

THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

It is about time for a new crop of young writers to step forward to enjoy for a few brief years the combined distinction of youth and celebrity. The last crop has had its full share, should cease being "brilliant" young men and women, step aside for the newcomers, and settle down to every-day work. Somehow it does not seem so long ago that Mr. Marion Crawford, for example, was classed among the "young" writers; and only yesterday Mr. Richard Harding Davis was being taunted with his lack of years, and patted complacently on the head by the reviewers and told that he might do something when he "grew up." Yet the first turned the half century mark a year ago this month, while the creator of Van Bibber must now be either in his forty-first or forty-second year. Even the men who have come in with the "best-selling" epoch are spinning along merrily toward grizzled locks; and most of them have left the twenties well behind them. In three months Mr. Winston Churchill will be in his thirty-fifth year, and Mr. Booth Tarkington is already in his thirty-seventh. Mr. Stewart Edward White was thirty-two on his last birthday; Mr. Jack London will be thirty on his next; Mr. George Barr McCutcheon was thirty-nine last week, and Mr. Thomas Dixon has experienced forty-one and a half active and varied summers, winters, autumns and springs. The list might be extended indefinitely, but for obvious reasons we

shall pass over the feminine side of it with the general statement that the conditions are the same as with the men, and without adducing unpolite dates and figures. Ever since the days of the valiant Figg and the renowned Broughton, the Prize Ring has had a saying that "Youth will be served." Youth also has its claims in the modern literary game.

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William Aspinwall Bradley, the author of *William Cullen Bryant* in the English Men of Letters series, is one of the large number of young men who are writing to-day who won some literary reputation

of a local nature while they were still undergraduates. Five or six years ago, when he was a student at Columbia, Mr. Bradley was one of a little group that was exceedingly active in conducting the various periodicals issued in the interest of the student body. The young men of this group were clever, and it was not unnatural that at the time they took themselves rather seriously and were inclined, in a general way, to pat literature on the head. From this group emanated *Imaginary Lectures*, a volume which pilloried with perfect good nature the alleged eccentricities of appearance and deportment of various prominent members of the University faculty. *Imaginary Lectures* was on the whole a good deal better than the average undergraduate publication of its time. Since his

Concerning
Ages

William
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WILLIAM ASPINWALL BRADLEY

graduation Mr. Bradley has taken up literary work in earnest, has contributed two or three volumes to the Men of Letters series, and has edited new editions of several old English publications.

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Samuel Hopkins Adams, who has been collaborating with Stewart Edward White on *The Mystery*, the strange sea tale which is to be published this autumn, is one of the ablest exponents of what may be called the literature of exposure, the literature appearing in periodical form, of which Mr. Thomas Lawson is just at present the supreme sensational type, and of which Mr. Lincoln Steffens and Miss Tarbell are more dignified examples. Until very recently Mr. Adams's reputation has been almost entirely a professional one. Those who know the inside workings of magazine-making have long recognised his value as a member of the staff of *McClure's*, just as for years he was known along Park Row as one of the "best men"

of the *Sun*. Possessing, in addition to the qualifications that go to make the good, all-around newspaper man, a special theoretical and practical acuteness in criminal cases, he was assigned to cover for his paper all the big sensational murders and robberies. He had all the elements of what is known as the "*Sun* style" at its best; in particular the ability to seize upon some little, out-of-the-way incident of the life of the metropolis, and through sheer cleverness to elevate it to the dignity of a column story. When he went to the McClure, Phillips Company five or six years ago, he was at first in the book publishing department and had much to do with the preparation of advertising material. Readers may remember a series of "Doyley Dialogues," designed to exploit Conan Doyle's *The Hounds of the Baskervilles*. These dialogues told of various misadventures on the part of the Bride, the Bridegroom, the Messenger Boy, the Man in the Elevated Train, all due to their insanely absorbed interest in the book. The extraordinary cleverness with which