

merely a convenient way of comparing the heat of any object or place with the effect of heat upon water. To discover an absolute zero would set the science of heat upon an exact basis. This mysterious zero point

has long been sought after and volumes have been written upon it. Mr. Tripler has made a long stride toward this objective point, and his friends have confidence that he will yet reach the goal.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

As "Red Rock" proceeds it becomes more evident that Mr. Page is to be congratulated on his work. There is in the story a genuine humor and historical interest. One is not first caught and then wearied by a certain blaring audacity of style which belongs to the moment and has no permanent value in itself. The editors of *Scribner's Magazine* may have been sorry that their June number was not beforehand bristling with war intelligence and pictures, but some people, at least, are thankful for the quiet literary excellence of its preparation. If one is to be compelled to read nothing but ships, Cuba, soldiers and sailors, so far as magazines go, the ordinary neutral intelligence will not prove equal to the strain. In "The Workers," Mr. Wychoff is not quite so heart-rending as in the issue which gave us Chicago from the point of view of the unemployed.

When will publishers decide that stories cannot be properly illustrated by photographs of real people and actual scenery? No writer of fiction, nor anyone else can actually reproduce the mysterious essence of a personality. Yet one finds in the June *Bookman*, a reproduction of the photograph of Captain T. A. Scott, said to be "Captain Joe" of "Caleb West." It must seem to some people that nothing could repair such an injury. Captain Scott, if Captain Scott be Captain Joe, certainly was not put in the world to make Mr. Hopkinson Smith's fortune. Prof. Peck writes about the war in his own striking way. F. F. Sherman, a

Canadian, contributes a short piece of verse: "To a Friend, For a Copy of Keats' Poems."

Major J. B. Pond contributes to the June *St. Nicholas* an amusing account of how he procured his first gun. It is an unaffected piece of writing, which boys will make welcome. The most important contribution in the number is Frank R. Stockton's "The Buccaneers and Pirates of our Coast." Perhaps one is losing a proper feeling of what children want, and what they ought to have, but just because the *St. Nicholas* is a beloved magazine one feels that they can do better than this. Is there no writer left anywhere now who has the sincerity, the healthy joy, the strenuous endeavor, the reality of Miss Alcott? It is all ice-cream and taffy, it is all thoughtless brainlessness, and giddy rhymes with a joke in them—all very good once in a way—but for a constant dish! Is there nothing more nourishing anywhere in Robin Hood's barn?

The June *Cosmopolitan* is a war number. Otherwise, there is an account of Liquid Air, the newest wonder of science, by Charles E. Tripler, and a portion of a manuscript which has been discovered by the editor of the *Cosmopolitan* in an inland town of the United States, and which, he thinks, may be part of an autobiography of Napoleon Bonaparte. Harold Frederic's story, "Gloria Mundi," is continued; there are also a number of short stories, amongst them "The Gray Mills of Farley," by Sara Orne Jewett.