, James Rice—the great overgrown city he explored has added hundreds of thousands to its population of industrious poor; yet substantially the same conditions are described in his work, same conditions are described in his work, *East London*, published only last winter, as were recorded in this story of 1882. If the people of that vast region were capable of uniting for any common pur-pose, they might most fittingly erect a statue to the man who knew them so well, and wrote of them in a spirit so kindly and appreciative. But he himself might advise them, if he could, to put their money to a more practical use. Another notable achievement of Sir Walter's was the foundation of the In-corporated Society of Authors—an associ-

corporated Society of Authors—an associ-ation to which almost every English au-thor of distinction belongs, though it is designed, as were almost all of its found designed, as were almost all of its found-er's activities, to be of service not to the prosperous, but to those who needed help —the sort of help, in this case, that the experienced maker of books could give to the beginner. In its early days the work of the society had somewhat the appear-ance of a crusade against the publish-ing fraternity; yet no one suspected its spokesman of any personal ill will against the objects of his assaults, or supposed him envious of the meed awarded to a certain ruler who ordered a publisher shot. It was for such disinterested labors as he undertook in this connection, and partly in memory, no doubt, of what he had done for East London, that knight-hood was conferred upon him in 1895.

The latest work of an altruistic character into which he threw his energies was

the establishment of the so-called Atlantic Union. The object of this association is the bringing together of travelling Eng-lishmen and Americans, with a special view to their seeing something of the homes of the two countries, instead of judging each other by what they see in hotels and on the street. He had ac-cented an invitation to attend a meeting cepted an invitation to street. He had ac-cepted an invitation to attend a meeting of the union held in the evening of the day after his death, and to propose the toast, "English-speaking Communities." He had visited the United States (notably at the time of the World's Fair at Chi-cargo): and more Americans including cago); and many Americans, including

the present writer, recollect his cordial hospitality when at home. Sir Walter was born at Portsmouth, in August, 1836, and passed from King's College, London, to Christ's College, Cam-bridge. He excelled in mathematics, but was destined for the Church. His fastes was destined for the Church. His tastes ran in other directions, however, and after ran in other directions, however, and after leaving the university, he accepted a pro-fessorship in the Royal College of Mau-ritius. The climate drove him back to England before long, and he had since pursued literature as a calling. His first books dealt with early French poetry, French Rumor, etc. For many years he was secretary of the Palestine Ex-ploration Fund, and collaborated on a history of Jerusalem with Professor E. H. Palmer, of whom, when he was murdered in the desert, Sir Walter prepared a me-moir. He edited the *Survey of Western* monr. He edited the survey of western Palestine in those days, and for many years before his death was engaged in editing and bringing up to date Stow's monumental Survey of London, original-ly executed three centuries ago. No one, perhaps, knew London better than he, or turned his knowledge to better account turned his knowledge to better account, as well in his novels as in such historical and descriptive works as London, East London, South London, and Westminster, an edition of De Foe's Plague in London, etc

During his ten years' association with Mr. Rice, who was editing *Once a Week* when Sir Walter became a contributor to when Sir Walter became a contributor to that periodical, many popular novels were produced—*Ready*. Money Mortiboy, The Chaplain of the Fleet, By Celia's Arbor, The Golden Butterfly, etc.—and readers wondered what share each had in the work. One boldly asked the senior part-ner how they did it. "Oh, Rice uses a gold pen; mine is a steel one," was all the satisfaction he could get. It was a happier partnership than that of Erck-mann-Chatrian, in that it was broken only by death. And the world marvelled that the surviving partner continued to prothe surviving partner continued to produce entertaining works of fiction as pro-lifically and as successfully as before the dissolution of the firm. The list of his later writings is too long to be given in full; it is enough to name All Sorts and Conditions, The World Went Very Well Then, and Beyond the Dreams of Avarice, to show that whatever share Mr. Rice may have had in the preparation of the earlier novels, Sir Walter was but slight-ly dependent on outside aid in writing them.

them. Sir Charles Withycomb's portrait, as painted in the opening pages of All in a Garden Fair, would serve in some re-spects as a portrait of the author him-self in the last few years of his life— "a ruddy cheek and a twinkling eye, a cheerful face and a ready smile, an old gentleman who might not be very wise. but who was certainly kind of heart." *FOSEPH B. GILDER.* 



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