

caused by the absence of Sam Small's Uncle Si, worthy and amusing though that fictitious personage may have been. But the first narration of Uncle Remus to the boy appeared in print, and presently Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, and the Tar Baby were known to the high thinkers of New England, the people of the plains, the aristocracy of Europe.

To Joel Chandler Harris the popularity of Uncle Remus was often more or less of a burden, like the popularity of "Thanatopsis" to Bryant. When he began to put the African folk-lore into words the words flowed freely. The inception was all in his remembrance. He may have invented details, imagined incidents, embroidered the tales with fancy as they grew on his hands, but it always seemed strange to him that they had not been written before, that everybody did not know them, so well had he known them for many years.

There was no Uncle Remus on the Georgia plantation, of course, as he was a composite portrait, but he is none the less real. In fact, he is as real as Sindbad, Aladdin, Cinderella, and the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, who is also Brunhilde; as Hercules and Samson, as Iseult, Guinevere, and Dante's Francesca da Rimini. His sayings are as old as the ages, certainly as old as Ham's separation from Shem and Japhet after the ark landed on Ararat. Learned men have traced them in all parts of Africa. They belong to the whole black race. But nobody ever seems to have put them into print until Uncle Remus, taking the place of Sam Small's Uncle Si, touched the sympathies of mankind, gave to orators and after-dinner speakers as many apt quotations as that other great modern book of true wisdom, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," gave to writers in general new hooks to hang ideas on, and made the world brighter and better.

For how could we live nowadays without Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox? How could the world hope to get along without the Tar Baby? Harris certainly increased the happiness of mankind, and he did even more than that, or more in that direction, than merely giving us a new and lasting type in literature. He threw a new and strong light on the humanity, poetry, kindly humor, and shrewd wisdom of the negro race. He helped to make that race better known and better liked. So that Uncle Remus is doubly a benefactor.

Joel Chandler Harris died far too young, and in the midst of his active labors. He had written much, and had served faithfully in various important positions. He had been editor of The Atlanta Constitution, and latterly, after some years of retirement from routine work, had established Uncle Remus's Monthly. His death is mourned by many friends, and by the whole country. But Uncle Remus lives.

#### "THE MAD SCIENTIST."

The murderous and invincible—at least to human agencies—career of a scientist gone mad enough to be very dangerous, but not to be in the least handicapped in his marvelously inventive power is the ostensible subject of "The Mad Scientist," by Raymond McDonald, (Cochrane Publishing Company, New York,) but in spite of the exciting adventures of this remarkable man and his determined enemies, one's attention is really centred on the unintelligible groups of capital letters which form some fifty cypher words running through the volume. The guesser of this cypher and its form of construction is offered a prize of \$1,000 by the publishers. Art may suffer, but sales should be helped. The story itself is supposed to be a warning against allowing persons promiscuously to invent. And it is seasoned with a dash of the prevalent capitalist-labor controversy, which many writers are now using to lend weight to what would otherwise be too frothy. The trouble being that bad romance and undigested sociology do not mix particularly well, the one slumping through the other and rattling hollowly on rock bottom. As for the illustrations accompanying "The Mad Scientist," they are at least as remarkable as the book.

#### UNCLE REMUS.



UNCLE REMUS cannot die.

Joel Chandler Harris has departed this life at the age of 60, after nearly forty years of toil, (for he went to work at a handpress in his boyhood,) but his best creation, the old plantation ducky with his fund of folk-lore, will live in literature. Mr. Harris wrote many other books besides those containing the tales told to a nameless small boy by Uncle Remus, but though they all have merit, a true literary charm, and are full of humor, wise observation, and gentle sympathy, not one of them will live with Uncle Remus. Mr. Billy Sanders of Shady Dale will pass away and be forgotten. He belongs only to his own hour, while Uncle Remus is for all time.

It is obvious that Uncle Remus must have existed before Harris made him known to the world. Harris found him and knew him, and took delight in his sagacity, his kindness, his profound knowledge of things only the elect know, in his very boyhood. The rude printing office in which he worked was on a Georgia plantation. The planter published a weekly newspaper called The Countryman. In his small leisure the printer's boy wandered about the slave quarters, made acquaintance with the droll or lovable characters among the negroes, listened to and remembered their quaint tales, embodying their views of duty, justice, and the mysterious workings of natural laws. These tales remained in his mind, but he never wrote them down until many years later, when, as a member of the editorial staff of The Atlanta Constitution, he was called upon to write a series of sketches to supply the columns that previously had been filled by Sam Small's "Uncle Si" stories.

A humble beginning certainly for immortal Uncle Remus, filling a vacancy