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The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

SEPTEMBER
1925



HOW CUPID AND CUPIDITY UNDID CAPTAIN COOK

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

When Yale Was Given to Sumnerology

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Some Poets Survey the Universe

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

An Ex-Hobo's Tribute to Olive Schreiner

By JIM TULLY

The Real Marie Bashkirtseff

By ERNEST DIMNET



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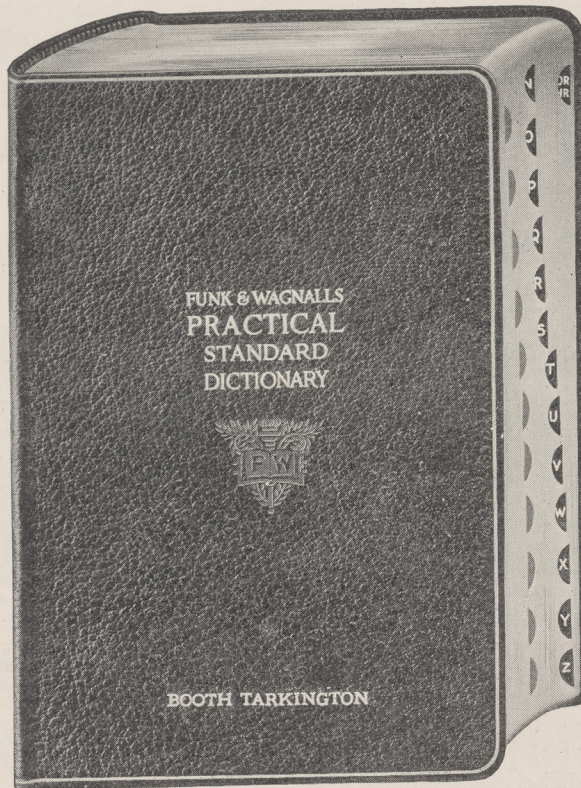
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tical Standard Dictionary. Among them are: Aero-view, audiometer, automat, aviatik, boot-legger, bingle, coagulen, demarche, flapper, footage, gob, groceteria, hokum, hootch, intelligentsia, jazz-band, judo, milline, mortician, parsec, photostat, pogo, proton, radiobroadcasting, tear-bomb, telautograph, telescribe, toddle-top, ramp, vario-coupler, etc.

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Coins, Stars, Weights, Measures, Etc.

Valuable lists and tables are included of matters for ready reference, such as of *Coins*; of *Stars and Planets*; of *Chemical Elements*, giving atomic weight, specific gravity, and fusing or melting point of each; of *Weights and Measures*, including a full exposition of the metric system, with factors for conversion.

New Geographical Terms

For the first time in any dictionary of the English language are recorded the *Saor Stat* or Free State of Ireland, and also *Azerbaijan*, *Czecho-Slovakia*, the *Kingdom of Egypt*, and that of *Hejaz*, the *Republics of Latvia*, *Nakichevan*, *Poland*, etc., and the *Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes*, more popularly known as *Jugo-Slavia*.

Up-to-Date Census Figures

The latest census statistics of the *United States* (1920) will be found recorded. Also those for the *Dominion of Canada*, *Great Britain*, *France*, *Germany*, *Japan*, *New Zealand*, *Austria*, *Belgium*, *Brazil*, *Chile*, *Argentine Republic*, etc.

Wonderful Collection of Personal Names

The selection of personal names in the one alphabetical vocabulary of this dictionary is especially rich and timely. *Workers in the field of humanity*, famous pontiffs and sovereign rulers, presidents, ambassadors, judges, clergy, military and naval commanders, poets, authors, editors, inventors, Biblical personnel, Nobel prize winners, explorers, are all recorded with dates of births (and, if deceased, of their deaths), their nationality, and achievements.

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INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Table of Contents—September, 1925

		Page
How Cupid and Cupidity Undid Captain Cook. <i>Illustrated</i>	Frederick O'Brien	635
A Great Physician Who Was Not Dr. Arrowsmith. <i>Illustrated</i>	Robert M. Yerkes	641
The Plight of the American Farmer. <i>Illustrated</i>	William MacDonald	643
Havelock Ellis Dissects the Art of Living. <i>Illustrated</i>	Leo Markun	644
Youthful Poems of Havelock Ellis	Isaac Goldberg	645
Editorial:		
Victorians and Others		646
Arrows in the Air—IX. <i>Illustrated</i>	Mr. Smith	647
The Real Marie Bashkirtseff. <i>Illustrated</i>	Ernest Dimnet	649
Making Our Mother-Tongue Efficient. <i>Illustrated</i>	Brander Matthews	651
An Ex-Hobo's Tribute to Olive Schreiner. <i>Illustrated</i>	Jim Tully	653
Modern Sagas of the Cowboy West. <i>Illustrated</i>	Donald Douglas	655
A List of Recent Books Worth Reading	William Lyon Phelps	657
Some Poets Survey the Universe. <i>Illustrated</i>	Burton E. Stevenson	658
When Yale Was Given to Sumnerology. <i>Illustrated</i>	William Lyon Phelps	661
The Smith Family Populates a Western Novel	Henry B. Fuller	663
The Lost Continent Between Europe and America. <i>Illustrated</i>	Edwin L. Shuman	664
Lorna Doone and the Blackmore Centenary. <i>Illustrated</i>	John Walker Harrington	666
Lady Survivors from the Victorian Wreck. <i>Illustrated</i>	Shane Leslie	667
Twenty-Five Years of New York Society. <i>Illustrated</i>	Louise Maunsell Field	669
A Young Singer of the Heart's Secrets	Mildred Wasson	670
Newly Discovered Essays of Hazlitt. <i>Illustrated</i>	Harry Salpeter	671
Lady Byron as a Fiction Heroine. <i>Illustrated</i>	John V. A. Weaver	672
Dickens Undismayed Among the Moderns. <i>Illustrated</i>	Chloe Morse	674
Adventures in Uncharted Literature. <i>Illustrated</i>	Richard Le Gallienne	675
Books Talked About in Literary Europe		677
In This Month's Fiction Library		678
A Close-up of Books and Authors. <i>Illustrated</i>		684
New Books for Boys and Girls. <i>Illustrated</i>	Mary Graham Bonner	686
In the Editor's Mail		688
Important Books of the Month		690
The Literary Question Box		696

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THE LITERARY DIGEST INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW is published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company (Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y), 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 14 Salisbury Square. Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as second-class matter November 29, 1922, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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FAMOUS PAINTINGS

Peeps at Celebrated Masterpieces in the Leading Art Galleries of Europe

ONE picture in the Louvre, Paris, that always holds the admiration and wonder of visitors is the figure of "Mona Lisa," the woman with the inscrutable smile. Did Leonardo Da Vinci, the artist, entertain her with his humor as she posed? Or, was she thinking of her dear husband? She was his third wife! "Mona Lisa" was painted in 1504, mysteriously stolen in 1911, subsequently recovered in Italy. It is one of the greatest paintings and France's priceless treasure.

Marvelous Golden Tracery

In looking at Botticelli's inspired masterpiece, "The Madonna and Child," in the National Gallery, London, one is impressed by the youthfulness of the Madonna. The traditional belief is that she was fourteen or fifteen when the infant Jesus was born. Another striking feature is the wonderfully delicate mesh of the gold of her head-dress. It is fine almost beyond belief.

Female Figure Ideals

Rubens, celebrated painter of the Flemish school (1577-1640), never imagined that the overplump model he used in painting his masterpiece, "The Judgment of Paris," would come to be regarded as falling far short of the classic ideal of the female figure. But so it is to-day. A girl of sixteen, Rubens' second wife, was the model. In this great painting the delicate flesh tints of Minerva, Juno, and Venus are still vividly real against the deep shadows of the trees. This canvas hangs in the National Gallery, London.

Rembrandt's Masterpiece

"Syndics of the Cloth Merchants' Guild," the crowning glory of Rembrandt's work, hangs in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam. The six men seem to live in the canvas—as if the painter had transformed them with one touch of magic into paint just when they were most interested in their work! All the portraits of the burghers are masterpieces, fresh as when painted, and will continue to delight picture lovers as long as the canvas and pigments last.

Royal Love

That combination of imaginative power and craftsmanship—a perpetual joy to the art lover—is shown in the beautiful, colorful canvas, by Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones, hanging in the Tate Gallery, London, "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," immortalized by Tennyson in the following lines:

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen.
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace
In all that land had never been.
Cophetua swore a royal oath:
"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

Snubbed by Sweetheart

Any man who has ever been snubbed by the girl he loved when he waited to catch her glance as she passed can sympathize with the unhappy Dante, as "the glorious lady of his heart,"

Beatrice, sauntered by in Florence without even looking at him. This incident is pictured in that exquisite painting, "Dante and Beatrice," by Henry Holiday, in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

Corot's Inspiration

No wonder Corot copied Nature so vividly! To him a beautiful day was a subject of tender reverence. On the morning of his death in 1875 he whispered, "Dear God, how beautiful that is! The most lovely landscape I have ever seen!" His great painting, "The Fisherman's Hut," in the National Gallery, London, shows how a commonplace subject may be glorified.

Henner's Discovery

A celebrated nude is "A Naiad," in the Luxembourg, Paris, by Jean Jacques Henner, whose chief distinction as an artist lay in reviving the forgotten art of painting soft, velvety flesh. He gained this result by painting in the twilight hour when the landscape loses color, while the luminous flesh retains the light.

Greuze's Girls

The main forte of the great old master, Jean Baptiste Greuze, was painting young girls, of which his "The Listening Girl," in the Wallace Collection, London, is a conspicuous example. A striking type of innocence and voluptuous grace.

"My Mother" Ever Popular

Artists regard Whistler's popular masterpiece, "My Mother," with an almost sacred regard. This canvas hangs in the Luxembourg, Paris, but reproductions of it are on the walls of homes all over the world.

Monks' Friday Diet

Sadler's delightful study of monastic life, "Friday," in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, shows a number of monks at table eating fish in lieu of the prohibited meat. Some of the monks are of the Order of St. Francis, in brown habits, others of St. Dominic, in black and white.

Picture Cost \$120,000

One of the oldest great art works in the Louvre, Paris, which cost the French Government \$120,000, is "The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin," by Murillo (1618-1682). It is regarded as sublime.

Lure of the "Angelus"

Another noted masterpiece in the Louvre that attracts universal attention is "The Angelus," by Millet, showing the peasants in the field in their attitude of prayer as the soft vespers chimes peal in the church belfry in the village.

Male Figure Studies

H. S. Tuke, R. A., is best known for his sea and figure studies. One of his most popular works is "Ruby, Gold, and Malachite," in Guildhall Gallery, London. It is bright and pictures a river with a boat and several male

nude figures. There is a superstition that posing in or near water brings an early death. But the three principal models in this picture grew up to be men of prominence in England.

A Masterpiece at 77!

Among master painters Titian was surpassed by none and challenged by Raphael alone. He was seventy-seven when he painted the wonderful nude, "Venus and Adonis," hanging in the National Gallery, London.

Artists' Color Tastes

Artists vary in taste as to colors as much as women do. Some like bright tints—reds and pinks and yellows. Others prefer somber shades—Rembrandt, for instance, as is shown by the celebrated painting of himself, in 1640, now in the National Gallery, London.

Leading Animal Painter

As a painter of animals J. M. Swan, R. A., has never been surpassed! His striking water color study of a lioness and cubs is in the Glasgow Art Gallery.

Crowd in a Masterpiece

In the magnificent, richly colored painting by Rubens, "The Abduction of the Sabine Women," a legendary history theme, hanging in the National Gallery, London, more than thirty persons, mostly women being seized, are pictured.

Show of Atmosphere

A beautiful landscape full of the majesty and peace of nature, also rich in glowing color, is "The River Bank," by Arnesby Brown, R. A., in the Guildhall Art Gallery, London. Some cattle are grazing by the river on a showery day. There is a noticeable effect of atmosphere. The skins of the animals glow in the sunshine of the misty air, while in the sky is a trace of rainbow.

Natural Born Artist

A man is sitting up in bed. He has been reading some old love letters. Raising his eyes he sees the specter of a girl dressed as a bride. He stretches his hands toward her. This is Millais' great painting, "Speak! Speak!" in the Tate Gallery, London. Millais took to drawing naturally. At six he drew soldiers. At the Academy schools he was so tiny he was placed on a stool to receive medals and prizes he won.

French Girl Genius

Marie Bashkirtseff was a French girl and a genius. She was seventeen when she took up art. Her astonishing capacity for accomplishment was the wonder of her masters. She reproduced life as she saw it. She indicated in color as Zola expressed in words. When only twenty-three she produced a vigorous masterpiece, "The Meeting," a study of street urchins. At her death the following year the canvas was bought by the state and hung in the Luxembourg, Paris.

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INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Volume III, No. 10

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1925

Whole Number 34

How Cupid and Cupidity Undid Captain Cook

By Frederick O'Brien

CUPID and cupidity made most of the trouble for Captain Cook in the South Seas. Certainly, cupidity on the part of the Hawaiians brought about Cook's death there. Perhaps Cupid, who, through the madness of Cook's tars for the fair ones of Polynesia, had driven their commander to unworthy deeds, played a fatal part in Cook's untimely end in the islands he had discovered.

Capt. James Cook was the grandest figure of all the mighty sailors who penetrated the mysterious oceans long ago. He ranks next to Columbus in distinction of character and in the results of his voyage. He was the ablest seaman who ever trod a quarterdeck. The story of his life and the record of his achievements in exploration and in science have filled a hundred volumes since he passed, a century and a half ago (1779). It were idle to recapitulate the signal deeds of glory of the last of the great discoverers. The story of his first voyage appeared originally in London in 1773 as part of Hawkesworth's "Voyages"; the narrative of the second was written by Cook himself, under the title of "A Voyage Towards the South Pole and Round the World" (1777); that of the third, partly written by Cook himself and partly by Capt. James King, appeared in 1784. A popular narrative written in 1788 by Cook's biographer, the Rev. Dr. Kippis, and first published in London in 1878, is now offered to American readers in the Blue Jade Library, with drawings made during the voyages.⁽¹⁾ In this book, as in other scores, including the late Sir Walter Besant's interesting commentary on the old narratives,⁽²⁾ Cook's adventures still hold their own as the most romantic, enlightening and heartening tale of the sea ever told. In a brief space one may recall only certain exotic incidents which were vital in their outcome.

⁽¹⁾ CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES. By A. Kippis, D.D. With 12 drawings made during the voyages. Blue Jade Library. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

⁽²⁾ CAPTAIN COOK. By Walter Besant. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The South Seas, and particularly around Tahiti, were Captain Cook's dearest interest. Three times he lingered on the shores of Tahiti, loth to lift his anchor from the coral bottom of the sapphire lagoon. Puritan as was his nature, lonely and lofty his disposition, he melted in the sun of Polynesia. He

formed the sincerest friendships with chiefs of the islands and close ties with chiefesses. Stealing of property and of hearts was the bane of his many months there, and finally drew the deadly strokes that killed him at Kealakeakua.

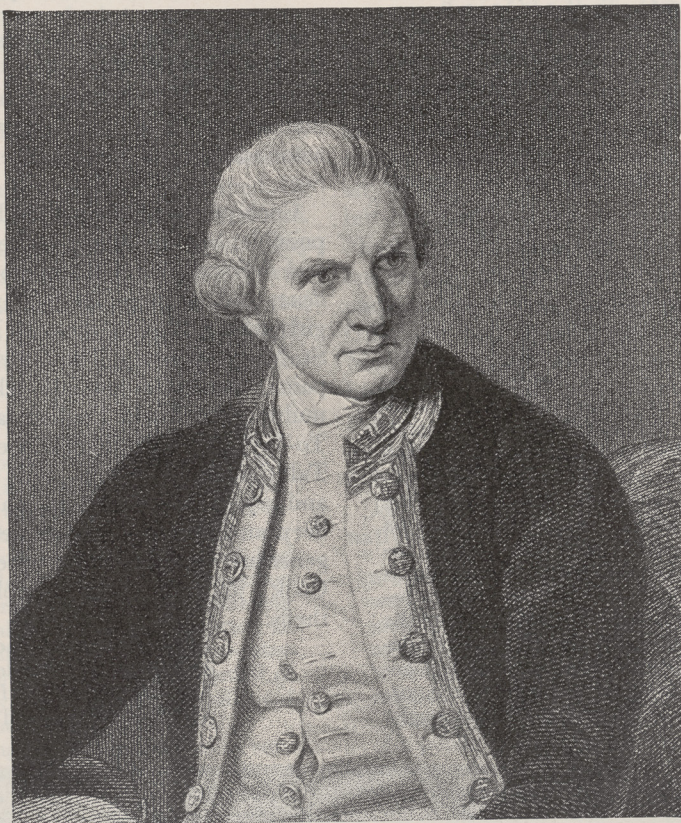
Tahiti first rose to the sight of the crew of the *Endeavour* after seven months of terrible struggle with the weather and the sea, including thirty-three days of rounding Cape Horn; months of wretched food and cramped quarters.

Faint breezes [Dr. Kippis wrote] wafted delicious perfumes from the land and curled the surface of the sea. The mountains rose majestic in various spiry forms. Everything seemed as yet asleep, the morning scarce dawned, and a peaceful shade still rested in the landscape.

Nearly a hundred hardy British tars and a handful of scientists, they had come by the icy Cape, on a diet of weevily biscuit and salt beef, to the most entrancing prospect of the earth. They had escaped a hundred perils of the wave and sky, had frozen on storm-swept decks, and shivered in filthy bunks. Here was heaven for poor Jack, with wondrously merry angels swimming out to greet him.

Intelligent members of the crew recognized the singular merits of the Tahitians.

The men are all well-proportioned, and some would have been selected by Phidias or Praxiteles as models of masculine beauty. Their features are sweet and unruffled by violent passions. Their large eyes, their arched eye-brows, and high foreheads gave a noble air to their heads, which are adorned by strong beards and a comely growth of hair. The Sex, the partners of their felicity, are likewise well-formed; their irregular charms win the hearts of their countrymen, and their unaffected smiles and a wish to please insure them mutual esteem and love. A kind of happy uniformity runs through



CAPTAIN COOK

From an original painting by Dance, in the gallery of the Greenwich Hospital, London

the whole life of the Tahitians. They rise with the sun and hasten to rivers and fountains to perform an ablution equally reviving and cleanly. They pass the morning at work, or walk about until the heat of the day increases, when they retreat to their dwellings or repose under some tufted tree. There they amuse themselves with smoothing their hair and anointing it with fragrant oils; or they blow the flute and sing to it, or listen to the song of the birds. At the hour of noon, or a little later, they go to dinner. After their meals they resume their domestic amusements, during which the flame of mutual affection spreads in every heart, and unites the rising generation with new and tender ties. The lively jest, without any ill-nature, the artless tale, the jocund dance, and frugal supper, bring in the evening, and another visit to the river concludes the actions of the day. Thus contented with their simple way of life, and placed in a delightful country, they are free from cares and happy in their ignorance.

The common English mariners were not at all hermits, and they were irked by the discipline. They saw the officers at dalliance in the cabins with the lovely visitors, and they longed to be themselves at leisure in the coconut groves. Cook had a twinge of rheumatism, and immediately the Tahitian ladies persuaded him to a chiropractice that cured him. Twelve came aboard and ministered to him:

Being desirous to lay himself down amongst them, then as many of them as could get around him began to squeeze him with both hands from head to foot, but more particularly in the part where the pain was lodged, till they made his bones crack and his flesh became a perfect mummy. After undergoing this discipline about a quarter of an hour, he was glad to be released from the women. The operation, however, gave him immediate relief, so that he was encouraged to submit to another rubbing down before he went to bed; the consequence of which was that he was tolerably easy all the succeeding night. His female physicians repeated their prescription the next morning and again in the evening, after which his pains were entirely removed, and the cure was perfected.

Rheumatism became epidemic among the crew. They ached all over. They begged for shore leave to seek the chiropractors. When refused, many ran away and roused Cook's ire to the hottest by leading him a long chase to recover them.

Clement Webb and Samuel Gibson, two of the marines, went privately from the fort. As they were not to be found in the morning, Mr. Cook was apprehensive that they intended to stay behind; but being unwilling to endanger the harmony and good-will which at present subsisted between our people and the natives, he determined to wait a day for the chance of the men's return. As, to the great concern of the lieutenant, the marines were not come back on the morning of the 10th, inquiry was made after them of the Indians [Indians was then a generic term for islanders], who acknowledged that each of them had taken a wife, and had resolved to become inhabitants of the country. After some deliberation, two of the natives undertook to conduct such persons to the place of the deserters' retreat as Mr. Cook should think proper to send; and accordingly he dispatched with the guides a petty officer and the corporal of the marines. . . . On the next day, they were brought

back to the ship. Love was the seducer of the two marines. So strong was the attachment which they had formed to a couple of girls, that it was their design to conceal themselves till the ship had sailed, and to take up their residence in the island.

John Harrison, a marine who was sentinel at the observatory, deserted, taking with him his arms and accountrements. Captain Cook exerted himself on this occasion with his usual vigor. He went himself in pursuit of the deserter, who, after some evasion on the part of the inhabitants, was surrendered. He was found sitting between two women, with the musket lying before him; and all the defense he was able to make was that he had been enticed away by the natives.

On the morning of the 24th, the captain was informed that a midshipman and a seaman, both belonging to the *Discovery*, were missing; and it soon appeared that they had gone away in a canoe in the preceding evening, and had now reached the other end of the island. As the midshipman was known to have expressed a desire of remaining at these islands, it was evident that he and his companion had gone off with that intention. Tho Captain Cook immediately set out in quest of them, with two armed boats and a party of marines, his expedition proved fruitless, the natives having amused him the whole day with false intelligence. The next morning an account was brought that the deserters were at Otaha. As they were not the only persons in the ships who wished to spend their days at these favorite islands, it became necessary, for the purpose of preventing any further desertion, to secure them.

To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole delight
The feast or bath by day, and love by night.

A score of times these passionate English rogues gave leg bail to their officers. They were all retaken, and it remained for another ship, the *Bounty*, commanded by Bligh, one of Cook's officers, to furnish a few years later the most romantic and astounding example of deserters and their fate in the South Seas.

Cook provided his men with a goodly share of shore food, when possible; but the sailors craved the pork, fish, crabs, oysters, taro and delicious fruits of the groves, and they wanted to eat them *à deux*, and, perhaps, be fed by hand in the Tahitian custom, by girls who reminded them of Moll, Doll and Poll, of Point and St. Mary's Street. The *Endeavour* had carried, at extraordinary pains, domestic animals which Captain Cook hoped would multiply, and add English fare to the natives' less meaty diet. To-day, in Tahiti, canned beef is known as "bullamacow," the Tahitian rendering of "bull and cow," the names of the fierce and never-before-seen animals landed from the *Endeavour*. So deep an impression did these gifts of the nation make upon the generous British public when they learned of them through Cook's journals, that a notable poetess was moved to rime about them:

To these the hero leads his living store
And pours new wonders on th' uncultured shore;
The silky fleece, fair fruit, and golden grain;
And future herds and harvests bless the plain.

O'er the green soil his kids
exulting play
And sounds his clarion loud
the bird of day;
The downy goose her ruffled
bosom laves,
Trims her white wing, and
wantons in the waves;
Stern moves the bull along
th' affrighted shores
And countless nations trem-
ble as he roars.

(This last must have
meant John Bull.)

Captain Cook, busied observing the transit of Venus, for which purpose he had been sent from England, affix to the gangway of the ship strict rules for the conduct of all, as follows:

1. To endeavor, by



A VIEW OF KARAKAKOOA

every fair means, to cultivate a friendship with the natives: and to treat them with all imaginable humanity. 2. A proper person or persons will be appointed to trade with the natives for all manner of provisions, fruit, and other productions of the earth; and no officer or seaman, or other person belonging to the ship excepting such as are so appointed, shall trade, or offer to trade for any sort of provision, fruit, or other productions of the earth, unless they have leave so to do. 3. Every person employed on shore, or any duty whatsoever, is strictly to attend to the same; and if by any neglect he loseth any of his arms, or working tools, or suffers them to be stolen, the full value thereof will be charged against his pay, according to the custom of the navy in such cases, and he shall receive such further punishment as the nature of the offense may deserve. 4. The same penalty will be inflicted on every person who is found to embezzle, trade, or offer to trade, with any part of the ship's stores of what nature soever. 5. No sort of iron, or anything that is made of iron, or any sort of cloth, or any useful or necessary articles, are to be given in exchange for anything but provision.

J. Cook.

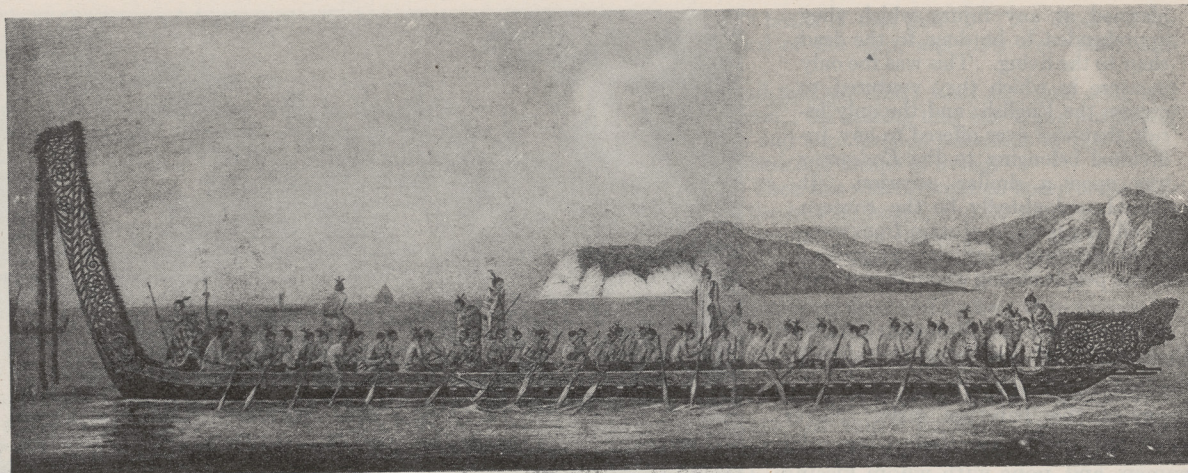
Iron, it will be seen, was the most valued treasure in Tahiti. The aborigines were in the stone age. Trees were felled, immense canoes dubbed and rigged, houses built and weapons shaped, by stone axes laboriously fashioned by friction with other stones. To get iron, the Tahitians would risk even their own lives. Day in and day out, ashore or on shipboard, a game of bold and cunning appropriation was played by the natives. The sailors, too, in quest of trading materials, would abstract anything movable from the ship or from native domiciles. Cook's commentator said:

Even some of the chiefs did not think the profession unbecoming to their dignity. The fraud of one, who appeared as a chief, is, perhaps, not unworthy of notice. This man, in a visit to Captain Cook, presented him with a quantity of fruit; among which were a number of coco-nuts, that had already been exhausted of their liquor by our people, and afterward thrown overboard. These the chief had picked up, and tied so artfully in bundles, that at first the deception was not perceived. When he was informed of it, without betraying the least emotion, and affecting a total ignorance of the matter, he opened two or three of the nuts himself, signified that he was satisfied of the fact, and then went on shore and sent off a quantity of plantains and bananas. The ingenuity and the impudence of fraud are not solely the production of polished society.

One of them was detected in carrying a bolt out of the ship, concealed under his clothes; for which Captain Cook sentenced him to receive a dozen lashes, and kept him confined till he had paid a hog for his liberty. After this act of justice, our navigators were no longer troubled with thieves of rank; but their servants, or slaves, were still employed in the dirty work; and upon them a flogging seemed to make no greater impression than it would have done upon the mainmast. When any of them happened to be caught in the act, so far were their masters from interceding in their favor, that they often advised our gentlemen to kill them. This, however, being a punishment too severe to be inflicted, they generally escaped without being punished at all; for of the shame, as well as of the pain of corporal chastisement, they appeared to be equally insensible. At length, Captain Cook invented a mode of treatment which was thought to be productive of some good effect. He put the thieves into the hands of the barber, and completely shaved their heads. In consequence of this operation, they became objects of ridicule to their own countrymen; and our people, by keeping them at a distance, were enabled to deprive them of future opportunities for a repetition of their rogueries.

A hundred times are complaints made of pilferings. Cook seemed to understand the temptations:

The only defect sullyng their character that we know of is a propensity to thieving, to which we found those of all ages, and both sexes, addicted, and to an uncommon degree. It should, however, be



A WAR CANOE OF THE SOUTH SEAS

considered that this exceptionable part of their conduct seemed to exist merely with respect to us, for, in their general intercourse with one another, I had reason to be of opinion that thefts do not happen more frequently (perhaps less so) than in other countries, the dishonest practises of whose worthless individuals are not supposed to authorize any indiscriminate censure on the whole body of the people. Great allowances should be made for the foibles of these poor natives of the Pacific Ocean, whose minds were overpowered with the glare of objects equally new to them as they were captivating. The thefts seemed to arise from an intense curiosity. . . .

Cook guessed aright. The South Sea islanders are to-day, after a century and a half of intercourse with whites, quite honest. In a dozen islands I have never locked up a valuable or lost anything. Their curiosity has been allayed. Cook understood, but the continual watchfulness necessary broke down his nerves. For a missing goat, Cook made a march across Tahiti, burning houses and war canoes indiscriminately. He destroyed the fruits of years of labor. For another theft he cut off natives' ears. Often he had them lashed brutally with the cat-o'-nine-tails. Many were shot to death as they fled with their booty. Cook had to forbid his men potshotting the male natives at every chance, for they "either from fear or the love of mischief showed as much impatience to destroy the Indians as a sportsman to kill his game."

He did not spare his crew. For stealing potatoes from the natives, he

ordered each of them to receive twelve lashes, after which two were discharged. But the third, in a singular strain of morality, insisted upon it, that it was no crime in an Englishman to plunder an Indian plantation. The method taken to refute his casuistry was to send him back to his confinement, and not to permit him to be released till he had been punished with six lashes more.

Some of the crew stole a hundred-weight of nails. This was an evil of a public and serious nature; for these nails if injudiciously circulated among the Indians, would be productive of irreparable injury to the English, by reducing the value of iron, their staple commodity. One of the thieves, from whom only seven nails were recovered, was detected; but tho the punishment of two dozen lashes was inflicted upon him, he would not impeach any of his accomplices.

When the butcher of the *Endeavour* was haled to the mainmast for trying to cozen a native belle, Cook called in the chief and his court to witness the penalty.

As soon as the first stroke was inflicted, such was the humanity of these people that they interfered with great agitation, and earnestly entreated that the rest of the punishment might be remitted. . . . they manifested their compassion by tears.

The fo'c's'le men had as little regard for the sacred things of the Tahitians as they had for the natives' ordinary property, or even their lives.

The lieutenant having sent a boat on shore to get ballast for the ship, the officer, not immediately finding stones suitable to the purpose, began to pull down some part of an enclosure in which the inhabitants had deposited the bones of their dead. This action a number of the natives violently opposed; and a messenger came down to the tents, to acquaint the gentlemen that no such thing would be suffered. . . . These Indians appeared to be much more

alarmed at any injury which they apprehended to be done to the dead than to the living. This was the only measure in which they ventured to oppose the English: and the only insult that was ever offered to any individual belonging to the *Endeavour* was upon a similar occasion. It should undoubtedly be the concern of all voyagers to abstain from wantonly offending the religious prejudices of the people among whom they come.

It must not be thought that the abstraction of iron from the ship by the tars was for direct barter for favors of the Tahitian girls. Never were, nor are there to-day, prouder women, and none with whom kissing goes more by favor. No pig-tailed salt could oil his locks and advance to the breadfruit bower of Tahia or Noanoa, nail or bolt in hand, and buy even a glance of her nut-brown eyes. The metal was but the token of his emotion, as the nosegay of a rural swain, or the orchids of a butter-and-egg merchant in America. Captain Cook's reverend biographer took from the former's log-book a caustic correction of the prevailing sentiment in England and in all Europe, where the broad and boastful stories of the first white men visitors to Tahiti had provoked among the literate bachelors of Britain, France and Scandinavia an unreasoning demand for passage there, much as is said to exist to-day in rustic circles in the United States:

The captain had an opportunity, in this voyage, of rectifying the great injustice which had been done to the women of Otaheite and the neighboring isles. They had been represented as ready, without exception, to grant the last favor to any man who would come up to their price: but our commander found that this was by no means the case. The favors both of the married women and of the unmarried, of the better sort, were as difficult to be obtained in the Society Islands as in any other country whatever. Even with respect to the unmarried females of the lower class, the charge was not indiscriminately true. There were many of these who would not admit of indecent familiarities. The setting this subject in a proper light must be considered as one of the agreeable effects of Captain Cook's second voyage. Every enlightened mind will rejoice at what conduces to the honor of human nature in general, and of the female sex in particular. Chastity is so eminently the glory of that sex, and, indeed, is so essentially connected with the good order of society, that it must be a satisfaction to reflect, that there is no country, however ignorant or barbarous, in which this virtue is not regarded as an object of moral obligation.

The Reverend Dr. Kippis gives a poignant instance of the commander's own Josephian conduct, which was highly praised



HUMAN SACRIFICES IN OTAHEITE

by him, as being, in the absence of a duly licensed chaplain, a stimulating pattern for the fore-castle denizens:

The first time that our commander landed, an old lady presented him with a girl, and gave him to understand that she was at his service. Miss, who had previously been instructed, wanted a spikenail or a shirt, neither of which he had to give her; and he flattered himself that, by making the two women sensible of his poverty, he should easily get clear of their importunities. In this, however, he was mistaken. The favors of the young lady were offered upon credit, and on his declining the proposal, the old woman began to argue with him, and then to abuse him. As far as he could collect from her countenance and her actions, the design of her speech was both to ridicule and reproach him for refusing to entertain so fine a young woman. Indeed, the girl was by no means destitute of beauty; but Captain Cook found it more easy to withstand.

Indeed, Cook himself, after seeing that some of his fatuous rakes had suffered grievous hurts at the hands of indignant male relations, when adventuring ashore without weapons, nails or even bolts, put in his log:

I believe it has generally been found amongst uncivilized people, that where the women are easy of access, the men are the first to offer them to strangers, and that where this is not the case, neither the allurements of presents, nor the opportunity of privacy will be likely to have the desired effect. This observation, I am sure, will hold good throughout all the parts of the South Sea where I have been. Why then should men act so absurd a part as to risk their own safety, and that of all their companions, in pursuit of a gratification which they have no probability of obtaining?

Neither Cook, his gallant sailors, nor his scientists, gathered any inkling of the real culture, religion or history of the Tahitians.

Dumb in Tahitian, and English to the core, they missed entirely the significance of family and tribal relations, ceremonies and amusements. Ellis, a missionary, two generations later, and Bovis, an engineer, in 1840, both writing when Tahiti had been already fearfully blighted by white manners and disease, pierced slightly the veil of mystery. The language had faded with the indigenous culture. Cook reckoned the Tahitians as 204,000 bodies, and saw there a war fleet of 160 large double canoes, with 170 transports for arms and victuals. Their navy was composed of 7,760 men.

Leaving Tahiti, and staying a few days in the Marquesas, Cook remarked that the natives of the latter islands are "without exception the finest race of people in this sea. Perhaps they



A NIGHT DANCE IN HAPAE

surpass all other nations in symmetry of form and regularity of features . . ."

And now he sets sail, and out of the night rises a marvelous group of islands, until then unspied, except by Polynesian eyes. The Pacific was as yet a great black sheet, streaked with thin belts of light as one voyager after another had drawn his narrow track on the crude chart. Cook named these islands after his patron, Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, better known to us for his bread-and-meat invention. English maps yet retain his name, but America calls them Hawaii, and owns them. There, after winning over the most desperate hazards of some fifty-thousand miles of blind waters, storms, guns, spears, fevers and scurvy, Cook was to become immortal; immortal in a double sense, for he was to be hailed as a celestial being, and his soul was to be loosed from its mortal tenement.

We must see him for a moment: Six feet tall, spare and wiry; as hard as iron, and looking like thirty. His hair was dark-brown, his eyes brown, and small as becoming a seaman, quick and piercing; his eyebrows large and bushy. His forehead was broad, his nose long and straight, his cheekbones set high, his chin full and round, and his mouth firmly set. Austere, silent, striking. Patience, resolution, perseverance and courage are in his face. He is turned fifty, the most famous man in England, a captain in the Royal Navy, husband and father. The son of a hind, a farm laborer, a sailor for thirty-seven years in war and peace, he could expect the homage of the world on his return. But the Pacific loves to kill those who wrest its secrets. I have stood at the trysting place with death of the first and last of the supreme captains, Magellan at Mactan, in the Philippines, and Cook at Kealakeakua, in Hawaii.

The Hawaiians, like certain sectaries in America to-day, expected the return of a god, Lono, who had, in legendary times, sailed away for foreign shores, saying, "I will return in after-times on an island bearing coconut trees, swine and dogs."

The Hawaiians who first boarded Cook's ships returned with astonishing reports. The people had "heads horned like the moon; they carried fires burning in their mouths [pipes]; they ate the raw flesh of men [the red water-melon]. If they wanted anything, they took it out of their bodies [pockets]; they voyaged, as any one could see, on islands with high trees."

Who, then, was Cook but Lono? Read it, as recorded by Malo, a Hawaiian, from eye-witnesses:

One said to the other, "What is that great thing with branches?" Others said, "It is a forest that has slid down into the sea," and the gabble and noise was great. Then the chiefs ordered some natives to go into a canoe and observe and examine well that wonderful thing. They went, and when they came to the ship, they saw the iron that was attached to the outside of the ship, and they were greatly rejoiced at the quantity of the iron.

Because the iron was known before that time, from wood with iron [in or on it] that had formerly drifted ashore, but it was in small quantity, and here was plenty. And they entered on board, and they saw the people with white foreheads, bright eyes, loose garments, corner-shaped heads, and unintelligible speech.

Then they thought that the people [on board] were all women, because their heads

were so like the women's heads of that period. They observed the quantity of iron on board of the ship, and they were filled with wonder and delight.

Then they returned and told the chiefs what they had seen, and how great a quantity of iron. On hearing this, one of the warriors of the chief said, "I will go and take forcible possession of this booty, for to plunder is my business and means of living."

The chiefs consented. Then this warrior went on board of the ship and took away some of the iron on board, and he was shot at and killed. His name was Kapupuu. The canoes [around the ship] fled away and reported that Kapupuu had been killed by a ball from a squirt-gun.

And that same night, guns were fired and rockets were thrown up from the ships. They [the Hawaiians] thought it was a god, and they called his name Lonomakua, and they thought there would be war.

Cook landed and was received as a god, as Lono returned.

"Our commander," says the ship's logbook, "went on shore; and at the very instant of his doing it, the collected body of the natives all fell flat upon their faces, and continued in that humble posture, till, by expressive signs, he prevailed upon them to rise."

The priests of Hawaii paid him divine honors. They placed him upon the high altar at the *morai*, and voiced antiphonal chants about his sacred person.

At their direction, he prostrated himself and kissed a wooden idol, his brother god. They drest up Cook, and offered sacrifices to him. The great captain took all the worship in a solemn, matter-of-fact way, much as our Presidents take the applause of huge throngs. After all, it was the most astounding incident of his astounding career, and worthy of the British flag. How few people in the past two hundred years have been worshiped as gods!

The priests, headed by Koa, the pope of their faith, were unceasing in their ministrations and gifts. Word was passed that Lono must be presented with the most precious gifts of Hawaii. The king himself adored Cook and put on his shoulders his own cloak, the magnificent yellow feather cloak that took decades, and the feathers of thousands of birds, to make; also his kingly helmet, and his fan, the insignia of royalty.

Each time that the captain went ashore, heralds announced his approach, and opened a way for him through the crowds. As he moved, the assemblage covered their faces, and those nearest him prostrated themselves on the earth in the deepest humility. As soon as Lono had passed, the people sprang erect and uncovered their faces. The evolution of prostration and erection was found at last so inconvenient, and to require so unwonted an agility, that the practical-minded people found that they could best meet the case by going permanently on their hands and feet; and so, at last, the procession changed its character; and ten thousand men and women were seen pursuing or flying from Captain Cook on all fours.

The ships might have set their sails for the north, and left behind the memory of the marvels they brought of the god, Lono [Cook]; and with largesse of hatchets, axes, bolts and nails, have modernized and made happy the Sandwichers.

Aue! Aue! They stayed to mend a foremast, and to procure fuel. As in Tahiti, the jolly tars would not be content to chop down the plentiful trees of many kinds of wood, but must



THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK

needs pick out the fence of the most sacred sanctuary, which bore a score of grim, carved idols; as if strangers entered the cathedral in New York, and stript the statues and altar ornaments to build fires. Cook, maybe, wanted to show that his godship was unique.

The sailors must have their petting parties on the beaches and in the forests, and supplies must be laid in for the voyage homeward. The trading in iron began with what metal they yet had, after the insatiable demands of the islands south of the line. There were stone-throwings and slangings. The voracious seamen ate the generous Hawaiians quite out of their larders. They had but come from waters where a wormy bonito or tough gannet was all the fresh food. The log puts it:

The meager appearance of some of our crew, the hearty appetites with which we sat down to the fresh provisions, and our great anxiety to purchase and carry off as much as we were able, made them think we had come there merely for the purpose of filling our bellies. . . . It was ridiculous enough to see them stroking the sides and patting the bellies of our sailors, and telling them, partly by signs and partly by words, that it was time for them to go, but that if we would come again the next breadfruit season, they would be better able to supply our wants.

Not one of the English crew understood the real nature and meaning of the Hawaiian intentions. The sailors grew insolent and provocative, and fiercer in their hankerings for caresses and baked pig. At the time of a religious festival, when none might move about, the marines broke the *tabu*, the most heinous sin against the gods, and the most hateful and insulting offense against the authorities. The marines—"always first"—by honeyed phrases they had learned, and mayhap by judicious use of a few nails, induced certain curious and soft-hearted girls to visit their headquarters at eventide. The priests were furious, and burned down the house. In all the South Seas the women have been foremost in kindness to lonely whites, and have had least respect for *tabus*.

The good-will of the natives was stretching to a tenuity that foreboded evil. These foreign gods were becoming a dreadful nuisance, but then Hawaiians believed in wicked gods as much as in good gods. They had their devils of might. Malo, the native scribe, says:

Then the chiefess named Kamakahalei, mother of Kaumuali,

said: "Let us not fight against our god; let us please him that he may be favorable to us." Then Kamakahalei gave her own daughter as a woman to Lono. Lelemahoalani was her name; she was older sister of Kaumuali.

Things were at a pretty pass! Palu, the chief first to welcome the god, Cook, stole the ship's cutter. Cook worked himself up to a high pitch over this, and made up his mind to seize the person of the king himself, and hold him as security for the boat. Cook tried to persuade the king to come aboard the ship; the people grew afraid for the king's safety, and began to arm with sticks, stones and spears. Cook persisted, and the mob threatened him. A native attacked him with a spear, and the captain shot him down with a gun he had in his hand. Stones were thrown at the retreating Cook, and the sailors in his boat, on the beach, fired at the throwers. Cook turned to call a halt to the firing, but could not be heard, and suddenly he was stabbed and speared. His body fell into the water. Four others of the English were also killed. The others fled, some in cowardly fashion, and left the corpse to the assassins.

A few days later, the head and hands of the unfortunate captain were brought to the ship. His body had been dismembered; even at the last, perhaps in adoration, for the Hawaiians were not cannibals, tho they offered human sacrifices. The crews avenged their master's death with fire and bullet. They burned and killed all they met, and the faithful log says that "two Irishmen brought to the ship the heads of two enemies."

The English buried on the beach the poor mortal bits of Lono, the giant, who had by his daring and prudence, his skill and determination given to the world, and particularly to his country, most of the lands in all the South Seas. In London, his fate was deeply deplored, and his *manes* received all but royal honors.

He was avenged. In most of the islands they visited, his crews left a fearful malady as the supreme terror of white diabolism or animalism. In Tahiti, where the truly heroic Captain Cook counted more than two hundred thousand laughing, singing, joyous people, are to-day three thousand. I have seen them all. And in Hawaii, they can pineapples for world-wide distribution ("cans, pines and sugar all made on the grounds!").

Aue! Aue! Cupid and cupidity are still in Hawaii, for the missionaries' sons are grown rich, and the American marines are there by the hundreds. *Aue! Aue!*

Harold Bell Wright's Eleventh Western Venture

"THEY SAY" (let them say) that Harold Bell Wright is a dummy stuffer. His characters—we hear the plaint over and over again—are merely stiffened corpses of the virtues and vices, hollow representations of courage or cowardice for the male, of virginity or wantonness for the female. Like unto the painted Indian in front of the old-fashioned cigar store, they reach out their bundle of offerings (not always Virginia cheroots) from an empty heart. And, protest it tho we do, we must admit certain soundings justifying this stricture.

Harold Bell Wright will never test high proof with our psychiatric-clinic school of writers. He substitutes action for thought-analysis. Nor in this action does he force his fighting hero to linger long between sheets, every third or fourth morning, to allow for the story-teller's wordy rehash, mulling over all the bright spots of action. But by his particular type of romantic adventure Mr. Wright has scored heavily ten times. Now comes the lucky eleventh—"The Son of His Father."⁽¹⁾

For the gist of this critique, I here submit: This eleventh best-seller is not a dummy-character book. Big Boy Morgan, hero ranchman, has a peculiar personality in addition to conventional bravery. In fact, it's son-of-his-father peculiarities that give the book its name—and it's well named. For the feminine lead,

Nora O'Shea, lovable mavourneen Nora, who opens the tale with an act of human sympathy in a crowded day-coach out of El Paso, and who is worthy of the Irish of Kathleen Norris. She's real. Then, in the way of animate intimacy, to fail to mention Charles Gray, the convalescent Easterner, as he turns from too much introspection to helpful looking outward under Nora's inspiration, would be an oversight. These characters at least reflect personality.

For scenery we can continue to use old settings, however. "The Mine with the Iron Door" stage properties will do very well. No need to change even the State. Arizona does capitally for both. Localize yourself near Tucson, build up pictures of two rival ranches, El Rancho de Las Rosas and the Black Canyon Ranch; throw in some Eastern moneyed villains; season with a few penniless Western scoundrels—familiar tools of tainted money—and you have all the necessary props. At one point we suspect the author of drawing his own picture, Thackeraylike, in the character of the inquiring Tucson clubman, visitor at the Old Pueblo Clubhouse. We may admit that Mr. Wright has juggled these Wild Western stage properties so often on one-night stands that they are a little frayed; but when all is said, and the last page read—come, now—be frank. Don't you like it? Yes! Good Western romance catches you just as it catches the one hundred thousand other fiction-lovers who will go pulsing through "The Son of His Father."

FRANK L. WILKINSON.

⁽¹⁾ THE SON OF HIS FATHER. By Harold Bell Wright. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A Great Physician Who Was Not Dr. Arrowsmith

By Robert M. Yerkes

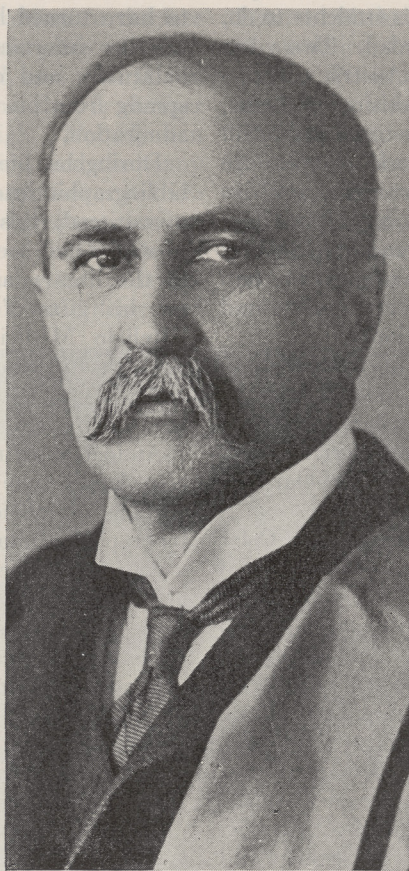
IT CAME to me as an antidote for "Arrowsmith," this life history of a noble man and a great physician.⁽¹⁾ Sinclair Lewis's labored picture of a scientific worker and his strivings had proved sorely depressing. Harvey Cushing's documented biography of a real man, scientist and humanist, who was also a rarely attractive personality and worthy of hero worship, restored my faith in humanity and my optimism.

From a reviewer we demand information and advice which shall guide us safely and to our profit, warning us of the poor, the mediocre, the commonplace, and inviting our attention to merit. My advice regarding this life of Dr. Osler is definite and unqualified: "Read it."

Greatness is not so common in human nature or in biographic record that we can afford to miss it. Dr. Cushing's volumes are notable alike in their subject and in their literary form. From the reading of their more than fourteen hundred pages I arose refreshed, strengthened, inspired to better living. As a great wave came a feeling of gratitude to William Osler for having lived, mingled with regret that millions of his fellow men could not have known him intimately. Those large of life, heart and achievement, and especially those of the medical profession, will eagerly seek these volumes and treasure their rich content; and those of ordinary quality will be even more eager and appreciative, for their need of the directive power and inspiration of an ideal made visible is greater.

A biographer may permit a personality to tell its own story; he may describe, interpret, and appraise, or, if extraordinarily fortunate in his materials and relations and sufficiently courageous, he may attempt to do both. In this instance, Dr. Cushing chose wisely, I think, to use the abundant expressions of William Osler's life as his material. Of description colored by the biographer's personality, of interpretation and evaluation, there is almost none. It is as tho Dr. Osler, freed from mortality and the inhibitions of the personal pronoun, had been enabled to tell the story of his own life. With singleness of purpose, excellence of judgment, perfection of taste, easy and agreeable directness of style, the biographer has marshaled an array of facts which enable the reader to enter with fulness of satisfaction into the life of this exceptionally interesting, lovable and successful man.

Well born, well endowed, well nurtured, happy in his family, friends, teachers, in his profession and its associations, Osler has been fortunate even in his biographer. For in Harvey Cushing, younger friend, intimate associate, eminent colleague, the great physician finds a man big enough, wise enough, devoted enough, to subordinate completely self to task. The biography seems long until one reads it. Then one begins to wish that one might have access to the abundance which was spread before the author. Mechanically considered, the volumes are well made, effectively



SIR WILLIAM OSLER

illustrated, and wholly worthy of a high-grade press.

Great pains have been taken with the documentation of the work. It is provided with a useful analytical table of contents and a good index. But most of all the reader will appreciate the aids to orientation which appear as page headings. Supplementing the conventional description of page content is the date by month and year of the events recorded, and the age of the subject at the time. Instead of having to search through pages or chapters for dates which one has forgotten, one glances at the top of the page and the desired information is his. The reviewer is inclined to make much of these structural merits of the biography because they too often are lacking in otherwise satisfactory works.

Sir William Osler has been described as an artist and saint in life, a truly great physician, scientific in spirit and in works, a lover of the classics, a humanist and bibliophile and, above these, an intensely personal, deeply understanding and sympathetic friend. From the evidences which these volumes supply, his temperament stands forth as the essential condition of his remarkable achievements in living. Naturally frank, honest, cheerful, kindly, sympathetic, friendly, keen of intellect, quick to bring thought or feeling to expression, industrious, energetic, ambitious for his profession as human service, generous of himself and his goods, can we wonder that he lived a conspicuously useful life, beloved, honored, admired by all who knew him? Now, happily, he lives again, immortalized by a simple, straightforward, and withal sufficiently detailed, life history which will bring the inspirations of his daily living to thousands of men and women who seek the aid of actualized ideals.

William Osler's parents in 1837 migrated from Cornwall to Upper Canada, now Ontario, to labor as religious teachers on the threshold of the great wilderness. William, one of nine children, was born in 1849. Of his father we learn little except that he was strong of character and religious belief. His mother, equally vigorous, but more hospitably minded and charitable, wisely guarded and guided her children.

The boy's early school life was fortunate in spite of pranks which doubtless caused his parents anxiety. He profited much from the personalities of such exceptional teachers as W. A. Johnson and James Bovell. The first of these awakened his interest in living things, and the second became an enduring influence in his life by leading him to the threshold of medicine. In later years, when his attention to the business of the moment lapsed and he drifted into reverie, his hand would almost automatically trace the name James Bovell, M. D. It recurs endlessly in his memoranda and notes. The fact is indicative of his type of character and attitude toward life.

Altho intended for the ministry by his parents, and so well inclined that he actually went to Trinity College in the autumn of 1867 with theology in mind, he shortly decided that he was more inclined toward scientific pursuits as exemplified in the lives of his admired teachers, Johnson and Bovell, and that he could

⁽¹⁾ THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER. By Harvey Cushing. 2 vols., 1442 pages. New York: Oxford University Press. \$12.50.

most satisfactorily develop and express himself while rendering human service in the profession of medicine. It required strength of will and character to make this choice, for his parents were sadly disappointed.

Medical training he received at the Toronto Medical School and the McGill Medical School of Montreal, following the while the interests in natural history which his early teachers had awakened. On the completion of his medical course, instead of marrying and settling into the practise of his profession, he "put his affections on ice" as in later life he advised his students to do, and sought opportunities for graduate study abroad. Two years were spent in Scotland, England, Germany and Austria. Thereupon he returned with the expectation of practising medicine, but was almost immediately given opportunity to teach in McGill Medical School. Thus began his long academic career. He quickly commanded the interest and esteem of students, and his value was presently recognized by appointment to a professorship. His knowledge of disease he steadily broadened and deepened by careful bedside observation and untiring labor in post-mortem examinations. It is said that while at McGill he made and recorded more than one thousand such examinations.

After a short but brilliant career in McGill, at the age of thirty-five years, he accepted a professorship of clinical medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. Here for nearly six years he labored successfully, and made of himself, meanwhile, an alert, critical, appreciative man of the world, tho ever primarily scholar and physician.

With the organization of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Dr. Osler was selected as Physician-in-Chief, which position he accepted and filled with distinction until in 1905 he accepted the Regius Professorship of Medicine in Oxford. His professional life epochs in Montreal, 1874-1884; in Philadelphia, 1884-1889; in Baltimore, 1889-1905; and in Oxford, 1905 to the end, are distinguished chiefly by the ripening of his own abilities, development of new interests and service to different types of community. Throughout, his essential professional aims and ideals remained constant. He strove tirelessly for the scientific advancement of his profession, for the improvement of methods of medical instruction, and for the development of important aids to student and practitioner.

Of Osler as physician, it is said that no man was ever more beloved by his patients. One of them has written:

To have been a patient of Sir William Osler in your youth was to have obtained an almost impossible ideal of what a physician could be. . . . In a room full of discordant elements he entered and saw only his patient and only his patient's greatest need, and instantly the atmosphere was charged with kindly vitality; every one felt that the situation was under control, and all were attention. No circumlocution, no meandering. The moment Sir William gave you was yours. It was hardly ever more than a moment, but there was curiously no abrupt beginning or end to it. With the easy sweep of a great artist's line, beginning in your necessity and ending in your necessity, the precious moment was yours, becoming wholly and entirely a part of the fabric of your life. He made you respect his time, but he also respected yours. . . . Subtle in temperament, direct in character, the brilliant mind and soaring spirit were unchallenged, because, under the surface of the man of the world lived the saint. It is when a man touches other people's lives that you know whether he brings life or death or nothing. Where that swift spirit has gone, I do not know; but I know that to those he cared for on earth he brought life. They will look back and remember, and will thank God and take courage.

An amazingly prolific writer, Osler invariably rewards his reader. In 1892 appeared his still famous text, "The Principles and Practice of Medicine." Every three years thereafter throughout his life it was revised. Its influence on Mr. F. T. Gates is said to have led to various beneficent provisions for medical research. The one hundred thousandth copy of this widely appreciated book Dr. Osler presented to his son Revere.

His papers before medical societies, congresses, conventions, are legion. His addresses, on a wide range of topics, before professional and lay audiences also are numerous. Many of these were written with scrupulous care, and not a few, happily, have

become available in print. Best known perhaps among them are "Æquanimity," "The Fixed Period," "Old Humanities and the New Science," "The Student Life," and "A Way of Life."

Amidst his labors as clinical teacher, much-sought-after consultant, writer and investigator, Dr. Osler found time for pioneering in the education of the public to the understanding and appreciation of hygiene, public health and preventive medicine. As he advanced in years, his interests multiplied. He seems seldom to have turned his back on an opportunity for real usefulness, whether information, skill, time or money were needed, but habitually and cheerfully responded with a generosity which sprang from his innermost nature and therefore was worthy of admiration.

During his life in Oxford his devotion to the classics and his bibliographic interests became increasingly conspicuous. Partly avocational, this was merely a logical development, for from youth he had been a lover of good books and an ardent advocate of the library as an aid to professional development. Many are his gifts of rare books and of money to libraries. The "Religio Medici" of Sir Thomas Browne he came to prize through his teacher, W. A. Johnson. His first copy, rebound and well worn, ever a part of his bedside library, was placed on his bier.

Amidst multitudinous demands this gifted and popular physician found time to gather an extraordinary collection of first editions of medical works and books by medical writers. His biographer announces that the "Bibliotheca Osleriana," an account of his precious library, is in preparation. Extraordinary also is his ability to appreciate, enjoy and defend the classics while giving himself heart and soul to the expression of the spirit of modern science, and to the promotion of a profession whose status depends chiefly on that spirit, and whose art proves the quality of men.

In his seventh decade, when labors should have lightened and anxieties disappeared, the Great War came as a waster of life and inhibitor of progress. Sir William, with his habitual generosity and thoroughness, gave himself to the service of his profession, his country and humanity in the prolonged struggle; gave also what was far more precious to him than life, his own son, a boy of tastes like unto his father's and perpetuating his spirit. One of Osler's early assistants has written: "The Great War almost broke his heart; the tragic death of his son, Revere, did break it." It is clear from his letters and notes that this double tragedy prepared the way for disease by weakening his hold on life. In the midst of his fatal illness, he wrote to a dear friend:

The confounded thing drags on in an unpleasant way [his illness] and in one's seventy-first year the harbor is not far off. And such a happy voyage, and such dear companions all the way! And the future does not worry!

With these paragraphs Dr. Cushing concludes what in his preface he describes as "Mémoires pour servir, merely the outlines for the final portrait to be painted out when the colors, lights and shades come in time to be added—colors and lights chiefly, for only one heavy shade is cast, just before the end."

So they—the living—left him overnight; alone in the Lady Chapel beside the famous "watching-chamber" which overlooks the shrine of the Saint, and with the quaint effigy of his beloved Robert Burton near by—lying in the scarlet gown of Oxford, his bier covered with a plain velvet pall on which lay a single sheaf of lilies and his favorite copy of the "Religio," comes *via vitæque*.

And perhaps that New Year night saw, led by Revere, another procession pass by the "watching-chamber"—the spirits of many, old and young—of former and modern times—of Linacre, Harvey and Sydenham; of John Locke, Gesner, and Louis; of Bartlett, Beaumont, and Bassett; of Johnson, Bovell, and Howard; of Mitchell, Leidy, and Stillé; of Gilman, Billings, and Trudeau; of Hutchinson, Horsley, and Payne; of the younger men, his pupils, who had gone before—Jack Hewetson, MacCallum, and McCrae; and in still greater number those youths bearing scars of wounds who had more recently known and felt the affection and warmth of the "Open Arms"—doubly dead in that they died so young.

The Plight of the American Farmer

By William MacDonald

THE real trouble with the farmers, according to the late Herbert Quick, is the impossibly high price of land.

The frontier has long since disappeared, and with it has gone cheap land; there remains only some land that is cheaper than other land, and all of it impossibly high. Nobody can afford to farm the best land because of its price, and the many who are farming inferior land, much of which ought never to have been put under the plow, court only the surer and greater calamity. What is true of the grain areas east and west of the Mississippi is true, only a little less peremptorily, of land devoted to truck-farming, fruit-raising, and the ordinary round of small diversified crops. As a consequence American agriculture is going to the dogs, and with it the general prosperity, of which agriculture is the foundation; and unless the decline can be checked we may expect to see American civilization go the way of Roman civilization, and of other civilizations whose agricultural life shriveled and decayed as economic, political or other influences squeezed from it first the possibility of a profit and then the possibility of a livelihood. The land of the free is headed straight for destruction, with agriculture leading the way.

Mr. Quick wrote as a farmer to farmers, and his recent death justifies an increased interest in the last non-fiction book that he produced—"The Real Trouble with the Farmers."⁽¹⁾ Anticipating that Mr. Conservative Citizen, as he calls him, will reject his principal conclusions, he draws a graphic picture of the plight of the farmers under the exactions to which they are subjected. To begin with, the American farmer can not control the foreign market for his products, because the foreign market is governed by competition, and the United States finds itself there in competition with the world. He can not control the domestic market, because the prices at which foodstuffs are bought and sold are determined by others. Any idea that the market for agricultural products can be steadied by holding back crops or restricting production is, accordingly, visionary; the only ultimate outcome would be either increased production abroad or a glutted market at home. The "valorization" plan of storing crops in elevators, issuing warehouse receipts, and borrowing through the new Intermediate Credit Banks seemed to Mr. Quick quite as unsubstantial as are the optimistic reports issued from time to time by the Department of Agriculture and other agencies.

The Fordney tariff, as a device for helping the farmer, is raked

fore and aft by Mr. Quick in a lively fashion, and with an array of statistics that comes near to carrying complete conviction. Taking Texas as an illustration, it appears that the tariff does nothing to widen the market or enhance the price of any staple that the farmer has to sell, notwithstanding that it raises preposterously the cost of most manufactured articles that he needs to buy. Second only to the tariff as a destructive force are the railways, operated, as Mr. Quick sees it, for private profit instead of for public service, and so closely allied with the great manufacturing interests as to make it well-nigh impossible to deal with them separately. In this connection the Interstate Commerce

Commission and the Esch-Cummins law, particularly the horizontal raising of freight-rates which the two together have imposed, come in for drastically severe handling.

The result of it all is that the American farmer, struggle and plan as he may, is being rapidly reduced to the position of either a bankrupt or a tenant at will, and the line that separates the one from the other is not, in Mr. Quick's view, very broad. The farmer can not make enough on the average to constitute a fair return on the value of the best



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A WESTERN CORN AND PUMPKIN FARM

land; he can not, as a rule, hold his crops, but must sell at once to get money for interest, taxes and other charges, and he is outvoted in the country at large by the industrial and commercial population. Farms by the thousand are being abandoned because farming does not pay, some of the one-time owners moving on to new locations to court the same experience of failure on less fertile land, others joining the already overcrowded population of the cities in an environment for which they are unfit; while those who perforce continue as tenants of rented or heavily mortgaged farms find that the landlord exacts in rent everything in the way of profit that can be produced, leaving to the tenant only a meager existence on a low plane of living. Naturally, those members of the family who are most able or ambitious quit the farm for the city at the first opportunity, so that not only is the farm population being depleted in numbers, but the portion that is left is less and less competent and energetic, and the attractiveness of the occupation still further declines.

What, one naturally asks, is the remedy, if there be any? The remedy which Mr. Quick particularly emphasizes is the single tax. He would lift from the farmer all the taxes on improvements, stock, income and other property which are now laid upon him, and tax only the value of the land. Until this is done he sees no

⁽¹⁾ THE REAL TROUBLE WITH THE FARMERS. By Herbert Quick. 215 pages. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.

Havelock Ellis Dissects the Art of Living

By Leo Markun

"AN ARTIST," says Mr. Havelock Ellis, "has not always to finish his work in every detail; by not doing so he may succeed in making the spectator his coworker, and put into his hands the tool to carry on the work which, as it lies before him beneath its veil of yet partly unworked material, still stretches into infinity." Here is the explanation of some of the shortcomings and also of the great merit of his newest book.⁽¹⁾ It contains not well-ordered systems smoothly laid down, but suggestions seemingly thrown out at random, with many gaps and inconsistencies. Mr. Ellis is no hair-splitting philosopher of the schools. He is concerned with life, and life has a way of defying logic.

Life is a dance—that is, in a sense, the thesis of the book. It must, however, be remembered what the author means by the word. The dance is to him rhythm in general, regular motion of all sorts, whether within us or in the waves and the stars.

As to dancing in the restricted sense, that is of obvious importance among primitive peoples with whom it expresses both love and religion. The dance, says Wundt, was the first art, coming before the song, and Ellis is of his opinion. Originally the dance was the only prayer. "To dance is to take part in the cosmic control of the world." The Greek Mysteries were made up largely of dances, the ancient Hebrews danced before the ark. As for erotic dancing, it prevails not among men alone, but also among moths and butterflies. Competitive dancing among the males for the purpose of attracting a female, or, less often, among the females for attracting a male, prevails among races of all degrees of culture. Dancing does not everywhere mean a movement of the legs. Body-dancing was firmly established in ancient Rome, and is the usual form in Polynesia. Sir Harry H. Johnston describes the pigmies of Africa, a decorous and moral people, whose dances, "tho danced reverently," are "grossly indecent."

To this Mr. Ellis replies that Johnston is "blinded by European civilization." Of course, decency is a matter of convention, and it is doubtful whether we can call any practise which is normal and ordinary to a whole people, indecent. Nevertheless, a European can not help feeling that cannibalism, for instance, or the practise of the suttee, is wrong wherever it occurs. Havelock Ellis is freer than most human beings from the prejudices of his own tribe. Therefore his ideas are sometimes startling, altho he is no lover of paradox for the sake of appearing witty or clever.

"The Dance of Life" was begun fifteen years ago. It is an altogether healthy sign that the older parts of the book and the

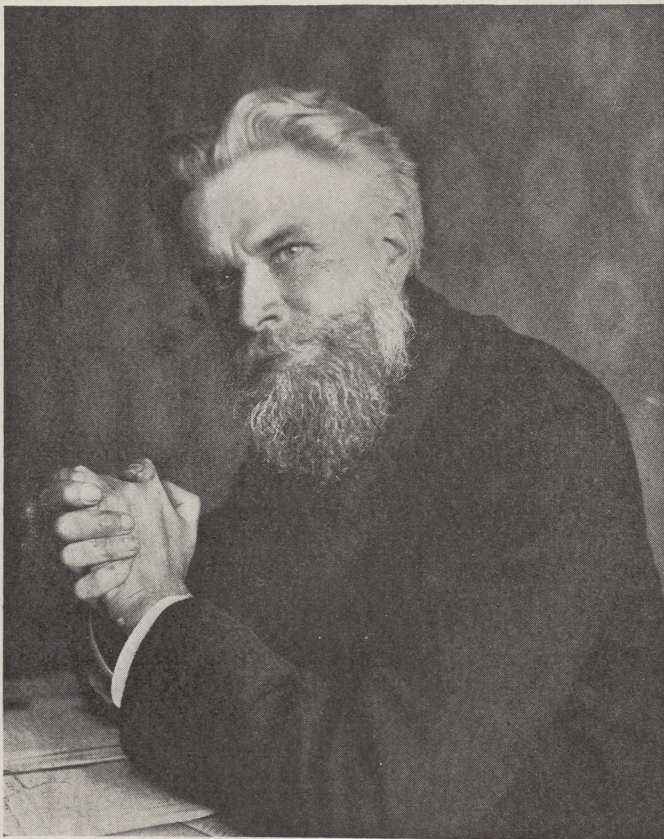
newer parts do not entirely agree. Incidentally, the plan of the book has also changed somewhat, and the chapter on "The Art of Dancing" does not run quite parallel with the following chapters, which deal in order with the arts of thinking, writing, religion, and morals, making up with certain other arts the great art of life.

The dance is, however, mainly intended as a symbol, and it is for the symbolic meaning that the chapter has its place. Nevertheless, Mr. Ellis manages to find a connection between the art of thinking and the art of dancing: "It is significant that Descartes appeared a few years after Malherbe, it is also significant that Einstein was immediately preceded by the Russian ballet." That is, we are in a classico-mathematical Renaissance, like that of the seventeenth century. It is not explained exactly what relation Einstein's theory bears to Fokine's dancing, or at least the present reviewer has missed the connection. The ballet works in geometrical patterns, to be sure, but these will hardly be changed because of mathematical relativity.

Yet to Havelock Ellis all thoughts (and all instincts as well, for that matter) seem so firmly interwoven that any ferment in one field must necessarily change things elsewhere. "We might perhaps say of arts and sciences that we can only understand them all together, and we may certainly say, as Descartes proceeded to say of the sciences alone, that they all emanate from the same focus, however diversely colored by the media

they pass through or the objects they encounter." Science is knowing, art, doing, thought Sir Sidney Colvin, but to Ellis it now appears that knowing and learning are in themselves active operations. Hence they do not differ essentially from the activities which we call artistic. The facts of science are not fixt, but growing and changing. Mental creation is not essentially different from manual creation. The philosopher, the scientist, the poet, the sculptor, are all equally artists. The genuine scientist must have imagination. The philosopher's motive is an esthetic one. Plato is to Ellis "the most consummate of artists." Plato's Socrates spoke of philosophy as the "noblest and best of music."

Even the most literal of thought-conceptions is an artistic piece of work. How do we learn that the moon is not within our infantile grasp? It is by an arrangement of previously unrelated impressions. Furthermore, as Vaihinger has shown in his "Philosophy of the As If," our arrangements are dictated by certain fictitious considerations. Fundamental conceptions like the infinite and absolute space are in themselves ridiculous. "It is logically contradictory ideas," says Ellis, "which are the most valuable." If Vaihinger didn't entirely prove his point, "in



HAVELOCK ELLIS

(1) THE DANCE OF LIFE. By Havelock Ellis. 377 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

philosophy it is not the attainment of the goal that matters, it is the things that are met with by the way."

From this point of view, the writing of "The Dance of Life" is more than justified. No matter what philosophy Mr. Ellis should seek to expound, his exposition would be valuable for what he sets down of life and of vital books. Havelock Ellis is a profound student of sex. He is a psychologist without the narrowness of many professional writers about the mind. He goes beyond perfunctory definitions, and therefore deals of necessity with theories which may be partly or entirely false. He believes, for example, that genius and all the lesser manifestations of the artistic and the scientific impulse are of sexual origin. The personality of Leonardo da Vinci, who was at once painter, sculptor, architect and scientist, is probed for the sexual roots of his creative powers.

Mr. Ellis is himself both scientist and artist. As a writer and critic his position is almost as sure as his place in psychology. He is a brilliant exponent of individualism in writing, as in other fields. "The freedom of art by no means involves the easiness of art," he declares, for as we turn away from a pattern, our creative task becomes more, not less, difficult. He praises Proust and Joyce largely for the reason that they have made roads into mental regions hitherto little explored, and he explains that he dwells on these two men just because their position in literature is still questionable.

Any one whose mind is not tightly sealed against new ideas will do well to read the chapter called "The Art of Religion." The chief point here is that mysticism—by which Ellis means the core of religion, "the relationship between the Self and the Not-self," is in no wise opposed to science. Science seems, in fact, to have arisen out of magic, or at least out of similar instincts. Einstein is quoted as having remarked that "in every true searcher of Nature there is a kind of religious reverence."

Ellis tells about his own doubts and his own conversion when he found that dogmas were "the mere empty shadows of intimate personal experience." That is, he became converted without turning toward a belief. Fundamentalists might retort that science and such a religion very likely do agree, but that the religion is to them no better than none at all. Especially is this true because Ellis denies the dependence of morality on religion.

To the Greeks, indeed, morality was almost a branch of esthetics. To Ellis it is a rhythmic system, part of the dance of life. The individual must be his own artist, must dance his own dance. Havelock Ellis agrees with Thoreau that "it is golden not to have any rule at all." Certainly he does not find that the multiplication of laws and precepts has made highly civilized man happier or less criminal than his brother the savage. Very possibly, in fact, our civilization is decaying, approaching its end. Yet we may love beauty and knowledge for their own sake, or perhaps to hand them on to the new race which is to arise out of our own ashes.

Youthful Poems of Havelock Ellis

By Isaac Goldberg

THERE is something symbolical in the fact that Mr. Havelock Ellis's poetry, written in the heyday of his youth, should have waited until his sixty-sixth year before being published in book form.⁽²⁾ It is not only that he has never been in a hurry to go to press. It is chiefly that the writings of his youth bear an unmistakable stamp of maturity, and that the writings of his later years are buoyant with an emotional and intellectual resiliency that is the treasure of youth alone. As one whose great labor in life has been to complete the circles of which lesser humanity may behold only the separate arcs, he thus takes on, appropriately, the character of one in whom life itself is such a completed circle of youth and age. A few years ago we were able to read his "Kanga Creek," a fiction born of his days as a

school-teacher in Australia; this, too, had been held unpublished for decades. Those who have read the story will recall the bookish young teacher it portrayed—the budding poet soul who roamed the open and shouted verses into the fresh, free air. He and the writer of these sonnets, the translator of these folk-songs from the Spanish, are one.

The sonnets were written between Ellis's seventeenth and twenty-fifth years; that is, between his experiences as an instructor in the Australian bush and the end of his course in medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital in London. The versions of the *coplas* owe their origin to Ellis's fondness for the country to which he dedicated "The Soul of Spain." The original poems have been set down without revision.

The remarkable thing about these verses is their unfaltering indication of the artist's later career. Here are to be found the dominant influences, the salient themes, the central attitudes that have come to be associated with the life-work of the man. His almost shy reclusion from that humanity which he loves; his passionate discovery of beauty where others see only commonness; his ardent understanding of woman, love and the spirit that dwells in the flesh; his mellow equanimity, born not of indifference but of penetrating sympathy—these pulse already through his lines. As becomes a youth whose ancestry, on both sides, unrolls a long roster of intrepid seamen, his lines are briny with the ocean. The sea, indeed, grows into his characterizing symbol—its mystery, its lure to adventure, its changelessness within change. Has not the course of his own brave yet unostentatious life been foreshadowed in his sonnet, "The Bill of Lading"?

Within the hold they all together fare:

The searching spirit that must ever know,
The challenging eagerness to meet each foe,
The strong aspiring will to do and dare,
The silent gentleness to stand and bear

The world's disdain and never feel a blow,
Smiles, tears, sweet words, joys, griefs, that come and go,
Rankling desires that writhe within their lair.

O soul, upon this strangely freighted ship,
Loaded so deeply that the bulwarks dip,

Borne by a wind of such uncertain breath,
Tho storm may bend the mast, tho calm descend,
Keep a high courage until the adventure end,
Sail on across Life's billowing sea to Death.

The volume is tastefully printed in a limited edition of 500 copies; it will be sought and treasured by all who admire, in its many manifestations, one of the ripest minds of our age.

The Plight of the American Farmer

(Continued from page 643)

hope for the present distressing situation, and while he admits that the change would impose a burden upon certain landholders, he is confident that the burden would be of small consequence in comparison with the benefits that would redound to the mass. To the taxation of land values he would add the development of distributive cooperation, of which there are already encouraging illustrations among the fruit-growers of California and the Northwest and the truck-farmers of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Apparently he has no faith in political remedies of any kind, and his comments upon the quasi-political organizations which have been formed to care for the farmers' interests are not flattering.

There is no gainsaying the force and, in general at least, the accuracy and fairness of Mr. Quick's diagnosis. It is no novelty to say that the condition of the American farmer is not only depressing but alarming. The remedy of a single tax on land values, however, is so little likely to be applied in any calculable future that it seems useless to look to that panacea for the cure of the disease. For cooperation the outlook is more hopeful, altho the progress is slow. Practically, then, Mr. Quick has raised a question which he has not answered. Perhaps the most that can be said for this informing book is that it invites the writing of another on "The Real Remedy for the Farmer's Troubles."

⁽²⁾ SONNETS, WITH FOLK-SONGS FROM THE SPANISH. By Havelock Ellis. 82 pages. England: The Golden Cockerel Press, Waltham Saint Lawrence in Berkshire.

the other hand, an American lady of modest means was able not long ago (by dint of tact and persistence) to secure a rich collection of Walt Whitman MSS., probably one of the most interesting now in private hands.

I renounced book-collecting long ago, and I am now only a looker-on in Vienna. But if I felt myself tempted again to engage in the chase, I know where I should turn my attention. It is to a field where I need not now fear rivalry, for collectors have not yet discovered its attractions. I should seek out the two or three dozen beautiful books made in America two-score years ago. There is E. A. Abbey's edition of "She Stoops to Conquer," with the stamped leather cover designed by Stanford White. Then there is Abbey's "Quiet Life," which has also a characteristic binding by Stanford White. For a third there is the original edition of Howard Pyle's "Adventures of Robin Hood" with an appropriate embossed leather cover for which the author-artist was himself responsible. Not to be overlooked are the first edition of A. B. Frost's "Stuff and Nonsense" and the editions of Harris's "Uncle Remus" and of Stockton's "Rudder Grange" with Frost's delicate and delightful pen-drawings.

Altho George Eliot was as wise as usual when she asserted that "of all the forms of human error prophecy is the most gratuitous," I am rash enough to predict that these American books are certain to rise in value as soon as collectors awaken to their desirability. And even if the lucky purchaser does not profit hugely, he will have the joy of the chase and the pleasure of possessing volumes deserving of an honored place on the shelves of every man who knows a beautiful book when he sees it.

[P. S. I may add that a complete set of the books written and illustrated by Oliver Herford will not now be difficult to collect—and that it will amply repay the collector who is first in the field.]

IV. The Suspended Animation of Adjectives

IN CHRONICLING and in analyzing what the late Calvin Thomas aptly described as "labyrinthine sinuosities of emotion" there is a frightful consumption of adjectives. All sorts and conditions of words are prest into service by the adulatory book-reviewers and by the hireling blurb-writers. Staid readers are as amazed as they are amused by the outlandish collocation of helpless vocables. And yet with all the effort for verbal novelty the staid reader can not help noticing the undue recurrence of certain favorite adjectives. One book is described as "arresting" and "intriguing," "frank" and "daring"; another is acclaimed as "stark," "important" and "significant," "superb" and "supreme," while a third is "hectic" and "lurid," "trenchant" and "mordant," "challenging" and "provocative." An innocent storyteller is accused of having "rhythm," of making a noble "gesture" and of coming to "grips" with life.

These are all good words and true, even if they are mischievously man-handled. They are all useful; and the pity of it is that for the present a self-respecting writer is compelled to forego their assistance. In half-a-dozen years or so, their vogue will depart and they will disappear into innocuous desuetude; and in a dozen or two more years, having recovered from the effects of ill usage, they will report themselves as again fit for service.

In the dead and gone days of the pale and wan Æsthètes, when limp and lank young lyrists were wont to walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily, and when the stinging stanzas of "Patience" were being set to tunes as delightful to-day as they were two score years ago—in that dim and distant epoch Andrew Lang rimed his liting "Ballade of Æsthetic Adjectives":

There's "subtle" and "sweet," that are bad ones to beat,
There are "lives unlovely," and "souls astray."
There is much to be done yet with "moody" and "meet,"
And "ghastly," and "grimly" and "gaunt," and "gray."
We should ever be "blithesome," but never be "gay,"
And "splendid" is suited to "summer" and "sea";
"Consummate," they say, is enjoying its day—
"Intense" is the adjective dearest to me.

As the French say, the more it changes the more it is the same thing. Hermione and her Little Group of Serious Thinkers are sisters under their skins to the intense maidens who devoutly followed Bunthorne, that trustee for beauty. And these esthetic damsels were daughters of the *Précieuses*, whom Molière immortalized; and they in their turn were kin-folk to the Euphuists of Lyly. "All passes. Art alone endures."

V. Good English

RECOGNIZING the fact that there are few subjects as interesting to the public as the proper use of our mother-tongue, the editor of a London periodical called *John o' London's Weekly* has encouraged his readers to ask him to answer their queries about grammar and usage and orthography; and he has now made a volume of nearly two hundred pages, "Is it Good English?" by selecting what seem to him the most important and the most significant of these replies to the questions of his subscribers. It is a pleasant little book, which is easy to read, and easier to forget—this last because his snippets are neither important nor significant. John o' London is a competent and a conscientious journalist, but he is not a master of the modern science of linguistics.

What he has to say is generally acceptable, because he has abundant common sense, and this enables him to brush aside not a few of the dictatorial decrees of the grammarians of the old school, who assumed the right to prescribe rigid rules for our idiomatic tongue. He defends the use of a singular verb with two or more nouns, as in the "and now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three," and in "the tumult and the shouting dies." But he defends this by asserting that "the singular verb is more intense than the plural verb," which is true enough, but which does not go to the root of the matter. The blunder of the grammarians is that they think of English as logical and unchanging. Now, English is not logical and can not be made so without impairing its vernacular vigor; and it is forever changing, or else it would die. Moreover, the grammarians have no God-given authority to tell us what good English is. The standard is set, not by them, but by the masters of our speech from Shakespeare and the King James translators to Kipling and Mark Twain. Who is Lindley Murray that he should presume to proscribe words and usages freely employed by the great artists of language? English is a living tongue; and no grammarian is authorized to entomb it in the chilly ceremonies of the dead.

VI. Books Old and New

IN TURNING over the papers of my friend, the late Eliphalet Percycliff, D. D.—I think I have already mentioned that he was kind enough to make me his literary executor—I came across an envelop containing four quotations about books, not about single books but about books at large. The one which is taken from Emerson's essays is fairly familiar, but it can not be printed too often. The three others are almost equally worthy of wide circulation. So here they are:

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruptions, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Perhaps the highest praise of a book is that it sets us thinking, but surely the next highest praise is that it ransoms us from thought.—*James Russell Lowell.*

Books that have become classics—books that have had their day and now get more praise than perusal—always remind me of venerable colonels and majors and captains, who, having reached the age limit, find themselves retired upon half pay.—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

A book is always good when one puts into it facts that others have not observed—and every one of us possesses such facts because we have lived in certain special circles unknown to others.—*H. A. Taine.*

The Real Marie Bashkirtseff

By Ernest Dimnet

POOR Marie Bashkirtseff! So rich, so young, so gifted, so admired and courted! And she had to die at twenty-four! She was a Russian of the boyard days, the incarnation of intelligent and artistic luxury, our Lady of the sleeping car, Barrès once said, none too reverently. And her elegant Russia had to be replaced by another in which eighty million peasants, suddenly become landowners, look upon both the present and the past with the silent bewilderment of unexpected prosperity. Meanwhile her Nice is full of Russian chauffeurs and waiters whose fathers used to dine and dance with her, and, two years ago, Paris was saddened by the announcement that her relations, tired of seeing beautiful furniture lie idle in her funeral chapel at Passy, were fighting for it in the courts.

Everybody, toward 1890, read Marie Bashkirtseff's Diary, published by the novelist André Theuriot, or one of its numerous translations. The two volumes are still on many a shelf, and their possessors may not disturb them as often as they used to, but their eyes and fingers will every now and then rest upon their yellow backs caressingly, and this, after all, is what we mean by literary immortality. It is not surprising that the announcement, a few months ago, that the published volumes were to be supplemented by a large amount of new material, should have attracted attention, even in the midst of the noisy fair which the literary world, violently brewed by publicity, has become in France since the war.

There was a little problem connected with the Diary. It seemed to be the work of a wonderfully precocious philosopher, clear sighted, even cynical, but artistic, refined, exquisite in thought and touch. Now, the rumor and gradually the tradition were that Marie was a violent Oriental—her very name betrayed her Bashkir descent—a more than eccentric Russian who might charm and delight one moment, but could shock you the next. The white-clad beauty could positively be brutal. Theuriot had vouchsafed no information about his method of editing. The preface he put to the volumes was an abridged autobiography by Marie Bashkirtseff herself, and his own introduction was . . . a poem. Had he made a selection? on what principles? nobody knew. When it was announced that a well-known Nice journalist, M. Pierre Borel, was going to republish the Diary complete, there was considerable excitement, and the problem seemed to be near its solution. But when the volume appeared, it also appeared that Marie Bashkirtseff was bound to have perfunctory editors. A breezy Second Empire preface replaces Theuriot's poem, but several important questions have been ignored.

The Diary published in 1890 began with a quotation—a remarkably profound remark too—dating back to 1873, when Marie was thirteen years old; the new edition begins January 1, 1877, and we are staggered to find that the first title mentioned occurs on page 195 and reads "Book 70." We conclude that the previous instalment is Book 69, but what about the sixty-eight books that must have come before, and from which Theuriot

quotes? In several places Theuriot seems to have had access to a text unknown to M. Borel: an important passage recording an interview with the king of Italy on a hotel staircase where the enterprising girl waylaid him, is not to be found in the present volume. To a letter inspired by honest literary curiosity M. Borel merely replied that his source has been a manuscript copy of the Diary made by Marie Bashkirtseff's mother. But the information raises at once another problem: how reliable a copyist was Madame Bashkirtseff? Several passages in Italian, one or two in French, are imperfect enough to cause serious doubts. But M. Borel is too much of a Nice citizen to bother

with details so remote from the blue sky over the shady platanes of Cours Masséna. Still, the volume he has just published is full of interest in that it gives us five months of Marie's life at its most interesting period, when the girl was seventeen and marveling at her own transformation into a woman.

We now realize that the Marie Bashkirtseff viewed through Theuriot's careful selection was as different from the reality as the ultra Genevan Amiel of the "Journal" was from the singularly outspoken man known to his intimate friends and also now revealed by a less reticent editor than his first one of fifty years ago. M. Borel's first instalment of the "Cahiers Intimes Inédits" of Marie Bashkirtseff covers the first five months of 1877 and consists of 325 pages in rather too large and too black a type. The same period, as appearing in Theuriot's edition, occupies only fourteen pages, and, as usual, these pages are devoted less to the girl's personal life than to her outlook on the world. The difference between the two editions is striking.

Marie Bashkirtseff's Diary, as we now know it, is an extraordinary outpour of

herself, more detailed, lengthy and exhaustive than we might ever have suspected. The girl during those few months was, as usual, with her "mothers" (as she called her real mother, her grandmother and her aunt), with her cousin Dina and with the family doctor, Walitsky.

Her time is divided between Nice, Naples, Rome, Florence and once more Nice. In spite of these incessant moves and of as hectic a life as any twentieth-century American girl could wish for, Marie paints, studies music and, above all, writes incessantly. She loves good ink, and notes that when she finds some she can hardly stop writing; but, even without this inducement, she frequently ends a long and fatiguing day, sometimes an exciting night in a ballroom, by blackening twelve or fifteen pages. She knows this Diary will be read, she wants it to be, and hints somewhere with justified pride that few people could write under those conditions and yet be sincere as she is. In fact, she does not care what she says, so long as she says everything and gives a full idea of a woman's life, which is her definite object. You will find long uninteresting debates—almost squabbles—she has had with people who accuse her family of being adventurers who do not pay the tradesmen, an accumulation of trivialities concerning herself and her friends, especially herself, her dresses, her



MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

little affairs, her conversations with unknown *masques* at Carnival time, multitudinous details of all kinds.

Her language—French most of the time, with a sprinkling of Italian—is of extraordinary frankness. She recalls the familiarity of Colette, but leaves it far behind. The argot of the day is nothing. She addresses her readers as *fichus lecteurs*, which is dangerously near to “you d—— readers”; frequently alludes to a dirty trick in the vocabulary of the maid, or suddenly indulges in a string of abuse at the expense of a Swiss friend, which is pure and simple Billingsgate. A description of a certain Madame Vigier, fat but fashionable, might have been given by a music-hall actress. But this conceited young aristocrat, full of herself and admitting it, is so sincere that her sincerity amounts to humility. Once she prefaces the narrative of a love episode, in which she did not think she appeared to advantage, with the caution, “What follows is difficult to say”; but she says it all the same. As for her independence of judgment, it is prodigious. How many girls of her years, in 1877, would have committed themselves to the statement that “Faust” is disgusting?

Most of the Diary consists of trivial notations which all have a human side, of course, but are indistinguishable from mere social entries. Long lists of names might be merely copied from a dance-card, and the narrative of many an evening causes us to yawn as if it were one A.M. and we actually were in that Casino. We know that Marie loves Dante and Lamartine and carries their volumes with her, along with her own portrait, but that is all: we never have her appreciation on what she must be reading; music, to which she is devoted, is only mentioned incidentally, and, during four months, this girl who was, within a few years, to become a remarkable artist, never mentions a picture and does not seem to care if she never sees one.

We do not want her to be an Eugénie de Guérin, but we expect a girl's diary to radiate a little poetry. There is none here. The sea, which seems to have occasionally attracted Marie—in passages quoted by Theuriet—is not even the background of her pleasures, altho she is a great deal in Naples, and frequently rides along the most enchanting shore in the world. No landscapes, either. What joys may be inwardly cherished by a thoughtful soul are absent. Marie has her own philosophy, which is simple enough, clear enough, and pretty brave, but such as you might expect from many a superficial tho vital young creature; her religion appears in occasional solemn utterances, in little prayers which might have been little yawns just as well; above all, in an unexpected list of Russian superstitions and queer vows of this kind: “If I open my eyes between this place and home, so and so will be thrown off his horse and seriously injured.” When she really prays, we feel like hoping her prayer was not heard, for she wants absurd things.

What she loves and adores, and what fills every page of this volume, is *le monde*, men and women—but especially men—with their haunts, cities, the physiognomy of which she sees well; and, in cities, the places—hotels, ballrooms and theaters—in which men and women congregate. There she lives, and feels really herself, and breathes the air which sends her arteries tingling. She is a great snob. She reads a book—the only one that is mentioned—the heroine of which falls in love with a painter; she can not understand her. She admits that her most powerful longing is to get into the *vrai monde*, the innermost circle to which so few foreigners like herself have access. She is infuriated by gossips likely to impair her chances to fulfil her ambitions, but her youth and her Oriental nature cause her to do all sorts of things from which princesses are supposed to refrain. She boldly accosts King Vittorio Emanuele, who, however, is charmed by the apparition; she writes to Gambetta, whom she has never met, asking him to call; she walks into the room of a gentleman in whom she is interested and pretends to have done so by mistake; a Prince Borghese having been given the room next to hers, she peeps in at his trunks, and notes his socks, his silk drawers and a portable rubber bath. The wonder is that she not only does all these things but records them, knowing that the record will be read and commented upon.

The young Italian aristocrats with whom she associates, and of whom she gives long lists, easily indulge in the buffoonery which is a fault of their class, even tho the wisdom always lurking under Italian folly saves it from the reproach of rough play: she joins in, dresses in a Capuchin friar's costume, tangles feathers in the gentlemen's hair, intrigues people at carnival balls, and what not; she and a heavy Prussian she somewhat despises send notes in a woman's hand to all their friends, giving them an appointment near a certain fountain, and then watch them from the balcony when the hour comes; she is not afraid of the macabre, having her own death announcement printed and sending it round to see what the replies will be . . .

We can not be quite sure about her kindness of heart; she is so young and foolish. She is full of contempt for her inferiors “in their gray caps”; she gives money to a *lazzarone* to see him swallow macaroni, and stays on till he has disposed of eighty-eight portions; she does not blame a lover of hers who at a railway station bows comically to a poor old beggar with the words: “Noble old man, let me salute you!” and never gives him a penny; she hears that Count Antonelli—a last year's flame—is decidedly consumptive and can not live more than ten months: her horror of death acts upon her along with her usual oddity, and perhaps a dash of ill-will against somebody she has admired and ceased to admire: she writes in a rhythmical way, suggesting a song: ten months and then he will rot, rot, rot!

Her one great interest is herself: she loves her own beauty, which she describes at great length. One day she is two hours before her mirror “without seeing anything,” but this may refer to some Russian superstition. She never travels without her own picture, richly mounted; she writes without the least demur that she is shaped like a statue; she alludes to “the rich fulness of her figure”; she speaks of one of her gowns as “chastely revealing,” and when she wears her first low dress, she writes: “I have *shown* myself in a low dress.” She knows and admits that she is a perfect and complete coquet. But her principles outside this singularly free zone are severe: in spite of her love for masculine beauty, the most favored of her admirers get jilted without being able to say more than that they have touched the tips of her fingers.

Up to her neck as she is in frivolity, she has a background not of seriousness, but of horror of death, because it interrupts your own development or beautifying of yourself. People wonder sometimes at Madame du Deffand repeatedly exclaiming that life is a curse and is not worth living. This so-called pessimist only spoke in this strain because she loved life more than anybody else ever did, and would rather never have tasted it than cease to enjoy it. So Marie Bashkirtseff at the age of seventeen: under her agitated surface runs the deep longing for realization to which she owed her progress in the arts and the depth of many remarks in her diary.

More than half of the space covered by M. Borel's volume is devoted to a love affair, no trace of which is visible in Theuriet's edition. Not that Theuriet thought he had no right to let us into Marie Bashkirtseff's privacy; he did not keep it from us that the girl had, before she was thirteen, felt the fascination of the Duke of Hamilton and later of a young Frenchman, Count d'Audiffret. Above all he gives a comparatively large space (year 1876, when Marie was sixteen) to a decidedly passionate little romance with a Roman gentleman, Count Antonelli, nephew of Pio Nono's Secretary of State. In the year 1877, having got over her inclination, Marie speaks of the affair, as of some others, as a *saleté*, a filthy story (a familiar insult in her vocabulary), and refers to Antonelli sometimes affectionately as the Cardinalino, oftener savagely as the “priest's son” or the “dog of a priest.”

We still meet occasional allusions to the young man, when suddenly there enters the new object of Marie's interest, Count de Larderel, a Florentine gentleman of French or Piedmontese descent, the very person mentioned above as mocking a poor old man who begs a trifle of him. Signor de Larderel has no heart,

(Continued on page 652)

Making Our Mother-Tongue Efficient

By Brander Matthews

AMONG those of us who are interested in what Whitney called the "life and growth of language" and who want to understand the principles responsible for the development of our idiomatic and illogical mother-tongue, the most highly esteemed of the linguistic scholars of continental Europe is the author of the two stalwart volumes now before me.⁽¹⁾⁽²⁾ He has many friends here in the United States, having visited this country more than once and having served for a year at Columbia University as exchange professor. Unlike that other admired master of the history of language, Brunot, Jespersen has not confined his investigations to his own tongue; in fact, he has apparently devoted more of his attention to English than he has to Danish. He speaks and writes our language with intimate knowledge of its characteristics and with an almost vernacular freedom. He has published half-a-dozen books dealing with English in its various aspects; and in the two volumes I am considering now it is from our tongue that he draws more examples than from any other.

Learned as he is, he is unpedantic; and he is no worshiper of the idols to which Max Müller and Whitney bowed down three-score years ago. I think that the range of his acquaintance with the less important languages is wider than that of the American scholar; and certainly he is more cautious and less capricious than the Anglo-German. The opening chapters of the elder of the two volumes in question are devoted to the history of linguistics—to an account and a criticism of each of the more important investigators who have slowly accumulated the knowledge by which we now profit, and who have proposed the successive explanations of the multitudinous facts upon which our present theories are founded.

Many of these theories Jespersen challenges fearlessly and perhaps a little impatiently. He is unwilling to take anything on authority; he insists on doing his own thinking; and therefore he is forever qualifying or modifying the definitions and the axioms of his predecessors. He is clear-sighted; he is logical; and at rare intervals he may seem a little oversubtle in his emendations. But he makes his readers think; and from his omnivorous reading

in half a score of tongues, dead and alive, he is always able to produce evidence in favor of his own contentions. These characteristics make him one of the most stimulating of scholars.

He brings out plainly—more plainly it seems to me than any of his predecessors—the two hampering limitations of the founders of modern linguistics, who confined their studies to the dead languages, Latin, Greek, Sanskrit among the ancient tongues, and among the modern to the Gothonic and Keltic forerunners of modern English and Danish and German. The first defect in the discussions of the old masters of linguistic science was that they scorned to consider living languages, both their own and that of their foreign contemporaries. And there was a second error, almost, if not quite, as unfortunate in its results—they tended to consider letters rather than sounds. Jespersen himself, while not despising the help that can be given by a language which has run its course and which can now be studied as a complete whole, with a past, but with no present and no future, finds a more fertile field in the languages which are developing under our own eyes in ways and to an extent unsuspected by the scholars of the early nineteenth century.

Jespersen declares in the preface to the first of these two books that "language is activity, purposeful activity, and we should never lose sight of the speaking individuals, and of their intention in acting as they do." And a few sentences later he asserts that "a word is a human habit, an habitual act on the part of one human individual which has, or may have, the effect of evoking some idea in the mind of another individual" (p. 7). He insists (p. 23) that "all language is primarily spoken and only secondarily

written down," and that "the real life of language is in the mouth and ear, and not in the pen and eye." He dwells on the fact that the earliest stages of any language contain far more grammatical formalities than the later stages; and those who speak this tongue have come by experience to feel the burden of these superfluities and have taken short-cuts, so to speak, simplifying entirely out



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, THE GREAT LEXICOGRAPHER, WAITING IN THE ANTEROOM OF LORD CHESTERFIELD

of existence many arbitrary and needless practises.

He points out that the grammarians of half a century ago revered these artificialities of primitive speech; and he remarks (p. 321) that "to men fresh from the ordinary grammar-school training, no language would seem really respectable that had not four or five distinct cases and three genders, or that had less than five tenses and as many moods in its verbs." So these scholars

(1) LANGUAGE: ITS NATURE, DEVELOPMENT AND ORIGIN. By Otto Jespersen. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 448 pages. \$4.

(2) THE PHILOSOPHY OF GRAMMAR. By Otto Jespersen. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 359 pages. \$4.

naturally looked upon English and Danish (which had rid themselves of most of these cumbrous inheritances and attained a swifter simplicity) "with something of the pity bestowed on relatives in reduced circumstances" (p. 321). This led these scholars to think that all living languages were degenerating and decaying—an opinion that is absurdly prevalent even to-day. They were devout worshipers of the past; and they were blindly unaware that the successive simplifications of grammar are really signs of progress, and that the present condition of English, for example (and even of German, still barbarously primitive in its linguistic elaboration), is more advantageous to those who speak these tongues than any earlier condition. Language has become a better tool for the use of men, women and children.

I doubt not that other writers on language have perceived this truth; but I know no one of them who has been bolder than Jespersen in proclaiming it. Nothing could be more challenging to the old-school grammarians than this sentence, which I quote in full, respecting the capital letters with which Jespersen emphasizes the essence of his belief:

What is to be taken into account is, of course, the interests of the speaking community; and if we consistently consider language as a set of human actions with a definite end in view, namely the communication of thoughts and feelings, then it becomes easy to find tests by which to measure linguistic values, for from that point of view it is evident that THAT LANGUAGE RANKS HIGHEST WHICH GOES FARTHEST IN THE ART OF ACCOMPLISHING MUCH WITH LITTLE MEANS, OR, IN OTHER WORDS, WHICH IS ABLE TO EXPRESS THE GREATEST AMOUNT OF MEANING WITH THE SIMPLEST MECHANISM (p. 324).

By this standard we might expect to find that the language of the most energetic people is likely to have attained the highest degree of efficiency, and therefore to be adjudged the best. That is to say, the language with the least grammar is the most efficient and the best adjusted to present human needs. That Jespersen believes this most efficient language to be English, he had already made plain in his earlier books—to the horror of many German writers on linguistics. More nearly than any other modern tongue does our swift and direct speech approach to this bare condition; and Richard Grant White was right when—half a century ago—he described English as almost a "grammarless tongue."

It is this frank courage which makes Jespersen's book as

instructive as it is interesting; but neither its instruction nor its interest lies wholly or even mainly in its courage. I wish I had space here to deal in detail with his chapters on the speech of children and its influence on the growth of language. Equally well worth reading are the parallel chapters on the influence of women on the speech of the community, an influence at once conservative and elevating, or at least purifying. These chapters are illuminated by a heterogeneity of characteristic observations. To be noted also is his approval of our English tendency to behead or to curtail certain words which began as polysyllables and are now cut down to monosyllables—to what he aptly terms "stump words"—of which *phone* and *photo* are recent examples and *cab* (from *cabriolet*) and *wig* (from *periwig*) are earlier (p. 171). Nor to be neglected are his remarks on slang (p. 214); on Pidgin-English and the Chinook jargon; and on the skepticism with which we ought to receive the etymologies accepted by the makers of our dictionaries, as to which he remarks that

It is, of course, impossible to say how great a proportion of the etymologies given in dictionaries should strictly be classed under each of the following heads: (1) certain, (2) probable, (3) possible, (4) improbable, (5) impossible—but I am afraid that the first two classes would be the least numerous (p. 307 note).

As I am not a grammarian, I have found Jespersen's "Philosophy of Grammar" less appetizing than the larger discussion of "Language." The later book is not less independent, but it is necessarily more technical, altho not less worthy of attention. To me, and to the general reader (who is not always a Gentle Reader), it is a little lacking in what the late Augustin Daly used to call "Contemporaneous Human Interest." But it is a book which no future writer on grammar can afford to neglect; and it will have accomplished its mission if it moves those who shall prepare the school-grammars of the future, to reexamine the traditional divisions inherited from the text-book writers of the last generation. Its iconoclasm—if I may exaggerate for once—would have aroused to wrath Lindley Murray, that American dictator to the British youth of a century ago, a century in which a flood of water has gone under the bridge, carrying down-stream and out of sight many of the principles Lindley Murray applied with rigorous logic and with unfortunate results.

The Real Marie Bashkirtseff

(Continued from page 650)

but he has a past which is even still a present. He keeps a dancer in a villa outside Florence. This woman, la Righi, has had two children by him: a boy who, he says, mercifully died at his birth and, after a rather cruel separation, during which the woman goes on her knees to beg some assistance of her seducer, a little girl who manages to melt her strange father's heart. The gentleman is deeply in debt, but goes on borrowing or gambling. He is supposed to have an aversion to fighting duels, which Marie honestly deplors till he actually fights and gets quite a wound in his arm. With all this, Larderel is brilliant, elegant, and, what is better than all the rest, connected with the royal family. No sooner is his arrival at Naples mentioned in the Diary, than we see Marie so wildly interested in him that she not only walks into his room by a well-prepared mistake, and pumps his valet through her maid, but actually watches him through the key-hole. (Remember that all this is narrated by herself.) Ten pages are devoted to a trip to Cancelli in his company.

Then follow the usual meetings, absences, and returns which swell such narratives, with no end of parties and social affairs, until a climax is reached. No young man of twenty-three and no girl of seventeen ever were so madly in love—unless it be every other young man and young woman—and, quite unexpectedly, the most astonishing anti-climax. The count appears one day with a proposal that she marry him and mother his little girl. Marie Bashkirtseff not only refuses, but refuses in the surprised, haughty and virginal tone of a well-bred and rather

stupid girl, who has never suspected anything of the kind. Whereupon she runs to her mother, cries all night, and acts hysterically. But she rallies with amazing rapidity. In a few days she is so much better that when the rejected suitor reappears, she starts flirting with him from her balcony over the way, as if she were beginning a fresh experience; at Florence, where the Bashkirtseffs go, she is all the time in the wake of the Larderel family—including the Signora Righi—but, night after night, she finds herself calmer. Finally she diagnoses that she has been in love with a title and good clothes, and does not know whether she is delighted or distressed about it, till we see her making up her mind. She is watching a chance to tell Larderel, as she once told Antonelli, that she never was in love with him, and that it has all been a mistake.

What should be the critic's conclusion? That, in spite of what M. Borel and a number of other people may say to the contrary, André Theuriet, experienced writer that he was, has done a unique service to Marie Bashkirtseff's reputation, not only as a lady, but as a diarist, by mercilessly editing her MSS. The present volume is full of interest, because two others, giving us the pick of what Marie thought and felt, were published thirty years ago. Should it be the first revelation we had that the brilliant young painter was also a writer, we should dismiss the snobbish and selfish farrago with contempt. But Theuriet made Marie famous, and her notoriety plays us its usual trick: a celebrated person's trivialities will always interest us more than an obscure person's tragedies.

An Ex-Hobo's Tribute to Olive Schreiner

By Jim Tully

THE world now has a sympathetic biography of Olive Schreiner, the South African dreamer of beautiful dreams, whom Havelock Ellis called "one of the greatest women of the nineteenth century."⁽¹⁾ The publisher says: "No one would appear to have been better qualified for presenting the life story of this woman of genius, with her strange and incredible personality, than the devoted husband." In the preface the husband mentions the fact that Olive Schreiner told him that if a biography of her had to be written, she would much prefer that he wrote it; and if he could not do it, her second choice would be her old friend Havelock Ellis. The brilliant Ellis knew Olive from 1884, shortly after the publication of her great novel, "The Story of an African Farm." He continued her closest friend until her death in 1920.

I fell in love with this woman when I was a young vagabond of fifteen. Once on a murky day in Pittsburgh I came across "The Story of an African Farm" in a dingy library of the News-boys' Home. I was on my way from New York to anywhere else in the world. I was traveling with a yegg who was slightly the worse for wear. His nerves were in such a shattered condition from alcohol that he was no longer able to work at his profession of robbing safes. My part of the bargain was that I should beg at back doors to obtain food for him until we reached Omaha. He knew where he could find a friend or a safe there, and he promised me faithfully that he would make of me a gentleman. Always being a gentleman at heart, I begged only the better-class houses that the yegg might eat. But this is a review of "The Life of Olive Schreiner," and concerns neither yegg nor hobo this side of the pearly gates.

Now, twenty years later, it has been given to me to write a review of Olive Schreiner's life for a national magazine. Could I have seen so far ahead when I purloined her frayed and tattered volume from the library, the smudgy streets of Pittsburgh would have been paved with the wonder and the glory of life.

Alas, the twenty years have given something, but they have also taken something away, as the surviving of six years of hobo life is likely to do. I read Olive Schreiner's story aloud to that battered and drink-scarred yegg. As she wrote in a world language, that of the emotions, we both cried over Lyndall's death. To this day, no character in all literature has imprinted me so much. I hope to write some day a story of a boy, and without having been permeated with Olive Schreiner's sublime conception of Waldo, I would not feel capable of doing it. Thus are the weavers of words linked in an invisible chain that stretches through endless dawns. But the thing that the twenty years have taken away. . . . I can only feel sorry, and not cry, over characters in a book. However, Waldo and Lyndall are still my dream children, and they talk to me now in lonely hours when life is a babble of nothings, bewildering in the extreme.

The yegg has long since gone. He danced on the end of a rope to please a select crowd in Chicago. I suppose he got what he deserved; but he cried over Lyndall's death. Besides, he should

have been more careful. Drink has ruined many a good man. It isn't fair to shoot night-watchmen, tho I am not an arbiter of taste.

But for twenty years I have read everything possible by Olive Schreiner. And so, the reading of this large biography was a labor of love. I closed the book with one deep regret . . . that Havelock Ellis had not written it. Olive Schreiner was not only the greatest woman of the nineteenth century, she was one of the greatest women who ever lived. She blended beauty and brains, a heart and a soul as they had never been blended before. Ever a rebel, her brain seething with unrest through the tawdry chaos of life, she was greater than anything she ever

wrote, greater as a woman than as a writer, a Jane Addams with a genius for writing.

Following her from the publication of "The Story of an African Farm," when she was in the early twenties, until her death at sixty-five, one is amazed at the great distance the shabby and intellectual little governess traveled. Somewhere in the book the husband infers that there may be men who still believe that their sex has the monopoly of intellect. And this in a book about Olive Schreiner! Havelock Ellis was the man to write this book. He would have made of it, with its varying lights and shades, the greatest biography of all time. Ellis made this entry in a journal on October 9, 1884:

She is not now so strong, physically and emotionally, as when she first came to England. Her mother used to say that she never cried. She cries much now. She likes and needs the society of men; but she feels she herself has something of a man in her nature. Soon after she first came to England she lived for some time alone, never speaking for weeks at a time, except when ordering meat at the butcher's. She would have loved any man who even spoke to her.



OLIVE SCHREINER

And this prober of the souls of men and women passed on the task of writing this biography to a man who, as a South African farmer, wrote a book on the Angora goat and a paper on the Ostrich, and who also won a prize for writing "The Best Means of Improving the South African Sheep Industry." And yet the author has done his task, if not brilliantly, at least nobly. While I have never believed in husbands writing the biographies of their wives (unless divorced), I am still grateful to S. C. Cronwright—who took the name of Schreiner—for writing this book.

The term "free-thinker" is rather obsolete now, but Olive was strong, and brave, and brainy enough to be one in the swamps of South African ignorance that engulfed her girlhood. Her brother was horrified at her conduct in daring to think. He was also horrified because Olive's mother joined the Catholic Church, saying regarding her in a letter to Olive, "It comes rough on some dispositions to give out money to support one who in their and in public estimation has brought disgrace on her name and family." And as a farewell shot to Olive he said, "The God of the Bible is the only solution for all the enigmas of our existence."

Olive had a sister named Ettie.

She is said to have shown indications of mathematical ability as a girl; of real intellect she showed hardly any trace. She believed the Bible literally, and the Church was nothing to her as compared to that Book. . . . Her emotions swept her along; she had no time to think, really to think; like the backveld Boer, she saw the finger of God in even the veriest trifles; she was "ever in the great

(1) THE LIFE OF OLIVE SCHREINER. By her husband, S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. 414 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$5.

task-master's eye"—a logical attitude for one who really and literally believed as she did. Imagine how such a woman would regard the young sister who denied all the dogmas she believed, who had a greater force, a higher ethic, and an intellect immeasurably superior.

This sister persecuted Olive nearly beyond endurance. Olive turned upon her and said, "You have made my life a hell upon earth. I will endure it no longer." Such was the young girl who later wrote "Woman and Labor" and became the greatest woman of her day.

It was to such a family of morons that the Lord sent this beautiful, genius-splashed girl. She was the sixth of twelve children, born in 1855, in a mud-floored room of the Mission of which her father was Wesleyan pastor. Years later Olive, describing her birthplace, wrote:

The house stands on the very edge of a high cliff, or crantz, of pure rock, perched, as I have seen no other house in all my wandering, on the very edge of the rocks like an eagle's nest. I think from the position I have acquired that passionate love of rocks and precipices which has followed me all of my life and been stronger than any other feeling I have for natural aspects, except for the blue sky and stars.

This young woman was a student of Goethe, Emerson, Spencer, and Mill, the while she taught the children of South African farmers. It was the reading of such men that made of her a blending of the thinker and the artist when she did start to write. And if at times there are those who feel that she might have been a trifle sentimental, it must be remembered that she was an intense, an emotional, and a life-starved and love-starved girl. For this lonely and sad little governess to write "The Story of an African Farm" in her background was as great an intellectual feat as for the cultured Goethe to write Faust.

I have often heard it said, during the long bulge upward, that Olive Schreiner never wrote anything to equal the book of her early twenties. There are many reasons for this. Her intellect grew beyond the book, tho she spoiled other work by becoming less spontaneous and more artistic.

In this story of her life there is often mentioned a book which was never finished. It was called "From Man to Man." Have-lock Ellis said of it, "Altho it remained fragmentary, it was undoubtedly on a higher artistic level and more intellectually mature than 'The Story of an African Farm.'"

Ellis further says:

During her early years in England there was never the slightest assumption of superiority, nor any self-assertion. She was shy, rather nervously diffident, apt to be reticent except when with intimate friends, or aroused to animation by the stimulus of opinions opposed to her own deeply felt and deeply thought convictions, only moved to indignation by injustice, and then on impersonal matters, for against personal attacks she was gentle and defenseless. She said that it was not until she had been a year or two in England that she began to talk at all, and it was not until later, after she had reached middle-age, that she became on subjects that interested her an eloquent talker, and, finally, dogmatic and intolerant of contradiction, so positive in her inner convictions that it was only with great difficulty, if at all, that she could admit that she had made a mistake (as often happened) on the simplest matter of fact. But from the first her mind always judged of people and things in a clear-cut and positive manner, in black and white, so that if a thing ceased to be white—as in her first generous and idealistic impulse she was apt to regard it—it became black, and never, save perhaps after a long interval, gray; all confusing nuances (in which it seemed to Renan the truth lies) were alien to her. That was part of the childlike simplicity of her nature and her vision; in the same way she disliked all literary styles that were not simple, strong, direct, and free of ornament.

Personally, I feel that Olive Schreiner had excellent taste in regard to literary styles. And still, I hope the splendid Ellis will find time, before he crosses over, to write at least twenty thousand words on this most remarkable of women.

It can truly be said of Olive Schreiner's girlhood that she walked in beauty. A lifelong friend wrote in 1921:

It is forty-eight years ago, and yet that beautiful little form, as I first saw it, is clear and vivid in my memory. She was slight, small, and almost childish in form. She had a sweet, proud, defiant air, a sort of spiritual loveliness like an atmosphere around her, even then. She was walking up and down the *stoep* of her sister's house

oblivious of all surroundings; a thin white dress clung around her and her dark hair fell like a cloak over her shoulders; her small hands were clenched behind her back. She was speaking to herself almost as tho she was reciting something; her face was alight as one who saw a vision. . . . She was *alive*, and yet as if she walked in her sleep.

Olive had seen the writer of the above lines cry at a parting, and she said to her: "It was to me so wonderful to see you cry such bitter tears because you were leaving your husband to whom you had already been married for over five years." Genius was ever something of a cynic.

In her twentieth year she wrote:

I do long so for love and sympathy; I never longed so for it before, I am weary and sick of longing. I am feeling very ill and low-spirited. I have just given Annie Fouche a pair of ear-rings. [Olive taught Annie's children]. I am so happy about that, there is no happiness like that of giving in the world, except suffering for one you love. I am tired of living, oh, so tired. Everyone loves me here, but I want to be loved down upon, not up to.

In 1879, an Erilda Cawood parted company with Olive because she was a free-thinker. In her answer, Olive, forgetting the sting of the words said:

I do not at all blame you for not loving me any more. We can not help love going, any more than we can help its coming; and when it is gone, it is better to say so. For myself, I have always liked you, not for anything you were to me, but for what you were in yourself, and I feel to you as I have felt from the beginning. Therefore, believe me to remain, if not your friend, one who loves you.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

Possibly thinking of the futility of friendships, Olive wrote some time later in her matchless novel: "When your life is most real, to me you are mad; when your agony is blackest, I look at you and wonder. Friendship is good, a strong stick, but when the hour comes to lean hard, it gives. In the day of their bitterest need all souls are alone." And yet it was a communion of souls that made this rare novel loved around the world.

As Olive Schreiner became older, she seemed to become more petulant, as people will who wish to save a world not worth the saving. The little agonies began to creep in. Born for epic battles, her soul gave lodging to little quarrels.

She called on her London publishers in 1884, and there met a "reader" named George Meredith. This genius was working for a pittance while lesser word-weavers rolled in wealth. She talked to Meredith for a short time. The story came out later that Meredith had made suggestions in her manuscript which Olive followed. This story, no doubt a falsehood, was never overtaken with the truth. Olive denied it hotly from time to time; in fact, she developed a complex on it. It pained her beyond words. She said:

I think Meredith will understand this. . . . He is the only man in England who has given a blind, lifelong devotion to his art, careless where it leads. It is possible to believe, tho difficult to understand, that a man might like to share the woman he loved with another man; but it is impossible to believe that any artist would be willing to accept advice from another about his work, because at the moment he does so, he ceases to become an artist.

It is impossible to give a true estimate of so remarkable a person in so short an article. Such men as Edward Carpenter, Sir Charles Dilke, Cecil Rhodes, and many others, were her great admirers. She was a woman of judgment and discrimination. In an age when English-speaking people were lost in admiration of Charlotte Brontë, Olive remarked that Charlotte's sister, the far-greater Emily, "was the greatest woman of genius the English-speaking people had produced."

Olive was nearly thirty-nine years of age when she married S. C. Cronwright. She was eight years his senior, and as she was the writer of books, he obligingly took her name. A baby came to them and went quickly away again. Aside from this loss, their marriage was very happy.

As a young woman, Olive Schreiner was not particularly a lover of her sex. Still, she became one of the leading feminists of her day. It is my own opinion that her interest in passing world

(Continued on page 656)

Modern Sagas of the Cowboy West

By Donald Douglas

OUT where the West begins in fiction it is usually true, and sad to say, that reality stops, even when faithful realism undoubtedly triumphs in the presence of cowboys who act and talk like cowboys and rustlers going their evil way of theft and pillage. Local color does not by itself create a masterpiece, and sincerity is not the final test of great art. The man who makes the finest mud-pie, and throws it, too, is quite as much in earnest as the sculptor in marble, but he is not so imperishable a workman. It is likewise true, however, that a saga is just as "true" as a telephone directory of those living on Main Street, and that the truth of poetry is as defensible and often much more exciting than the truth of science. Multitudinous sagas and hardly one great novel have come out of the cowboy West for the simple reason that a saga is always born first in a new outland and a new consciousness, and as often as not the saga has a habit of outlasting the conscientious document.

Somehow or other a national poetry has hung like a desert haze over the West, and there it continues to hang. Every year, and almost every day, new Lochinvars come out of the West, where men and women (at least in fiction) seem to be not so much men and women as demigods and amazons. They are not real at all in the fundamental sense of reality, but they are as true as any mythology is true, and justified by their own nature as a poem is justified.

In almost every case the novel traces a pattern of invariable heroism. A stalwart fighter appears from nowhere, and, like a cloudburst, sweeps bad men and corruption from the country. If he has ever been bad, he reforms under the influence of love. At first he often looks like a rustler, but generally he is a secret service agent or a riding knight of chivalry or a disguised army officer. He appears delightfully and picturesquely in H. H. Knibbs's "Temescal,"⁽¹⁾ wherein an adventurer calling himself Temescal goes about destroying bandits and outwitting sneaking Mexicans, and talking a pure Castilian, rich in humor and irony. Buffeted by every danger of marauding hill-pirates and corrupt government officers, he wears his courage and humor like a golden shield, and indeed is so thoroughly fascinating that he may be compared to the incomparable Richard Pendragon in J. C. Snaith's "Fortune."

You will find the hero of Charles Alden Seltzer's "Last Hope Ranch"⁽²⁾ no less resourceful but less ingeniously verbal than

"Temescal." Lisbeth Stanton has locked up a Mexican who insulted her while her father was away on a mysterious journey. A rider calling himself Templin comes hurtling from the desert, whips the Mexican, makes himself at home, drives off men sent to kill him by the dread rustler Blaisdell, shoots from the hip quicker than lightning strikes the wicked, and for all his reputation as a desperate character conducts his enterprises like a gentleman. Raids and night encounters and a lovely duel make vivid the action until Templin outguns his enemies and finds his reward.

Moi, I prefer the flash of rapiers, but rapiers would be no good in cow countries or against the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. In "The Riddle of Three-Way Creek"⁽³⁾ Ridgwell Cullum has his quixotic hero get caught in aiding a brother to escape. A snow-storm helps the hero himself to evade the watchful policeman. At last he wins to the Rockies, where Molly and her father and the curious old hired man Lightning maintain a little ranch. There he remains and even brings his Eastern cultivated sister to the outdoor heights. There he is tracked by the vengeful policeman, who is admirable in everything except honor; and there, after a series of love passages and Lightning's faithfulness in protecting Molly, the drama is accomplished.

These redoubtable fighters observe a due courtesy to women and an implacable antagonism to treachery and political machinations. They spend money freely, like their emotions, and they kill without compunction and in great suddenness. Indeed, the gambling gentleman in Frank H. Spearman's "Selwood of Sleepy Cat"⁽⁴⁾ leaps from a barber's chair and encircles a whole roomful of desperadoes with an armory of catapulted lead. Working through the maze of an intricate plot, Mr. Spearman gives an elaborate and developed picture of a town on the frontier where fights alternate with auction sales, love-making with passages at arms, true-hearted young heroes with lying generals and violent wastrels who break every blue law on Sunday to paint the town red with blood. It is in every way a more complex and closely studied sociology than Jarvis Hall's "Up the Rito,"⁽⁵⁾ where, despite a bad man or three and a hidden cache of gold, the action takes on the poetry of an idyl. An opera singer seeks rest and memories of her father in a Arizona town. Her very first day brings her the thrill of a hold-up and the majestic panorama of



(1) TEMESCAL. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. 370 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.

(2) LAST HOPE RANCH. By Charles Alden Seltzer. 335 pages. New York: The Century Co. \$2.

(3) THE RIDDLE OF THREE-WAY CREEK. By Ridgwell Cullum. 338 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.

(4) SELWOOD OF SLEEPY CAT. By Frank H. Spearman. 326 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

(5) UP THE RITO. By Jarvis Hall. 316 pages. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. \$2.

wide-extended deserts and massed mountain barriers. An old legend of gold and a few interfering ruffians complicate her rest-cure, until at last she runs down the legend and discovers love in the person of an amiable and yet always resourceful Westerner.

The mystery of the avenging knight is hardly so artfully presented in Paul Bailey's "The Man Who Turned Mex,"⁽⁶⁾ and almost from the first you guess that the turncoat American who drives off cattle for the rebel Mexican Army is hardly what he so roughly seems at first sight of his saturnine visage and first hearing of his Texan dialect. When the girl is kidnaped, he goes hotly in pursuit, and then right away you are prepared to swear to his identity in the vexed intrigues of the Mexican border.

In herself there is nothing romantic or adventurous about a cow. She is the most graminivorous and contented of earth's creatures, and the last to create any illusion of glamour or peril, but she is the cause and center of most frontier romance. Bad men who rustle her and good men who guard her well have made her into a thing which has wrought a folklore. She is not, however, the last resource of Western fiction. Something grander and more far-flung than her browsing sisters has been the chief problem of national development, and therefore a muse of fiction. In William MacLeod Raine's "Roads of Doubt"⁽⁷⁾ and Frank L. Packard's "Running Special"⁽⁸⁾ you will find the railroad hymned as a cruel goddess who sends men into the wilds and the iron clutch of duty. Men cling to the precipitous and dizzy heights of caverned gulfs that a tunnel may pierce the mountain like a spear, or a spur yield transport to a roaring train.

It is the construction of a railroad which molds the lives of all the characters in "Roads of Doubt." The flapper daughter of an empire builder leaves the golden net of jazz that she may aid her father and break her love for an unscrupulous rival of her father's and find her true life with the young man who engineers the whole plan for the construction. Mr. Raine seems to think that achieved problems of this kind should do much to solve the unrest of the younger generation. In any case, he puts his two young people through every kind of peril and audacity, and kept faith, and is much more at home in describing a knotty fight than he is in giving a very convincing study of a flapper. In Mr. Packard's book it is the railroad alone rather than a social problem which commands the scene. While the well-kept directors sit in rooms making grandiose plans, and tourists gasp and stutter at advertised and impressive scenery, it is the engineer and the fireman and the wrecking crew who keep the train going and others comfortable and safe. It is the trainmen and the oilers and all the humble artisans of toil who have their temptations and their hazardous duties and their unheralded odysseys of danger while traveling men smoke and tell stories and complain if the train is late. One wishes that Mr. Packard were less sentimental about men "whose hearts are big and right," but one does gain an insight into the multitudinous and webbed enterprise of railroading.

It isn't always the man who does all the adventuring. Bent on some quest of chivalry a young girl penetrates into hidden rivers or Northern forests at the far cold edge of the habitable globe. A girl is the argonaut in Anita Pettibone's "The Bitter Country"⁽⁹⁾ and Hulbert Footner's "The Wild Bird"⁽¹⁰⁾ and Barrett Willoughby's "Rocking Moon,"⁽¹¹⁾ and confronts no less bravely than the man the appalling silence of interminable forests or the threat of undesirable bad men drawn by her beauty.

Ellen Fargo goes as a teacher to the Northwest of Sitka spruce,

where lumbermen get into riots with trappers, and Finns move like fish in an element foreign to all of Ellen's efforts to make them good Americans. At once she becomes the pivot of jealousy between Carl Johnson, aggressive and with vile manners, and his natural brother Eric, with eyes blue like steel and a soul like a piercing sword. Here the descendants of the Vikings are no less heroic than their voyaging ancestors. Ann Maury in "The Wild Bird" is even more courageous than Ellen among the Finns. Ann seeks her lost father in northern Alaska. She hires as a guide the wild bird Chako, golden as the sun and terrible in wrath. She loves him, but keeps herself from his primitive brutality. He is corrupted by a treasure and the lure of gold, but her steadfast love and tenderness in their long dangers soften him to a gentler courtesy. Sasha in "Rocking Moon" has a fox farm on a little island off the coast of Alaska. Here dwell the descendants of the Russians who voyaged from the court of Catherine the Great and sought to found a new empire. Nicholas Nash, half Irish and half Russian, woos her with all his impetuous greed and wild aristocracy. A young American drops in for no apparent reason. Foxes are stolen and jealousy crackles into a devouring fire. The American and the Russian engage in a terrible struggle, with Sasha as the prize.

You can drop back into the past and find romance no less than in the journeyman present. In "Rosalie"⁽¹²⁾ you discover that the author of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" has taken up Canada for his new inspiration. A doctor is driven from the London of George IV by jealous rivals. He is saved from hanging on an infamous accusation—saved by a lovely young girl. They escape in the same ship, are wrecked off the coast of Canada, live for a while in a mission, encounter treachery and an iceberg, and eventual happiness. The plot is thin for the material, but you recognize the practised hand.

Railroads and cows find in the Indian their only rival of the West. Montague Brisard's "A Son of the Cincinnati"⁽¹³⁾ unrolls the Indiana feuds, when the great chief Tecumseh sought to keep his red brethren in peace and was thwarted both by the greedy white men and by his own ferocious warriors. A young man who has lost his honor in cards and drink goes out into the wilderness, meets the strange missionary, Black Sand, is captured by raiding Indians, overpowered by the murderer of his father, freed by Tecumseh and by his own skill, and at last redeemed in love and society. And finally the latest novel of the gold rush appears in George W. Cronyn's "'49,"⁽¹⁴⁾ wherein a highly colored melodrama is set against the background of the San Francisco fire and the Sacramento flood.

⁽¹²⁾ ROSALIE. By Charles Major. 331 pages. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.

⁽¹³⁾ A SON OF THE CINCINNATI. By Montague Brisard. 294 pages. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$2.

⁽¹⁴⁾ '49. By George W. Cronyn. 278 pages. Philadelphia: Dorrance. \$2.

An Ex-Hobo's Tribute to Olive Schreiner

(Continued from page 654)

questions kept her from being the really great artist she seemed destined to be. However, if it made her a greater woman, it is so much the better; for, after all, it matters little whether one writes in sand or granite. To have lived is the thing that matters. But all things have passed for Olive, and she now lies buried near her little baby and the little dog that she loved.

To be a tattered little governess; to have gone nearly four days without food; to have been brave enough to work for twenty pounds a year, and not teach what she did not believe, rather than work for seventy, and teach what her brain did not dictate; to have won world plaudits; to have become a classic in her lifetime; and to sleep at last, the greatest woman of the nineteenth century, between a little baby and a little dog, on a high hill overlooking the scenes of her soul-starved girlhood, this was the glory and the futility of the life of Olive Schreiner.

⁽⁶⁾ THE MAN WHO TURNED MEX. By Paul Bailey. 209 pages. Philadelphia: Dorrance. \$1.75.

⁽⁷⁾ ROADS OF DOUBT. By William MacLeod Raine. 327 pages. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.

⁽⁸⁾ RUNNING SPECIAL. By Frank L. Packard. 304 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.

⁽⁹⁾ THE BITTER COUNTRY. By Anita Pettibone. 318 pages. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.

⁽¹⁰⁾ THE WILD BIRD. By Hulbert Footner. 282 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.

⁽¹¹⁾ ROCKING MOON. By Barrett Willoughby. 380 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

A List of Recent Books Worth Reading

Chosen by William Lyon Phelps

(August 15, 1925)

IT WILL be remembered that about a year ago Professor Phelps gave the readers of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW a list of what he regarded as the best books in certain lines for the preceding twelve months. His selection was welcomed by book lovers throughout the country, and called forth a great deal of interesting comment. Now he offers a still more comprehensive list dated August 15, representing his choice of the best books of the current year for general reading. This new list contains sixty-three titles, of which fourteen are those of novels, nineteen are biographical, twelve light thrillers, four poetry, two plays, and twelve political, religious and miscellaneous. Each book is briefly described or characterized, so as to aid readers in deciding whether or not it will appeal to their taste as well as to that of the critic. Coming as it does from a seasoned literary connoisseur of catholic tastes, this list should be a boon to those who are on the lookout for suggestions on the choice of new books. Following is the list just as Professor Phelps sent it to the editor:

NOVELS

The Constant Nymph. By Margaret Kennedy. What music means to musicians. The clash of temperament. The dark forest of the human heart.

Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis. Struggle between love of ease and love of truth. Physicians and laboratories.

Breadgivers. By Anzia Yezierska. Life described by one who first lived it.

Mockbeggar. By Laurence Meynell. Effervescence rising from thought.

The Black Cargo. By J. P. Marquand. The old slave trade, with a slave who thinks he is free.

The George and the Crown. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Man and nature in Sussex, with an excursion to the Channel Islands.

The Old Ladies. By Hugh Walpole. The poignancy of loneliness.

Points of Honor. By Thomas Boyd. War by one who fought in it, who wants to tell the truth and knows how.

The Great Gatsby. By Scott Fitzgerald. Some of the smart set. Vanity of vanities.

The Mother's Recompense. By Edith Wharton. Something came home to roost.

The Rational Hind. By B. A. Williams. Farming life in Maine, with a sensible woman.

Franklin Winslow Kane. By Anne Sedgwick. A gentleman whose politeness survives all shocks.

The Rector of Maliseet. By Leslie Reid. Admirable first novel.

One Increasing Purpose. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. This is worth waiting for. Don't be afraid to enjoy it.

BIOGRAPHICAL

Sir William Osler. By Harvey Cushing. Completely documented story by one who can analyze the mind as well as the brain.

Reminiscences. By A. H. Sayce. Showing that an archeologist can have as many adventures as a soldier.

America of the Fifties. By Fredrika Bremer. Familiar Letters about Emerson, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and others.

Carlyle till the French Revolution. By D. A. Wilson. Old Thomas as he actually was.

Letters of James Boswell. Edited by C. B. Tinker. Boswell as he was and as he ought not to have been.

Autobiography. By J. S. Mill. Two new editions of the logic-chopper.

Newman as a Man of Letters. By J. J. Reilly. Making a real man out of a great name.

Voyaging South from the Strait of Magellan. By Rockwell Kent. Amazing experiences near the Horn.

The Roar of the Crowd. By J. J. Corbett. Written without gloves.

John L. Sullivan. By R. F. Dibble. The Popular hero analyzed in Strachey style.

Brigham Young. By M. R. Werner. Story of a man and of Mormonism.

Weber and Fields. By Felix Isman. Brilliant account of two friends of humanity.

Twenty Years on Broadway. By George M. Cohan. Showing how he makes the public take whatever he gives.

Barrett Wendell and His Letters. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. An account of a brilliant and eccentric teacher.

William Graham Sumner. By Harris Starr. The truthful story of a consistent fighter.

Remembrance of Things Past. By John R. Howard. An eighty-eight-year-old publisher writes about his life in Brooklyn, in Montclair, in Europe.

Ben Jonson: The Man and His Work. Two Volumes. By C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. Containing the latest results of spade work in libraries and manuscripts.

The Death of Christopher Marlowe. By J. Leslie Hotson. The story of Kit Marlowe's last day on earth truly told for the first time.

Woodrow Wilson. By William A. White. Showing the greatness of Wilson in great things and his littleness in others.

ANESTHETIC THRILLERS

Sard Harker. By John Masefield.

The House of the Arrow. By A. E. W. Mason.

The Red Lamp. By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Thus Far. By J. C. Snaith.

The Black Magician. By R. T. M. Scott.

A Voice from the Dark. By Eden Phillpotts.

The Monster. By "Harrington Hext."

Stolen Idols. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The Locked Book. By F. L. Packard.

The Three Hostages. By J. Buchan.

Knight at Arms. By H. C. Bailey.

North Star. By Rufus King.

AMERICAN POETRY

Collected Poems. By Vachel Lindsay.

The Home Road. By M. H. Clark.

Ph.Ds. By Leonard Bacon.

American Mystical Verse.

PLAYS

Saint Joan. By Bernard Shaw.

Works of Eugene O'Neill. Four volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Public Life. By J. A. Spender. Parliamentary government in England, America, France, Germany, with vivid portraits of statesmen, and profound reflections on democracy by a great journalist.

The Pilgrimage of Henry James. By Van Wyck Brooks. Subtle and illuminating analysis of a man of genius.

A Study of the Modern Drama. By Barrett H. Clark. An excellent handbook, with valuable bibliographies, and wise directions for study.

Glamour. By Stark Young. Critical essays on the theater, by one who knows art when he sees it.

Best Plays of 1924-25. By Burns Mantle. Invaluable as a record.

The Christ of the New Testament. By P. E. More. Scholarly and interesting work by a believer in the Incarnation.

Everyman's Life of Jesus. By J. Moffatt. Anyone with a spark of faith will have it kindled.

The Earth Speaks to Bryan. By H. F. Osborn. Short defense of Evolution, by a religious scientist.

The Everlasting Life. By W. W. Keen. A great surgeon who believes in the soul. "Religio Medici."

Can a Man be a Christian To-day? By W. L. Poteat. Affirmative reply by a professional botanist.

The Man Nobody Knows. By Bruce Barton. An advertisement of the Founder of Christianity, by an advertising writer.

The Works of Ring W. Lardner. *Verbum sap.*

Some Poets Survey the Universe

By Burton E. Stevenson



JOHN DRINKWATER

HALF a century ago there existed in America a school of landscapists who apparently believed that the larger a painting was the better it must be, and that the more astounding and colossal the subject the greater the picture. So they covered immense canvases with highly colored representations of Niagara and Cotopaxi and the Rocky Mountains, liberally embellished with rainbows and sunsets and thunder-storms. Many hundreds of square feet of wall space at the Metropolitan Art Museum are covered by these huge creations of Church and Bierstadt and Moran, which involve an amount of labor appalling to contem-

plate—and all of which put together are far outweighed in every sort of artistic value by that quiet painting of Vermeer's, covering, perhaps, one square foot, showing a white-capped Dutch girl opening a casement.

There are certain present-day poets who should be encouraged to visit the Metropolitan and study this contrast, in the hope that its moral might strike home; for they are falling into the same error which betrayed Moran *et al.*, and are attempting to make grandiose ideas, cosmic ruminations and philosophic hokum take the place of simplicity, truth and beauty, which are the only qualities with which poetry is really concerned. They parade their faith, or lack of it, they expand hazy ideas about the universe and the destiny of man, they solve the problems of living or give them up in exaggerated despair, and incidentally cover many pages with portentous verse—which, too often, is treated with a respect it in no way deserves by persons who should know better, but who, apparently, are overawed by the lofty pretensions of what is really nothing but bunkum.

Now this would be of little moment if it concerned only writers of no importance, whose work is predestined for a speedy and dusty death; but when a poet of real promise wanders away chasing rainbows and thunder-storms along these perilous by-paths it is a matter of sharp regret, because there is always the danger that he may never be able to find his way back again, or that, even if he does, his art will have been so blunted by the orgy that it will never fulfil its early promise.

Hervey Allen is a case in point. Here is a man who, if not yet a matured poet, certainly has the makings of one; whose forte is the small, colorful picture, but who prefers to exhaust himself in a vain effort to get the whole universe on his canvas. Two-thirds of his new book⁽¹⁾ consists of "Sagas" and "Moods" so certain to bewilder and, perhaps, enrage the reader, that their author has thought it necessary to write a preface to explain what they are about. The explanation itself is sufficiently bewildering. The first section of his book, he says, "is an attempt to phrase poetically some of the modern conceptions of life. . . . The 'Northern

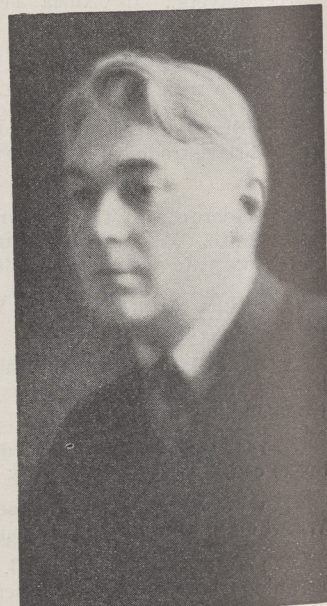
Earth Mood' is an epic of man in the Northern hemisphere presented from an astronomical perspective with the element of time greatly accentuated," and "'Funeral at High Tide' is an expression of human despair before the inscrutable cosmic forces phrased in terms of landscape." All of which, of course, is nonsense. Even if it were not, who cares for astronomical perspectives as applied to poetry?

Fortunately Mr. Allen's verse is much better than this introduction would lead any one to suppose. It has, in fact, not infrequently a depth and power which command admiration and respect. Let the reader pass hastily by the pages geological and prehistoric, the "Lyric Interlude Astronomical," and the stanzas dealing with Greek, Carthaginian, Roman and Celt, and presently he will come to a lyric called "Shadow to Shadow," and to another called "Whim Alley," and to a final one, "Old Meadows"—all of them admirable. Here is "Whim Alley," a splendid example of the genre in which Mr. Allen excels:

Whim Alley once led into Danger Court
Loud with the raucous talk of cockatoos
Where bearded Jews a-squat in alcove shops
Sat waiting like royal falcons in a mews.
Softly as rain the voweled Portuguese
Fell from their red-ripe lips with eastern news
Of galleons whose names were melodies—
Softly—between the shrieks of cockatoos.
Who cared for royal navigation laws
In Danger Court—for what the Soldan said—
Or papal lines between the East and West?
Abram out-Shylocked Isaac with applause,
And clutched the sweated doubloons to his chest,
Whose late lamented owners were scarce dead.
For there were smugglers' bargains to be made
Where leaping arches looped along the walls,
While sunlight smouldered down the long arcade
And dizened into flame on Spanish shawls.
And what the sequin brought in Louis d'or
Was news—and rumors passed from Trebizond,
While Rachel clinked brass anklets in a door
With a straight glimpse of blue sea just beyond.
Dark sailors passed with tang of wine and tar,
And merchants with wide hats and wider fringes,
And two black Sambos smoked the same cigar

Upon a chest with three locks
and five hinges.
Vanished in air! Those arches
roof a cow,
To parrots' rings the frowsy hens
resort;
Whim Alley leads to less than
nothing now,
For only shadows dwell in
Danger Court.

A man who can paint a picture such as this may be forgiven many things, and surely he will in the end perceive the futility of trying to shackle the inscrutable cosmic forces with his rimes or to portray the universe in terms of landscape! A landscape can successfully portray only a tiny corner of a certain unimportant planet swimming inconspicuously in space; but a beautiful corner nobly rendered is an achievement worthy of any artist.



From a portrait by Hoppe

DON MARQUIS

(1) EARTH MOODS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Hervey Allen. 126 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.



ALINE KILMER

Man"—and there is always admirable workmanship. The theme of all these poems is more or less the same—the power of man to create for himself the gods that he needs, gods in his own image which grow nobler as he himself grows nobler.

And here is his rendering of that age-old question of whence and whither, which man is eternally asking of life, and which poets since the beginning of time have struggled to put into memorable form:

A LITTLE WHILE

A little while the tears and laughter,
The willow and the rose;
A little while, and what comes after
No man knows.

An hour to sing, to love and linger,
Then lutanist and lute
Will fall on silence, song and singer
Both be mute.

Our gods from our desires we fashion,
Exalt our baffled lives,
And dream their vital bloom and passion
Still survives;

But when we're done with mirth and weeping,
With myrtle, rue, and rose,
Shall Death take Life into his keeping?
No man knows.

What heart hath not, through twilight places,
Sought for its dead again
To gild with love their pallid faces?
Sought in vain!

Still mounts the Dream on shining pinion,
Still broods the dull distrust:
Which shall have ultimate dominion,
Dream, or dust?

A little while with grief and laughter,
And then the day will close;
The shadows gather . . . what comes after
No man knows!

In spite of the fifth stanza, which is very much in the manner of John Luckey McCreery, this is a beautiful and touching lyric. If the last three stanzas could be made to equal the first four, it would be a great one.

Mr. Marquis's volume closes with a selection from the well-known "Savage Portraits," a sonnet-sequence unique and delicious, truly named "savage"—ferocious might be a better

word—which one can only hope will be indefinitely expanded as its author discovers more heads to whack!

There is one man who makes a complete success of philosophic verse, and that is "A. E.," as George William Russell prefers to sign his poems. This is partly because he is concerned first of all with beauty, and partly because he eschews ten-league canvases and brushes of comets' hair, and gets his effects (as Vermeer did) simply, directly and in small compass. His newly published volume⁽³⁾ confirms his preeminence as a writer of verse of curiously iridescent loveliness, through which the pearl-gray mists of his own Ireland seem to drift, filling it with strange wistfulness and eerie grace.

It is more than ten years since A. E. published his collected poems, with the intimation that he considered his work as a poet finished. Since then, Ireland has been swept with flame and drenched with blood in the bitterest conflict of modern times—a conflict which absorbed A. E.'s thought and which must have wrung his soul; but in spite of this preoccupation, the poet in him struggled to the surface now and then, and the result is this little volume of sixty pages. It is singularly rich—rich with the compressed philosophy of a lifetime. That philosophy is, in essence, a worship of beauty—not beauty merely as an external attribute of the universe or even as an internal attribute of the minds of men and women, but as an entity in itself, a quality pervading time and space, something immeasurable and immortal, which can be absorbed and assimilated and made part of man's being. "Night Wind" expresses this very clearly:

I love to think this fragrant air
I breathe in the deep-bosomed night
Has mixed with beauty, and may bear
The burden of a heart's delight.

This may have been the burning breath
That uttered Deirdre's love. It may
Have been a note outlasting death
As Sappho sang her heart away.

It may have fanned a joy so deep
That Ilium must pay the price,
And under desert sand must sleep
Heroes and towers in sacrifice.

And this rich air, it may have been,—
To bring these dreams, so sweet a throng,—
Sighed by the lovely listening queen
While Solomon had sung his song.

So it will take from me, from thee,
Ere from our being it departs,
And keep for lovers yet to be
All the enchantment of our hearts.

And contrast his rendering of whence and whither with that of Don Marquis.

MUTINY

That blazing galleon the sun,
This dusky coracle I ride,
Both under secret orders sail,
And swim upon the selfsame
tide.

The fleet of stars, my boat of
soul,
By perilous magic mountains
pass,
Or lie where no horizons gleam
Fainting upon a sea of glass.

Come, break the seals and tell
us now
Upon what enterprise we roam:
To storm what city of the gods,
Or—sail for the green fields of
home!

His attitude toward the conflict



HERVEY ALLEN

⁽²⁾ THE AWAKENING, AND OTHER POEMS. By Don Marquis. 104 pages. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.

⁽³⁾ VOICES OF THE STARS. By A. E. 61 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

which raged around him is summarized in a poem of sixteen lines, with the significant title, "Waste," and again, in the last poem in the book, the longest and perhaps the loveliest, he touches upon the same theme. It is the story of an Irish Michael who, like so many others, left his home to fight for what he believed to be the freedom of his country and to meet death on a barricade—futilely, it might seem, and yet who knows? For, as A. E. points out in lines as simple as they are beautiful,

We choose this cause or that, but still
The Everlasting works Its will.
The slayer and the slain may be
Knit in a secret harmony. . . .
So it may be that Michael died
For some far other countryside
Than that grey Ireland he had known,—
Yet on his dream of it was thrown
Some light from that consuming Fire
Which is the end of all desire. . . .
Seek It as love and there may be
A Golden Age and Arcady.
All shadows are they, of one thing
To which all life is journeying.

It is interesting to contrast with A. E.'s high serenity the feeling of unrest and baffled aspiration which seems to have seized upon Aline Kilmer. Her first volume of verse, "Candles That Burn," was published in 1919, and disclosed a genuine lyric gift. Two years later came her second volume, "Vigils," and confirmed the impression which the first had made. Here was a poet of unusually engaging quality—a quality of wistfulness shot through with sunlight. Now, after four years, comes her third volume, "The Poor King's Daughter,"⁽⁴⁾ marking perhaps a deepened emotion, but also a lessened charm, for, while the wistfulness remains, the sunlight has disappeared.

"Candles That Burn" contained a little poem about her daughter, Deborah:

Deborah danced when she was two,
As buttercups and daffodils do; . . .
But now her step is quiet and slow;
She walks the way primroses go;
Her hair is yellow instead of gilt,
Her voice is losing its lovely lilt.

The lovely lilt in Mrs. Kilmer's voice was its most charming quality, but, like Deborah, she has lost it. At least it is missing from her latest book. Other qualities are there, admirable ones, but it is to be hoped that the lovely lilt will be recaptured, for it was the quality of youth and courage, which is the finest quality of all. Grayness, despondency, wistfulness can never take its place, and these are the dominant qualities of her recent verse.

For example, in "Against the Wall," she writes:

If I live till my fighting days are done
I must fasten my armour on my eldest son. . . .
For you couldn't tell a youngster, it wouldn't be right,
That you wish you had died in your very first fight.
And I mustn't say that victory is never worth the cost,
That defeat may be bitter, but it's better to have lost.
And I mustn't say that glory is as barren as a stone.
I'd better not say anything, but leave the lad alone.
So he'll fight very bravely and probably he'll fall;
And I'll sit mending armour with my back against the wall.

This same feeling of hopeless futility is echoed over and over again throughout the book, beautifully, yes, often with epigrammatic skill, as in "To Aphrodite: With a Mirror":

Here, Cyprian, is my jewelled looking-glass,
My final gift to bind my final vow:
I cannot see myself as I once was;
I would not see myself as I am now.

But one longs for Deborah dancing in the sunlight!

⁽⁴⁾ THE POOR KING'S DAUGHTER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Aline Kilmer. 46 pages. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

And yet determined optimism has its drawbacks, too! Or perhaps it is not optimism so much as a determined prettiness which makes John Drinkwater's verses tinkle instead of chime.⁽⁵⁾ One somehow gets the impression that they are the result, not of any sort of poetic compulsion, but of deliberate intention—that Mr. Drinkwater sits down at his desk with his mind made up to write a poem, and stays there till he has put it through. One must add that he often puts it through very well indeed—as witness this trifle reminiscent of Sir John Suckling:

CONDITION

If one to love you better came,
The paradise within my heart
I would surrender to that flame,
And unlamenting would depart.

Till then undaunted I'll embrace
My fortune, asking no man's leave,
And pledge you in the market-place,
And wear your favor on my sleeve.

Pleasant, yes, and dainty; but after all it is only whipt cream. If Mr. Drinkwater has any depths, he doesn't display them in his poetry. Perhaps he chooses to keep away from them; or perhaps there aren't any depths—just pretty shallows on which these *nugæ* disport themselves.

The poems of Robert Gilbert Welsh, who lost his life last year while trying to save a girl from drowning, have been collected by Charles Hanson Towne, who also contributes a preface which is a very moving tribute to the man who was one of the best-loved figures in New York's newspaperdom. And about this collection there is one astounding thing: the first poem, which gives the book⁽⁶⁾ its title, is a masterpiece, while all the others are just ordinary rimes, for the most part quite negligible. "Bob" Welsh will go down to posterity as a one-poem man—which after all is a happy fate, since most poets fail to reach posterity at all! Indeed, there is no surer basis for immortality than a lovely lyric.

Here is the poem, which, assuredly, anthologists will never tire of quoting:

AZRAEL

The angels in high places
Who minister to us,
Reflect God's smile—their faces
Are luminous,
Save one whose face is hidden
(The Prophet saith),
The unwelcome, the unbidden,
Azrael, Angel of Death.
And yet that veiled face, I know,
Is lit with pitying eyes,
Like those faint stars, the first to glow
Through cloudy winter skies.

That they may never tire,
Angels, by God's decree,
Bear wings of snow and fire—
Passion and purity,
Save one, all unavailing
(The Prophet saith),
His wings are gray and trailing,
Azrael, Angel of Death.
And yet the souls that Azrael brings
Across the dark and cold,
Look up beneath those folded wings,
And find them lined with gold.

⁽⁵⁾ NEW POEMS. By John Drinkwater. 64 pages. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

⁽⁶⁾ AZRAEL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Gilbert Welsh. 132 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

A gifted Irish poet is coming to this country to lecture. Her name is Ella Young, and she is the author of "Celtic Wonder Tales," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. She is an authority on Irish literature and folk-lore, and is famous as a teller of Irish stories.

When Yale Was Given to Sumnerology

By William Lyon Phelps

PROFESSOR SUMNER of Yale University died in 1910. The only uncertain thing about a biography was the date of its appearance, for the chronicle of such a man was sure to appear. Clergyman, editor, historian, biographer, economist, anthropologist, sociologist, above all, teacher, he had invaded so many countries of the mind and exhibited the spoils before so many listeners, that there was general and justifiable curiosity about the man himself.

Had he written no books, he would still have left an indelible impression on generations of college students. From 1872 till 1909 he was a "full-time" teacher, and despite his devotion to research and his multifarious outside activities, he never allowed anything to interfere with classroom work. He put his mind, heart, and soul into teaching. Whatever the subject he taught, it was nicknamed Sumnerology; because he taught it with such vigor, and concealed none of his opinions from the student. What he did conceal was himself; in spite of his denunciation of bad laws, bad politicians living and dead, historical mistakes, and sentimental fallacies in economics, he never indulged in reminiscences. It was vaguely rumored that in his youth he had been a clergyman; he never alluded to it, and it seemed incredible. Even when the newspapers were attacking him most violently, he never mentioned these fights in the classroom. Behind his desk he was like a great actor, playing his part with convincing sincerity, often thrilling his listeners; but what *he* was, nobody knew.

Thus, while Mr. Starr's biography⁽¹⁾ will be read with interest by many who never saw Sumner and even by some who never read his books, it will be read with consuming eagerness by those who had the good fortune to be his pupils. As freshmen looked forward to the junior and senior years, when they might have the benefit of his instruction, so graduates look back to those exciting days in the classroom, when every recitation sooner or later turned into a debate.

"Professor, don't you believe in any government aid to industries?"

"No! it's root, hog, or die."

"Yes, but hasn't the hog got a right to root?"

"There are no rights. The world owes nobody a living."

"You believe then, Professor, in only one system, the contract-competitive system?"

"That's the only sound economic system. All others are fallacies."

"Well, suppose some professor of political economy came along and took your job away from you. Wouldn't you be sore?"

"Any other professor is welcome to try. If he gets my job, it is my fault. My business is to teach the subject so well that no one can take the job away from me."

Mr. Starr has written an excellent biography, which describes Sumner's home in Hartford, the severe training by his stepmother, the daily toil of his practical-minded, wage-earning British father, the boy's dramatic rescue (by a clergyman) from retail-selling, his career as a Yale undergraduate, his prolonged theological studies in Europe, his preaching, his teaching, his public debating, and his books. His character and temperament—except in the most intimate associations—are clearly presented; and I may add that the portrait-frontispiece is a "speaking" likeness. It shows the intellectual curiosity and bull-like courage which were his most salient points.

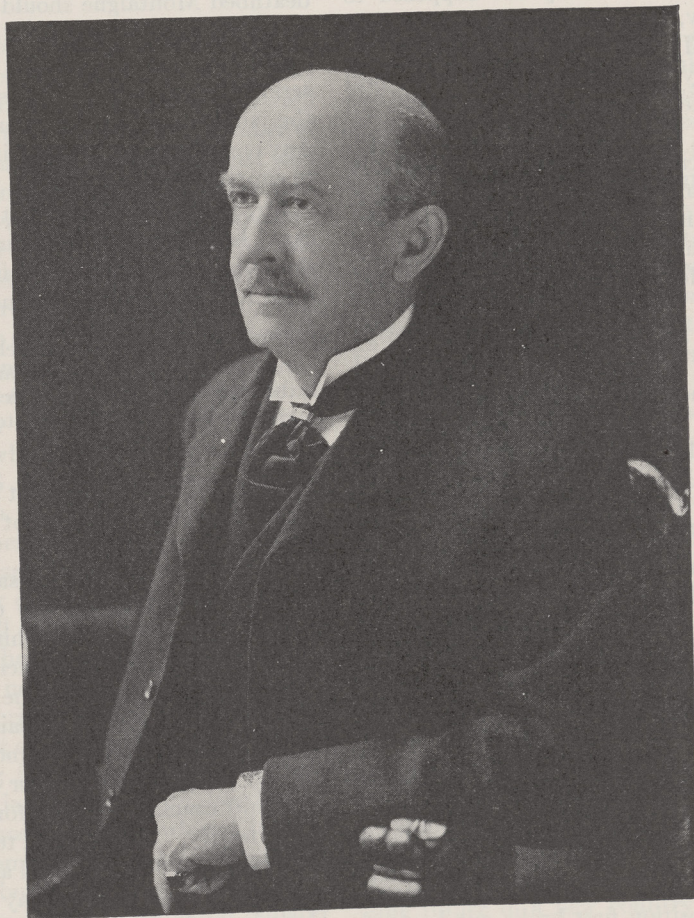
I hope that some day Prof. A. G. Keller, who is Sumner's most distinguished pupil, and who, with scrupulous scholarship, and vitality like his master's, has edited the Posthumous Works, containing the cream of Sumner's wisdom, learning, and irony—I hope that he will write and publish his personal recollections. For many years he knew Sumner intimately, more so than any one else, and he would know exactly what sort of reminiscences would be important. I met Sumner one day when Mr. Keller was an undergraduate. He growled out, "Keller is a good man—the best I ever had." Needless to say that his pupil has fulfilled expectation.

But as these reminiscences may not appear, it seems best to me to give some of my own recollections, making this article not so much a review of Mr. Starr's biography as a footnote to it.

I elected Sumner's courses not because I was primarily interested in what he taught, but because he taught it. I knew I should get from him an all-round education, and it was an inspiring thing to see him in action. I had the benefit of his regular undergraduate courses in political economy, and then during my two years of graduate study, I elected every course he gave—among the best of which was "the political and financial history of the United States." I have six notebooks filled.

I actually had the hardihood to elect his course in banking and finance, a subject to which I was indifferent. I have never seen but one bank statement that I could understand; that is the one advertised in the New York theater programs, and I have forgotten which bank it is.

I had two bad days in this course, but the course was worth it. One day he put a bank statement on the board, and said, "Phelps"—he never mistered us, and the name was like a pistol-shot—



WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER

(1) WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER. By Harris E. Starr. 557 pages. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"what is your opinion of the condition of that bank?" I said, "That bank appears to me to be in a flourishing condition." "Indeed! it may appear so to you, but the bank closed its doors that very day." (*Laughter*).

On another occasion, he wrote out on the blackboard a long and complicated financial statement. It took him twenty minutes. My mind went afield; I was thinking dreamily of something else, when suddenly he looked up, and said, "Every man who understands these figures will raise his hand." Every one in the room—the hypocrites!—raised his hand except me. He barked, "Phelps, what is there about this you don't understand?" "Professor, at that moment I was thinking of something else." "Ah," he said, "I will go through it again." He did. It took him twenty minutes. He looked around occasionally to see if I was watching. I was. I was also uncomfortable. At the last, he said, "Now do you understand?" "Yes, sir." "Phelps," he said slowly and impressively, "any time you will do me the supreme honor of giving me your attention, I think I can make even *you* understand." (*Awed silence*).

Years later, he did me a great favor at a time when I most needed it. Executive sessions of the faculty are supposed to carry an inviolable oath of secrecy, but this episode was so good that several reported it to me. My name was up for promotion to a full professorship, and every member had to give an oral opinion before the ballot was taken. One dignified and fine old man, now with God, said, "Well, I am going to vote for Phelps, but I wish he had a little more academic formality. Everybody calls him Billy." "They call me Billy, too!" said Sumner. The gods burst out laughing, and I was elected before they sobered down. The fact that Sumner, so formidable and austere, and I, so amiable and approachable, had the same nickname, was too much for Olympian gravity.

Sumner loved to be consistent, and if you could show him an inconsistency, he would instantly surrender. A senior was accused of stealing the gnomon off the sundial, and the motion in the faculty was that he be expelled. Sumner vigorously supported this motion, and I opposed it. The Lord delivered him into my hands. Sumner said, "The Treasurer of the University [since dead] has written us a letter asking us to expel this student. Now the Treasurer is a high University officer, and his wishes should be observed." I said, "I think Mr. Sumner's argument is not good." Sumner: "The argument of Mr. Phelps is wholly bad." "The reason why I think Mr. Sumner's argument is not good," said I, "is because at the very last Faculty meeting, Mr. Sumner declared emphatically that never, never had he supported any motion because of prudential reasons." "I withdraw my argument," said Sumner.

Practically all of the older alumni regard Sumner as one of Yale's most inspiring teachers, and in every way one of Yale's greatest assets. And yet I can remember when Republican newspapers editorially demanded that he be expelled from his chair, and when a considerable number of alumni wrote letters urging the same thing. This opposition first broke out because he attacked Protection, and taught us the holiness of Free Trade. Outsiders thought he was corrupting the students. This fear that undergraduates will be corrupted by heterodox political opinion is still common; whereas the real danger—if there be any—is in allowing students to graduate with no knowledge of any opinion other than what is theologically and politically orthodox. The students listened to Sumner with delight and gratitude, and then four-fifths of them voted the Republican ticket. If the opposing forces had had their way, Sumner would have been dismissed from Yale in the early eighties.

After the Protectionists had finally quieted down, and Sumner seemed to be teaching with general acclaim, the Spanish War broke out. Sumner delivered in New Haven a public lecture called "The Conquest of the United States by Spain." The students, who were enlisting eagerly, were pleased by such an exhibition of intellectual independence, and thought more of the Professor than ever; but from outside came a general demand for his expulsion; he was corrupting the youth. To-day, many

imperialists applaud Sumner's courage. J. A. Spender, speaking of the fact that Campbell-Bannerman was thought to have committed political suicide by his opposition to the Boer War, whereas soon after he became Prime Minister, said: "It is almost an axiom of British public life that no one rises to the highest position unless at one time or another he has stood firm against the prevalent opinion and staked his reputation on what appeared to be a failing cause."

Sumner hated romance, mystery, and sentimentalism. "Napoleon was one of the most cold-hearted rascals that ever lived," he told his Napoleon-worshipping students. Not very long before his death I went with him to see Alla Nazimova in Ibsen's "The Master Builder." It was in Russian, and he had read the play in a Russian translation. He was delighted with the art of the actress, but he said: "All I can make out of this play is that a woman persuades a man to climb a tower and break his neck, and he was fool enough to do it."

Altho Sumner in early life had been a clergyman, his teaching never betrayed any interest in religion. When lunching with him one day I remarked that it seemed to me amazing that on his deathbed Montaigne should have sent for a priest. "No one of us knows what he will do!" he muttered.

Sumner was as strong a realist as Benjamin Franklin. He seriously proposed that the study of philosophy be banished from the curriculum, on the ground that it was as bad as astrology. Any one who came to him with a theory or any kind of a plan, had to support it with facts.

Mr. Starr has shown that even when he was a clergyman, he cared little for the ritual and less for pastoral work. He was in the pulpit a teacher and a fighter. And it is well to remember what Mr. Starr cites from one of the sermons:

The church of Christ is a church militant. It is aggressive by its very nature. There is evil and ignorance in the world with which the church has a combat which knows no compromise or truce. Its mission is to conquer them, to drive them out, and to occupy their place.

The foe of Christianity is not Science: the foe is Sin.

Sumner devoted his life not to fighting windmills, but to fighting those who fight windmills. His hero was always the forgotten man—the man who works, saves, educates his children, and does his duty as a citizen. He certainly placed emphasis where it was acutely needed, and himself lived up to his ideals. Mr. Starr speaks of his renouncing the delights of nicotine. I remember asking Sumner if he smoked. He said, "The members of the faculty used to be paid every three months. So we had to let our bills run three months. One day, many years ago, my bill for groceries and for cigars came, and I observed that I had paid exactly as much for my cigars as for groceries for the entire family. And I was a teacher of political economy! I paid that bill, and never smoked again." What a struggle it was to go from twenty cigars a day to total abstinence, only he knew. He knew only because he won. People who yield to temptation know nothing about its strength.

He hated cloudy books and superfluous remarks. One day in faculty meeting they were about to call a new professor of philosophy. I sat behind Sumner and saw the back of his neck steadily become more red, a certain sign of growing rage. The chairman of the committee making the report said something about the new man's views on Pragmatism. "Views on *what*?" demanded Sumner. "Pragmatism." "Pragmatism, huh!" snorted Sumner. A professor of Greek thought a rebuke was necessary, and he remarked in didactic tones, "I think it highly undignified for any one of us to ridicule the terminology of any other subject." "Feel just as tho I was in Sunday school!" roared Sumner.

One hot day he was sitting on the piazza of a White Mountain hotel, mopping his shining pate. A New York literary man, famous for his amenity, came up and said, "I saw you riding your bicycle this morning, Mr. Sumner," to which he got for reply a grunt of disgust. "The roads are very good here, are they not,

Mr. Sumner?" "On the contrary they are abominable." "But not so bad as to prevent bicycle-riding?" "You said you saw me."

Sumner believed that all progress was through superior force and its triumph. Might has always made right, and it always will. Knowing Greek so much better than I, he could have remembered a passage in Plato where superior numbers insist that the minority must accompany them. "You see, we are more than you; it is therefore impossible for you to do otherwise than as we wish." "No, it is still possible for us to persuade you," rejoined one of the minority.

The world has not gone Sumner's way. Free trade is farther off than ever. The contract-competitive system is giving way

to cooperation (what would he have thought of the organization of a factory to-day?) and instead of *laissez-faire*, Sumner's theory of government, we Americans are already living in the slavery predicted by Herbert Spencer.

What is the reason that with all his magnificent scholarship, his absolute honesty, his iron sincerity, his clear sense of fact, he was so much greater as a challenger than as a persuader? As an intellectual awakener, I have never in the flesh met his superior; but his philosophy (how he hated that word!) had its limitations. I think we see it in the italicized verb, "What Social Classes *Owe* to Each Other."

Morality ends in the payment of debts; at that point religion begins.

The Smith Family Populates a Western Novel

By Henry B. Fuller

THE comprehensive title of Mrs. Fairbank's novel, "The Smiths,"⁽¹⁾ must not be taken as a promise to treat a large section of the human race through a long period of time, but only a small portion of it during a limited number of years. Briefly, the clan of the Smiths functions for the most part in Chicago, and its doings are confined to the half-century that follows the fall of Richmond. Toward the beginning Lincoln's funeral train traverses the Lake Front, and toward the end Root's steam-roller raises groans and hoots in the Coliseum. A half-century, very nearly; and through this half-century the varied Smiths take their various ways and make the grand advance from humble beginnings to efflorescent finishes.

Another family chronicle, then; another family chronicle of the Mid-West metropolis. If you want stir, variety, action, vicissitude, progress up and down, what better field than a town that had its three thousand in 1825 and has its three million in 1925? Mrs. Fairbank, as has been indicated, selects the more vital half of her century, and puts her galloping city through the hoop in the most accomplished and spirited style. Her book has value not only as a competent work of art, but as a social document—a document whose value will increase with time.

Mrs. Fairbank has risen fully to her theme and its opportunities. I have read all the chronicle novels dealing with Chicago, including one or two of my own fabrication, and I incline to the belief that the present one is the best of the lot. It is too good, in fact, to be appraised on a local basis; it deserves to be lifted above the merely regional. The author, in some measure, has herself looked to this. For the benefit of those readers to whom Chicago, as a field for fiction, still remains somewhat ungrateful, it may be said that the outside world contributes largely: the heroine is provided by New York, from the region of Washington Square; the most ornamental among her progeny marries in the East and anticipates by a few years the sort of career which at present is giving the thoughtful so much concern; and the subhero makes his fortune in California and spends it showily with the dubious subheroine in Paris. The book, it will be seen, has range and scope, and knowledge of the world.

Mrs. Fairbank writes, I think I may confidently say—tho I know her but slightly—out of a nature endowed richly to begin with, and broadened by many contacts with the world of men and affairs. Yet she is capable of writing, when occasion demands, unabashedly as a woman. The trouble with the average "lady novelist"—and with some far above the average—is that, in her determined rivalry with the men, she cloaks or sinks her sex: she must equal or surpass the men on their own ground. Now, the present lady novelist can be masculine when the situation demands: she is fully informed as to politics, even in its widest

scope, and she has been close enough to big business to get her bankers right; yet a free, frank femininity comes to the top when the requirement arises. To pass over many minor manifestations of this and to alight on a major one: her Ann, alone in Paris for change, rest and general stock-taking, has a love-affair (or almost a love-affair) with a rising young American tenor—for her Peter, back in the West among his steel-mills, now fails to satisfy. After her return a child is born (Peter's, of course)—a fantastic infant that develops a range of gifts and qualities quite at variance with the characteristics of his prosaic predecessors. Such a study of prenatal influences would not, I venture to say, have occurred to many male writers to attempt, and fewer still among them would have been able to bring the thing off with grace and effect.

In the matter of characterization, personages of the second rank often equal those of the first in quality and sometimes surpass them in saliency. I return to the semiflagitious adventurers in Paris—the pair that re-paired and led the life palatial. The man is not Chicagoan merely; mercurial, venturesome, adroit, dowered with great *bonhomie* and few scruples, he is quintessentially of our whole West. The woman, shallow and self-seeking, is of equally broad currency. Neither is formulated, either at the beginning or at the end. They dawn, evolve, take on new shades and tints as the years pass; the precious pair are given full room to condemn themselves. This, I conceive, is the way good fiction goes.

One further point, and one further merit: the book is not, so far as I apprehend, a *roman à clef*. With the best will in the world and with sufficing knowledge of the field, I can not put my finger on a single character and say, This is So-and-So. The synthesis is too complete; the seams are too well concealed. Peter Smith, the young machinist whose forceful personality and whose promising future in a new country bring a clear-eyed bride from the conventional East, might easily be duplicated in a related field of industrial endeavor; but it is useless to name names, or even to think them. Peter, beginning among his puddlers, ends among his pictures; but art galleries are common. And sterling Ann, beginning as the modest housewife and ending as the rich and stately dowager—well, the type is open to all, and has indeed been used by many of us, tho never to better effect and finer purpose.

In touching on the woman novelist, I might have referred to her contented use, in general, of the forms already set up by men. That she so often surpasses her male competitor in the employment of these forms is not greatly to the point. Real equality will come when woman shows a capacity for evolving new methods and inaugurating new departures. Mrs. Fairbank is a woman of force and originality: new ideas will probably occur to her, and new ways of presenting them. For several years an amateur on the edge of the ring, she has now quite stepped within it. The original writer pours his own material into his own molds. The author of "The Smiths" gives indications of an ability to treat fresh material after a method all her own.

(1) THE SMITHS. By Janet A. Fairbank. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.

The Lost Continent Between Europe and America

By Edwin L. Shuman

PLATO tells in two of his Dialogs, the "Timæus" and "Critias," of a tradition to the effect that 9,000 years before Solon's day Athens was attacked by a mighty Power which had come out of the Atlantic Ocean from beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and which, making its way along the northern coast of Africa, had subjugated that whole region, including Egypt. The invaders, Plato goes on to relate, had come from a large island or continent called Atlantis, which was suddenly engulfed in the ocean at that time, with its wonderful civilization, its fortified capital, palaces, temples, harbors, bridges and shipping.

The world long regarded this story of the lost Atlantis as merely a pleasing fable; but in the last half-century many archeologists have found themselves driven by cumulative evidence into a belief that it is a tradition based on fact—that such a continent actually existed in prehistoric times, and that subsidence of the earth's crust, hastened by a final volcanic cataclysm, caused it to disappear beneath the waves of the Atlantic. Scientists differ on the subject, but even the most skeptical no longer dismiss Atlantis with a scoff. Former land connection between the Old and New Worlds is agreed upon by all geologists. A dozen years ago M. Pierre Termier, Director of Service of the Geologic Chart of France, said in a lecture before the Oceanographic Institute of Paris:

It is entirely reasonable to believe that, long after the opening of the Strait of Gibraltar, certain of these emerged lands still existed, and among them a marvelous island, separated from the African Continent by a chain of other smaller islands. One thing alone remains to be proved—that the cataclysm which caused this island to disappear was subsequent to the appearance of man in Western Europe. The cataclysm is undoubted. Did men then live who could withstand the reaction and transmit the memory of it? That is the whole question.

It is from anthropology, from ethnography, and, lastly, from oceanography that I am now awaiting the final answer.

It has long been known, through soundings, that there still exists a vast plateau on the bottom of the Atlantic, a thousand miles wide and averaging nine thousand feet high, stretching from the Azores and Canaries toward the West Indies, and containing volcanic lava in a vitrified form possible only by hardening in the open air. Many scientists are now becoming convinced that the final subsidence of this Atlantean plateau took place at the end of the Great Ice Age, "not more than ten thousand years ago" (Sir William Dawson), and that the present islands in the Atlantic are the mountain-peaks of the sunken continent. That sudden changes are still taking place in this most unstable region was proved two years ago, when the Western Union Telegraph Company, searching for a lost cable that had been laid twenty-five years before, "found to their astonishment in taking soundings at the exact spot where it had been

laid down, that the ocean bed there had risen nearly two and a quarter miles!"

A Scottish scholar, Mr. Lewis Spence, after thirty years' study of myths on both sides of the Atlantic, has now thrown the whole subject into a new and clearer phase with his two books, "The Problem of Atlantis"⁽¹⁾ and "Atlantis in America."⁽²⁾ In these he marshals an imposing array of facts and implications tending to prove not only that Atlantis existed, but that it was the common source of the early civilizations alike of Egypt and Peru, of the Crô-Magnons of Europe and the Maya peoples of Central and South America. He may not (and does not) demonstrate all this beyond a doubt, but his massed evidence can not fail to impress an unbiased mind.

Having written several important books on the myths and legends of Mexico, Peru, Egypt, and the North American Indians, Mr. Spence naturally leans most heavily on this kind of evidence, especially in the later volume, "Atlantis in America"; for it was the amazing similarity between the ancient myths and architecture of Egypt and those of the Maya in Mexico that first converted him to a belief in Atlantis as the common origin of both. But he has also collected the evidence from geology, biology, ethnology, archeology and other fields, and some of these furnish even more convincing proofs for the lay reader.

Mr. Spence is one of those who believe that this mid-Atlantic continent had become the seat of a highly developed civilization tho still in the Old Stone Age, and that submergence first divided the area into two sections, the main one being Atlantis, off the Straits of Gibraltar, and the other Antillia, whose remnants are now the West Indies. As the land continued to sink, sometimes with volcanic cataclysms, the people of Atlantis are supposed to

have emigrated—over remaining land connections—to Europe and Africa; much later the survivors in Antillia also fled (by boat) to the American continents. Only thus, Mr. Spence believes, can we account for the sudden appearance of the mysterious Maya civilization, which has left temples and pyramids in Guatemala, Yucatan and Peru that are the marvel of archeologists. Summarizing the evidence from prehistory, the author finds:

That the Crô-Magnon or Aurignacian, one of the finest races mentally and physically the world has ever seen, entered Southwestern Europe about 25,000 years ago, or about the close of the Great Ice Age.

That its members brought with them so highly developed an art that Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn has called them "the Paleolithic Greeks."

That this civilization must have germinated and developed elsewhere, as no early or evolutionary traces of its infancy are to be discovered either in Europe, Africa, or Asia.

(1) THE PROBLEM OF ATLANTIS. By Lewis Spence. Revised edition, with sixteen full-page plates. 232 pages. New York: Brentano's. \$3.

(2) ATLANTIS IN AMERICA. By Lewis Spence. Illustrated. 213 pages. London: Ernest Benn, Limited, 8 Bouverie Street, E. C. 4.



A MAYA WITCH, AS PICTURED IN AN OLD MEXICAN MANUSCRIPT

She is about to sacrifice a child, and stands before an urn filled with human hearts. She has the cotton spindle of the earth goddess, her skirt is decorated with lunar emblems, and she is adorned with a lunar nose-plate



DANCE OF WITCHES ROUND AN IDOL

From a picture painted on the wall of a cave of Southern France by a Crô-Magnon artist 10,000 years ago

That the culture of the Guanches or pre-Spanish aborigines of the Canary Islands has been recognized by the highest authorities as Crô-Magnon, thus proving that the race was indigenous to Atlantis, of which the Canaries are among the last remnants; that it made its way to Europe by land-connection formerly existing, not by boats, as communication by sea was utterly unknown at the time of the first Crô-Magnon migration to Europe.

That remains strongly resembling those of Crô-Magnon man have been found in Lagoa Santa in Brazil and in other parts of South America; that the red Indians of North America seem to have many of his religious and social practises, and that the same tent-shaped magic mark is found on drawings of bison made by Crô-Magnons in Europe and by Indians in America.

That a second wave of Crô-Magnon civilization, the Magdalenian, reached Europe from Atlantis about 16,000 years ago, bringing a great renaissance of Aurignacian art.

That a third and final invasion occurred about 10,000 years ago—being that of the Azilian-Tardenoisian peoples, parents of the Iberian race, which founded Carthage, populated Spain (where the bull-fight still remains as a relic of the prehistoric cult of the bison), overran Europe, developed its highest culture in Egypt, and apparently penetrated far into Asia.

That the western section of Atlantis (called Antillia) suffered a final submergence about the year 200 B. C., which accounts for the sudden appearance of the Maya in America.

The American continents had already been peopled from Asiatic or Polynesian sources, but here was a new and unheralded strain, more advanced by thousands of years than these existing tribes, a people with a written language and an architecture comparable with that of Egypt. When men discover, as they must, a key to the Maya hieroglyphics, a flood of new light may be thrown on the subject. Meanwhile Mr. Spence has performed a valuable service by bringing together all the evidence from pre-Columbian America tending to prove his contention—that the Aurignacian, Egyptian and Mayan-Toltec civilizations sprang from a common source in the lost Atlantis.

It is impossible in a brief review to summarize so vast a fund of evidence as Mr. Spence has gathered to buttress his thesis, but a few points out of hundreds may be instanced. He devotes many chapters to the similarities of the popular myths on both sides of the Atlantic, similarities so numerous and striking that nothing but a common source can explain them. The deluge legend is found in some form in almost every tribe and race on both sides of the Atlantic, and the author's years of study in such lore have convinced him that they all spring from racial memories of the catastrophe that overtook Atlantis. The Greek and Latin myth of Deucalion and Pyrrha, who survived the flood in an ark, and who repopulated the earth by throwing

over their shoulders stones which became men and women, is duplicated so closely by a myth of Central-American tribes that it compels belief in a common origin. The ancient book of the Quiche Indians of Guatemala called the "Popol Vuh" contains legends that seem to hark back directly to the cataclysm which destroyed Atlantis, and at the same time has some striking similarities to the Egyptian "Book of the Dead." The Maya-Toltecs built pyramids, whose outward form and inside arrangement are the same as those of the Egyptian pyramids. It is incredible that this should be merely a coincidence. In a chapter on "The Evidence of the Mummy," Mr. Spence traces the art of embalming from its beginnings among the Crô-Magnons, who put red paint on the bones of their dead to preserve them for future life, to its logical development in Egypt, and continues: "If

we now cross the ocean to America, we find almost precisely similar rites obtaining. The Mexicans, Maya and Peruvians all embalmed the dead." Like the Egyptians, they also placed the viscera in canopic jars beside the mummy. To clinch this line of reasoning, if we go now to the Canary Islands—surviving bits of Atlantis—we find that the Guanche aborigines practised the same rites of mummification.

Again, in the chapter on "The Evidence from Witchcraft," Mr. Spence makes some striking points. He shows that our ancient idea of a witch as a baleful woman riding through the air on a broomstick, a tradition that was supposed to be distinctively European, really existed in prehistoric America—among the Maya—in almost exactly the same form, even including the broomstick; that it "is found in its entirety" in pre-Columbian Mexico; that it existed also among the Crô-Magnons of France and "was reflected among the Guanches of the Canary Islands."

The mummies and witches, indeed, seem to be among Mr. Spence's strongest witnesses in favor of Atlantis, and against the theory that the Maya culture was brought to America from Egypt by way of Asia and the Pacific.

There is a good deal of repetition in these two books, but both are of equal value in the author's attempt to establish his novel hypothesis. Readers so constituted that they can feel the spell of such a mystery, a superlative sort of cross-word puzzle, will find themselves well rewarded by delving into Mr. Spence's volumes. It is strongly in his favor that he writes always as a scientist in quest of the truth, making no extravagant assertions, but trying to justify the faith that is in him by a calm marshaling of reasonable proofs. It is difficult to see how any one can read him in the same spirit without conceding that he has made a very strong case.



DESIGN ON AN ANCIENT MAYA VASE, FOUND AT CHAMA, CENTRAL AMERICA

All the illustrations in this article are reproduced from "Atlantis in America," by Lewis Spence. (London: Ernest Benn)

Lorna Doone and the Blackmore Centenary

By John Walker Harrington

AS NOVELIST and horticulturist, Richard Doddridge Blackmore, whose birth-centenary is being celebrated this year, planted much and gained only one notable crop. For twenty years a grower of the choicest grapes and peaches, he had just one profitable season. Of nearly a score of his romances and poems, "Lorna Doone," the sole survivor, was grateful to her literary sire. Like the gifted Irish orator whose addresses numbered hundreds and yet was known as "Single Speech" Hamilton because of the incidental success of one effort, Blackmore suffered as a single-book man. Even in this day, when more tablets and stained-glass windows are being dedicated to his memory in his native England, many of the readers of his immortal idyl of Exmoor do not recognize the name of its creator. It can be said, however, that the world did not wait until long after his death to show its appreciation of this wonder tale of the West Country.

Blackmore, to recall some of his life facts, was born on June 7, 1825, in Longworth, Berkshire. His father was a curate, who, in the Anglican sense, never "made a living," that is, he was unbefitted to the end of his days; never a rector in full charge of a parish and its glebe. Young Blackmore's first contact with Devonshire came when he was sent to the school at Tiverton, founded in 1604 by Master Peter Blundell. To Blundell's, many years thereafter, he sent huge John Ridd, hero of "Lorna Doone." Exeter College, Oxford, steeped him in the classics and the law, and in 1852 he was admitted to the bar at Middle Temple.

Occasional touches of epilepsy kept Blackmore from becoming much of a Blackstone. So, as his infirmity did not permit him to appear in court, he practised as a conveyancer. When his health became so poor that he realized London was no place for him, he taught school for several years at Twickenham, and finally betook himself to Teddington, where he divided his time between the cultivation of literature and the raising of fancy fruits for the market. As a grower he won a success of esteem, certainly, for the products of his gardens and greenhouses were as excellent as his financial management was faulty.

As many a writer of fiction has done, Blackmore began his career as a poet. Between the years 1854 to 1860, he produced several volumes of verse under his pen name of Melanter, and in 1862 appeared his ambitious translation of the "Georgics" of Vergil. As a poet he may have lacked in creative spirit, but certainly his verse was not merely versification. His love of nature and his insight into the human heart give a breath of life

even to a medium, in the use of which he did not excel. His real gift for clothing his ideas in poetic garb appears in many of his novels in the form of long passages and often whole pages in which his prose has a rare lyrical beauty.

When Blackmore turned his talents to novel-writing, it was at a time when there was a reaction against the staid and artificial fiction of the day, and a revival of romance. His first novel, "Clara Vaughan," appeared in 1864, and made not even a ripple in the pond of letters. "Cradock Nowell," which was printed

two years later, stirred no waves of popular approval, thrilled no pulses.

When "Lorna Doone" came from the press in two-volume panoply in 1869, there was nothing about its reception which gave any bright hopes for its future. The exploitation of the wares of letters had not become a fine art half a century ago, but a strange circumstance caused this third novel to capture the popular fancy. The newspapers were filled with accounts of the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne and one of the royal family. The idea spread that in order to know about him one must read "Lorna Doone." Slowly the book world stirred to the magic of Exmoor. Copies of the novel had been exported to Australia, as though on a ticket of leave, and others had been shipped to the United States in a brave effort to find some kind of a market; by the time these were sold, the book which seemed to have fallen so flat had become a living thing. Edition followed edition, and this is what Blackmore wrote in his preface for the twentieth printing:



LORNA IN HER PERFECT BEAUTY STOOD BEFORE
THE CRIMSON FOLDS

From a holiday edition of "Lorna Doone," illustrated by Harold Brett and published by Milton Bradley, Springfield, Mass.

What a lucky maid you are, my Lorna! When first you came from the Western Moors, nobody cared for you; the leaders of public taste led none of it to make test of you. Having struggled to the light of day through obstructions and repulses for a year and a half, you shivered in a cold corner, without a sun-ray. Your native land disdained your voice, and America answered, "No child of mine." Knowing how small your value was, you were glad to get your passage paid to any distant colony.

Gradually the reviewers had begun to notice "Lorna." One of them even hazarded the statement that it was "a work of real excellence." Another praised it faintly, and cautiously added, "We do not pretend to rank it as a masterpiece of fiction."

Once started, "Lorna Doone" sped along the road of fame. There even came an hour in which Mr. Blackmore regretted he had ever written the book, for his labors at desk and garden were often interrupted by admiring visitors. He kept on producing such works as "The Maid of Sker," "Alice Lorraine,"

(Continued on page 668)

Lady Survivors from the Victorian Wreck

By Shane Leslie

TWO ladies surviving the Victorian era have offered the public their dried memories.⁽¹⁾⁽²⁾ There is a scent of faded literary lavender, and the flash as of the fireworks of last year's Fourth of July about them. Yet there was a time when the presence of either was sufficient to make a party a success and a dinner exciting, while their simultaneous appearance would have made the social fortune of the ablest host and hostess.

Mrs. Langtry feels doubtless how difficult it is to make the present generation see her as she was forty years ago and falls back upon the pen of Richard Le Gallienne and the photographs of Lafayette. Unfortunately, the photographic art was very dull and wooden in those days, and no picture gives any hint of that amazing success which Mrs. Langtry describes modestly enough. As Mr. Le Gallienne summarizes, "to have had Judge Roy Bean at her feet, to have had Oscar Wilde sleeping on her door-step, to have drawn the sting of Whistler's waspish butterfly, and to have had the austere Mr. Gladstone for one of her admiring intimates," made her the Victorian Helen. The *simile* was sung by Oscar Wilde, and Mr. Le Gallienne suggests that if Helen had had Mrs. Langtry's sense of humor there might have been no Trojan War!

Mrs. Langtry only makes selections from her personal triumphs, but they never ceased. The old Queen, rather than vacate the throne as she usually did before the end of a Court, stayed purposely to see the presentation of the destroyer of so many hearts among her sons and grandsons. Again in the Highlands after writing her name in the book at Balmoral, the Queen sent a horseman to overtake Mrs. Langtry, but in vain. Gladstone himself came to her dressing-room laden with commentaries on Shakespeare to read to her. His advice was good, however sententious his attention. He advised her to bear all attacks, just and unjust, and never to rush into print to explain or defend herself, which she has never done. And there were classical stories, but true, of the Officer on Guard at St. James's Palace paying her a surreptitious visit and being saved from disaster by another brother officer, who dashed into uniform and turned out the Guard for an unexpected visit from Queen Victoria. And there was a peer who disguised himself as a cabman for the privilege of driving her furiously through the streets.

But it is a disappointing book, for of the wonderful poetry and amazing letters Mrs. Langtry must have garnered during a lifetime,



Photograph © by W. D. Downey, London

LILLIE LANGTRY

the selection is feeble indeed: a few poor ones from Oscar Wilde, and this sort of note from Sargent: "That resurrection plant is amazing. It is a green tree today. A thousand thanks for such a rarity. I meant to have called to thank you, but am just sending off pictures." The best letter in the book is from a negro: "Hope you are well. You are my father and mother. My only help is in the Lord and you. Please forgive precedence." That was worth receiving.

Of all the host of interesting people whom Mrs. Langtry must have known intimately and could have served to the future, the French characters are the most lifelike, especially Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt. General Boulanger is described in a colored vignette as "silent and taciturn, but a striking figure, with his piercing blue eyes and pointed red beard." There were great disasters in her life, such as the theft of her jewels and the burning of a New York theater before her first appearance; and one rebuff she records receiving from the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, whom she asked

to wear gloves when dancing with her, and received the sweet reply, "*Madame, c'est vous qui suiez.*" And her admirers became kings or convicts, and there were wars and a collapse of the whole world which she once queened; but from her Monte Carlo retreat she noticed philosophically enough the great social change that, whereas women once hid the pictures of their lovers and showed those of their husbands, the time came for women to "display their lovers' pictures and bury their husbands' in the bottom of their boxes." It is not clear what Mrs. Langtry did with hers. He is always fishing in her reminiscences, and is contemptuously dismissed. Mrs. Langtry survived him, tho her fishing was of a different kind. If compliments she sought, she was overwhelmed and made sick to surfeit of them early in her life.

In a four-wheeler, wearing a cheap mourning dress, with her hair twisted in a careless knot, the bride from the Channel Islands made her first astounding plunge into London. It reads like an Arabian Night. But it did happen that Millais and Whistler and Irving were present that first evening, and the triumph was complete. The great houses of London fell like the walls of Jericho. The dignified Marquis of Hartington drenched himself picking her the water lilies she ventured to admire in his marble pools. Millais painted her as "The Jersey Lily," Watts as "The Dean's Daughter," and Burne-Jones as "Dame Fortune." The Royal Family sat up and took notice. The Prince of Wales entered into romantic relations. Prince Leopold hoisted her picture over his bed, whence it was removed by the Queen herself standing on a chair; but Mrs. Langtry was prettily avenged when the Duke of

(1) THE DAYS I KNEW. By Lillie Langtry. London: Hutchinson.

(2) PLACES AND PERSONS. By Margot Asquith. London: Thornton & Butterworth.

Clarence removed his grandmother's locket to make room for her souvenir on his chain. Oscar Wilde became her slave, and she paints him cruelly tho truly enough: "His face was large and so colorless that a few pale freckles were oddly conspicuous . . . a well-shaped mouth with somewhat coarse lips and greenish-hued teeth . . . redeemed by the splendor of his great eager eyes." This is a portrait, but it is hardly worth writing *Memoirs* to describe General Grant as "a rather abrupt soldier-like man" accompanied by Mrs. Grant, "a rather stout figure in a black gown, with very fat arms," or to talk of the Empress Eugénie as "saddened by the trying events." It is a drop into banality! "Trying," indeed!

A totally different book is Margot Asquith's. She had no need of beauty or stage notoriety to pave her way, for she was born to all that Mrs. Langtry acquired by art and struggle. It is amusing to find them both describing the friendship of the sententious Mr. Gladstone, who visited the one in her theater and conducted the other to his pew in St. Margaret's, and endeavored in vain to persuade Margot that Wordsworth, who had no sense of humor, once said a humorous thing. Comparing the two books, by the way, the outsider would imagine from the photographs that Margot Asquith was the famous beauty, while Mrs. Langtry's text gives much more impression of brilliant humor and social success; but then Margot Asquith has already published her best stuff, and this is an afterwash, describing visits to America, Spain, and Egypt since the war.

They read rather thin, especially the account of the lecturing tour in the States. Needless to say that each lady records a joke about Niagara; but Mrs. Langtry's, being taken from Oscar Wilde, is far the better. It is difficult to believe that American women took such continuous interest in Princess Mary's lingerie as Margot asserts. More interested in persons than in personalia, Margot says she prefers the clumsiest thought to the most finished phrase. She sums up the American woman abroad as "a blank cheque" to be filled up in any country with "the secret of perfect social mechanism." As for the poor divorced, discharged American husband, "He is seldom fashionable and never leisured. If a little copious in narrative, he is never mechanical, but an absolutely genuine article, spontaneous, friendly, hospitable and keen."

The absurd American tour began and ended, adding little to the intellectual commerce of England and America. American audiences required the lighter and frivolous side, and reporters only asked about flappers and Mr. Lloyd George. Margot's opinion of Lloyd George appears later in the book. Apparently his "absence of political principle, incapacity of straight dealing and pathetic ignorance of foreign affairs brought a dazzling career into seclusion." This phrase has since done a great deal to reunite the Liberal party by obliterating Lloyd George. Margot frankly describes the failure of her first lecture in New York, when a voice shouted from the gallery, "You've got my money for nothing. Good-by, I've had enough of you." This might be capped by the story of the English lecturer who faced a woolly Western hall with an air of easy omniscience and the words, "About what shall I lecture to you?" and was an-

swered in an Irish voice from the gallery: "About ten minutes sir!"

The final reflections amount to an opinion, probably true, that "the Americans, while the most friendly people in the world, are too much concerned about each other, and tho not personally are nationally vain. . . . In spite of true generosity and kindness I was aware of an undercurrent of illiberalism and ferocity which amazed me. It is probably due to our passion for understatement and to the fact that we have inherited wise and tested regulations that the British are a law-abiding race, but I think if the Americans were given a chance they might be the same."

From America the reader is taken to Spain and to Italy, where Margot was accorded an interview with Mussolini, who distinguished himself by his courtesy. "Great men are often lacking in this, hoping to give an impression that bad manners and genius go hand in hand and must ultimately make them a Napoleon. Abbé Mugnier said to me once, 'Alas, Madame, too many people wanted to be like Napoleon.' One might almost say he shared the view himself, and it was this that finally destroyed him." Mussolini gave her his frank conditions for using force in politics. It must be chivalrous, open-handed, good surgery, and used at the right moment.

It is all very slipshod, this book. Opinions and experiences are mixed together. A visit to Egypt thirty years ago is out of place, tho it describes a certain Mr. Milner and a Colonel Kitchener as they were then. But the reader will find odds and

ends of philosophy skimmed from the many interesting minds that the writer has touched. "It is a difficult problem, this matter of life, but I am sure you must face ideals and not fidget with them. People should be a study, Pleasure an interruption, Work a consolation and Hope a duty."

The sincerity and the personality of an amusing, press-and-bore-proof woman, equally vain and charitable, equally thick-skinned and sensitive, who remains vital in inverse ratio to her years, pervades a sketchy book which no doubt publishers and public will make a hardy annual event.

Lorna Doone and the Blackmore Centenary

(Continued from page 666)

"Cripps, the Carrier," "Mary Anerley," Christowell" and "Sir Thomas Upton." For all the lasting fame he won from such as these, he might as well have hunted dormice out of his strawberry patch.

Altho Blackmore was busy at his writing almost up to the time of his death in 1900, he never produced a work which even approached the vogue of "Lorna Doone." The book is still going through editions innumerable, and still firing the romantic spirit of youth. Every year thousands of tourists go to the forest of Exmoor, or wander among the downs and combs, and see that ramp of rock which John Ridd climbed. Those of us who have never as yet wandered by the bright Bagworthy Water, nor heard the echoes of Exmoor, are still thralls, for all that, to the witchery of that land which some one so aptly has called "R. D. Blackmore's Country," and bless the day, a century since, when its interpreter was born.



MARGOT ASQUITH

Twenty-Five Years of New York Society

By Louise Maunsell Field

NEW YORK society during the past twenty-five years forms a shifting background full of light and color for Emily Post's new novel, "Parade."⁽¹⁾ Unlike so many of those who attribute social prominence to the heroes and heroines of whom they write, Mrs. Post really knows the life of which she tells, and her book has a verisimilitude most of the others lack. Beginning about the year 1900, she traces the social career, the social and private experiences of her heroine, Geraldine Townsend, through the days when New York society had at least a certain amount of dignity. The merely moneyed found some difficulty in buying their way in, until the post-war period, ruled by the newly rich, when, as Geraldine presently discovered: "Except in tranquil and retired circles, there was no distinction—no old-world elegance left." At dinner one might find oneself sitting next to a man who "in nothing but the skill of his tailor resembled a gentleman," or meet women who before the war "would have been barred by the pronunciation of the first word they uttered."

The novel is a study of these shifting social phases, and of the character of a woman who was one of life's takers, giving nothing. There are, it must be admitted, times when one feels that the author is being rather hard on her heroine; considering Geraldine's own miserable acquaintance with poverty, it is scarcely to be wondered at that she shrank from the future Ian Blakeley spread before her, and many of us can not help feeling that an objection to fleas, however strong, is not entirely reprehensible. Nevertheless, she is well summed up by the charming newspaper woman, Theodora Bearn, a delightful person whom many will easily recognize. Geraldine Townsend, declares Miss Bearn, is a perfect prototype of the so-called modern generation: "She has recognized no obligations, she has earned nothing, paid for nothing, given nothing." Few people, however, are as clear-sighted as the city editor of *The Evening Wireless*, and Geraldine was generally looked upon as a thoroughly virtuous and exceptionally long-suffering woman, while her very clever way of putting him in the wrong caused her unfortunate husband to acquire the reputation of "a brute." For as far as other men were concerned, Geraldine was believed, even by those who knew her best, to be the most unapproachable of the unapproachable. Only one man ever ventured even to try to break down her defenses, and the tragic results of that attempt were, ironically enough, quite out of measure with the facts.

But when Oliver Townsend, usually called "Ollie," first met Geraldine Loring of Springdale, she seemed a quite different person from the woman she was eventually to become. In those days she wasn't a beauty; on the contrary, "she was straw-colored, all of her," and tho she had good points and a wonderfully lovely voice, she made "no effect, no effect whatever." But Oliver, who liked simple, domestic things and people, thought Geraldine the very acme of the simple, sweet and domestic; didn't she make clothes for her little half-brothers, and speak of them with the utmost tenderness? He fell in love with her, and she married him, not because she cared twopence about him, but because he was Oliver Townsend of New York, a wealthy bachelor and a member of the inner social circle.

The novel tells how she was transformed from an ugly duckling into one of the most exquisite of swans, and thenceforward built her life on the single fact of her beauty, with the inevitable results of such building. There is a vivid and entertaining account of the daily life of a "professional beauty"; the massage, the little ivory rollers, the exercise and rigid diet, the care with which, at night, she avoided letting her face touch the pillow, for fear of wrinkles! Her experiences as a person of no importance, whom others didn't even see, and then as a person of very great importance, of whom they were keenly aware; her visits to Palm Beach and Tuxedo and Newport, her home on Long Island, in the midst of the hunting set; her debut at one of those "assemblies" still distinct in the memories of old New Yorkers—these



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EMILY POST

are effectively contrasted with the very different experiences which are hers when she returns to post-war New York, after spending several years abroad.

There is a vivid and sympathetic account of her feelings when, on her first visit to a cabaret, she sees two young girls "in clinging beaded dresses, with apparently nothing under them," whom she takes for typical denizens of the half-world—and discovers that they are the twin daughters of one of her own friends. Both of these girls have obviously had a good deal too much to drink, and Geraldine's companion, a well-known man-about-town, explains: "That's one thing Prohibition is to blame for. . . . In the old wet days even the wildest college boy had too much decency to go to a lady's house in an unsteady condition. It wasn't done! Now you see it all the time—boys, men, women, and even young girls—and in no country except 'dry America.'" But it is not only the young whom Geraldine finds making distressing exhibitions of themselves; Lilly Lake, a gray-haired

(1) PARADE. By Emily Post. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$2.

widow of fifty or more, whose husband had been a representative business man, drinks and dances with "an habitual flock of rounders," boys for the most part young enough to be her sons. But people like these, Mrs. Post insists, are still exceptional, and she shows us the other side of the shield: the women whose cleverness has been a most important factor in their husbands' success, the happy, devoted wives and mothers, who enjoy nothing so much as becoming grandmothers.

While the story is predominantly the story of Geraldine, its central figure from first to last, the scheme of the novel necessitates the introduction of a great many other characters, and these vary from the naive, amusing, but very likable Ivy Jimpson of Springdale, whose husband had made a large and steadily increasing fortune out of canned vegetables—"His specialties were labelled Ambrosia Brand and comprised 'stringless beans, succulent succotash, and tasty tomatoes'"—to that really great lady, Mrs. Courtland, and Geraldine's delightful and very popular younger sister, Dora. "Pa" Jimpson, the willing slave of his one little daughter, Ambrosia, is altogether real, and if the metamorphosis of Ian Blakeley is too marvelous to be entirely convincing, it at least helps to point the moral of the story.

The novel is very interesting, it has a good many effective scenes, its descriptions are vivid, and Geraldine's development is altogether logical. The fate to whose dreariness we leave her looking shudderingly forward is the all but inevitable result of the sort of life she had led, and the sort of person she was. She had never really cared for any one, never been really interested in any one but herself; consequently, the time came when no one cared for or was interested in her. "Geraldine had given her life's devotion to one person—herself. And now as her reward she had the love and devotion of—herself." She had worshiped her own beauty; and that beauty was on the wane, would be, year by year, more and more difficult to retain, until the retaining grew impossible, and she had nothing left. But whatever her faults might be, she had a certain degree of courage, and she faced the truth: "There was small use in pretending to be other than herself. The truth was that she had been part of the social parade of life too long ever to let it go on without her." That is what the reader of this book sees passing before his eyes with its splendor and its shoddiness, its generousities and changes and pretenses—the "Parade" of New York social life, as it has marched on for the past twenty-five years.

A Young Singer of the Heart's Secrets

By Mildred Wasson

ONE may strum a sonnet or give vent to free, unmeasured cadences, and yet produce no line of real poetry. But in the ever-swelling chorus of modern voices, once in a long while comes the sound of a true poet singing. Not since the clear, round tone of Edna St. Vincent Millay was isolated from the din has so lovely a note been heard by this reviewer as that of Margaret Tod Ritter in her little book, "Mirrors."⁽¹⁾

Ordinary poetry is either empirical or frankly imaginative, but a writer of Miss Ritter's caliber seems to tap the universal stream of consciousness, unlimited by age, or sex, or time or space. Margaret Ritter is young, but she writes of age with flawless intuition in "Violin Concerto." She is dynamic, yet she treats of death with the hoary touch of death itself. She is unmarried, but she can write of the mysterious experience of birth with an understanding which is deeper than sympathy. There is no one quality which may be said to characterize her work, unless it be understanding. The artist speaks in "Dawn" and "Dusk":

DAWN

Has then
A sword been run
Through an exultant heart
That all this red should drench the floor
Of heaven?

DUSK

A tree
Against the sky,
And then no tree at all,
But just an inky silhouette
On grey.

The musician writes in "Sonata Appassionata":

Thou art my silver lyre, my lute of jade,
I touch thee reverently; thy wrist, thy brow,
While from so brief an ecstasy is made
A song of worship. Harp and cello, thou,
O'er which my bow-hand passes with a sweep
Of minor chords. Belovèd, close thine eyes
That I may find what semitones of sleep
Weigh down the moth-white lids. Thou art the rise
Appassionata of a golden reed

Singing the songs of Pan, thou art the fall
Of drum and organ throbbing out the need
Of human love. Belovèd, thou art the string
I shall have broken when I cease to sing.

The very rhythm of this poem suggests the drumming beat of passion. It is the voice of love. The grave stoicism in "Sonata Eroica" echoes a terrible grief:

I will go quietly along this street,
And none shall know that I am drunk with pain.

After the publication of the "Sonnet to a Plough-woman of Norway," Miss Ritter was elected to the Poetry Society of America, taking her rightful place in the company of such poets as Edna St. Vincent Millay and Sarah Teasdale. Unshackled by schools or dates, or styles, she is neither modern nor ancient. Joyous youth speaks in "Roads," and "Faith," and "I Wish I Were a Leprechaun."

I love enchanting roads that curve
Between tall rocks and trees,
Little roads that nose them out
A thousand mysteries
Nor keep a straight and narrow path
But wander where they please.

And this sad wisdom from "Sonata Tragica" was drained from older sorrow than her short years could hold:

To cry for thee with every listening breath
And cry for thee in vain, this, this is death.

"To Any Tall Mountain" is in the fresh, admiring attitude of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees." It is one of the loveliest things in the book:

To prop the skies up with your snows,
To wear the sunset's emerald-rose,
To fill the streams from your silver cask,
To sleep at night in a purple mask;
You do these things while I must sit
In a stuffy red-plush room and knit.

⁽¹⁾ MIRRORS. By Margaret Tod Ritter. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

"Mirrors" is a true reflection of the human heart, and its appeal must be as broad as humanity.

Newly Discovered Essays of Hazlitt

By Harry Salpeter

WILLIAM HAZLITT was born in 1778, received his spiritual birth twenty years later when he heard Samuel Taylor Coleridge preach at Shrewsbury, died in 1830 with about a dozen stout volumes to his credit, and now, in 1925, Martin Secker in London and The Dial Press in New York publish "New Writings by William Hazlitt."⁽¹⁾

Had not "the essayists' essayist" been so indifferent to the claims of posterity upon him, assuming he ever recognized them, we would not have had to wait so long for a book to put in the shadow of "Table Talk," nor, having found it, be distressed by doubts touching the authenticity of some of its contents. Because William Hazlitt did not think kindly enough of the contributions he made in 1828 and 1829 to *The New Monthly Magazine*, *The London Weekly Review* and *The Atlas*, and because, obviously, he did not think well enough of them to arrange for their publication within book covers (with the exception of the "Conversations" of the painter Northcote), not only may doubt be entertained that every line in this volume is Hazlitt's, but also that some priceless essay has been overlooked in the search for strays made by the faithful shepherd dogs of belles lettres.

Mr. Howe, who published the accepted "Life" of Hazlitt in 1922, and who edited "The Best in Hazlitt" and compiled this volume, does not claim for "New Writings" that it is a definitive and indubitable addition to the known total of Hazlitt's journalism. He is good enough to identify the six essays in this book which A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover in their "Collected Edition" of 1902 listed as doubtful specimens. In fact, Messrs. Waller and Glover listed seven, but Mr. Howe concurs in the case of one and excludes it from this collection. He is at odds also with Jules Douady, who, in 1906, published a Bibliography in which he claimed to have unearthed between twenty and thirty new Hazlitt titles, nineteen of which, by M. Douady's chronology, fall within the period of Mr. Howe's researches. Mr. Howe has accepted only eight of these as authentic. In view of these doctors' disagreements, might not some publisher issue a thin sheaf of "Doubtful Writings" to put by the side of "New Writings"?

But Mr. Howe's service to lovers of Hazlitt far outweighs that of the editors of the collected edition, or of the author of the bibliography, for he has added nineteen essays and briefer contributions never before credited to the author of "Table Talk" to the six contributions indicated, negatively, by Messrs. Glover and Waller, and to the eight of the nineteen discoveries claimed by M. Douady which he has accepted as authentic. Strangely enough, the sum of these equals the number of essays comprising "Table Talk."

The story of Mr. Howe's search has something of the flavor of romance, of the thrill that a collector feels when he comes upon

some master's first edition. When Mr. Howe's predecessors were digging in the old files of the periodicals for which Hazlitt wrote during his last period, they were stumped by the fact that the British Museum lacked files of *The Atlas* for the months of May and July, 1829. A complete file of that paper being discovered in the library of Yale University, Mr. Howe brought to light "English Characteristics," "The Utilitarian Controversy," "The Laureate" and "The Exclusionists in Taste" as marked with Hazlitt's hand; all these are included in "New Writings."

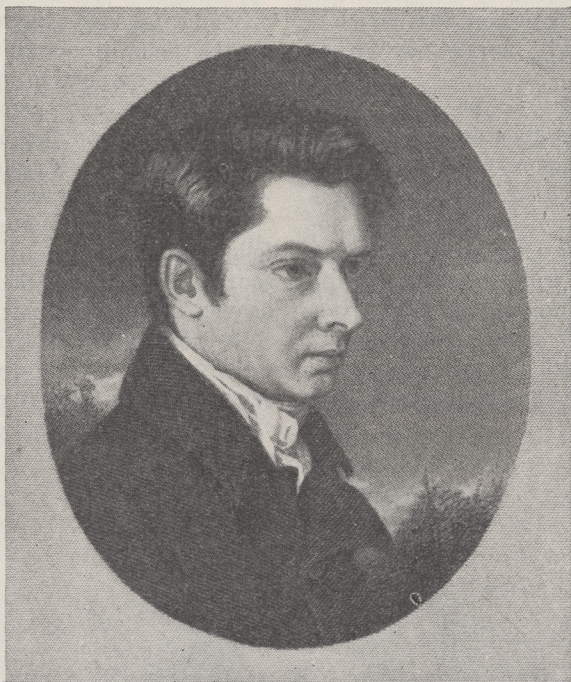
Altho not every line imputed to Hazlitt has the glitter of unalloyed gold, lovers of the essay who have been replenishing mind and slaking thirst at "Table Talk" will be grateful for such fragments as "English Characteristics" and "The Utilitarian Controversy," and if exegesisists subsequently claim that "The Laureate" and "The Exclusionists in Taste" are too negligible to be Hazlitt's, we shall not grudge them to them, for even at the flood-tide of his career Hazlitt had to do journalism of an almost degrading character.

"The reader who may be new to Hazlitt," asserts Mr. Howe in his preface, "will bear in mind that what he is here offered are merely the crumbs from the rich man's table." If these be crumbs, they are more savory than the loaves of some contemporaries who pass for essayists. "Traveling Abroad," "The Influence of Books," "The Prose Album," "Landon's 'Imaginary Conversations,'" "Brummelliana," "Coquets," the scattered reflections on English manners, such as "Manners Make the Man" and "English Character-

istics"—these are additions to the volume of English belles-lettres which demand no apology.

"Traveling Abroad" may sound provincial to-day, but it is Hazlitt braced for controversy, Hazlitt playing a John Bull whose hatred and contempt for the French reflect the England of his time. He levels at them that charge Napoleon directed at Britons: "They are a thorough 'nation of shopkeepers.'" "In other places," he says elsewhere in that essay, "I forget myself, but in France I am always an Englishman," and he closes on a rolling period that is like a life-giving breath:

It is well to be a citizen of the world, to fall in, as nearly as one can, with the ways and feelings of others, and make one's self at home wherever one comes: or it is better still to live in an ideal world, superior to the ordinary one, to carry in one's breast "that peace which passeth understanding," that no accident of time or place, irritation or disappointment, can assail, except for the moment; that neither debts nor duns annoy, that reconciles itself to all situations and smooths all difficulties; not to be calm in solitude and agitated in the assemblies of men, but in the midst of a great city to retain possession of one's faculties as in a perfect solitude, and in a wilderness to be surrounded with the gorgeousness of art; to owe no allegiance to the elements, not to be the creature of circumstances, dependent on a gust of wind, a bad smell, a dinner, or a waiter at an inn, the good or bad state of the roads, but to make the best of our goings and comings, and of all circumstances, as only passages of



WILLIAM HAZLITT

⁽¹⁾ NEW WRITINGS BY WILLIAM HAZLITT. Edited by P. P. Howe. 201 pages, with notes and index. New York: The Dial Press. \$2.50.

Lady Byron as a Fiction Heroine

By John V. A. Weaver

E. BARRINGTON, whose "The Divine Lady" caused a stir some months back, has again "allowed imagination to play upon historical fact," as her foreword puts it, and this time the core of the tale is George Gordon, Lord Byron, poet of passion, peer, rake, satirist and satyr. The result is an even more satisfactory piece of reading than the chronicle of Lady Hamilton's progress. "Glorious Apollo,"⁽¹⁾ if you are willing to overlook certain minor irritations—and you find, somehow, that you are—is a moving, breathless, vivid affair. Even if you are a Byron authority, it is to be doubted whether you will be more than passingly annoyed, and the tale will hold you. If you are so fortunate as not to hold definite prejudices, if you come to the book simply as a reader seeking entertainment and biographical instruction, you are apt to find yourself vociferously enthusiastic.

The flaws are not major. They are mostly in the style. There are too many attempts to recreate a specious antiquity of expression; in her effort to put the contemporary flavor into her dialog, the author sometimes becomes either mincing or dull. And then, as in "The Divine Lady," but not nearly so often, she gives the impression of an affected hysteria when she attacks some of her dramatic moments. She tends a trifle toward a slightly comic hifalutin—one can not escape a thought of more exaggerated phrases, such as "Egad! What to do—what to do!" Not that she ever attains that degree of infelicity; but a passage at random—this, from a soliloquy put into the thoughts of Anne Byron—will illustrate:

Soon all England would be ringing with it like the booming of a great gong. How—O God! how could she face it? But they should not know. They should not know. What was her mother doing in London? . . .

The story flies along, however; it grips, and the characters are alive. Even Anne Milbanke, the wronged, tortured wife, the noble, the all-forgiving, a personage unsuitable for most fiction, since she is too good to be anything but true, is made credible—and interesting, and sympathetic. Yes, she astonishingly lives, and your heart goes out to her. The poor young thing, so idealistic, so earnest, so filled with a high fidelity! You have a feeling that all the other women, those who flung themselves at the slightly deformed (but how proudly spurning!) foot of Apollo-Pan got their "come-uppances"; Lady Caroline Lamb, the exquisite fool; Lady Oxford, the hardened voluptuary; Claire Clairmont, that unbridled half-sister of Shelley's Mary Godwin—to name only a scattering among the

myriad who could not be kept back from the poisoned draught of his passion, tasting forever after agony and destruction—those you can only view with a mildly disgusted pity.

But Anne, with her intelligence, her intellectual gifts, her purity that was not prudishness, courageously, despite the urgings of her senses, refusing his cyclonic advances; tricked into marriage by promises of reform and the complicity of the masterful and cynic Lady Melbourne; pitifully clinging to her love in the face of shattering disillusionment and refined brutality; only demanding a separation when she could no longer shut her eyes to his participation in a crime which, until recently, was considered too appalling to be named; and even then, vilified by the renegade, misunderstood and derided by the world, maintaining an unbroken silence to her grave, protecting him and his partner in the sin—there is a portrait of fidelity to an ideal, to paint which with verisimilitude, with persuasion, is indeed an accomplishment of worth. E. Barrington has succeeded in turning the tables once and for all—or so it seems to me—upon the detractors of a lady who, it must be confessed, was virtuous almost beyond belief.

As to the tempestuous hero-villain of the tale, the author has followed the testimony contained in practically all available sources. She has the facts of the life; she has documented herself heavily from letters, not only of Byron himself, but of his correspondents and his acquaintances who wrote of him to each other. Collaborating with Fate, that arch-novelist, E. Barrington, has shown forth a character whose every act is the stuff of which exciting reading is made. Thrills and tears. Success and dis-

grace. Poetry and amour. Beauty in a beast. What boons to the manufacturer of a best-seller—a best-seller which will merit its sales because it is a job well done.

If Byron had lived with the express intention of supplying the material for a romance, he could not have played the game with more accuracy. There is, indeed, a distinct impression implicit in his activities that he more than once "sold" himself to society and to the public by deliberate and sapient posturings. It might even be thought that his whole life was a literary *tour de force*, for instinctively he seemed to play to one gallery or another. Or, perhaps, he was only trying in every way to satisfy the demands of that unrelenting, never appeased critic, his own ego.

Let me illustrate. We are shown him first as a decidedly corpulent, very disagreeable youth, writing virulent, half-baked verses lashing contemporaries. At some moment the possibility of physical pulchritude comes into his ken. From then on he sacrifices every comfort to keep himself in shape. He exercises doggedly, tho he



LADY BYRON

⁽¹⁾ GLORIOUS APOLLO. By E. Barrington. 371 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

dislikes exercise. And, normally being of a gluttonous appetite, he confines himself principally to crackers and soda-water. The result—well, read it in the statements of his contemporaries: Sir Walter Scott: "The beauty of Byron is something which makes one dream"; Coleridge: "So beautiful a countenance I scarcely ever saw—his eyes the open portals of the sun, things of light and for light"; Stendhal: "I never in my life saw anything more beautiful and impressive. Even now, when I think of the expression which a great painter should give to genius, I have always before me that magnificent head."

The head—the grace—the maintained pallor—the wide collar—what a Belasco production! Add to these a diabolic insight into the mechanism of feminine thinking, a scorching wit, an insuperable pride, a dislike and a distrust of all humans, male or female, and, as an artist, a gift for the writing of poetry which could range from some of the most exquisite lyrics in the language—such as, "There be none of Beauty's daughters" and "The isles of Greece"—through the gay-sad little song, "We'll go no more a-roving," to that masterpiece of epic cynicism, "Don Juan," and you realize the effectiveness of this Great Lover of the Ages upon the susceptibilities of every woman who laid her eyes upon him. Men, on the other hand, may have hated him (tho he had a number of friends, such as Tom Moore), but they could not avoid giving him a grudging admiration.

He himself stated that "there is nothing so irresistible to women as a rake." That was his line, he followed it, and it worked. No woman, apparently, ever resisted him. Except notably in the case of Anne, who eventually capitulated, he seems mostly to have been the pursued, not the pursuer. A look, a few words, and it was all over. Yes, literally, for him, all over. It is this fact, that whatever zest an affair held for him vanished at the moment of realization, which saves his whole record from being a sorry farce, and turns it to morbid, sinister tragedy.

So he dashes along a way strewn with cast-off, raving beauties, deafened by the applause which his poems gained him even from those who considered him a poseur, a coxcomb and a boor. Ten thousand copies of one book sold on the day of publication—what a record! His poetry meant little to him. Its chief value in his eyes was to establish his position—to turn attention to him. The large sums of money it earned he tossed to a needy kinsman. The

snob in him, which made him yearn for the graces of Beau Brummell, which forced him always to insist upon the fact of his position as a peer of the realm, explained that an aristocrat could not work for money—altho he was never overfluent.

Tortured by success. Things came too easily. Women, fame—he had them, and they meant nothing. A cad, a bully, an arch-fascinator, an unfaltering master of insult clothed in wit, a melodist who made deathless music—he found no clue to the question, "What is Life all about?"

Scarcely an hour after his marriage, he sent the child who was his wife reeling pallid into a corner of the coach with the words, "You will find you have married a devil!" And his every action from then on was a justification of that statement. He exhausted all the usual channels of dissoluteness. He crowned his career with what Harriet Beecher Stowe, many years later, revealed as incest with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh. Then separation, disgrace, exile, disease, death.

There are the incidents, as E. Barrington has rewritten them. They form, as I have said, a breathlessly exciting historical novel, powerfully effective.

And yet Byron remains for me entirely unexplained. A centaur with the wings of Pegasus. Or, to drop figures, an unbalanced genius, the quintessence of melodrama. What was the matter with him? That is the question which keeps bothering me. I could wish for an analysis—yes, a psychoanalysis—which would indicate just what cogs in the machine were out of gear.

Maurois, using more imagination if less fact, has made us comprehend Shelley's mania of idealism—a radicalism which made him bore Byron by living contrary to the moral code as a matter of principle! From the slightly pedantic tomes of Miss Lowell's "Keats" I at least find manifest a spirit too high-strung, too sensitive, too morbid ever to battle long with an unfriendly world. And in Miss Margaret Wood's novel I see only too clearly the crushing weight of Puritanism against which Wordsworth made his pathetic, fitful revolt, only to succumb and evolve as the apostle of innocuous optimism. But, while E. Barrington's pen places vividly before me the multitudinous activities of a pagan poet to whom excess was normality, the sinister essence of Byron is as covert as ever.

However—obviously here is a book which will achieve wide reading and popularity, and, on the whole, deservedly.

Newly Discovered Essays of Hazlitt

(Continued from page 671)

that longer yet brief journey, that by fitful stages and various ups and downs conducts us to "our native dust and final home!"

When Hazlitt gives voice to the fear "that every one, high and low, rich and poor, should turn author, and the whole world be converted into waste paper," he recalls the faithful reader to at least one such similar assertion in "Table Talk." By such internal parallels, if not by its sound, taste and smell, is Mr. Howe justified in including "The Influence of Books" among authentic Hazlittiana, whatever may be the doubts of Messrs. Waller and Glover. Is not this Hazlitt?

A few quaint devices (a devil or a cherub's head) are one by one chipped off; a crack, a weather-flaw is now and then discovered in the "old proud keep" of intolerance and privilege, fenced by "its double belt of kindred" ignorance and pride; anon a huge fragment falls, undermined by the engineers, or tottering from its own disproportionate weight;—it is not even now, propped and patched up by the sword and hireling pens as it has been of late, a regular, entire and well-cemented building, but has many gaps and moldering capitals and prostrate columns to show, and will, ere long, tumble an unsightly building to the ground with hideous crash and outcry, and mingle with the common dust, hated, forgotten, or a by-word!

Viewed as journalism, "New Writings" possesses astonishing vitality after this lapse of almost a century. Perhaps no one could be persuaded to read the three controversial essays on phrenology in this volume, or those on the manners of the theater, except as remote sociological data; but omitting these, and even more,

from consideration, "New Writings" is a book for the lover of the essay, aside from those lovers of Hazlitt to whom every line of his is precious. Even in these "crumbs" we sense the quality of Hazlitt's genius. It is alive, flashing, combative, hardly ever in repose; it is a genius which is summoned to the surface by challenges to the possessor's convictions and knowledge, the genius which, in a moment, can call up the reserves which have been stored in a memory as capacious as it is retentive. As in the case of Sainte-Beuve, Hazlitt's life proves how sweet are the uses of journalism to literature. He achieved literature as Demosthenes achieved oratory—with pebbles in his mouth.

"I get no conversation in London," said Lamb, "that is absolutely worth attending to, but his," and Hazlitt himself defined "the genuine master spirit of the prose writer" as "the tone of lively, sensible conversation." In his essay "On Genius and Common Sense" he makes two statements which, alone, must estrange him from those who look upon the essay as an exercise in formal logic.

In art, in taste, in life, in speech, you decide from feeling, and not from reason. . . . He must be a poor creature indeed whose practical convictions do not in almost all cases outrun his deliberate understanding, or who does not feel and know much more than he can give a reason for.

His writings—and the essays in "New Writings" among them—clearly justify that commentator who said that some men speak like books, but that Hazlitt's books speak like men.

Dickens Undismayed Among the Moderns

By Chloe Morse

GRANT OVERTON inscribed his recent prodigy: "'Let's give him a book.' 'He's got a book.' This book⁽¹⁾ is dedicated to all those who, tho having one book, sometimes enjoy another." It may be said of both Mr. Overton and Sir William Robertson Nicoll, author of the essays in "Dickens's Own Story,"⁽²⁾ that tho having read several thousand books, they were always ready for the next thousand. After Nicoll's death in 1923, Sir James Barrie in a sketch in *The British Weekly* wrote of him: "He was so fond of books that I am sure he never saw a lonely one without wanting to pat it and give it a sixpence." It is inconceivable that Mr. Overton, in the gasps between volumes, can feel thus charitably inclined; but, after reading his book, it is hard to believe that there can be any "lonely" books left in the world.

Mr. Overton's volume covers the publications (except the latest) of Appleton, Doran, and Little, Brown. It is almost impossible to read "Cargoes for Crusoes" without the aid of a pencil and paper. Again and again you are impelled to make a note of books that will appeal to certain relatives and friends. Here is information about books on dogs, babies, circuses, cooking, psychology, King Tut's tomb, international affairs, religion, sports, men great and small. Here you learn who wrote that fishing story, "A Wedding Gift," which turns all those who try to tell you about it inarticulately merry. Here are pictures, character sketches, interpretations of novelists, veteran and arriving, from Philip Gibbs, Jeffery Farnol and Melville Davisson Post to Susan Ertz and Michael Arlen of "The Green Hat." Here are lists of plays for theaters and for fireside reading. The book ends with a full and useful index.

The title, "Dickens's Own Story," is not as good a key to Nicoll's book as "Cargoes for Crusoes" is to Mr. Overton's. It effaces the author, whose personality is the book's most delightful element. It would imply—if it were not modified by the subtitle, "Sidelights on His Life and Personality"—that it was a narrative containing most of the incidents of Dickens's life. It is, instead, as A. St. John Adcock explains in the prefatory note, a selection of the "Claudius Clear" letters Nicoll contributed between 1901 and 1918 to *The British Weekly*, and of essays pertaining to Dickens found among his papers after his death. Some of the essays deal with disputed points in Dickens's life, some with

what other writers have written about him, some with his influence on Wilkie Collins and Kipling, and many with the persons from whom his characters may have been drawn.

Appraisals of Dickens by Poe, Swinburne, and Mr. Chesterton, Nicoll subjects to the test of his own wider knowledge and deeper appreciation. They come out a little bedraggled. Poe may disparage Dickens's powers of mystification by asserting that he had fathomed the mystery of "Barnaby Rudge" when the tale "had only begun," but Sir William, having observed that Poe "was also much given to mystification, and it is not wise to accept anything he says without verifying it," is determined to prove his claim groundless. After much consultation of American editions of "Barnaby Rudge," he finds that Poe had read twelve chapters before making his predictions, and that these predictions were "mistaken in all essentials." Chesterton may be amusing, if he likes, about David Copperfield's shipping off all his encumbrances to Australia, but he can not be allowed to go unchallenged in the assumption that this was a purely selfish method of relief, and not a means of aiding the Peggottys and the Micawbers. Nicoll exhumes evidence from Bulwer-Lytton, one of the few writers Dickens read, that it was quite the thing for the impecunious of the day to repair to Australia to have their pockets relined. He clinches the matter neatly with the statement that Dickens sent two of his own sons to Australia.

Walter Page in his letters stress the extreme courtesy of the

English. Nicoll in these essays appears determined not to permit British writers to fall without rebuke from this tradition. Of Fitzjames Stephen, who reviewed "A Tale of Two Cities" in an article "the most infamous, perhaps, in the whole record of English criticism," he says: "He deserves to be branded." Altho he considered Swinburne to be "undoubtedly a great critic," he greatly deplored his "dogmatism and vehemence," adding: "If one critic says that he prefers one book of Dickens to another, and Mr. Swinburne retorts, saying, 'You have the blindness of a beetle and the foulness of a toad,' the proper answer is a stick." One wonders what chastisement he would have meted out to Mr. Mencken.

Nicoll's appreciation of Dickens did not take the form of blindness to his faults. In these essays he presents some of Dickens's less admirable moments. In "The Dickens Circle" he quotes from the diary of the actor Macready the account of a tempestuous dinner during which Dickens reduced his wife to tears and his guests to consternation by ordering his "greatest friend," John Forster, to leave the house. In "Dickens, William Hone and Thomas Binney," he tells the history of an incident that Dickens



SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL'S LIBRARY AT HAMPSTEAD

From a drawing by Harold Oakley

(1) CARGOES FOR CRUSOES. By Grant Overton. Illustrated with photographs. 416 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. and George H. Doran Co. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

(2) DICKENS'S OWN STORY: SIDELIGHTS ON HIS LIFE AND PERSONALITY. By Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Camera portrait by E. O. Hoppé. 244 pages. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$3.

(Continued on page 676)

Adventures in Uncharted Literature

By Richard Le Gallienne

ALL lovers of real writing, writing at once humane and distinguished, will rejoice to see that Michael Monahan is coming surely, if slowly, into his own. Such readers of the literature of "the center" are by no means so rare as we are accustomed to assume. There are literary audiences which make much more noise, but it is the quiet, constant audience that tells in the long run; and this audience, as I have had many recent opportunities of observing, is by no means composed of mature "traditionalists," but is being recruited more and more from the very youngest generation. Young men and women in their early twenties are turning again, with the distinctive good sense of earnest youth, to the great masterpieces of literature.

Indeed, there are signs everywhere that the world at large is becoming bored by the "unchartered freedom" of pornographic novelists parading as psychoanalysts, and Professor Freud himself, one hears, has become disgusted with the distasteful quackeries of his half-baked, ill-bred disciples. "Free verse," having undeniably done some good work in freshening, as well as muddying, the Pierian spring, is giving way before a return to the enduring canons of poetic art, and the subconscious prose of diseased, egoistic charlatans is fast being regarded as one of the curious aberrations of the human mind in its degeneracy, neurasthenically craving for insane novelty.

Publishers do not reissue such books as Mr. Monahan's "Adventures"⁽¹⁾ without there being a demand for them, and it is a welcome new edition of that charming, individual book which is the occasion of these remarks. It is the sort of book seldom written nowadays, a "miscellany" of essays on all sorts of subjects, with occasional interludes of verse, which need a peculiar personality and peculiar conditions to get written. The essay has suffered no little of late years from newspapers and popular magazines. There has been scarcely any refuge for it. Magazines, for the most part, require fiction and "articles" on matters of current interest. Newspapers can not afford room for the leisurely procedure of the true essayist, with his armchair, cozy-corner deliberation, his whimsical playing with his theme. No few clever writers who might have been the real thing, and would themselves like nothing better than to meander in the meadows of prose, are constrained to circumscribe themselves within the limits of smart and "snappy" (odious word!) leaders and editorials

of at most a thousand words. Think of Lamb or Montaigne being limited to a thousand words! For all that, we have men who get surprising results sometimes even within that "scanty plot of ground." Still, we feel how much better they could do if they were not so "cabined, cribbed, confined."

In this respect Mr. Monahan has been more fortunate, for in his little magazines, *The Papyrus* and *The Phoenix*, the value of which is already recognized by collectors, he was his own editor, free to write as much or as little as he pleased, to be garrulously conversational when he had a mind to, tho he has claimed no considerable license in that respect, and has never written when he has had nothing to say. From those magazines most of these "Adventures" have been rescued and brought together with a cunning art of arrangement, which emphasizes their variety and gives no little of its refreshing quality to his volume. As I feel that I can not say better what I still feel about these "Adventures" than what I said on reviewing them on their first appearance, I shall beg the reader's indulgence to repeat myself.

Mr. Monahan [I said] has to-day a distinction all his own, a chimney-corner all to himself, by virtue of his possessing that personal charm of lettered *bonhomie*, which seems almost lost to literature, as at present practised. In an age of would-be literary dandies and superior persons, one is fathomlessly grateful for his gift of writing like a real human being, for his homely preferences, for his touch of old-world scholarship, for his quoting Horace, for his occasional tavern or "coffee-house" manner, his air of telling us everything, his Rabelaisian tang, his gossipous chuckle, his ready tear, his quips, his snatches of song—and, above all, for that gift which gathers up all these and many other engaging characteristics, the gift of a natural style. He does *not*, thank Heaven, write English as if it were a dead language, nor, on the other hand, does he write it like an advertising man.

To write like a human being! If you look around what used to be called the republic of letters, you will be surprised to find how little writing is being done in that way. A style that is at once natural and lettered, easy and yet distinguished, is almost an unknown commodity at the present moment. Our essayists seem to suffer from a positive dread of being natural. They seem to aim at being wearily well-bred, and *à la mode*. If they have any natural selves, they are at great pains to conceal the fact, and prefer to pose as blasé and superior persons. They are either this, or truculent pamphleteers, or superfine "impressionists." They have no *bonhomie*, they never unbend, never laugh, never, of course, shed

a tear. To read them, one would never realize that men still rejoiced in beef and beer and pipes and tobacco, loved their mothers and wives, begat babies, engaged in warm and friendly talk, indulged in kindly nonsense, pursued love or feared death. They prefer unkindly wit to genial humor, cruel skill and power to generous strength; and pity, pathos and tenderness seem to them to smack of the unfashionable.



MICHAEL MONAHAN

⁽¹⁾ ADVENTURES IN LIFE AND LETTERS. By Michael Monahan. New Edition. New York: Frank-Maurice. \$3.

As a contrast to these supercilious exquisites of imitation "style," Mr. Monahan is a boon and a blessing. To open his pages is to breathe the air of a more spacious and friendly era, an era when culture and good-fellowship still walked arm in arm, took their glass together in some snug and lettered tavern, and were even not above joining in the chorus of some Thackerayan "cave of harmony."

In his literary criticisms, Mr. Monahan by no means confines himself to such classical figures as Dickens, Lamb, Horace, Cellini and Voltaire; he has acute and sympathetic papers on "George Moore, Lover," Oscar Wilde, and Guy de Maupassant, while he has also essays on such less-known figures as Claude Tellier and Henriette Renan. On the literary character in general he has this fine meditation, which expresses his own aspiration, an aspiration about which he need have no misgiving:

To my mind there is nothing so enviable as the true literary character, neither is there anything so much counterfeited. The *seruum pecus*, the vast horde of literary pretenders upon whom Horace vented his scorn two thousand years ago, are, thanks to the universal printing press, more numerous in the world than ever before. In high places sit the unspeakable gods of smugness, giving their inane code and precept to a blindly credulous multitude. There is even more sham literature than sham religion. Each has its muftis and high priests, its hierarchies and consistories. Each deals out its anathemas and excommunications, and each is doing its utmost against the Spirit of Light. Would I might believe that I have some claim, however slight, to the true literary character—that which has wrought so powerfully for truth and justice, for liberty and humanity in the world. No, I should not dare to believe that the torch has been committed to my weak hand—too happy shall I be if a ray of its light fall upon me!

The word "Adventures" applied to literature, which, of course, all literary adventures owe to the familiar phrase of Anatole France, defining "the good critic" as "he who relates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces," set me thinking of the adventures to be pursued in the obscurer corners of one's library among volumes we have not read for years, or, perhaps, have never read at all. There we come upon poets we have never read—never even thought of reading. Has any one, for instance, except Sir Edmund Gosse, ever read Akenside? I have had a volume of his in the well-known "Aldine Poets" with me since I was a boy, but I have never dreamed of opening it. Yet Akenside was no little of a figure in his day, a very precocious and forcible person, and his "Pleasures of the Imagination," with what has been called its "frozen elegance," was something like a classic to our modish forefathers. My eye fell upon his neglected volume the other day. No other human eye had evidently ever conned its pages, for they were virginally uncut, as, I confess, they still remain. But I opened casually on an ode "To the Cuckoo," to be rewarded by this verse with its fine fourth line:

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade;
And while thy solemn accent drown'd
Some sweeter poet of the shade,
Thus, thought I, thus the sons of care
Some constant youth or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

Also the second of these two lines:

Who every harsher care disdain,
Who by the morning judge the day.

The poet who could write two lines so fine as those I have italicized must have more of them. Perhaps some day I shall find courage to tackle "The Pleasures of the Imagination."

But during my brief adventure into oblivion, I came upon a volume of essays which had been given me by my old friend Howard Hinton, who was a fine unappreciated essayist himself, and who as editor of the old *Home Journal* had first printed some of the essays referred to. The book is in two volumes, published by I. Y. Westervelt, 371 Broadway, New York, in 1857, and is entitled "Characters and Criticisms, by W. Alfred Jones, A.M." Has any one nowadays ever heard of W. Alfred Jones, A.M.? Mr. Hinton used to speak of him to me as a scholar of unusual attainments. I am inclined to think he was a professor—perhaps

at Columbia University. At any rate, he was an essayist of great charm and distinction, with considerable force and originality of mind. His subjects, too, are delightful and varied—such as "New-Old Essays of Addison and Steele," "Tyrone Power," "Religious Novels," "Literary Ambassadors," "The Prose Style of Poets," "The Morality of Poverty," "Jeremy Taylor, the Spenser of Divinity," "Walton's Lives," "The Poems of Bishop Corbet" (the bishop, of course, who wrote about fairies), "Female Novelists," "Single-Speech Poets," and so on. While his writing has a pleasant, old-fashioned touch, it is not only distinguished, but is full of vitality, has much austere beauty, and is salted by a caustic wit. It provokes mournful reflections on the amount of good writing that is utterly forgotten to realize that these essays of W. Alfred Jones have so utterly passed out of the memory of men. There is a brilliant essay on "Notoriety," a passage in which is now *à propos* the quotation I made above from Mr. Monahan:

Ancient fame [says W. Alfred Jones] has given place to modern notoriety. . . . Of the different varieties of notoriety attainable by the arts of intrigue, the quackeries of impudence, or the settled fraud of a lifetime, we shall, after running over the title of a few, confine ourselves at present chiefly to notoriety in literature, to the means of making a reputation by cant, imposture, and the influence of fashion. Notoriety is spurious fame; a desire of obtaining it, false ambition. . . . It is the weak man's diseased ambition; the fool's fame; the knave's bane; the courtier's life; the fopling's breath; the wise man's detestation; the honest man's disgust.

Surely it is a shame that such writing should remain unread. And how delightfully caustic is this sentence on notoriety in literature: "How to make a reputation in letters is a nice problem for him to solve who has neither learning, genius, talents, nor enthusiasm." Were Essayist Jones alive to-day, he would be amazed to find how many thus equipped have contrived to solve it!

Dickens Undismayed Among the Moderns

(Continued from page 674)

persistently recounted in a manner unpalatable to many people. Dickens's version was publicly contradicted by the well-known minister, Thomas Binney, and by Cruikshank. Nicoll leaves the reader to decide who told the truth and whether, even if Dickens did, it was kind of him so to render ridiculous a pathetic occurrence.

Among the essays dealing with the persons from whom Dickens drew some of his characters, the most appealing is "The True Story of Dora Copperfield." People react to Dora with more variety than to most of Dickens's characters. Every one likes Betsey Trotwood, Peggotty, and Micawber. Every one regards with mingled anger, pity, and amusement Pecksniff, Carker, and Uriah Heep. But Dora, David's "child-wife," arouses ire in those who resemble her and a special tenderness in those who do not. It is interesting to learn that Dora was a real girl and that Dickens was for several years wretchedly in love with her. It is amazing to discover that the original of Dora was also the original of the loquacious Flora Finch in "Little Dorrit." This story reflects an experience most of us have had, an experience that is amusing only in retrospect.

In writing of Aldous Huxley in "Cargoes for Crusoes," Grant Overton says: "Huxley has learned from Dickens the art of caricature." Nicoll would have resented this. He says, in fact: "Saucy young critics are ready to speak of the caricatures and exaggerations of Charles Dickens. As they grow older they are more impressed by the permanence of his types, and their wonderful truth to life." He might have considered that Mr. Huxley had learned from Dickens how to name and to portray characters like Gumbriel Senior and Porteous, but the "art of caricature" never. It is quite likely, however, that Overton and Nicoll would define caricature differently and that, in the end, they would mean the same thing, for Nicoll admitted that Dickens built his characters from very simple elements and that he made them act always in accordance with those elements. But as far as they go, he declares, they are accurate.

Books Talked About in Literary Europe

FRANCE is reading and discussing a new novel by M. Henry Bordeaux, "Le Cœur et le Sang" ("The Heart and Blood"), in which he takes his readers once more into the high valleys of Savoy and shows them a moving drama of life among the mountain guides and chamois-hunters. The plot recalls that of "The Cid," but the ending is different, for, as *L'Illustration* remarks, M. Bordeaux in this case is "more *cornélienne* than Corneille himself." In the highest village of France dwells a family named Gallice. The father has been killed in a mountain accident. A son, Michel, and a daughter, Josette, remain in the home with the frail old mother—until a new and deadly grief carries her off. An Italian dandy visits the cottage, seduces Josette, and disappears. Michel pursues the man to Italy, demands reparation for his sister, and when this is insultingly refused, kills him. The murderer is not given up to the authorities by the mother and sister of the victim, but escapes from Italy, and after years of heroic service in the war he returns to the French Alps and in time is exonerated by a jury of his peers. Then his other, unsuspected, secret comes out. For ten years he has been hopelessly in love with Bianca, the sad, sweet sister of his victim. He takes the little fortune that he has amassed by self-denial, and lays it at the feet of Bianca and the bereaved mother in Italy, at the same time asking the girl to marry him. But Bianca is more pitiless than Chimène in Corneille's famous tragedy, and Michel goes back to the solitude of his mountains alone. Such is the story. The French critics say they can feel in it the very pulse of the Savoyard of the peaks. (Paris: Plon.)

Balzac enthusiasts who have visited the Paris house where the novelist lived from 1842 to 1848, and where he wrote "Cousin Betty," "Cousin Pons" and nearly a score of other books, will be glad to know that it has been saved from demolition by the generosity of a New York book-lover, Mr. Gabriel Wells. The house, situated at 47 Rue Raynouard, Passy, has long been maintained as a Balzac museum by the Société Honoré de Balzac, but the growth of Paris compelled the owners to part with it and the society had not the money to buy it. Mr. Wells has come to the rescue with 50,000 francs or more, and has bought it for the Balzac Society, so that it can be maintained permanently as a literary shrine. In the novelist's day the house was sufficiently isolated to give him the privacy that he desired, and it had the further virtue of possessing a secret exit from the second story to the back alley, so that he could make a hurried departure when his creditors became too enterprising.

One still remembers rather unpleasantly the recollections of Dostoevsky published by his daughter two years ago, but those of his second wife, which have just appeared in German under the title, "Die Lebenserinnerungen der Gattin Dostojewskis," are said to be quite fascinating in their simple sincerity. This book is the first of a series of unpublished Dostoevsky letters and reminiscences which R. Piper & Co. of Munich announce, and which René Fülöp-Miller and Friedrich Eckstein have edited from the archives of the Dostoevsky Museum with the permission of the Russian Government. It will be remembered that Anna Gregorievna was Dostoevsky's secretary and inspiring helper before she became his wife. Her book is the subject of a special article by Stefan Zweig in *Die Literatur* of Stuttgart, in which he says that from its first page one feels its truth, clarity, cheerful sobriety and freedom from pose or poetic flourish. A widow can not tell the whole truth about the man she loved; and Madame

Dostoevsky throws little light upon the deep shadow that darkened her husband's life; but she helps wonderfully toward the final and true portrait that some one will draw later—by telling the details of her happy home life with this strange genius. "Anna Gregorievna," declares Herr Zweig, "has done for her husband's biography what she did for his work—she has made herself the born medium, without thought of self, for the expression of the facts of his life, just as she took dictation for his manuscripts while he was yet living." The German reviewer thinks that this book and the ones which are to follow will furnish materials for a real biography of Dostoevsky at last.

Pio Baroja, who ranks with Azorin as one of Spain's foremost literary artists, has just brought out the fifteenth small volume in his series of historical romances of the Carlist wars, which bears the general name of "Memories of a Man of Action." The preceding volume, "The Wax Figures," took its title from a load of loot which its hero brought back from Pamplona, and the latest, a sequel to it, is called "The Ship of Fools," or, to give the whole title in Spanish, "Memorias de un hombre de accion: La nave de los locos" (Madrid: Caro Raggio). The "ship" is the world, and its human inhabitants are the madmen on board; but, more directly, the "ship" is Spain, and the fools are the military adventurers who helped to devastate it in the middle of the last century. European critics describe the book as a kaleidoscope of swift and vivid scenes, in which move innumerable figures—soldiers, priests, peasants, mule drivers, charlatans, conspirators—all seen against a shifting background as the hero travels through cities, villages and countrysides, making you see what he sees. Every time you turn a page, at least one new character enters, and each is drawn with a deft touch that makes him live before your eyes. "What a fantasmagoric, many-colored succession of figures and scenes!" exclaims the Spanish correspondent of *I Libri del Giorno*. He adds that Señor Baroja's purpose is now becoming clear—to depict the folly of war. When the time comes to translate the best parts of this interminable romance into English, "The Wax Figures" and "The Ship of Fools" should not be overlooked.

Luigi Pirandello's Italian short stories will fill twenty-four volumes when they have all been collected and published. The eighth volume, entitled "Novelle per un anno" (Florence: Bemporad), is still in his earlier manner, tho "the characteristic irony of the first two stories," says the London *Times Literary Supplement*, "could have come from no other brain than his." The majority of the tales, says the same critic, belong rather to the school of Verga. "Lo storno e l'angelo centuno" brings out the author's contempt for absolute rationalistic skepticism, while his deep sense of the tragedy of life crops up in "Male di luna," and in "Benedizione," the most Verga-like of all his tales.

M. Bordeaux's "Le Cœur et le Sang" is the best work of French fiction that appeared in August, according to the list of ten books chosen for that month by the Comité France-Amérique. The best historical work of last month, on the same authority, is Gabriel Hanotaux's "Histoire de la fondation de la troisième République." In fine arts the committee recommends "La création de Versailles," by Pierre de Nolhac, and in religion, "Grandes figures de l'Eglise contemporaine," by Claude d'Hableville. The full list is published each month in *France-Amérique*, Paris.

In This Month's Fiction Library

The Red Lamp

WITH this new novel, the first she has published in some little time, Mary Roberts Rinehart returns to the field of the mystery story, wherein, during her earlier days, she was so successful. And while her new book is very far from being "A Great Novel—A Great Mystery—A Great Romance," as the publisher's extremely "blurby blurb" calls it—better tales of the kind have in fact been published during the past six months—it is a very good mystery story, well written and well developed, with some eerie and some thrilling moments, and a puzzle which perplexes the reader up to the very end.

The setting for the tale has been well imagined, and is well described. The "broad white structure, with its colonial columns to the roof," standing on the high ground above the bay, its lawns stretching down to the salt marsh separating it from the sea, was in appearance a very peaceful, very pleasant place. A gentleman's home, with its flowers, "its sun-dial, its broad terrace, its great sheltered porch and its old panelling." It was a very old house, and had long had the reputation of being a haunted one; the ghost of a man killed while flying from the excise officers was believed, according to local legends, still to prowl around the spot where he had met his death. And the ill-repute of the house of Twin Hollows had been further increased by its being, for several years, the home of a famous medium, who held séances in that very room in which, some years later, old Horace Porter was found dead. Near him a small "Red Lamp" still burned; and when the medium had held her séances "a small red lamp was found to offer least disturbance, and was customarily used."

But Uncle Horace had long been a sufferer from the heart disease which the inquest declared to have been the cause of his death, and there seemed no especial reason why his nephew and heir, William A. Porter, professor of English literature at a certain university, should hesitate to occupy the house during his vacation. Yet hesitate he did. His wife, Jane, had that strange faculty the Scotch call "second sight," and tho Cameron, exchange professor of physics at the university, a dabbler in spiritualism, and consequently known to the more irreverent of the youths as "Spooks" Cameron, finally declared the photograph she had taken, the photograph which seemed to show the shadowy form of the many-months-dead Uncle Horace marching with the other members of his old class at commencement, merely a case of double exposure, Jane was uneasy. Edith, Porter's charming young niece, who made her home with him, very much wanted to live at Twin Hollows, and avowed herself not a bit afraid of its supposed ghosts; but Jane hated the house, and the dog, Jock, howled dismally, refusing to enter it. So a compromise was presently effected, and they decided to rent the house and spend the summer at the near-by Lodge. Both of which they did, tho Porter, being an honest man, told his prospective tenant the reason why he asked so low a rent for such a handsome place.

Then came the strange killing of the sheep, marked with a certain mystic symbol which Porter knew, and of which he had already admitted his knowledge; and the yet more startling discovery that Uncle Horace's death was not by any means the simple case of heart failure it had seemed. The killing of the sheep proved only the beginning of a series of strange and apparently quite inexplicable occurrences, including more than one murder. The light of the red lamp was seen again, and yet again; and every time it was seen, some weird or dreadful thing happened. Excitement mounted swiftly; the whole neighborhood was soon in a state of terror; armed men patrolled the farms; and suspicion presently fell on the middle-aged, quiet-seeming pro-

fessor of English literature, who was the heir of his murdered Uncle Horace.

Detective stories have been told from many points of view; this one is related from that of the man suspected of the crime. There seemed ample grounds for this suspicion; he himself admitted that, and had it not been for the courage, ingenuity and resourcefulness of Halliday, the young lawyer who was in love with his niece Edith, things might have gone hardly with him. By means of his Journal, supplemented with later-written notes, he tells the story of that dreadful summer, and of the series of strange occurrences which resulted in the boarding-up of the beautiful old house of Twin Hollows: "It stands idle. It will, so long as I live, always stand idle."

All the many threads of the extremely complicated narrative are firmly held, and if certain phases of the scheme allow the author to introduce inexplicable occurrences, and to let them remain unexplained, this is in great part compensated for by the weird quality of the story. It is one which moves steadily toward an exciting climax, and tho the characters are conventional, and subordinated to the plot, they are sufficiently real and sufficiently well drawn to increase, more than a little, the reader's interest in the strange and horrible experiences through which they pass. Altogether, this tale of "The Red Lamp" may perhaps best be summed up as "a mighty good mystery yarn."

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD.

THE RED LAMP. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.

Caravan

EXCEPTING Chekhov and De Maupassant, no one has written fifty-six perfect short stories. Between 1900 and 1924, John Galsworthy wrote fifty-six tales and sketches, the longer ones novelettes, the shorter ones thumbnails. These have been put into a book, "Caravan," which has been published as a novelist's and playwright's valedictory to the short-story form. In this volume there is so large a proportion of beautiful and perfect things that it admits Galsworthy to the select company which Chekhov heads. We become like those we admire. It is a magnificent contribution, sufficient to give reputation to a writer who had no other claims such as Galsworthy possesses. "Caravan" is a hammer-blow that, in one par lance, rings the bell, and, in another, sets more deeply the author's stakes in the field of creative art.

By practise and precept, Galsworthy counsels intransigence to younger short-story writers—intransigence in the face of "what the people want" and what the editors think they want. His "Caravan" shows how beautiful a quality intransigence may nurture. His "Caravan" challenges and inspires younger writers to be true to themselves. "The scorpion, it is said, if sufficiently irritated, will sting itself to death," he writes in his Foreword. "So will the short story when worried by the demands of editors." There is no sting in the tail of any of these, yet there is drama in them, "Old English," his latest play to occupy the New York stage having been constructed from one of the longest and best stories in this volume, "A Stoic." Cast this group of stories into the scale against the fictional lucubrations of the younger sophisticates and it will cause them to hit the beam.

The creative instinct moves in many ways its gift to make manifest. John Galsworthy is our latest witness to the truth that the creative instinct in one man may flow through several channels, and in "Caravan" he stakes a third claim to the attention of

posterity. We recall him first as novelist, but by the time he had established himself as playwright we had almost forgotten that "The Island Pharisees" and "The Man of Property," among others, had made somewhat of a stir in their time. And then came "The Forsyte Saga," in which his novels of the Forsyte family were bound, almost obliterating the impression made by such plays as "Strife," "Justice" and "The Silver Box." And now "Caravan," like "The Forsyte Saga," makes us feel that the story-teller is pronouncing his valedictory, that the Englishman is presenting us with another memorial volume to the Victorian age.

It is quite obvious that he is among those who have done with making experiments. Yet one who is only fifty-eight years of age is not so old that he must give us definitive editions of his work, unless he is taking this oblique means of announcing his intention of retiring. Has he done with "that roving, gathering, discovering process" which he once described as an essential precursor of creation? Has he exhausted his lodes? Will he give us no more stories like "A Stoic," "A Man of Devon" and "The Apple Tree," which alone should keep his memory green? Or, in the field of the shorter tale, "Quality," "The Broken Boot," "Virtue"?

These are not "glad" stories, but they have a cleansing quality of a higher type than is vouchsafed to the obviously optimistic. They evoke pity, if not terror; they touch life, and, as in life, death writes *Finis*. There is death in the best of these stories and death and love in the most superb achievements, as in "A Stoic," "A Man of Devon" and "The Apple Tree," the three stories by the side of which so much else even of Galsworthy's seems puny. There are in this volume stories and sketches which mark an age of transition, the fictionized regrets of an aging man for the passing of types he regarded as his contemporaries; for the passing of beloved codes, manners, landmarks. There is in them the mood of vague and tender recollection. He senses sympathetically the tragedies suffered in the attempts at adjustment, as in the case of the old German shoemaker in "Quality," and the old-fashioned plumber in "The Choice," and the plight of the man of caste who seeks vainly to meet more rigorous terms, as in "The Man Who Kept His Form," the very title of which reads like the obituary of a type.

One of the sketches, "A Portrait," is an undisguised essay in praise of the Victorian man in flower. In this portrait he celebrates one who is the soul of balance, one in whom action and reflection play equal parts, one so big in nature, so many-sided in tastes, activities and diversions that his passing might well be regretted by those of us who belong to the Georgian age. This Victorian, like Galsworthy himself, did not deny life, but affirmed it. The companion story, "The Gray Angel," celebrates a woman of an unfeministic type, an English expatriate who modeled her conduct on that of "the dear Queen" and died a mild martyr to the wounded in the war. "The Gray Angel" is one of the most touching sketches in "Caravan." Even should Galsworthy be surpassed as a story-teller by a contemporary or two, he has given us portraits of men and women who are the real thing.

In only one spot does this skilful story-teller betray his feelings about the age into which he has grown. That passage occurs, properly, in "The Man Who Kept His Form":

The old flavors of life are out of fashion, the old scents considered stale; "gentleman" is a word to sneer at, and "form" a sign of idiocy.

"Caravan" is a book to treasure. John Galsworthy may well base upon it, in part, his claim to survival. How few short-story writers could be so certain of themselves as to dare to include in a definitive volume all that they have written in that genre! Galsworthy will not—and need not—make the confession implied in a winnowing selection from his total output. He is justified in his assurance—if it is not indifference—that his essential contribution as a short-story writer is so sturdy that no error can mar it. It is a book to which one may return with real pleasure, knowing

that to read it is to read real stories, those wherein men and women are the protagonists.

HARRY SALPETER.

CARAVAN. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 760 pages. \$2.50.

An Octave

LIKE a taste for olives, for primitives or for Browning, a relish for the type of delicate humor that is in the latest novel of Mr. J. E. Jeffery is acquired rather than innate. Readers who can not appreciate the irony beneath his scenes will find the story well constructed, pleasantly told, possibly, but composed of tiresome, fiction-worn material. Those who are keener, however, will revel in the very situations which appear most conventional to others. For, under the novel's antiquated groupings, a delightfully stimulating mockery lies ready to be enjoyed.

"An Octave" is the record of a London family during a week in which events do not move for its members in the usual ways of peace. Early in this week, the head of the family, Tony Rixon, learns that the publishing firm that he is senior partner of will fail unless he changes from his easy-going mode of existence. At the same time his wife makes the discovery that she is thoroughly bored, and seeks to arouse him from his happy-go-lucky acceptance of everything by becoming intimate with a "romantic" author of travel books. Their daughter does her bit by expressing her determination to be married to a somewhat radically minded youth, while the boys of the house alternate as sources of confusion by having misadventures on a bicycle and attacks of appendicitis. Life for all of them is shaken from its comfortable groove, and in the family's rearrangement there has been embodied fine comedy.

Mr. Jeffery's early efforts—his war sketches—gave little promise of so polished a novel as this. To his one excellence of those days—his sense of form—he has now added an ability to draw characters gracefully, to capture natural conversation, and to present light, mirthful situations in a remarkable manner. One reads his story through with pleasure, and the final snap of the cover against the last page may be taken as the first note of merited applause.

SIDNEY SHULTZ.

AN OCTAVE. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. 312 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.

Wild Harvest

I HAVE been putting off this review for two or three days, trying to make up my mind whether "Wild Harvest" is a cow-novel or not. It has cows in it—swarms of 'em—but they eat baled hay! If they just didn't eat that baled hay, I'd put it in the Zane Grey category and be through with it, but the cows eat all the way through; and then there aren't any real cowboys. There is only one lariat in the whole story, and the men in it pack guns only when they go out socially—to dances and so on. The rest of the time they farm. But there isn't enough real dirt farming in it to put it in the farm-novel class.

I suppose it should be considered as a historical novel, altho Abraham Lincoln isn't mentioned. Nor is anybody we ever studied in school mentioned, in spite of the fact that it deals with an interesting slice of American Middle and Southwest history—the coming of the white settlers into Oklahoma. The men were farmers and cattlemen, and they leased their land from the Indians and ran their cattle in the Indians' names. The conflict is not with the Indians, however, but among the settlers themselves.

A girl is the leading character of the story—fifteen when the story first opens and safely married when it closes. During the progress of the story a number of guns pop, and the villains, who long ago should have gone to the Happy Hunting Ground, get what has been coming to them for several chapters. Besides fighting and farming, the people have socials, dances, and the pleasant times of earlier days. I liked these parts better than

those where the pistols popped. The best bit of writing in the book is the trial scene. In this the girl's father is tried for murder, and here the author does as good writing as I have read in any Western or pioneer novel.

The book will be read by the casual reader for the story, but the more discerning will read it as a picture of an interesting period in America's development. The color and feel of pioneer days in Oklahoma are well done; the fleeting glimpses into the real problems of these people are fascinating. I know of no other novel dealing with this particular phase of our development.

John M. Oskison, the author, is a native of Oklahoma, and he knows what he is talking about. It is his first novel, and he has put together a book that all people interested in this section should read.

HOMER CROY.

WILD HARVEST. By John M. Oskison. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Rector of Maliseet

ALTHO well written, and showing decided talent, Leslie Reid's first novel, "The Rector of Maliseet," is on the whole a disappointing book. So much is skilfully prepared for, and never eventuates. Perhaps the tale would have been better developed as a long short-story; drawn out to novel length and forced to cover the year on which the author arbitrarily insists, it requires a good deal of padding, and the action is weakened.

We are told much about the "strangeness" of that very rude young woman, Miriam Clare, the rector's daughter. She promises a revelation, which one expects to prove thrilling, and which is only commonplace. The ninety-two-year-old grandmother also seems full of weird significance, arousing expectations which are all disappointed. And in spite of the dramatic scene of its culmination, the mystery which centers about "The Rector of Maliseet" and his predecessor, the seven-centuries-dead Abbot Ambrosius, is too far-fetched to be convincing. Moreover, the Leonard Carr, the young secretary who tells the story, excuses what once at least bears a close resemblance to spying on the ground of his inevitable and irresistible curiosity, when an opportunity arrives of obtaining knowledge freely offered, he allows months to elapse without availing himself of it. The doctor not only knows, and admits he knows, a good deal of the truth about the rector, but is quite willing to share his knowledge; yet Leonard Carr delays nearly half a year before accepting his invitation!

Mr. Reid shows skill in producing and maintaining an eerie atmosphere; his power seems to desert him when the moment for explanations arrives. Carr's description of his arrival at the lonely rectory is well done, and well done too is his account of the ruins of the priory. The author also has a keen and sensitive appreciation of natural beauty, which he is able to transfer to the printed page. But his book reminds one of a richly woven curtain hung before a canvas which, instead of the splendid picture the fine curtain has led one to expect, bears only a slight and unimportant sketch.

LOUIS MOORE.

THE RECTOR OF MALISEET. By Leslie Reid. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.

This Old Man

THE frontispiece of this book, a reproduction of a charming dry-point of a mother and baby, by Muirhead Bone, is felicitously chosen, for the book itself is singularly pictorial in quality, with the delicacy and fine selectiveness of an etching. The author, Gertrude Bone, is herself an artist: if she is also something of a moralist with a touch of the mystic, the moral is kept subservient to the picture. The book is anomalous: not quite a story, but something more than a series of character vignettes. Indeed, it has a definite central theme, which is nothing less than the supreme mystery of death, made concrete in the effect upon the young mother and the old man of the sudden passing away of

the woman, old Mary, upon whom they had relied—the shaking of the foundations of life itself in the confrontation of a death.

But the reader must not infer that there is anything of the *macabre* in the author's handling of this theme: neither is it a vaguely misty affair. It is rather a series of related characterizations: the old man, John Dutton, a "carrier" and very Britishly rustic, is really the central figure, but all the other folk matter, and altho they are shown, naturally, in various relationships, each is, after all, an isolated or separable entity. Each is presented, in his or her turn, displayed with the selectiveness of a dry-point artistry. And what will stick in the reader's memory is not so much the final resolution of the problem of the thing as a whole, as the vivid incidental sketches. For instance—the old peasant woman, Mary, is recalling the death of a child many years before:

"But I was only young, and I remember the funeral best. They was just beginning High Church in those days, and all the little girls . . . drest in white frocks and carried lighted candles across the fields behind the coffin. I remember they came to a stile and they lifted the coffin over, and then all the children in white followed over carrying their candles. I've never forgotten the look of them lighted candles in the sunshine, going over the stile one by one. It made it seem as tho it wasn't real. I suppose it's the sunshine to-day that makes me think of it." She broke off suddenly. "Ain't that pig making itself heard? I wonder where it is? Smith's, I expect."

The book is full of such exquisite bits. It has the spice of humor, even to occasional farce, and it rises to tragic moments—as in the incident of the insane man who wandered off to his death, passing his blind brother on the way. "Passed his own blind brother in the road, too . . . Couldn't see him, and him going off to die," said John Dutton solemnly.

In contrast to the peasant folk are the self-centered artist and his wife, with the new baby: each subtly drawn, tho more conventional studies. Perhaps even the old carter and the village gossips are a wee bit posed and somewhat idealized: but a certain idealization is permitted to the etcher. It is a fine piece of quite unusual work.

H. L. PANGBORN.

THIS OLD MAN. By Gertrude Bone. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

A Good Man

MR. HUMMEL generously provides the exact formula upon which his study of "A Good Man" is built, so that there may be no mistake about it. The book has something of the precision of a series of algebraic demonstrations. The most important "quantity" in the equation is one Theodore Kingsbury Goodrich (the name is chosen with intention), who is the perfect "extrovert." In contrast to him is William Mason, the equally perfect "introvert." X , let us say, and Y : to these are added a number of lesser, simpler figures, a , b , c , etc., who are important only in their relationships to X and Y . But the algebraic comparison is not quite apt, since neither Theodore nor the morose William can be said to be unknown quantities. On the contrary, Mr. Hummel knows all about them, and explains precisely. Of Theodore he says:

"He was the antipode of a neurasthenic or of a hypochondriac. One sensed but the slightest shadows of repressions in his soulself. He had an incalculable power of pushing interference from the immediate plane of action. He was a striking example of the clear-headed, clear-sighted extrovert. . . . He was at once optimist and skeptic. He was frankly an egotist, abounding in good works." Farther, we are told that Theodore "had never loved his wife in anything approaching the sense in which his wife interpreted that term. . . . This by no means infers that he was unhappy in his home relations. But it was no more possible for Theodore to have remained in love with an essentially simple, ingenuous, forthright woman such as his wife after fifteen years of marriage, than it is for a skilled pianist to remain exclusively enthusiastic over a Bach fugue."

Hence the abundant jazz of intrigues with his neighbors' wives,

and other extraneous ladies, as exemplified in the narrative portions of the book. It is all quite simple. And Mr. Hummel excels most of his "school" in that he really knows his Freud; probably at first hand. He does not exaggerate, or caricature: his people are all quite as sane as most folk, never becoming grotesque or degenerating into hospital "cases."

William, the "introvert" (who appears but briefly and only to serve as a foil, or perhaps, a "horrible example"), is thus explained: "William Mason envied Theodore Goodrich with a repressed power that governed, unacknowledged and unknown, the whole outward expression of his life. Theodore epitomized for William, the introvert, that whole cosmogony [*sic*] from which he had resolutely turned his face. He envied Theodore his joy of living, he envied him his lack of restraint . . . his daring . . . his success—his ability to make all men his friends, and—here he struck down to the quick—all women." Theodore himself sums it up, toward the end. "Billy," he remarks, "longs to be a cut-up, but he neither dares nor knows how. . . . It's bad enough to fool other people, for which, however there may be reasons. But it's a hell of a note to go through life fooling yourself." To which one need only reply, *Selah*.

All of which, however, tho justified, is perhaps a bit unfair to Mr. Hummel, for, within its self-imposed limits his study is intelligent, and regarded as a story it has narrative fluency and a certain piquancy. There are, in fact, plenty of shallow creatures such as these. The basic trouble with them as material for fiction is that they are too empty of all content save "Freudian complexes" to be greatly interesting. One cares about them as much as for the *a*'s and *b*'s and *X*'s of an equation. Worth-while humanity, in fact, is not so simply reduceable to a neat formula as that. The sentimentalist and windy romancer is fully as far out in his way and is probably more tiresome than the analysts of Mr. Hummel's tribe: neither suffices for a truthful representation of life.

The most nearly complete human being in this story is Alice, the "ingenuous, forthright" wife of the extrovert. All the other women are mere algebraic quantities: various values of the same *a* or *b*. The action of the story turns upon escapades of the extrovert, his luck and skill in avoiding wreckage, and his final emergence, unregenerate, from a serious illness. Strictly speaking the story has no plot: it is rather a series of pictures of the extrovert in the act of extroverting, while the envious introvert contemplates his antics. It might have been completely covered as a theme in a 5,000-word short story—to advantage.

HENRY WALKER.

A GOOD MAN. By George F. Hummel. New York: Boni & Live-right. \$2.

Ways That Are Wary

FRANKLY, I can not say just which one of the short stories of "Ways That Are Wary," by Lemuel de Bra, I like best. They are Chinese stories of San Francisco's Chinatown, into which the influence of the white foreign devil has crept just enough to make the Occident contrast most entertainingly, and in some cases humorously, with the Orient.

The first story, from which the book derives its name, is the longest and has so many incidents, both American and Chinese, that in this sense it may be called the most interesting. The list of questions which the American Government puts to a Chinese to make sure of his identity is highly entertaining. The slow, treacherous, murderous method of the Chinese criminal is portrayed clearly, but with none of the squalor which any but a clever writer would be apt to use in handling the incidents. You can sleep at night after reading "The Mystery of the Missing Hands," and do not see hanging bodies with one hand missing; and yet that is the way of each of the murders.

The love stories in which the parents, with their old customs, and the young people, with their inclination toward the freedom of the white foreign devils, are at war, are fascinating. Their endings are entirely in accord with the settings.

By the time one has finished reading the book, one almost wishes that we could measure time in the quaint way of the old Chinese, that we were surrounded by some of their courtesy and filial piety, and that we had learned to say when we part, "I hope you have a safe walk." Just gage time in this manner: "For about the time it takes to name the Four Cardinal Principles, Mock Don Yuen frowned severely"; or, "For about the time then that it takes one to sip a bowl of fiery *ng-ka-py*, the young man crouched over his dead father." I hope that Mr. de Bra will give us many more of his Chinese stories, because they are written for all the family—father, mother, sister and brother—and are good to read aloud in the family circle of an evening.

VIVIAN RADCLIFFE BOWKER.

WAYS THAT ARE WARY. By Lemuel de Bra. 320 pages. New York: Edward J. Clode, Inc.

The Goose Woman

THE volume of Rex Beach stories, called after the first tale "The Goose Woman," may be acclaimed with tempered praise. Mr. Beach still believes that valor and the wielding of a good right arm are the better part of romance. And, for him, no maiden is properly won who is not won after a rousing scuffle.

The long title-story deals, as may be suspected by newspaper readers, with the famed "pig woman" of a lately notorious murder case. That worthy woman ascends into fiction almost intact, with the addition of a prior history reaching back to the opera stage, and a contralto voice that once was great. Most of the details of the deplorable murder incident are retained by the author. And the photographers who were incontinently chased away with shotguns from the "pig woman's" estate probably will recognize themselves. In short, the story is an almost perfect example of what happens when a facile craftsman takes literally the first commandment of the short-story instruction courses, to read the papers.

There are four other stories in the volume. Two of them tell of adventures in Alaska, and the other two of happenings in the Western oil-fields. They are well supplied with plot, and are written in that explicit, black-and-white fashion which is usual with Mr. Beach. They are precisely the sort of thing the author has been doing for the magazines these many years, and no doubt will prove pleasing to his hordes of admirers. For the reader of restrained tastes, the volume is likely to be found to indulge in too much excitement of the kind that one does not get excited over.

MORRIS MARKEY.

THE GOOSE WOMAN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Rex Beach. 266 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.

The Rational Hind

TO SEE life as an interesting experience, neither completely measured by its cramping monotones nor unduly controlled by romance, and to be able to transfer that effect to others, is a gift of price. Mr. Ben Ames Williams has proved his possession of it in "The Rational Hind." The narrative takes the tranquil tone of the meadows and hills that form its setting. In a farming region where there is little of artificial stimulation, family and neighborhood relations and the cultivation of the soil are the chief elements in daily living. Fruition is the ultimate good; frustration life's tragedy. Both are given their proper dignity.

The theme is developed around an interesting group of New England folk. Pride of race as well as love of the land has led the Dillards through several generations to acquire gradually more property till the borders of their Maine farm include some four hundred acres. The death of the elder Dillard has left his four children in charge. Esther, the eldest, has a spinster austerity coupled with family pride and an obstinate will. She has absorbed much of the individuality of her sister Dora and her brother Caleb. Leon, the youngest, who has had two years in

the outside world to fortify him, defies her authority and marries the robust daughter of a stone-cutter who loves the soil as he does. While their fields and their hearthstone are abundantly blest, at the old Dillard home decay sets in. The younger brother, Caleb, is not a natural farmer, and his small supply of initiative is checked by his sister's will. Gradually the farm shrinks, through selling a piece here and a piece there. When Caleb comes to die from sheer discouragement, nothing is left but the home farm. Dora is thwarted in her desire to marry, until a visit to her brother Leon rouses her to revolt and to claim her delayed romance.

The portrait of Esther is judiciously conceived. She is not so much a monster of selfishness as a thin-blooded and unyielding product of narrow environment and intense breeding. Her implacability occasionally breaks in sudden if incomplete surrenders. Her tragedy lies in her final isolation and in the inarticulateness which the years have established as too strong a habit to be broken when she is in desperate need of making herself understood by the brother whom she has cast out. Nor can the good-natured friendliness of the younger generation touch her loneliness except remotely.

In addition to his sympathetic portraiture, Mr. Williams brings to his story an understanding of farm life—how to one it may mean a kinship with the soil and its life-giving forces, and in another may produce a barrenness that deadens the emotions and dries up the springs of spiritual life.

ELIZABETH HEYWOOD WYMAN.

THE RATIONAL HIND. By Ben Ames Williams. 242 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.

In a Strange Land

THE land which Vladimir Korolenko tells about in his recently translated novel, "In a Strange Land," is the United States, and the way he goes about telling it convinces the reader that he is justified in calling it what he does. This is a Russian emigrant story, told in a whimsical, delightful style, full of humor and pathos—the story of two young men who come here to seek their fortunes—Matvai Lozinsky, a blond giant with hands like rakes, and his friend Ivan Lozinsky-Dimma, a little man with a quick tongue, and rather clever.

Their adventures take up the greater part of the book, particularly those of Matvai. A pathetic figure he is, in this land of bustle, noise and petty politics, with his rugged honesty and queer habit of kissing the hands of his benefactors, who think he is about to bite them. There is an amusing fight with a burly Irishman, whose "fists were whirling like a windmill." Matvai "grabbed hold of the Irishman's thick hair, bent him over, wedged his head between his knees, and paddled him gently a few times on the softest of places." It is after Dimma removes his beard and white *svitka* and sells his vote that Matvai realizes their friendship must end. He takes the girl, whom he befriended on the ship, to the home of an honest Russian woman to stay until he is able to marry her. His guide disappears, and Matvai is lost—lost in Central Park, where he is sketched by a reporter as "a wild man." He gets mixed up with the unemployed, who are having a mass meeting with Samuel Gompers at their head. It is here that he tries to kiss the hand of policeman Dugan. "Dugan jumped back a step, the club passed through the air, and the first blow was suddenly heard. . . . Matvai leapt up like a wild bear, blood gushed down his face . . . his eyes looked wild." He pounced upon Dugan, who fell to the ground, bathed in blood. Matvai is spirited away by an anarchist who sympathizes with him and admires his excellent punch. He is hurried off to Minnesota, where his sister lives, and after considerable trouble finally finds happiness.

Mr. Korolenko spent only a few months in America at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and his account of our customs dates from that time. He wrote home to his wife: "It is only here that one realizes with his full heart and mind that our

folk, tho ignorant and bereft of liberty as they are, are the best-natured people in the world. . . . Here you have aspects of rudeness and cruelty—along with a remarkable order." In his book there are amusing talks on the definition of the word liberty; also some more serious ones on religion and inter-marriage, which are well worth reading.

According to the translator, who, by the way, should be commended for his excellent work, Korolenko is considered a close second to Tolstoy as a spiritual leader and humanist. Whether we agree fully with that judgment or not, we have to thank him for a fine novel and an indelible picture of the Slavic soul, groping blindly through this maze and asking only to be understood.

ROSE L. KURZMAN.

IN A STRANGE LAND. By Vladimir G. Korolenko. Translated from the Russian by Gregory Zilboorg. New York: Bernard G. Richards Co. \$2.

Sunken Gold

"SUNKEN GOLD," by André Savignon, excellently translated by Edgar Jepson, is a fine example of the lighter form of French mystery tale. This is as much a sea story as it is a mystery yarn, and it is written with a cumulative effect that is entirely successful. The story is one of wreckers—those hardy, sea-faring Frenchmen who search for wrecks along the rocky Breton coast and tear from them the moldering iron and wood, and, incidentally, sometimes find much more than iron and wood and are not at all troubled by ethical niceties in the finding. Indeed, the background of this story is based on the search of Old Mengham and his two rough-and-ready aids, for a treasure-ship loaded with gold. Others, too, are searching for this wreck, and the story, therefore, is that of a race between two groups with much villainy—including a few sudden deaths—on either side.

M. Savignon visualizes his tale through the eyes of a rather small boy, and in this way he adds to the mysteriousness of the action. For instance, there are many things that the boy can not make out, and this retards the dénouement, much to the joy of the reader, who will experience decided thrills before he has reached the end of the book. In Old Mengham the author has created an exceptionally vivid character. This little old man, a mocker and a victim to ferocious rages, who cows a villainous crew, is fully drawn and stands out as does no other personage in "Sunken Gold." After a time the reader begins to experience a distinct sympathy for him and to applaud each time he gets out of a tight place, for Old Mengham lives by his wits, and it is always encouraging to see wit circumvent brute strength.

The book rises toward a climax that is awesome and bloody, for M. Savignon spares no pains to bring everything to a violent head. Written compactly and with a certain degree of insight into character, the story is different from the usual American adventure yarn. Its prime difference, of course, rests in the ability of the author to walk around his characters, and not to see them merely as two-dimensional cardboard figures, as so many hasty writers do. Altho the plot is everything here, as it should be in a mystery story, the author has not lost sight of the fact that a bit of actual life injected into his puppets will aid and abet the reasonability of the extraordinary happenings.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

SUNKEN GOLD. By André Savignon. Translated from the French by Edgar Jepson. 262 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Blackshirt

THE hero of Bruce Graeme's "Blackshirt" is an old friend in disguise. He has been a central figure in the literature of mystery and adventure since there was such a thing. Curiously enough, the more we read about him the more we like him, and we even possess a Biblical injunction that induces our affection. He is the saved sinner. He is Robin Hood. He is Raffles. He is

anything you please as long as he is a courteous, chivalrous, picturesque figure who steals for love of adventure, mingles in society (the very highest, of course), talks about himself with nonchalance, sits in a luxurious club and listens to the boastful snob opposite him, "I'd like to see that mysterious rascal rob me!" smiles blithely and proceeds to rob the snob the next night, eventually meets the girl of girls, saves her from precarious places, swears off being a criminal, is pardoned by Scotland Yard (it is always big-natured Scotland Yard that pardons criminals who reform), and settles down to a more sedentary life of usefulness.

How many mystery novels have been based upon this theme! Perhaps as many as there are sands on the shore at Margate. Mr. Graeme is dexterous enough to put a few new twists into his handling of this theme, and the mysterious, gentlemanly robber, Blackshirt (who is none other than the famous young novelist, Verrall—Mr. Graeme lets the cat out of the bag immediately) stalks through the book to the frank delight of the reader. We know that his is a noble nature from the start, and that, sooner or later, he will listen to the plea of his strange Lady of the Telephone, reform, and be a good boy.

The handling of "Blackshirt" makes it obvious that Mr. Graeme wrote for serial publication, for, while there is a connecting thread of development that runs through each chapter and ties the whole thing into a coherent whole, each chapter also stands by itself as a complete episode in the life of Blackshirt. In one, he robs a rich man of a priceless necklace and then returns it under his nose. In another, he discovers a German spy. Still another finds him battling with an electric detective. And so on. Mr. Graeme knows his business and never stops very long to explain things. His idea is quick action, climax smashing in on climax, and in a way, he justifies his handling of the ancient theme. Blackshirt will never displace Raffles in the hearts of the lovers of mystery novels, but he makes a good younger brother to Mr. Hornung's creation. Indeed, the only grievance that most readers will have against Mr. Graeme is that he reformed his hero too soon. He has not left an opening for a second instalment of Blackshirt's adventures, unless he chooses to make believe that the time is anterior to that in this book.

H. S. G.

BLACKSHIRT. By Bruce Graeme. 290 pages. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The White Ship

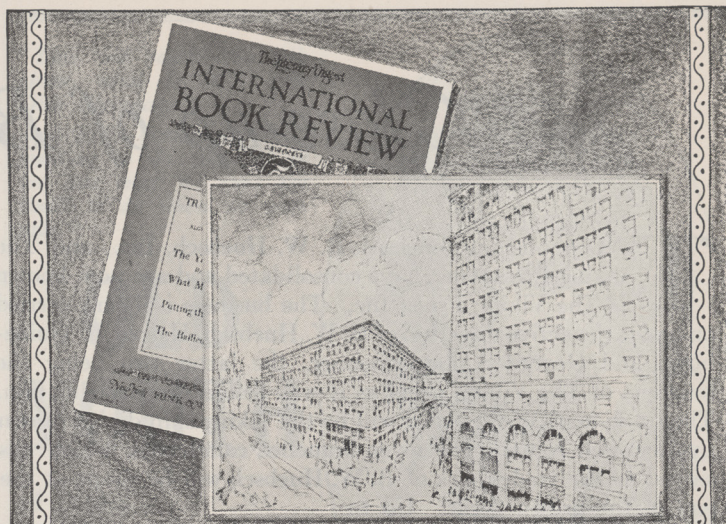
HERE is a rather remarkable volume of stories from Esthonia, the new republic on the Baltic Sea, which John Galsworthy has found to merit a special introduction from his pen. It is a book that will appeal chiefly to those who appreciate literary values. It is marked by clear and vivid descriptions and a style of portraying incident and character which leaves an impression. Those who read stories for the plots will find these, tho exceptionally well written, bordering on the weird and grotesque. The subjects run from lepers and the town's methods of disposing of them to the overbearing and unmoral ways of the lords of the manors. Of the book and its author Mr. Galsworthy says:

"Madame Kallas is Finnish. She writes of her own people and her own country, a tragic people in a strange sea-girt setting. Her method is singularly simple, clear and direct; her sense of atmosphere remarkable. Judged by at least half of these stories, she is one of the strongest and most individual of living writers. Reading them, one is conscious of a new dish—of a strange flavor, and of a coming very close to primal things."

Writing of this country of overbearing lords and cringing, slow-thinking and browbeaten serfs, Madame Kallas gains the sympathy of her readers. If this is her aim, she succeeds; but for pleasant reading one does not pack this volume in the vacation kit.

V. R. B.

THE WHITE SHIP. By Aino Kallas. Introduction by John Galsworthy. 256 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.



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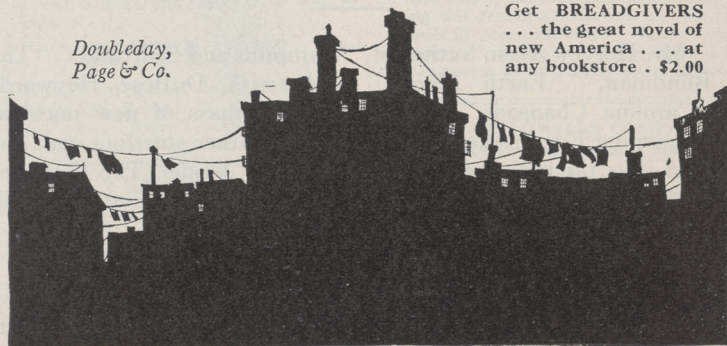
ANZIA
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Dr. Clifford Smyth (Editor of the INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW) says:

"the old Rabbi, Red Smolinsky . . . only Miss Yezierska could have created this character. It is as original as Falstaff or Don Quixote . . . the mingled sensations of humor and pathos evoked by this character as the threads of this absorbing chronicle are woven about him beguile the reader into thinking that he has been deep in some narrative by the author of 'David Copperfield.'"

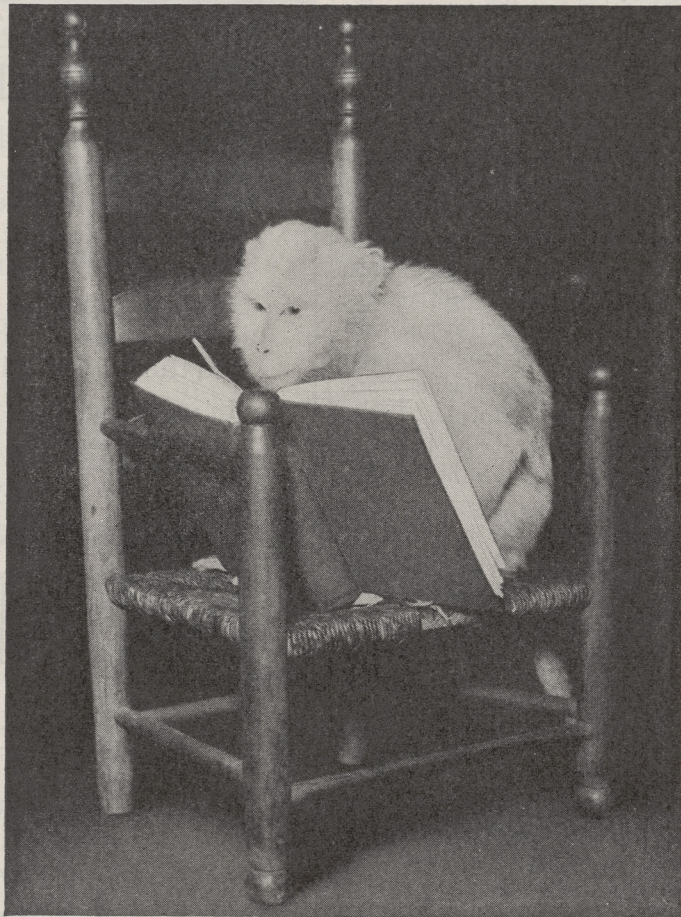
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A Close-up of Books and Authors

TWO publishing concerns, B. W. Huebsch, Inc., and The Viking Press, Inc., have consolidated and are now known as The Viking Press, Inc. The business is being carried on under the active direction of B. W. Huebsch, Harold K. Guinzburg, and George S. Oppenheimer, the latter two being the founders of The Viking Press as it was before the consolidation. The trade-mark of the house will be the Viking ship design drawn by Rockwell Kent. The seven-branched candlestick which has served as the trade-mark of B. W. Huebsch will be dropt at the end of the present year. Up to that time it will be used on the books already arranged for by Mr. Huebsch before the consolidation. The fall list of the new firm includes three novels, Gerhart Hauptmann's "The Island of the Great Mother"; "Prairie," an American novel by Walter J. Muilenburg; and "God Head," by Leonard Cline, formerly literary editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Other books announced for this fall are "The New Age of Faith," by John Langdon-Davies; "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," edited by James Weldon Johnson; "Dollar Diplomacy," by Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman; "American Foreign Investments," by Robert W. Dunn; "Two Lives," by William Ellery Leonard; two volumes of a series of Continental reprints under the editorship of Ernest Boyd; "Five Oriental Tales," by Comte de Gobineau; and "The Confession of a Fool," by August Strindberg. The offices of The Viking Press are those formerly occupied by B. W. Huebsch at 30 Irving Place, New York City.



THE WHITE MONKEY STUDIES JOHN GALSWORTHY

Harry Leon Wilson's new novel, "Cousin Jane," announced by Cosmopolitan Book Corporation for publication in October, will have a young woman as its principal character. The publishers call attention to the fact that this is the first time that a young woman has played the leading part in one of his novels; but no reader who remembers the delightful "flappers" in "Bunker Bean" and "Merton of the Movies" will have the slightest doubt as to Mr. Wilson's ability to create such a character.

Mr. Hervey Allen, author of "Wampum and Old Gold," "The Blindman," "Earth Moods," and (with DuBose Heyward) "Carolina Chansons," has uncovered a mass of new material concerning Edgar Allan Poe, some of it rather startling, and has used it as the basis for a volume entitled "Israfel: The Romance of Edgar Allan Poe," which George H. Doran Company will publish.

The Oxford University Press, American Branch, announces the first volume of "Ben Jonson," by P. Simpson and C. H. Her-

ford. When completed this will be the only authoritative and full edition of Ben Jonson in existence. The present volume contains the Life, Contemporary Notes and Records Referring to Jonson, Jonson's Letters, Legal and Official Documents Relating to Jonson's Life, A List of Books Known to Have Been in Jonson's Library, and the First Six Introductions to the Plays.

A. S. M. Hutchinson's first novel in three years, "One Increasing Purpose," will be published by Little, Brown & Co. late in September. The title is from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall"—

Yet I doubt not through the ages
one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are
widened with the process of
the suns.

The publication by Duffield & Co. of William Gerhardt's new novel, "The Polyglots," calls to mind a letter that Mr. Gerhardt wrote some time ago to a correspondent who inquired how he happened to write his earlier novel, "Futility."

The cause of my having written this particular novel [he answered] is largely autobiographical. I happened to have been born of English parents in Russia. I was at a Russian school and at an English university and served in the British Army in the War. During the Revolution I was with the English Military Attaché in Petrograd, and later served on the staff of our Military Mission in Siberia. I had always, since I was fourteen, after I had read Tolstoy, wanted to write a novel, and I was always writing one, now in the one language, now in the other. The Siberian campaign—a stupendous tragi-

comedy acted in epic surroundings and reflected in the life of many Russian families I knew—created a suitable mood. Here, obviously, was the opportunity. And I took it.

A curious phase of the present "crime wave," which really isn't so much a wave as a deluge, is reported from Washington, where discovery was recently made of a cache of stolen books, chiefly of a contraband nature, serving as the private library of a group of young intellectuals. Most of the books are said to have been stolen from the Congressional Library and from dealers who made a specialty of selling clandestinely such books as have been suppressed as obscene or immoral. Among the books found there were several that have figured prominently in the literary news.

Miss Martha Ostenso, whose \$13,500 prize novel, "Wild Geese," is to be published in October by Dodd, Mead & Co., has returned from a two-months' sojourn in Norway, the land of her birth. Her novel is a story of life in the farming country of northern Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The manager of the London office of the Century Company is Frank V. Morley, a brother of Christopher Morley, and, like the latter, he is a Rhodes scholar. Not that that is anything unusual in the Morley family. A third brother shares the same distinction. Frank Morley's wife is a Cambridge girl and, by reason of her marriage, a woman without a country. According to English law, she has lost her English citizenship and must register with the police as an American. But according to American law, if she wants to become an American, she must live in the United States for one year. And even if she were willing to be separated from her husband so long as that, she would be unable to secure a British passport, but would be obliged to get a special alien's permission to leave the country.

Late in September Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out a new David Grayson book, "Adventures in Understanding." This volume differs from "Adventures in Contentment," "The Friendly Road," etc., in that the scene is laid in the city; but the kindly David Grayson remains the same.

An important book of memoirs to be published in September by Frederick A. Stokes Company is "Twenty-five Years: 1892-1916," by Viscount Grey of Fallodon. It is said that the price paid for these memoirs is the largest paid in many years for a work of a similar character.

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish in October "The Diaries of George Washington," edited by John C. Fitzpatrick, of the Manuscript Division of the Congressional Library. We are assured that Mr. Fitzpatrick's editing will confine itself to scholarly annotations, the diaries themselves being printed from the original without alteration or abridgment. The period covered by the diaries is from 1748 to 1799. The publication is under the auspices of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union.

Kathleen Norris's new novel, "Little Ships," which Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish in September, is the story of a mother and father and their children. The children are the "little ships," and their voyagings away from the home port and back to it again make the story. Mrs. Norris is said to have refused an unusually generous offer for the moving-picture rights to this novel because she prefers to have it appear only in book form.

Louis Bromfield's new novel, "Possession," is to appear in September. The publishers are Frederick A. Stokes Company, who also published Mr. Bromfield's first novel, "The Green Bay Tree." There is a connection between the two novels in that the heroine of "Possession" appeared also in "The Green Bay Tree" as a cousin of Lily Shane. Mr. Bromfield is an Ohioan, twenty-seven years of age. He was a student in Columbia University when the World War broke out, and he lost no time getting into it. He served all through the war, spent six months in Paris after it was over, and then came back to New York. He found employment on newspapers and magazines, and finally in the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons. He is at present enjoying a year's leave of absence—enjoying it in the way that appeals most to him, that is, in writing.

Octavus Roy Cohen's most useful critics, according to his publishers, Little, Brown & Co., are two negro employees, a part of whose duties it is to read all his stories of negro life before they are submitted to the editors of the magazines to which he contributes. Mr. Cohen's theory is that if the negroes laugh at one of his stories, that proves that it is not entirely true to life as the negroes themselves see it, and therefore that it would not seem funny to a white man. It may be a good theory, too, provided the two negroes do not know what is expected of them.

"This 'old youth' you talk about, what is it?" asks Dick Chauncey.

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New Books for Boys and Girls

THE school-age period is engrossingly interesting to the boys and girls who are going through it. They have far more problems than a casual elder realizes. They have their own ideas, and sound ones too, of loyalty, right and wrong, fair play, good sportsmanship, and the problems that daily present themselves. For there are problems in life, whether a person is a child, a youth or an adult. Suspicion against the ideals of a school is as serious as suspicion against a business. The very fact that this seems incredible to some grown-ups shows nothing more than the woful dulness and detachment of these grown-ups from everything outside their own immediate age-groove.

When adults patronizingly and stupidly say that the school age is the happiest in life because children have nothing to worry them, they only shut themselves out by a responding and justified resentment from all of youth. If life were devoid of its problems, its hoped-for goals, its splendid devotions, it would be a very tame affair. And it is this very attitude of adults, who regard school existence as so vacuously pleasant, that pricks at the sensibilities of the young. Fortunately this attitude is far more confined to those who orally express themselves than to those who address themselves to young people by means of books.

"All for Andover," by Claude M. Fuess,⁽¹⁾ is a school story for boys filled with a knowledge of school life, its perplexities, its athletic ambitions, its humorous aspects, that gets itself interwoven at once with actual school existence. It is directly a school story. It does not contain beautiful writing, nor sentimental expressions. It is, one almost might say, a book that goes straight to school. And, as soon as it gets there, it leaves its hard covers behind, its printed words, its numbered pages, and becomes instead a part of school life, living along with those boys who made their Andover. But terribly tragic it seems that boys like these or those who have preceded them, who have been so human and so fine, must sacrifice their humanity and leave instead their names on a campus tablet erected because of the hideousness of nations.

There is a very good part in the book about examination cheating, and I also like the older men who admit that the boys of to-day have excelled them and who do not think there should be any undue boasting about the "good old days." There is, too, a paragraph on vice, incorporated in a speech, that has a welcome freedom from the professional

kind of reform appeal: "If a young man deliberately makes up his mind to go to the devil, he can do that anywhere; but in Andover now he must simply go out and hunt up opportunities to be dissipated." It is phrased so that it holds no sinister attraction or appeal.

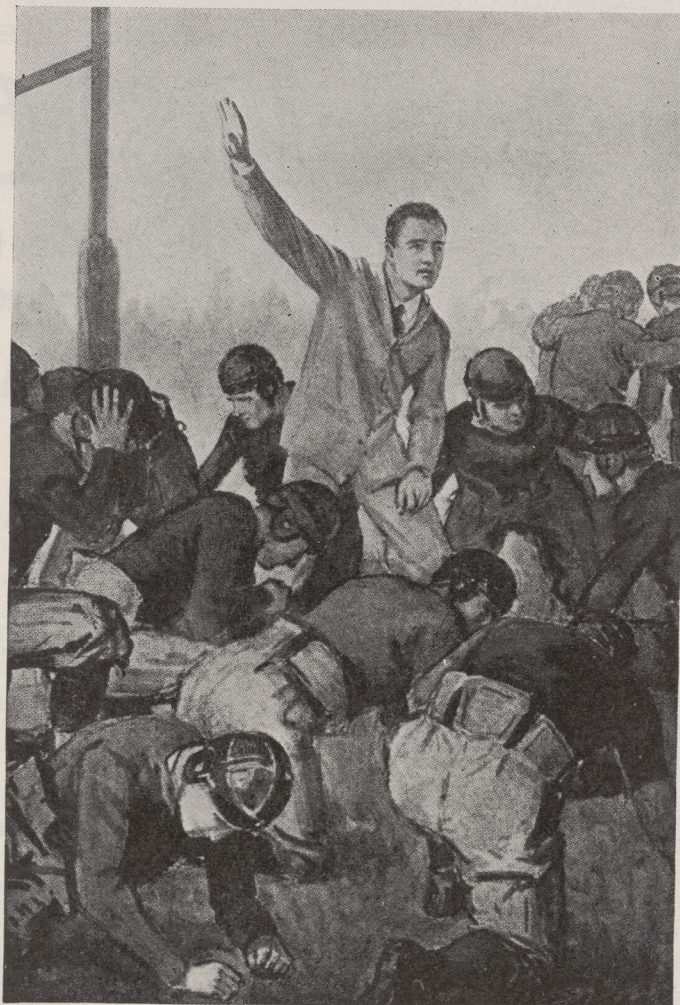
"The Hillsdale High Champions," by Earl Reed Silvers,⁽²⁾ is another good story with basketball for its chief interest, and as basketball has always been one of the best of games to my way of thinking, I found myself getting enthusiastic as I read the book. The victory over selfishness, too, is ably handled, and there is nothing weak or self-righteous in its final attainment.

Ralph Henry Barbour begins his story "Bases Full!"⁽³⁾ as tho he felt it was a chore that must be done before he could be allowed out to play. But half-way through the book Mr. Barbour evidently found some interest in his chore and began writing with more of his old talent. The people become more real, the mystery interesting, and the outcome more curiously awaited. But it is not one of Mr. Barbour's best.

"The Mysterious Tutor," by Gladys Blake,⁽⁴⁾ would be of greater interest to girls than to boys. The tutor at first seems little more than a puppet introduced as a book property. But then tutors are not always living illustrations of flexibility, and this one improves. The girl's interest in him is done with careful analytical intelligence, and the mystery does not even end with the last line of the story!

"Little Aunt Emmie," by Alice E. Allen,⁽⁵⁾ is a mystery story, or rather it contains a mystery, for young children, and mystery stories for little girls and little boys are not usual. There is good outdoor material in it blended with Indian lore and dressing-up and make-believe.

"The First Days of History," by Frederic Arnold Kummer,⁽⁶⁾ lacks vividness and telling power. There is good material in the book, but one has the feeling that the whole is not so very far beyond the state of elaborated notes. While reading it I kept having the feeling of wanting to tell its author that this was going to be very interesting, and



NEVER HAD THERE BEEN SUCH A GAME FOR THRILLS

From "All for Andover," by Claude M. Fuess. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.)

⁽¹⁾ ALL FOR ANDOVER. By Claude M. Fuess. Illustrated by John Goss. 368 pages. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.75.

⁽²⁾ THE HILLSDALE HIGH CHAMPIONS. By Earl Reed Silvers. 274 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75.

⁽³⁾ BASES FULL! By Ralph Henry Barbour. 277 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75.

⁽⁴⁾ THE MYSTERIOUS TUTOR. By Gladys Blake. 254 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75.

⁽⁵⁾ LITTLE AUNT EMMIE. By Alice E. Allen. Illustrated by Frances Brundage. 286 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.75.

⁽⁶⁾ THE FIRST DAYS OF HISTORY. By Frederic Arnold Kummer. Illustrated by Morgan Stinemetz. 311 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.

that I should be so glad to see the book when he had written it. But there it was, all bound and finished, as tho by mistake. The chapter on Moses and the final one on the "Peoples of Northern Europe" are the two best. But how much more they could have been! "The First Days of Man," and "The First Days of Knowledge," by this author, are so much easier of remembrance, because they have been written. This volume has been compiled.

"A History of France," by H. E. Marshall,⁽⁷⁾ is a new edition well worth the attention of young people, school-teachers and parents. I should like to see this book in class-rooms, for it not merely includes a successive account of historical facts, but is an historical work of successive happenings, presented in such a way that not only the mind but the eyes see what has happened. In the new edition there is an added chapter on the World War. And once again I rejoice. For an historian, writing for young people, has seen beyond the bugle-call "glory" of war, and has left boys and girls with a big job, worth tackling, on their hands. "It behooves the boys and girls of to-day to see to it that in the days to come mankind shall never again suffer the agony of a World War."

MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

(7) A HISTORY OF FRANCE. By H. E. Marshall. Illustrated by A. C. Michael. 601 pages. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$3.

Skyline Promenades

MR. ATKINSON has chosen the title for this "potpourri" (as his subtitle calls it) with fine precision. "Promenade," with a suggestion of something of the connotations of the French usage of the word, is the exactly descriptive term for the "camping and tramping" two-weeks' journey through the White Mountains which provides him the material for the commentary and reflections and occasional fine descriptive passages that make up the book. The writer and his companion, "Pierre," are plainly and incorrigibly city dwellers: one can not imagine them spending, contentedly, two years, including winters, instead of two weeks among the remote hills. Possibly, for this very reason, the essayist's impressions and mountain emotions are the more interesting.

It is only before or afterward [he argues], that one may examine one's emotions and attach to them scientific labels. . . . And not that, either. If one can not think clearly about the mountains in the face of their beauty, neither can one think clearly about them from the roof-tops of the city. For then one is romancing, building castles of air. . . . Are the cities, then, all evil and the mountains all virtue? Or are we merely giving free rein to buoyant fancies?

From the summit of a mountain the city seems incredibly remote. . . . Only fellows with supple imaginations can realize that while they are sitting in the shelter of a summit ledge and looking meditatively over this untamed landscape. . . . Clumsy motor-trucks are lumbering over the city streets, factory chimneys are fouling the air. . . . Physically the city is hideous, especially the American city which has expanded with a rush.

That is the main thread of the discourse: the advantages of escaping, for a time, from the crowd and hurly-burly into the solitudes of the hills—always bearing in mind that one has a return ticket. But these are literary wanderers, and naturally their discussions touch many things besides the charms of outdoor life. The various much-analyzed "currents of American literature" are incidentally examined, with seriously considered comment upon many books and writers, from Chekhov and Emerson to Socrates, from Sinclair Lewis and Eliot Paul to Chaucer. Mr. Atkinson's manner is suave and careful, and his bits of passing description are pleasantly fresh.

H. L. PANGBORN.

SKYLINE PROMENADES. By J. Brooks Atkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Albert J. Beveridge, former United States Senator from Indiana, and author of the four-volume life of John Marshall which was published by Houghton Mifflin Company, is now at work on a life of Abraham Lincoln. Senator Beveridge's advice to writers of biographies is: "Dig up all the facts, present them accurately, and they will 'interpret' themselves."

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In the Editor's Mail

Reminiscences of Vance Thompson

To the Editor of the International Book Review:

IN your obituary notice of Vance Thompson, in the July issue, the summary of his works somehow does not include "French Poets," one of the most entertaining résumés of the French Symbolist and Decadent schools we have in English. Rémy de Gourmont has written extensively on the devotees of this cult, but his analytical estimates are for English readers not half as convincing as Vance Thompson's vivid portrayals of Verlaine, Mallarmé, Moréas, Kahn, Renard, Fort, and the others. Altho not more than two hundred copies sold during the year of publication, the author was proud of his achievement, and justly so. In recent years the book was reprinted.

As it is impossible to come into intimate contact with so many writers, "French Poets" was not a record of personal experiences, but rather a clever assembly of borrowed materials. A judicious use of the scissors in one's daily perusal of the *Figaro*, *Gil Blas*, weeklies and literary magazines is all that is needed for such an accumulation. I came across some of the material in Hovey's writings, and personally had quite a bit of the same information pasted into my Parisian scrap-book. Vance Thompson, however, used the material with skill and sympathy, and constructed a book delightful in its virility.

My enthusiasm for the book made me acquainted with the author, who in turn asked me to write something for *Mlle. New York*. I never became a contributor, but I met Vance Thompson quite frequently, generally in the company of J. G. Huneker, who was co-editor. Thompson, unlike Huneker, was always precisely dressed. A short jovial figure like Coquelin aîné, he impressed me as being somewhat of a Beau Brummel, a man of whimsical tastes and predilections. He was a good deal of a poet. His "O, Mary of Magdala, in gold you walk and white," still haunts my memory. His conversation consisted largely of encomiums on French poetry and invectives against anything American. He was fond of using well-turned phrases, altho many of them were rather meaningless, as, for instance, "You write a beautiful page of gray prose, *tout de même*." (What is gray prose?)

At the New York début of Yvette Guilbert we met, and I was as much amazed at the green gloves he sported as at the preraphaelite wig which Guilbert had substituted for her natural carrotty red hank of hair, known to Parisian audiences. None of the critics dwelt upon this strange transformation and concession to American prudery. Only Vance Thompson drawled out, "Extraordinary!" and so it was.

He was at the time much attached to a French actress, Pilar-Morin, an exceedingly clever pantomimist. I am somewhat confused about his relation to her and the play in which she appeared. All I recall is that she performed a pantomime in a little theater in Broadway near Twenty-seventh street, and that we went every night as long as it lasted. It was one of the most *risqué* expositions of Gallic humor that I ever witnessed, and it was strangely out of place on staid Broadway.

Then I lost track of him. At one time or other he resided in Los Angeles, busy with writing something on a special diet for stout ladies, how to cure obesity—a rather *outré* topic for a serious man of letters. He blossomed forth once more in his old vigor in "The Pointed Tower," a mystery story remarkable for its plot-construction and clarity of style. After that I heard nothing further.

Perchance his bitter, rather futile and childish hatred of the U. S. A. came to his own undoing. He thought it was criminal for Huneker and me to stay and write in this country. But after all one must write for some audience. If one hates one's audience as much as Vance Thompson professed to do, what is the use of writing at all? And so he drifted away to Nice—to study the laws of chance, who knows!—until the great Adjuster and Accountant intervened.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

Los Angeles, August 1, 1925.

The Little French Girl

To the Editor of the International Book Review:

As a rule, the best advertised novels are the most disappointing—I suppose for much the same reason that even a great natural wonder, such as Niagara Falls, or an eclipse, proves disappointing to many at first sight: their anticipations, excited by what they have heard and read, have outrun the reality. But, however that may be, there can be no question of the worth and interest of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's novel, "The Little French Girl." It may not really be that gifted writer's *chef d'œuvre*, but it is surely one of her best. In some respects it outranks all its predecessors, but in others it does not fully measure up to its

author's highest flights. Thus it does not strike me as being so perfect as, say, "The Encounter." Yet, be that as it may, "The Little French Girl" is not only full of pith and marrow, but in it one discovers marvelous vision, vondrous discernment, rare discrimination, and perfect style and diction.

Yet, despite this tribute, there are parts, passages and characters which I have found disappointing. For instance, the author appears to attach a great deal more weight to the character of Giles Bradley than would seem justified. She endows him with nearly all the manly virtues, and would fain have her readers regard him as, in some sort, a philosopher and an Olympian; yet she fails, apparently, to make him appear anything more than an estimable young Englishman, whose plodding industry, conscientious family devotion, self-abnegation and generous nature are his crowning virtues. To be sure, these are admirable, but they by no means reveal him in the light either of a philosopher or of a genius.

But in "The Little French Girl" herself one discovers so unique a character and so nearly perfect a portrayal as to command admiration. In this character the author has surpassed all her preceding efforts. Alix is a character to be loved as well as admired. Others, of course, may not thus regard Alix. To such, the roast-beef types of Ruth and Rosemary Bradley will most appeal. I stand with those who prefer the *élan vital*, the acumen, the wider vision of the little French girl. And how aptly the author discriminates between the two types—between the ejaculation, "God!" of coarser natures and the harmless and piquant "Mon Dieu!" of the French! The fact is, it is the high vocation of the gifted novelist to entertain and to elevate, to impart and to unfold, and Anne Douglas Sedgwick has done it in this novel.

JOHN OXENDON.

In Fairness to Tennyson

To the Editor of the International Book Review:

I have recently read Hoxie Neale Fairchild's article on Tennyson in your June number, and am surprised to find what seems to me considerable inaccuracy. He claims that the perplexities of the Victorian age, such as evolutionary "discoveries," reform, imperialism, industrial unrest, as well as Tennyson's position as "official bard," were all harmful to his art. According to him, Tennyson "responded to every breeze of thought; . . . as official bard he was expected to sing in an edifying and constructive manner; . . . he became a mouthpiece"; etc. Then, apparently to prove and illustrate his points, Mr. Fairchild quotes from two poems, "Locksley Hall" and "In Memoriam," with comments on the quotations—not on the poems—and refers more briefly to "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After." Not another poem is mentioned, nor the fact that any others were written. I am at a loss to understand how the first two could have been affected by all the problems of the Victorian age, or by Tennyson's position as Poet Laureate, when they were written at an early period in Tennyson's life, and in the age.

Distrusting my memory as opposed to the knowledge of a contributor to the BOOK REVIEW, I looked up some of the points. I find that "In Memoriam" was published in 1850, having been begun in 1833. A large part of it was written prior to the accession of Victoria (1837) and, except for revisions and the prolog (1849), it was completed by 1843. "Locksley Hall" was published in a volume with other poems in 1842. Tennyson received his appointment as Poet Laureate in 1850. "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After," was, in fact, written over forty years after, when Tennyson was over seventy-five years old, and has never been considered equal to his best work. Mr. Fairchild assumes that Tennyson is speaking in his own person in all these poems, but this is true only of "In Memoriam." The changing moods of the unhappy and, in the first, very youthful, hero of the two "Locksley Halls" should not be interpreted as the poet's own wavering opinions.

Mr. Fairchild, in giving his quotations, uses a method that is scarcely fair. He gives no idea of the subject or general tenor of the poems, and quotes without hint of the context, which in at least one instance reverses the meaning. The "Slowly comes a hungry people" stanza is the third of three stanzas forming one sentence.

So I triumphed ere my passion, sweeping through me, left me dry;

Left me with the palsied heart and left me with the jaundiced eye;
Eye to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:

Science moves but slowly, slowly, groping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,

Glares at one who nods and winks beside a slowly dying fire.

Can anything be clearer than that it is the "jaundiced eye" that sees the world thus? And that the hero is trying to regain a clearer vision when he says, "Yet I doubt not," etc.?

As to Tennyson's attitude toward evolution and its resemblance to Mr. Bryan's, here again there are dates to consider. It can hardly be supposed that Tennyson, before 1850, could have known as much about the subject as any one not wilfully ignorant can know to-day, when it is taught in school text-books. Before Darwin, the theory of evolution was entirely speculative and had little support, even from scientists. "The Origin of Species," in which the theory was not applied to man, was published in 1859, and "The Descent of Man" in 1871, and the latter was "assailed by all the conservative intellectual forces of the nation" (Newark News, quoted in *Literary Digest*, July 25). Tennyson, however, seems to have been in advance of the times, for in "Maud" (1854-56) he says "many a million of ages have gone to the making of man."

This is not intended as a plea for Tennyson. It is a plea for reviews, no matter how brief, that shall be accurate, just and reasonably comprehensive.

MARY TAYLOR.

New Philadelphia, Ohio, August 6, 1925.

Is Dante Overrated?

To the Editor of the *International Book Review*:

It is always gratifying to have some one agree with us in our opinions, and hence I have read with special interest what you say regarding the "Divina Commedia." I read it many years ago, and after seeing so many commendations of it, I reread it six years ago, and I found it heavy and uninteresting. For a long time I have felt that Dante is overrated and does not belong in the list of our few greatest poets. I also reread, about the same time, the "Odyssey," and enjoyed it.

JULIUS D. DREHER.

Clearwater, Florida, August 2, 1925.

An Echo of Clark Russell

To the Editor of the *International Book Review*:

Commenting on my letter in your July issue regarding an article on Clark Russell, Mr. William H. Burton says in the August *Book Review* that several bad inferences might be drawn from my reference to the failure of the Scotch engineers of the Peruvian ironclad *Huascar* to ram the *Shah*. There was no intent on my part to belittle the courage of either the British or Peruvians.

Just before the fight, nearly all the officers and many of the crew went ashore to a banquet in Callao. At the same time there was a rebellion in Peru. Several officers of the rebellious junta put out in boats with a few men and boarded and captured the *Huascar*. They ordered the engineers to get up steam, and the *Huascar* headed out to sea. Shortly afterward the regular Government offered a reward to any ship that would overhaul and retake the *Huascar*, which was regarded as a pirate ship, without papers or flag. As the engineers of the *Huascar* were Scotchmen and British subjects, the British consul asked Admiral de Horsey of the British frigate *Shah* to go and recapture the *Huascar*. Hence the battle.

While the *Huascar* put up a strong fight, with its two guns and 110 men, against the *Shah*, a 6,000-ton ship with a speed of over fourteen knots and 600 men, all expert fighters, it can not be claimed that the Peruvians were other than brave men. The *Shah* was hampered by fear of hitting her consort, the *Amethyst*, and various smaller vessels. I believe the U. S. S. *John Adams* was near by also. After the *Huascar* surrendered to the Peruvian gunboat or transport *Independencia*, the English consul either went or sent an officer out in a small steamer to speak the *Shah* and have her steam north to avoid the serious trouble which might ensue if she went back to Callao. The *Huascar* got a rousing reception on returning to Callao, and it was there and then claimed that had the Scotch engineers handled their engines properly the *Shah* would have been sunk—which seems to me impossible. I have no log to refer to, and no data other than a poor memory. I am myself of Scotch and English parents, but was born in Hartford. CAPTAIN J. PAUL MCKENNA.

San Francisco, Calif., August 4, 1925.

It Should be "Arcs"

To the Editor of the *International Book Review*:

Sojourning at Chautauqua, I picked up your issue for August, and while enjoying the excellent reviews of Beebe's "Jungle Days" and of Robinson's latest book of poems as well as Le Gallienne's "Immortal Fairy Tales that Have Become Science," I lighted upon a misprint that should become immortal. It appears in Hoxie Neale Fairchild's criticism of Browning, which, by the way, should arouse less hostile comment than his critique of Tennyson. In quoting a well-known line from Abt Vogler, either his handwriting was more than usually crabbed, or the typist was more than ordinarily sleepy, or the printer's devil was more than commonly demonic, for one can imagine Browning's horror on seeing his line appear thus:

On the earth, the broken CARS; in the heaven the perfect round.

A blessed consummation, surely, for those who drive cranky Fords!

JOHN M. MCBRYDE.

Chautauqua, New York, August 5, 1925.

The Magazines That Booksellers Read Most Carefully

Here is a decidedly interesting and unbiased sidelight on the reading habits of the men and women who sell books. Through the courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Company, who recently made a private investigation to get specific facts on this matter, we are enabled to publish below the results of their canvass, together with their letter of explanation.

(Copy)

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

Garden City, N. Y., August 5, 1925.

Dear Doctor Smyth:

Here are the figures compiled from the answers to a questionnaire sent to our 450 best accounts.

We had 210 answers.

In answer to the question "What magazine do you read most carefully?" we got the replies as listed on the enclosed.

As you will notice, the figures I mentioned yesterday were not accurate; I spoke only from the strong impression I had received of the strength shown by the *International Book Review*. But on the actual checked figures the proportion holds good.

Please use this information in any way you wish.

Sincerely,

(Signed) OGDEN NASH,

Doubleday, Page & Co.

NOTE. (The average reply mentioned several magazines. The figures below represent the total number of times each periodical was mentioned.)

"What magazines do you read most carefully?"

ANSWERS

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW	115	NATION	2
LITERARY DIGEST	111	RED BOOK	2
SATURDAY EVENING POST	91	GOOD HOUSEKEEPING	2
ATLANTIC MONTHLY	91	YALE REVIEW	2
SATURDAY REVIEW	78	VANITY FAIR	2
SCRIBNER'S	71	NEW REPUBLIC	1
WORLD'S WORK	64	ASIA	1
HARPER'S	54	COLLIER'S	1
CENTURY	36	LIFE	1
TIME	33	HARPER'S BAZAR	1
AMERICAN MERCURY	15	ARTS & DECORATION	1
OUTLOOK	11	LONDON MERCURY	1
BOOKMAN	10	MIDLAND	1
AMERICAN	8	COSMOPOLITAN	1
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC	6	PRINTER'S INK	1
DIAL	3	HOUSE AND GARDEN	1
FORUM	3	NATION'S BUSINESS	1
LIBERTY	2	LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	1
NEW YORKER	2	NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW	1

The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers

354-360 Fourth Avenue,

New York, N. Y.

Important Books of the Month

Art

THE WAY TO SKETCH. By Vernon Blake. Illustrated. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

Ten chapters on the essentials of landscape sketching, with particular reference to the use of water-colors.

MASTERS OF MODERN ART: MANET. By J. E. Blanche. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.75.

Sixth in a series of monographs on modern artists, each volume containing critical text and forty full-page reproductions of the work of the artist in question.

EMOTION IN ART. By Claude Phillips. Edited by Maurice W. Brockwell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.50.

Eighteen essays on various phases of painting by a distinguished British art critic, with twenty full-page plates of famous paintings.

MASTERS OF MODERN ART: PISSARRO. By A. Tabarant. Translated by J. Lewis May. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.75.

Like the other volumes in the series, this one has about sixty pages of critical text and forty pages of the artist's pictures.

Biography

FURTHER REMINISCENCES, 1864-1894. By S. Baring-Gould. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$6.

Thirty years more from the eventful life of this noted English clergyman and novelist, in which he takes the reader from a Yorkshire parish to many interesting places on the Continent.

ROBERT OWEN. By G. D. H. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$4.

A new biography of the reformer who established the New Harmony community in Indiana, tracing his influence upon the social and economic movements of our time.

LEWIS MILLER: A BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY. By Ellwood Hendrick. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

An intimate study of an early American creator of harvesting machines and founder of the Chautauqua Assemblies. Thomas A. Edison furnishes an introduction to the book.

MY PAST AND THOUGHTS. The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen. Authorized translation from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Volume 4. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

One more of these little volumes will complete the English translation of one of the noteworthy autobiographies of the last century.

ENCHANTERS OF MEN. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.

Breezy character sketches of

ALL the books in this department are classified alphabetically by subjects, and are also arranged alphabetically by authors under each heading. The 187 titles presented this month are divided as follows: Art, 4; Biography, 10; Business, 2; Drama, 3; Education, 9; Essays, 6; Fiction, 58; Games, 2; Government, 3; History, 19; Juvenile, 18; Literature, 3; Music, 1; Philosophy, 2; Poetry, 6; Reference, 2; Religion, 5; Science, 6; Sociology, 7; Sports, 2; Travel, 19.—Total, 187.

twenty-three historic women of magic charm, from royal mistresses to chaste opera stars.

FROM PRESIDENT TO PRISON. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. In collaboration with Lewis Stanton Palen. New York: Dutton & Co. \$3.

In the third volume of his Asiatic experiences, the author of "Beasts, Men and Gods" tells how he became President of the Russian Far Eastern Republic and ruled Siberia for a brief period—until the soldiers and spies of the Czar hunted him down and threw him into prison.

HESKETH PRICHARD: A MEMOIR. By Eric Parker. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.

The life story of a noted English explorer, sportsman, author and soldier, the man who organized the very effective British sniping corps in the World War.

THE TRAGIC LIFE OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. By Louis Pierard. Translated by Herbert Garland. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50.

The strange life story of the mad Dutch painter who cut off one of his own ears to give away as a present, and yet who became an outstanding artist in post-impressionist France.

THE HISTORY OF MANON LESCAUT AND THE CHEVALIER DES GRIEUX. By the Abbé Prevost. Translated with an introduction by George Dunning Gribble. (Broadway Translations.) New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.

A good English translation of a classic French novel which has become the theme of at least four operas.

THEODORE DREISER. By Burton Rascoe. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.

A ninety-page appraisal of Mr. Dreiser's works, including a brief biographical sketch. Third volume in the Modern American Writers Series, edited by Ernest A. Boyd.

Business

KRIEMHILD HERD: A CHAPTER IN HOLSTEIN HISTORY. By Frank Norton Decker. Published by the author, Syracuse, N. Y.

A fully illustrated history of the original Holstein-Friesian herd of

cattle in this country, that of the Hon. Gerrit Smith Miller, who has been breeding Holsteins in his Kriemhild herd since 1869.

COMMERCE YEARBOOK, 1924. Compiled by Julius Klein. Washington: Government Printing Office. 718 pages. \$1.

Third annual edition of a useful compilation. Covers the world's industries in 1924, with special reference to the United States.

Drama

WRITING THE ONE-ACT PLAY: A MANUAL FOR BEGINNERS. By Harold Newcomb Hillebrand. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.75.

With a minimum of rules and definitions, Professor Hillebrand presents the essentials of dramatic composition in a way intended to aid any one who is writing his first or second play.

ONE-ACT PLAYS—The Ladies' Home Journal. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Five new plays: "Evening Dress Indispensable" and "The Loveliest Thing," by Roland Pertwee; "Enter Dora—Exit Dad," by Freeman Tilden; "Bimbo, the Pirate," by Booth Tarkington, and "The Man in the Bowler Hat," by A. A. Milne. The Tilden and Tarkington plays can be reproduced by amateurs without paying the usual royalties.

TI-ME-KUN-DAN, PRINCE OF BUDDHIST BENEVOLENCE: A MYSTERY PLAY. Translated by Millicent H. Morris from the Tibetan text. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

A poetic translation of the most popular of Tibetan religious dramas, which is usually played in the open air by traveling actors.

Education

PROBLEMS IN HOME ECONOMICS TEACHING. By Leona Florence Bowman. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. \$1.50.

Sixty-seven problems drawn from actual experience, and designed to supplement the text-books in training teachers of home economics.

SI LE GRAIN NE MEURT. By André Gide. Edited by V. F. Boyson, with a preface by the author. New

York: Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

The original French text of part of the book in which M. Gide has told of his school-days in France, edited, with notes and vocabulary, for school use.

THE HOME AND SCHOOL IDEA IN EDUCATION. By Raymond E. Manchester. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Co.

Prepares the way for intelligent and effective cooperation between the home and the school, the parent and teacher, in covering the field of elementary education.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS ENGLISH. By W. L. Mason. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

A text-book on commercial correspondence for junior and senior high-school students—by a man who was for many years a teacher in New York City schools.

THE CHURCH'S PROGRAM FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Herbert Carleton Mayer. New York: The Century Co. \$2.

A text-book of Christian educational methods, based on the author's experience in his work at Boston University, and covering the whole range of subjects needed by those who intend to work with young people.

BRITISH POLITICS IN TRANSITION. By Edward McChesney Sait and David P. Barrows. Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: World Book Co. \$1.80.

Latest in the series of college texts known as the Government Handbooks, all written and edited by college professors, and devoting a separate volume to each country of the world.

CREATIVE YOUTH: HOW A SCHOOL ENVIRONMENT SET FREE THE CREATIVE SPIRIT. By Hughes Mearns. Foreword by Otis W. Caldwell. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50.

Tells how the Lincoln High School has achieved the results which have placed it in the fore as a stimulator of creative imagination in its pupils. With more than a hundred pupils' poems from *Lincoln Lore*, the best high-school magazine in the country.

EARLY CONCEPTIONS AND TESTS OF INTELLIGENCE. By Joseph Peterson. Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: World Book Company. \$2.16.

Dr. Peterson's aim in this college text-book is to clarify some of the issues involved in the use of intelligence tests and in the psychological assumptions upon which such tests are based.

SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Charles L. Robbins and Elmer Green. Illustrated.

Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: World Book Co. \$1.72.

A text-book for upper grammar grades and junior high-schools, built on the novel plan of setting up problems which the pupil has to solve by searching the text.

Essays

THE CHRYSALIS OF ROMANCE. Being the whimsical essays of Inez G. Howard. Los Angeles, Calif.: Times Mirror Press. \$3.

Little essays on every-day objects and aspects of American life, in which the author delves into their inner meanings and reveals the romance that is in them.

NEW WRITINGS BY WILLIAM HAZLITT. Collected by P. P. Howe. New York: The Dial Press. \$2.50.

See review, page 671.

CHILDREN'S FUNNY SAYINGS. Collected by D. B. Knox. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.

More than two hundred pages of whimsical sayings of children.

THE GOLDEN KEYS. By Vernon Lee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

Twenty-five new essays, in which this pleasing writer discusses the "spirit of places" and describes out-of-the-way corners of Italy and France.

PROSE AND POETRY OF THE REVOLUTION. Edited by Frederick C. Prescott and John H. Nelson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50.

A companion volume to "Colonial Prose and Poetry" (Trent and Wells), continuing American literature down to the beginnings of the Republic. A repository of the best prose and verse of that time.

STILL MORE PREJUDICE. By A. B. Walkley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75.

Half a hundred breezy essays by the dramatic critic of the London Times, ranging in theme from Duse to office boys, from cooking to lying.

Fiction

THE SECRET OF BOGEY HOUSE. By Herbert Adams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.

A mystery story centering about a golf house, with thrills that involve a murder, midnight diving, concealed passages and an important discovery in a hidden chamber.

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD. By Bertram Atkey. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.

There is a mystery surrounding the leaden pyramid in Lord Kern's garden, and Prosper Fair, whose own identity is a mystery, solves it after some thrilling experiences.

THE CRYSTAL CUP. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.

This new novel by the author of "Black Oxen" has for its heroine a frigid girl who, after a perfunctory marriage into New York's smart set, is slowly transformed into a woman who can know passionate love.

LADY SUSAN. By Jane Austen. New

York: Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

A short novel in the form of letters, written about 1805, first published in 1871, and now republished directly from the original manuscript.

THAT ROYLE GIRL. By Edwin Balmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.

When Ketlar's wife was murdered, the Royle girl was drawn into the investigator's net—and then it was that love first came into her heart.

POCCOLO POMI. By Antonio Beltrami. Translated from the Italian by Leo Ongle. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.

The story of a little Italian boy, who is thrown on the world at the age of six and has many amusing experiences. Good for mothers to read aloud to children.

THE MONKEY PUZZLE. By J. D. Beresford. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50.

The puzzle that baffles the hero of Mr. Beresford's latest novel is the buzzing, preying gossip of an English village, which soils his wife's fair name in spite of all he can do.

BINDON PARVA. By George A. Birmingham. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.

Thirteen short stories of life in old England, each supposed to have been suggested to a half-mad priest by old frescoes on a church wall.

WEEK-END. By Charles Brackett. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.75.

A short and breezy fiction giving a satiric glimpse of the fashionable intelligentsia on Long Island.

THE CHEERFUL FRAUD. By K. R. G. Browne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

The story of a humorous young man and his encounters with a number of ladies.

THE GREAT VAN SUTTART MYSTERY. By George Agnew Chamberlain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

A mystery story of old New York, with abundant complications centering about John Blake and three royal pearls.

OLD YOUTH. By Coningsby Dawson. Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$2.

The story of a woman "nearer forty than thirty," who reaches wistfully for a last chance of happiness and love.

THE SNOW PATROL. By Harry Sinclair Drago. Frontispiece by E. F. Ward. New York: Macaulay Co. \$2.

A murder-mystery story whose abundant action is laid in the wilds patrolled by the Canadian Mounted Police.

SPANISH ACRES. By Hal G. Evarts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.

A romance of the Southwest, telling how Stan Hollister courted Sarah Lee, fought the cattlemen,

and lifted the curse from Spanish Acres.

KUNALA: AN INDIAN FANTASY. By Arpad Ferenczy. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Sixteen Buddhist love-stories of India, whose chief hero, Kunala, is deeply impressed with the dangerousness of the female sex.

HARD WOOD. By Arthur O. Friel. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

The story of a strong youth, his feud with the Coopers, and his love for the blind daughter of the Cooper clan.

THE SECRET ROAD. By John Ferguson. New York: Dodd, Mead. \$2.

Death in a hundred terrible forms threatens John Neville in the wilds of India, for he is a pawn in a big game; but the girl, of course, comes to his rescue.

CARAVAN: THE ASSEMBLED TALES OF JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

See review, page 678.

THE STORY OF A NOVEL, AND OTHER STORIES. By Maxim Gorky. Authorized translation by Marie Zaksrevsky. New York: The Dial Press. \$2.50.

Five short stories of a famous Russian, including "A Sky-Blue Life," "An Incident," "The Rehearsal," and "The Hermit."

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN. By Jackson Gregory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

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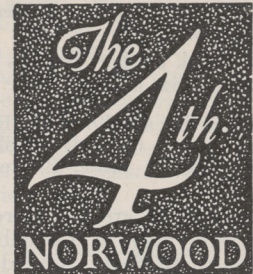
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An historical and critical essay tracing the evolution of thought from that of Copernicus and Kepler, which regarded man as the center of the universe, to that of Newton and the moderns, which makes man rather the alien intruder and spectator.

L'HOMME ET SON DEVENIR SELON LE VEDANTA. Par René Guénon. Paris: Editions Bossard.

This French work is a careful study—said to be the first of its kind in the Occident—of the metaphysical doctrines of the Hindu religion regarding the nature of the human being and the states and possibilities of the soul after death. It is based chiefly on the original Sanskrit texts of the Upanishads and Brahma-Sutras.

Poetry

AZUCENA. By M. de Gracia Concepcion. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

These poems, said to be the first written in English by a native of the Philippines, are marked by a low-voiced melancholy in which there is much sweetness.

ODD-MOMENT VERSES. By Milton Newberry Frantz. Norristown, Pa.: Times Herald Press.

Most of Mr. Frantz's poems are religious or patriotic. They include tributes to Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson.

STAR DUST. By Riley White Geary. Phoenix, Arizona: Arizona Republican Print Shop.

Poems inspired by the author's life as a student, teacher and soldier, with a prose allegory entitled "The Old Man of the Mountain."

THE NORTHEAST CORNER: POEMS. By Frederick R. McCreary. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

Certain of the poems in this volume appeared in *The North American Review*, *Voices*, and *Poetry*.

THE BOOK OF EARTH. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.

In this, the second volume in the trilogy of the Torch Bearers, Mr. Noyes sings the hymn of evolution in narrative verse.

POEMS. By Three Friends. Portland, Maine: Smith & Sale.

The three friends sign themselves "S. F.," "W. K.," and "P. P.," and all have something worth while to contribute.

Reference

SOLDIER AND SAILOR WORDS AND PHRASES. Compiled by Edward Fraser and John Gibbons. With humorous illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.

A sort of encyclopedia, not only of slang terms used in the British Army and Navy during the war, but also of technical notes and contractions, intended to be of permanent value for readers about the war.

NEGRO YEAR BOOK, 1925-1926. Edited by Monroe N. Work. Tuskegee Institute, Alabama: The Negro Year Book Co. \$1.

Seventh annual edition of a useful handbook. Nearly 200 of its 544 pages are devoted to a review of the events of 1922-1924 as they affect the interests of the negro.

Religion

THE TECHNIQUE OF A MINISTER. By Bernard C. Clausen, D.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.

Dr. Clausen tells how he and his associates have built up the First Baptist Church of Syracuse to a membership of more than 2,500.

LECTURES OF ROSCOE COOMLER: "The Second Coming of Christ," "The Millennium," "False Prophets." Published by the author, Peru, Indiana.

Verbatim reports of three religious lectures delivered in the Brethren Church at Loree, Indiana.

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE: A HISTORY OF THE DEVOTIO MODERNA. By Albert Hyma. New York: The Century Co. \$4.

A thorough and sympathetic treatment of the type of piety and reform which germinated in the life of Gerard Groote, flowered in the "De Imitatione Christi," and bore fruit in the thought of Erasmus and of many Protestant and Catholic reformers.

CAN A MAN BE A CHRISTIAN TODAY? By William Louis Poteat. Chapel Hill, N. C.: University of North Carolina Press. \$1.50.

A reverent presentation of the fundamentals of Christianity and science.

LIFE'S LITTLE PITFALLS. By A. Maude Royden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Ten helpful essays on how to escape the pitfalls that surround us all from youth to old age.

Science

A SURVEY OF PHYSICS. By Max Planck. Translated by R. Jones and D. H. Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.40.

Lectures and essays by the professor of mathematics and physics at the University of Berlin, in which he traces the development of modern physical theories.

PEDIATRICS OF THE PAST. An anthology compiled and edited by John Ruhrah, M.D. Foreword by Fielding H. Garrison, M.D. Illustrated. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. \$10.

A book made up of the wisdom of physicians, from Hippocrates down through the centuries, who have specialized on the health of children—the result of years of labor by the professor of diseases of children in the University of Maryland.

SMITHSONIAN REPORTS FOR 1923: "Constitution and Evolution of the

Stars," by H. N. Russell; "Place of Proteins in the Diet," by H. H. Mitchell; "J. C. Kapteyn, 1851-1922," by A. Van Maanen; "Atmospheric Nitrogen Fixation," by E. A. Lof; "The Borderland of Astronomy and Geology," by A. S. Eddington; "The Possibilities of Instrumental Development," by G. E. Hale; "Joining the Electric Wave and Heat Wave Spectra," by E. F. Nichols and J. D. Tear; "The Sun and Sunspots, 1820-1920," by E. W. Maunder; "The Story of the Production and Uses of Ductile Tantalum," by C. W. Balke; "The Composition of the Earth's Interior," by L. H. Adams and E. D. Williamson; "Recent Progress and Trends in Vertebrate Paleontology," by W. D. Matthew; "Diamond-Bearing Peridotite in Pike County, Arkansas," by Hugh D. Miser and C. S. Ross; "Animals in the National Zoological Park," by N. Hollister; "The Burrowing Rodents of California as Agents in Soil Formation," by J. Grinnell; "The Natural History of China," by A. de C. Sowerby; "Life in the Ocean," by A. H. Clark; "A Study of the Flight of Sea Gulls," by R. C. Miller; "Insect Musicians," by R. E. Snodgrass; "The Gardens of Ancient Mexico," by Zelia Nuttall; "The Hovenweep National Monument," by J. W. Fewkes; "The Origin and Antiquity of the American Indian," by A. Hrdlicka; "The Anthropological Work of Prince Albert I of Monaco and the Recent Progress of Human Paleontology in France," by M. Boule; "The Ruined Cities of Palestine East and West of the Jordan," by A. W. Sutton; "Proposed Tidal Hydroelectric Power Development of the Petitcodiac and Memramcook Rivers," by W. R. Turnbull; "Sir James Dewar," by J. Crichton-Browne; "Julius Von Hann," by G. C. Simpson; "The Utilization of Volcanic Steam in Italy." Washington: Government Printing Office. Paper covers.

Twenty-seven monographs by specialists in various scientific lines, prepared for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

ELECTRICITY AND THE STRUCTURE OF MATTER. By L. Southern. (World's Manuals Series.) New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.

A compact primer containing an account of the principal modern developments of electric science, both theoretical and practical.

MOTION OF ELECTRONS IN GASES. By John B. E. Townsend. New York: Oxford University Press. Pamphlet, 85 cents.

A technical discussion of the latest discoveries regarding electrons, being an address given by an Oxford professor at the centenary celebration of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia.

EVOLUTION FOR JOHN DOE. By Henshaw Ward. Illustrated. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.50.

The strange life story of the world and its evolution, told in popular language and an entertaining style.

Sociology

LYSISTRATA, OR WOMAN'S FUTURE AND FUTURE WOMAN. By Anthony M. Ludovici. Foreword by Norman Haire. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.

Attacks many modern ideas in

regard to women, marriage, and the relationship of the sexes, calling for a reexamination of our table of values.

HYPATIA, OR WOMAN AND KNOWLEDGE. By Dora Russell (Mrs. Bertrand Russell). To-day and To-morrow Series. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.

A spirited little book propounding a new morality for women, a new view of motherhood and child-care, based upon science.

THE AO NAGA TRIBE OF ASSAM. By William Carlson Smith. Introduction by J. H. Hutton. London: Macmillan & Co. Handled in America by the author, University of Southern California, Los Angeles. \$5.

A detailed sociological and anthropological study of an aboriginal Asiatic tribe, whose place in the human family seems to be close to that of the Dyaks of Borneo and the Igorots of the Philippines.

THE INWARDNESS OF UNEMPLOYMENT. By Gabriel Wells. London: Elkin Mathews.

Mr. Wells, in this brief pamphlet, diagnoses the unemployment situation in England and prescribes a first-aid remedy, the substance of which is contained in the line, "Give the jobs to men, and to women the doles."

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A CLUB WOMAN. By Alice Ames Winter. New York: Century Co.

Aims to explain everything that a woman should know about her club, her obligations to it, and her opportunities for making the woman's club of service to the home and community.

THE MORAL STANDARDS OF DEMOCRACY. By Henry Wilkes Wright. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3.

Professor Wright holds that a real democracy has very definite moral standards, and he undertakes to discover what they are and how to promote them.

THE LAWS OF SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Florian Znaniecki, Ph.D. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

An attempt to clarify the new and revolutionary way of thinking which substitutes relativity for dogma, and to apply its principles to the domain of human action.

Sports

A GUIDE TO GOOD GOLF. By James M. Barnes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.

One of the world's best golf instructors has put his knowledge into brief and clear directions, which, with the many illustrations and diagrams, should prove helpful both to the beginner and to the man who "does it in 100."

MOUNT AND MAN: A KEY TO BETTER HORSEMANSHIP. By Lieut.-Col. M. F. McTaggart. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author, an accomplished British horseman, explains the chief difficulties in riding a horse, and lays down two main points in that art—balance and sympathy.

Travel

NORTHERN GERMANY, EXCLUDING THE RHINELAND. By Karl Baedeker. Seventeenth revised edition, with 165 maps and plans. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

This unsurpassed handbook, edited especially for British and American tourists, has been thoroughly revised after a long interval, and brought up to the present year.

THE CRUISE OF THE Nona. By Hilaire Belloc. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.50.

While relating his experiences on a cruise around England in a nine-ton boat, Mr. Belloc devotes the greater part of his space to reminiscences, judgments and studies of many phases of modern life.

A GIPSY OF THE HORN. By Rex Clements. Foreword by Basil Lubbock. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.

The narrative of a voyage around the world in a windjammer—both a tale of adventure and a vivid record of the old sea-life.

THE JOURNAL OF A JEWISH TRAVELER. By Israel Cohen. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4.

A revelation of the romance of the modern Jewish dispersal, being the record of a journey to the Jewish communities scattered between the Red Sea and the Yellow Sea, from the Holy Land to Manchuria.

FROM MELBOURNE TO MOSCOW. By G. C. Dixon. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$4.

Adventures and observations of an Australian journalist in the East Indies, China, Korea, Japan, Manchuria, Siberia, and Russia.

GONE ABROAD. By Douglas Goldring. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.

Saunterings through the Balearic Isles and Italy, during which the author swaps stories with the people and always has an eye for the humorous.

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE. By E. M. Lawrence Gould. New York: New Church Press.

An account of a voyage to Palestine and of journeyings through that country and through Egypt.

WALKS IN ROME (INCLUDING TIVOLI, FRASCATI AND ALBANO). By Augustus J. C. Hare. Twenty-first edition, edited by St. Clair Baddeley. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.

After a generation of service, this standard handbook, interpreting the things to be seen in Rome, is offered in yet another edition, with up-to-date illustrations.

TRAILING THE SUN AROUND THE EARTH. By Halbert K. Hitchcock. Second edition, liberally illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Intimate letters written during a cruise around the world by way of the Panama Canal, Japan, China, India, and home by way of Egypt and Europe.

THE ROMANCE OF MONTE CARLO. By

Charles Kingston. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4.

A painstaking and readable account of Monte Carlo—both historical and descriptive—by an Englishman who has no use for gambling, but who appreciates the beauty and romance of this famous Riviera resort.

THE WEST INDIES: WITH BRITISH GUIANA AND BRITISH HONDURAS. By George Manington. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.

A comprehensive and sympathetic survey of all the West Indies, being both a readable travel book and a practical guide to the chief points of interest.

THE COUNTRY THAT I LOVE. By Marie, Queen of Roumania. Illustrated by Queen Elizabeth of Greece. New York: Brentano's. \$4.50.

This book about the glories of Roumania, tho written in English, has never before been published in English. It contains the articles in which the exiled Queen sought to raise the drooping spirits of her people in the dark hour of Roumania's war disaster.

FINLAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By Robert Medill. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50.

Describes the scenic beauties and bustling city life of the new Finnish Republic, showing it to be an attractive country for the tourist in search of new fields.

TRAVEL IN ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By Joan Parkes. New York: Oxford University Press. \$7.

A original account of the tribulations and delights of travel in England three centuries ago—travel by stagecoach, by river boat, by horseback, accommodations at the inns, methods of highwaymen, and the like.

GREEN ISLANDS IN GLITTERING SEAS. By W. Lavallin Puxley. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50.

Wanderings among the lesser-known of the Pacific islands, where the author found a wealth of beauty and interest, met savage tribes, and saw prehistoric remains whose origin is unknown.

FRANCE FROM SEA TO SEA. By Arthur Stanley Riggs. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.50.

Revised edition of a book of travels in picturesque corners of France, from Brittany to the Alps and from the Channel to the Mediterranean.

VISTAS IN SICILY. By Arthur Stanley Riggs. Illustrated. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.50.

An intimate book of travel in Sicily, first published before the war, and now revised to cover the extensive changes of the last twelve years.

OUR GREATEST MOUNTAIN. By F. W. Schmoie. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

A handbook for Mount Rainier National Park by the park naturalist, who has spent years in studying not only its scenic features but its flora and fauna as well.

The Literary Question Box

QUESTIONS

Life, Death, Eternity

W. L. H., Nogales, Ariz.—I am looking for a book containing the following quotation:

Life, Death, Eternity, how vast, how deep, how solemn, these three words so familiar to us all! In the midst of Life, we are surrounded by death and confronted by an endless eternity. . . .

Also, a book by Eugene Cooke, I believe, containing the following:

Now, Reader, go along with me, way back to Eternity,
Back beyond the days of youth where everything that was, was truth,

Before there was a "here" and "there," or anything or anywhere.

Can your readers please help me?

Book Wanted

C. W. S., Athens, Ohio—About 1860 an answer to "Helper's Impending Crisis" was published in Philadelphia by a man named Wolfe, under the title "Helper's Impending Crisis Dissected." Can any of your readers tell me where I may obtain a copy of the same?

Matter Enough

T. Z. T., Wilmington, Del.—I am anxious to get an old poem containing the following lines:

Matter enough, I'm tired of life,
Tho free from the troubles you name.
My children are healthy and so is my wife,

And work remains always the same.
But sure it's enough to make anyone sad,

When labor and toil as I choose,
My pay, after all, is so wretchedly bad

I scarce can buy clothing and shoes.

Will your readers please come to my assistance?

Blinded Bigot's Rule

C. P. S., Waupaca, Wis.—Will some of your readers help me locate the source and the author of a poem, of which the following lines are a part?

Nor heeds the blinded bigot's rule,
While near the church-spire stands the school;

Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands
While near the school the church-spire stands.

Flock of Weary Birds

Mrs. C. C. S., Carlsbad, N. Mex.—I should like to obtain a poem beginning as follows:

There is a flock of weary birds
That fly not south, but westward
With the dying day . . .

Also, I read about a man who was tied down, and the ants ate him; I believe the title of this poem is "Ants." Can any of your readers please help me?

THE purpose of this Department is to develop self-service. Readers will aid each other in tracing and locating elusive literary quips, poetic phrases or lines, popular rimes, aphorisms, ballads, maxims, proverbs, etc. All communications should be written on only one side of the paper, and should be addressed to The Literary Question Box, International Book Review. Replies are printed in the order of their receipt and credit is given to other correspondents in rotation. The space limits imposed on the Department allow the consideration of questions only of wide interest. Such as can be answered direct will be so treated by the Editor on receipt of a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents.

Poem on Evolution

C. S., New York, N. Y.—I am looking for a poem that I remember reading years ago. It was on the subject of evolution, and began, I think, with the line,

"There was once a little animal."

Can any of your readers furnish me with the complete poem and the name of the author?

Walled Cities

M. W. S., Washington, D. C.—Can some one of your readers identify for me a poem recited during the dance of the women of the desert, either in "Chu Chin Chow," or "Mecca," beginning, "Ye who in walled cities dwell"?

Sometimes

H. C. T., Pittsburgh, Pa.—I shall appreciate any assistance your readers can give me in locating a poem which begins, I believe, as follows:

Sometimes, when the day is ended,
And its round of duties done,
I watch at the Western window,
The gleam of the setting sun.

It concludes with the following lines:

And I cross, in my fancy, the river
And rest at the Master's feet.

Things We Do by Twos

Miss M. S., San Francisco, Calif.—I am looking for the source of the following quotation which, I believe, is from Kipling:

For the things we do by two and two
We pay for one by one.

Will your readers please come to my assistance?

An Old Cove

M. B. D., Oak Park, Ill.—There is a short poem which I remember having heard recited in a Dutch dialect, beginning as follows:

Once when I passed by a dismal swamp,
There sat an old cove in the damp and dark

A-shying stones at the passers-by.

If your readers can help me locate this poem, I shall be grateful.

ANSWERS

Shall Be Together

HARRIET L. Day, Portland, Me.—The poem "H. S. B.," Owensboro, Ky., wishes to locate is Robert Browning's "The Last Ride Together." The lines quoted are two of the last three in the second stanza, the exact quotation being—
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I deified.
Who knows but the world may end to-night?

Thanks are due for answers received also from A. H. Shortridge, New York City; Marguerite Lapiere, Minneapolis, Minn.; A. Walden Klaus, Vicksburg, Miss.; Evelyn M. Smith, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. Paul H. Willis, Chicago, Ill.; Leota F. Williams, Asheville, N. C.; E. J. Kraemer, Ridgely, Md.; Elizabeth Woodbury, Arlington, Mass.; Rev. Francis A. Foxcroft, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. H. P. Armsby, Rolla, Mo.; W. S. Walker, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. Leon Clark, Greenville, Mich.; Mrs. Leona E. Kidwell, Winnetka, Ill.; Ernestine L. Foster, Woodstock, Vt.; Althea T. Alderson, Washington, D. C.; Effa Harm, Columbus, O., and other correspondents.

The Huntsmen

ALICE HALL, Madison, Nebr.—In answer to the query of "L. M.," Oklahoma City, Okla., printed in the April issue, I give below the quotation sought:

At dawn Aurora gaily wakes
In all her proud attire,
Reflecting o'er the glassy lake,
Reflecting liquid fire;
All nature smiles to usher in,
The charming queen of day,
And huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn,
The mellow horn, (echo "the mellow horn"),
And the huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn.

This is from a song in the "Polytechnic Song-Book," which we used for chapel singing in the State Normal School at Madison, S. Dak., twenty-five years ago. The col-

lection used largely operatic airs, and the words of many songs were classic. I have written the above from memory, but do not know the name of the author.

Giddap Napoleon

RENA REESE, Denver, Colo.—The words quoted by "C. H. W.," New York City, in the BOOK REVIEW for May are from a song which was sung some years ago by Raymond Hitchcock. The title of the song is "Wal, I Swan," and it was published by Witmark & Sons, New York City. It probably can still be secured from them.

Thanks are due for answers received also from F. S. Cram, Roanoke, Va.; Nell Babb, Vero, Fla.

Crown of Thorns

MANFIELD JOHNSTON, East Lansing, Mich.—The first quotation given by "B. T. R.," Dell Rapids, S. D., occurs in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," section 69:

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns
From youth and babe and hoary hairs:

They call'd me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns.

There are five stanzas to this section of the poem.

Mrs. W. S. HOPKINS, St. Louis, Mo.—The second poem asked for by "B. T. R.," Dell Rapids, S. D., is entitled, "The Song of a Heathen, Sojourning in Galilee, A. D. 32," and is by Richard Watson Gilder. It has but two stanzas:

If Jesus Christ is a man,—
And only a man,—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to Him
And to Him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God,—
And the only God,—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

Thanks are due for answers received also from Luella A. Harris, Bradford, Pa.; J. P. Leyenberger, Wheeling, W. Va.; Rev. A. W. Budd, Derby, Conn.; Julia D. Randall, St. Louis, Mo.

Texas

H. O. SMITH, Independence, Mo.—I am sending herewith the entire poem, "Texas," that I think "P. S. B.," Cleveland, O., refers to, but I regret I do not know the name of the author. The poem consists of six verses.

Thanks are due for answers received also from The Texas Book Store, Austin, Tex.; Gladys L. Van Vranken, Boulder, Colo.; Laura Ator, San Marcos, Tex.; M. Clarkson, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

[The copy made and sent to the Question Box has been forwarded to "P. S. B.," Cleveland, O.—EDITOR.]

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Edwin Markham, Poet: It is a noble volume. Doubtless it is the most complete and meritorious volume in the world of quotation.

Chancellor Brown, N. Y. University: It seems to me the best I have ever seen. It is certainly a notable achievement in book-making.

U. S. Senator Reed Smoot: I am greatly impressed with the

range of research its examination develops, which is rarely if ever equaled by any publication.

Secretary of State Hughes: The work is admirably done.

Booth Tarkington, Author: It seems to me the most useful and best contrived book of its kind ever published.

Chicago News: Not a book of hackneyed quotations, but of brand new ones. Stock up! If at first you don't succeed, quote, quote again.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Founded on the former edition. It is practically a new book, containing as it does so many quotations from authors of the day.

New York Tribune: Has a lot of short, snappy stuff in it that ought to give us ideas for things to write about.

Portland Oregonian: The book needs no praise. It is as valuable as a dictionary or an encyclopedia.

Richmond Times-Dispatch: Its admirable gathering of the finest nuggets of thought from the writers of each country's golden age has never been approached in range of culling and practicability of arrangement.

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